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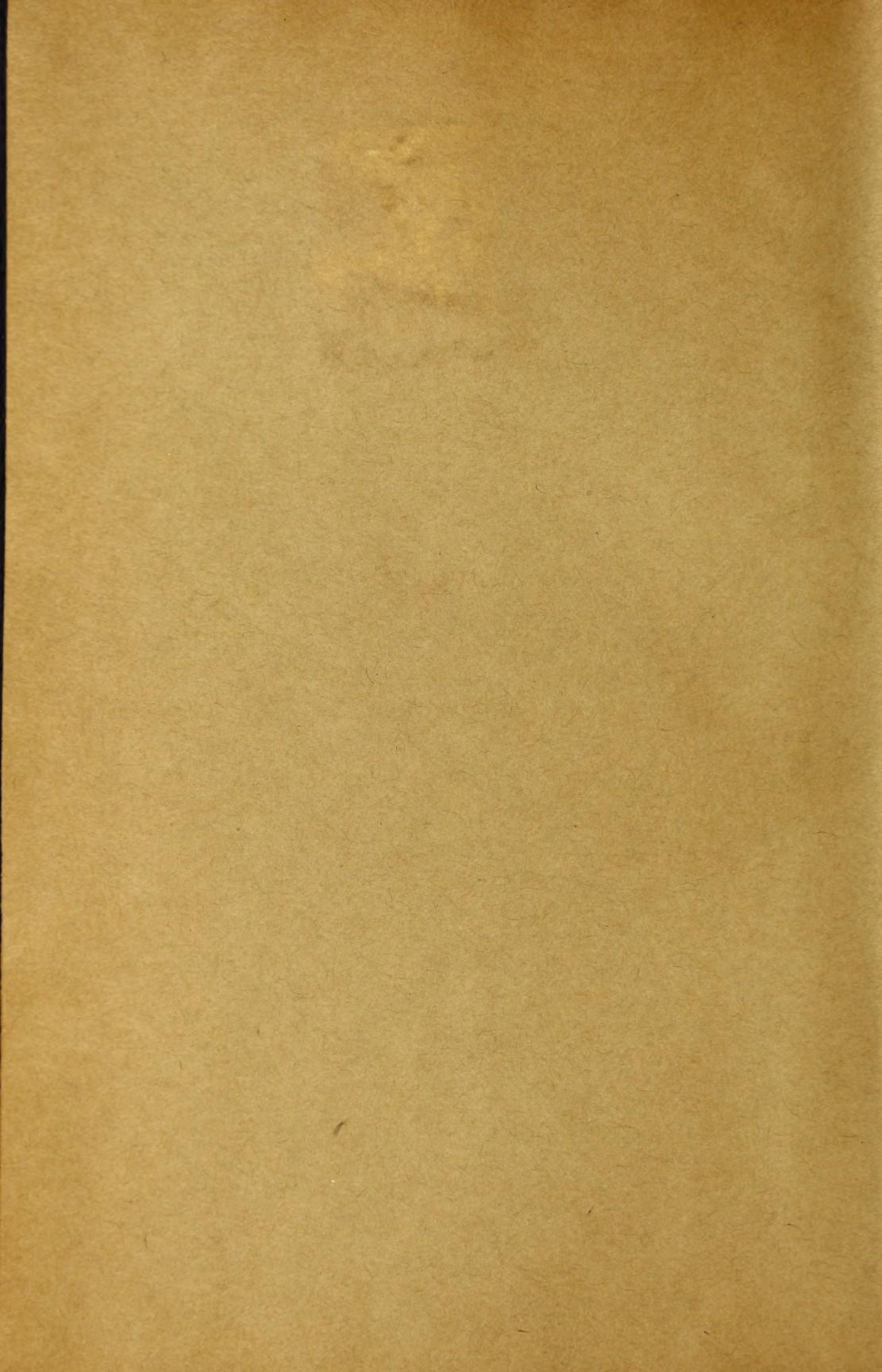
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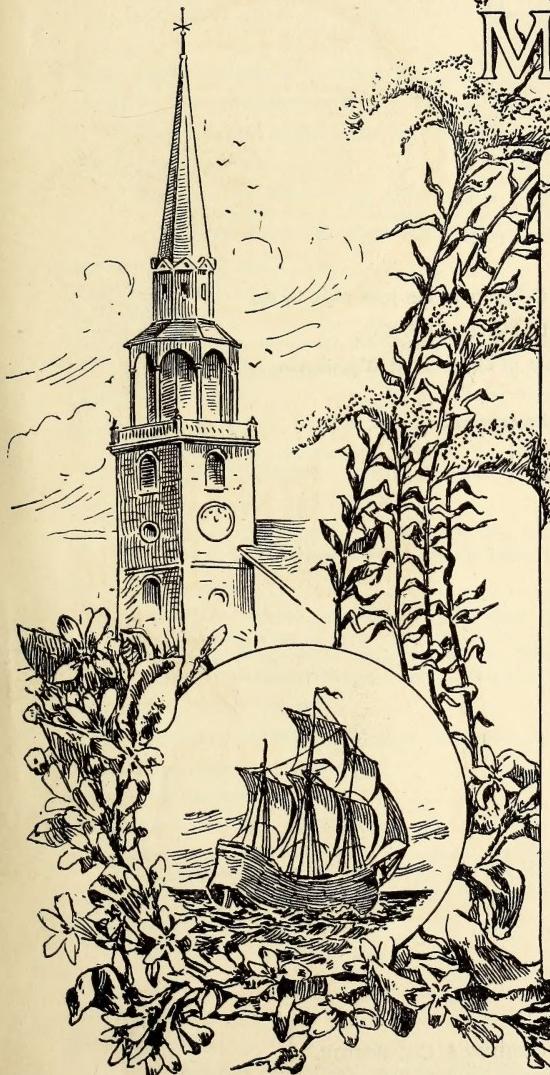


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# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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MONTHLY



New Series.

Volume 2.

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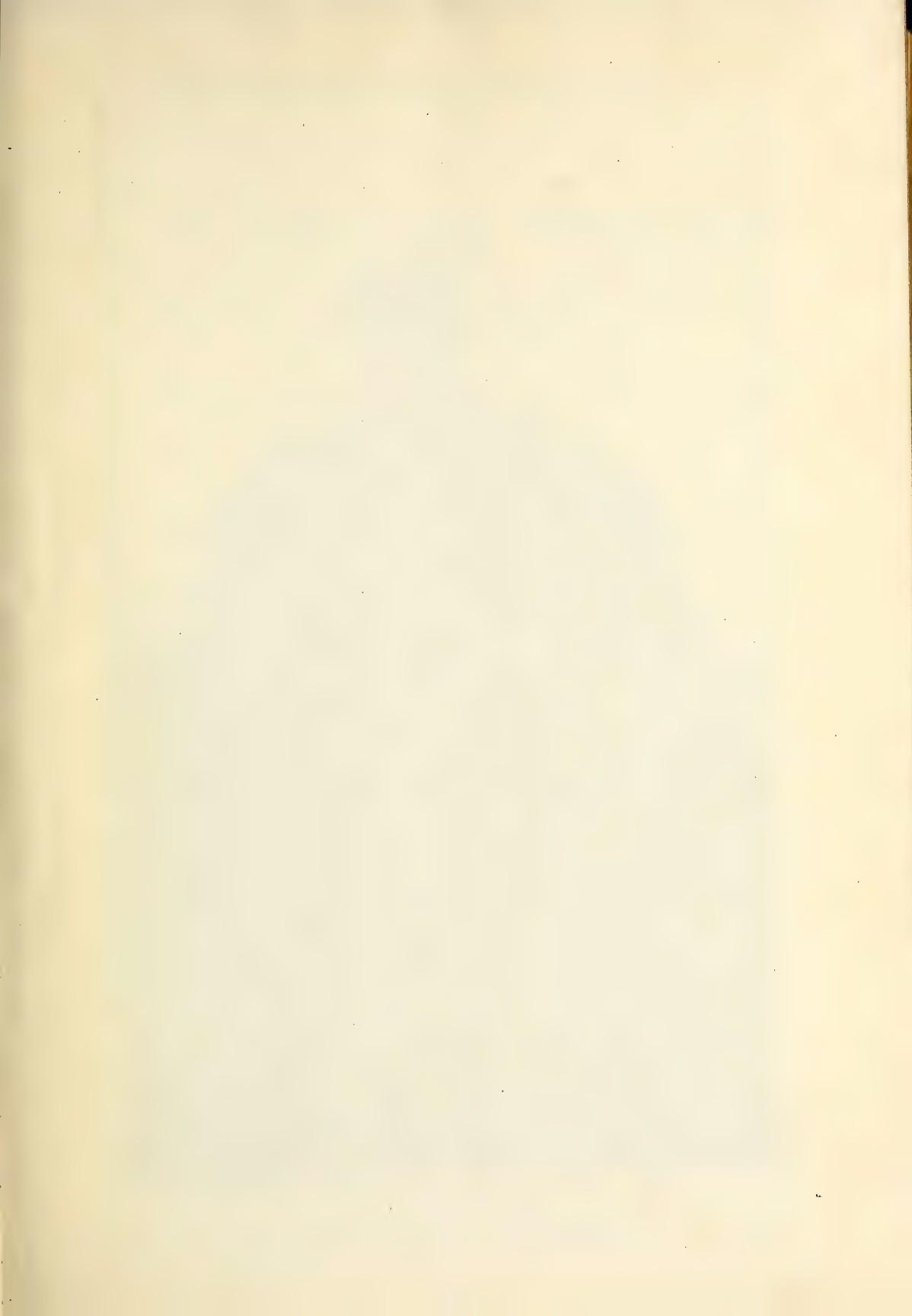
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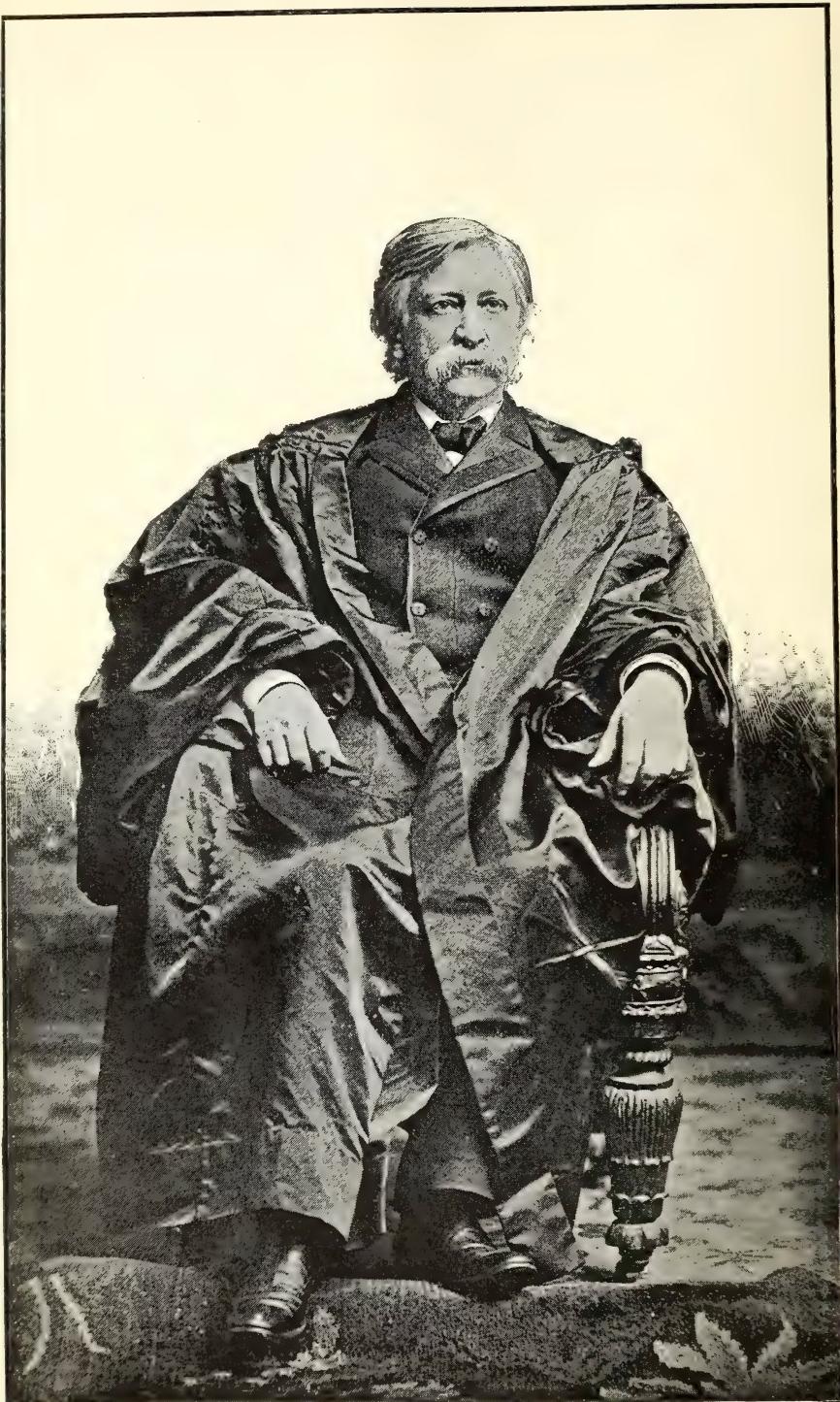
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MELVILLE W. FULLER,  
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1890.

VOL. II. No. 1.

## A NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY GENTLEMAN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

*By Daniel Denison Slade.*



To the traveller who to-day passes through the heart of our commonwealth, the little village of Harvard, embosomed among hills and valleys, presents very much the appearance that it would have presented had he visited it a century ago. Lying off from any great thoroughfare, away from the influences which invariably attend large manufacturing districts and railway centres, it has retained in a remarkable degree its early simplicity. The forests have indeed been more extensively cleared, broader fields have been subjected to cultivation, more numerous and more pretentious houses have been built, and better highways render communication more easy. The village green, crossed by its numerous roads and well shaded by its trees, now receives more care than in former years. The adjacent graveyard, formerly neglected and forgotten, where for generations the alder and the bramble have held undisputed control, and the long, withered grass has swayed and rustled to the wintry blasts, is now under the subjection of loving hands. All else is little changed. The midsummer silence of the place remains unbroken, save by the occasional blows upon the blacksmith's anvil, by the shouts of boys let loose from school, by the church bell as it rings out the passing hours, or by the farmer's wagon as it plods along and marks its course by an enveloping cloud of stifling dust. Its lovely lake still glitters in the noonday sun; the "Greate Wachusett" lords it over the surrounding country, and the quiet "Nashaway" steals along through its verdant meadows, as of yore.

In the early settlement of the town, communication with the metropolis, which is now comparatively easy, was difficult and tedious. It was not until a decade after the Declaration of Independence that the post-road leading to Number Four and Crown Point passed through it. A stage-coach, leaving Boston once or twice a week, at an early hour of the morning, after climbing many a long hill, landed its passengers at the village inn shortly after meridian. This resort then, as in latter years, shared with the store the honor of being the centre of all political and social discussions.

A quaint old writer of the last century, Rev. Peter Whitney, in speaking of this village, says: "It was called Harvard to bear up the name of that excellent and worthy minister of Charlestown, the Rev. John Harvard, who laid the foundation of Harvard University in Cambridge. The town is very hilly and uneven, the land is rough and hard to subdue, but the soil is warm and strong, rich and fertile. It pro-

duces good crops of grain of all kinds. And as the lands are excellent for orcharding, many farmers pay particular attention to raising all kinds of fruit, which they have in plenty and of the best quality. Harvard is like other hilly, rocky places, not dry but moist land and well-watered indeed by numerous springs and rivulets running about among the hills, and which cause them to rejoice on every side. Nashaway River flows along the confines of Harvard for upwards of six miles. This river, an humble imitator of the Nile, overflows its banks at certain seasons and greatly fertilises the bordering lands. . . . The inhabitants are chiefly farmers who are frugal and industrious, and some are become wealthy. This town discovers great solicitude for the good education of its children."

No one visiting this charming village previous to the August of 1855 could have failed to observe, just within its southern limits, two avenues of stately elms, the one leading from the burial-ground on the

object of interest in the immediate region about, but was the property as well as the home for more than half a century of the subject of our paper, it merits more than a passing notice.

Tradition dates its erection in 1733. It was erected by the first settled minister of Harvard, Rev. John Seccomb, the author of the witty poem, *Father Abbey's Will*. According to a published letter from the second minister, the avenues of trees were planted at the same time. Tradition also says that the father-in-law of Mr. Seccomb, Rev. William Williams of Weston, Mass., offered to furnish as large a house as the son would build. However this may be, excellent taste directed its design; and although constructed of wood and almost entirely without external ornamentation, its proportions and outline were extremely pleasing and entirely in harmony with its surroundings. There was that air of home comfort, and that indescribable hospitable aspect about it, which was at once recognized by the most careless observer,—



"The little village of Harvard presents very much the appearance that it presented a century ago."

northern boundary of a large estate, and the other from the public road on the eastern. These, meeting at a right angle, completely enveloped in their shadows a large gambrel-roofed house. As this old mansion was not only in itself the chief

conditions which can alone be imparted by the mellowing hand of time, and which no art can imitate. At all seasons, upon whatever side might be the approach, the smoke from its generous chimneys could be seen curling above the tree tops, and

betokening the good cheer and entertainment which were always to be had within its doors.

Extending through the house was a hall, from the northern doorway of which one looked through the long avenue of elms.

beyond, in the horizon, Wachusett lifted its graceful outline against the western sky.

From the hall ascended a broad flight of stairs with quaintly twisted balusters. Along this and on either side were hung valuable engravings in ebonized frames,



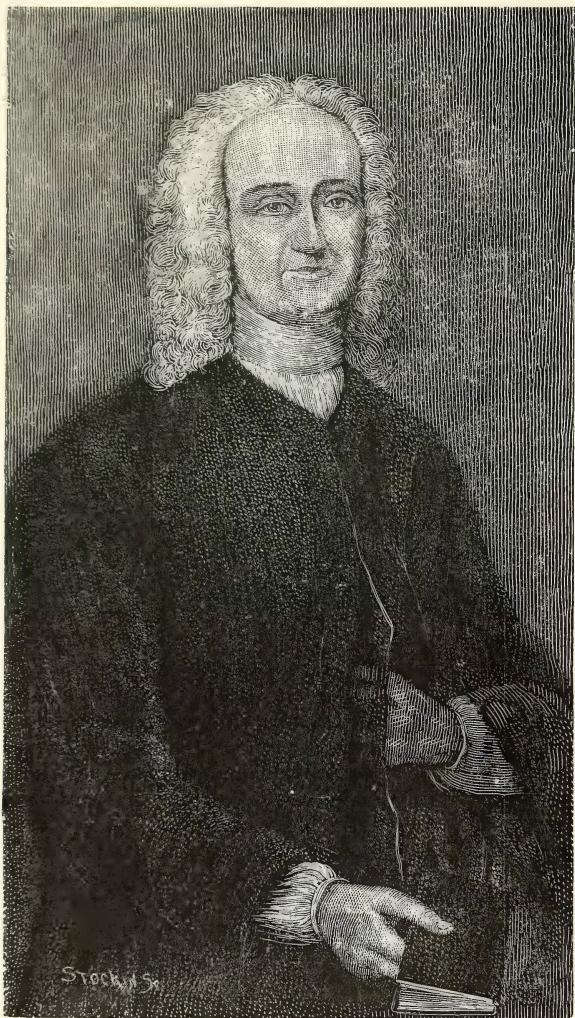
"The graveyard, formerly neglected and forgotten, is now under the subjection of loving hands."

Beneath these was a carpet of the softest and most verdant turf, worn in the middle into a narrow, somewhat circuitous foot-path, which led by a gentle ascent to a turnstile, passing through which, entrance was gained to the burial-ground. Beyond this the spire of the village church was plainly visible, the whole presenting a picture of rare beauty, as viewed through this vista of overarching trees.

The southern door opened upon a partially enclosed piazza, in front of which and separated by a smooth sward indented by wheel-tracks, indicating thereby the usual carriage approach to the house, was a garden devoted to fruit and flowers. This was protected on three sides by a hedge of English hawthorn, which, left untrimmed for several years, had attained an ungovernable height. Overshadowing this southern frontage was a magnificent button-wood, which had scattered its leaves upon the ground for many autumns before they fell upon the roof of the first pastor's home. To the southwest the eye rested upon a tract of forest, conspicuous in which were several noble pines which towered far above their surroundings. Beneath these a cart-path led to the lake with its well-wooded shores and islands, while be-

mostly brought from the mother-country, representing members of the royal families of Great Britain and France, as well as noted commanders on sea and land, celebrated scholars and divines. Among these last, Samuel Cooper, Benjamin Colman, and John Moorhead were preachers in New England, while Edward Vernon and Sir William Pepperell had distinguished themselves on these shores, and their portraits were the work of our own Pelham. Then there were views of Rome, after Panini; the children of Charles I., engraved by Strange after Vandyke; *Le Retour du Marché*, by Strange after Wouevrman; also *Le Vent*, and many others.

Of the various apartments of the old house the southeast parlor merits special mention. Its low ceiling with huge beams, the panelled wainscoting with concealed closet, the deep window-seats and shutters, its generous fireside with tall steel andirons, and above all its sunny aspect, contributed to make it the most comfortable and charming room possible. Add to these family portraits by Smibert and Copley, a book-case containing among other choice volumes one of the first editions of the *Spectator*, dark mahogany tables, and carved chairs with seats embroidered by delicate



Edward Bromfield, father of Henry Bromfield.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY SMIBERT.

hands, a buffet filled with old plate and rare china, an eight-day clock in a stately, highly ornamented, claw-footed case, bevelled mirrors in curiously wrought frames, a sumptuous Turkey carpet, and it possessed almost everything that even modern aestheticism could suggest.

The ample kitchen, with its enormous chimney and hearth of stone, upon which the embers were rarely or never extinguished, and at its side the high-backed settle, the cupboards and dressers resplendent with pewter, and in autumn garnished with pumpkin and squash, with long strings

of dried apples hanging in festoons, denoted that the bodily wants were not neglected.

Nor should the attic be forgotten, with its hewn oaken timbers of immense proportions, its dark and mysterious recesses, receptacles for cast-off and forgotten effects, as well as for the cobs and nuts carried into them by industrious rodents that made night hideous with their toils, its small windows with panes obscured by spider-webs and the dust of ages. The old garret, at once the loved as well as dreaded retreat of childhood, — how many happy associations are brought up by the mere name! What fun to listen to the patterning of the summer shower upon the roof, as in perfect security the garb of grandparents was donned, or the unlucky portrait of some more or less distinguished ancestor, banished to these precincts, was riddled by arrows from childish bows, or noisy games were enjoyed until darkness closed all sports.

And then, to descend into the cellar, with its peculiar musty smell, required nerve in the youthful heart, even in the daytime, and how much more during the shades of night, when the candle dimly lighted up its obscurities. That musty smell was not at all unpleasant; it was suggestive of the good cheer which had gone

out from the wine-vault built in the foundations of the big chimney, and from the old ale and cider barrels which it had contained in days gone by.

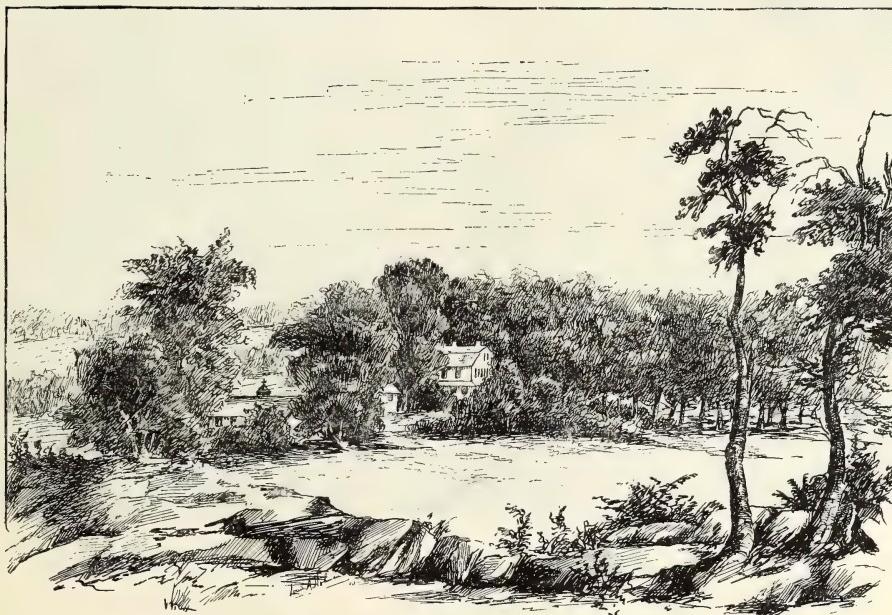
Again, what fascination lingered about a certain underground passage-way, which was known to run somewhere, but which no one living could exactly locate, much less explain the reason of its existence. After years, in the destruction of the house by fire, solved the mystery; it was a convenient means of subterranean access to the adjacent barns.

To this village and mansion, upon a farm

of one hundred and twenty acres, came, in 1766, Colonel Henry Bromfield, at the age of forty. Originally of Welsh origin, the Bromfields settled in the New Forest, in Hampshire, England, where, at Haywood House, Edward, the first representative of the family on this side of the Atlantic, was born, January 10, 1648, and was baptized in the Church at Chancroft, January 16 following. He emigrated to this country in 1675. Successful in business enterprises, he found the religion and morals of New England eminently congenial to his tastes, and he resolved to make Boston his future home. Once established, his fellow-towns-men were not long in finding out the character of the man who had come among them, and he was chosen for many years to fill places of responsibility. He was a distinguished ornament of the South Church, and was a bright example of strict piety, of extensive charity, and of great public spirit. He married for his second wife Mary, the daughter of Rev. Samuel Danforth, pastor

His eighth child was Edward, who also became an eminent merchant. "The town of Boston, his native place, observed his accomplishments and called him to fill some of its most important places of trust, all of which offices he discharged with great honor to himself and advantage to the public. In the House of Representatives he appeared the firm, uncorrupted patriot, careful to assert the just prerogative of the crown, and to defend the invaluable liberties of the people. Though zealous for the doctrines and institutions of the churches of New England, yet with a truly catholic charity he embraced goodness of every denomination." He married Abigail Coney, and built a house in Beacon Street, nearly opposite the present Athenaeum, where he resided until his death in 1756.

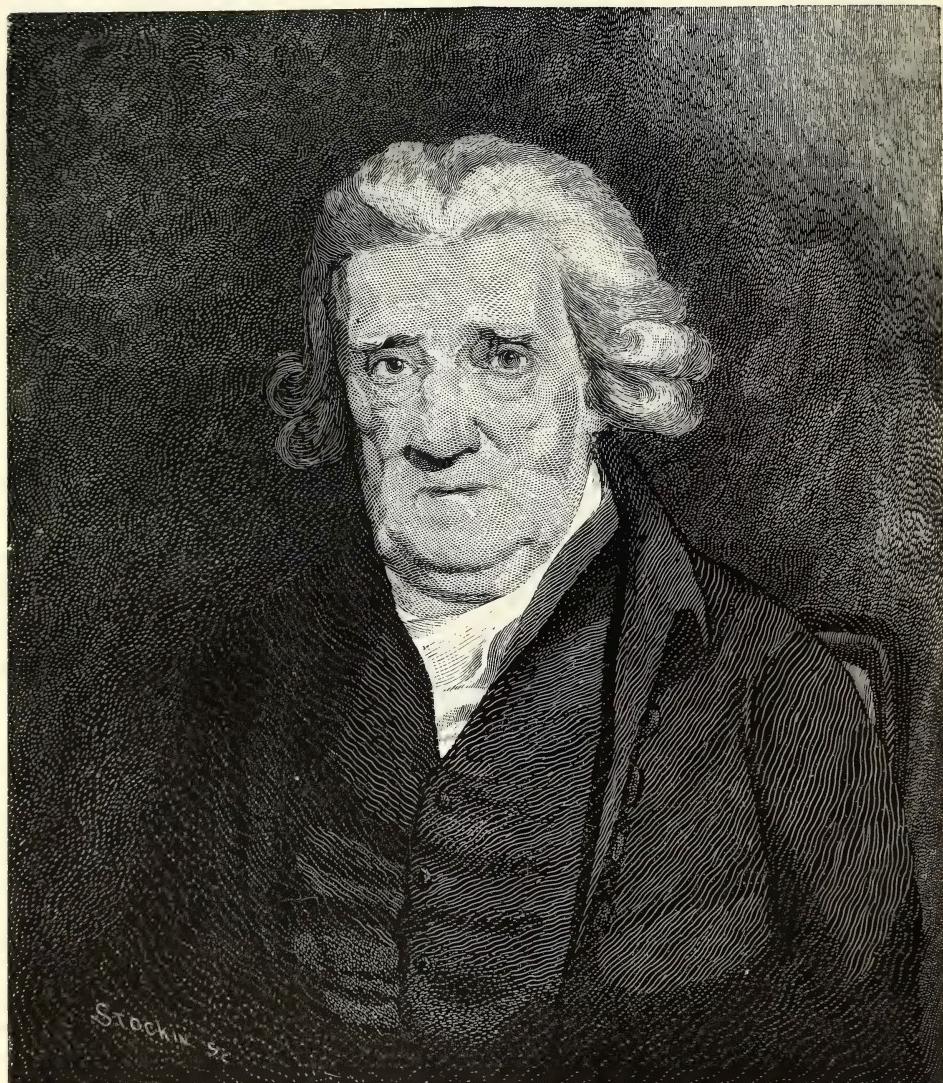
The first of their eight children was Edward, who graduated at Harvard College, and who died at the early age of twenty-three, having given remarkable promise of future distinction in the arts and sciences;



The Bromfield Mansion at Harvard.

of the church at Roxbury, and built a house in Rawson's Lane, afterwards Bromfield Lane. He had twelve children, and died greatly lamented at the age of eighty-six, and was entombed in King's Chapel burying-ground.

a notice of his life was written by Rev. Thomas Prince. The third child was Henry, the special subject of our writing. Born in the neighboring metropolis of New England, where his youth and early manhood were passed, his integrity and worth

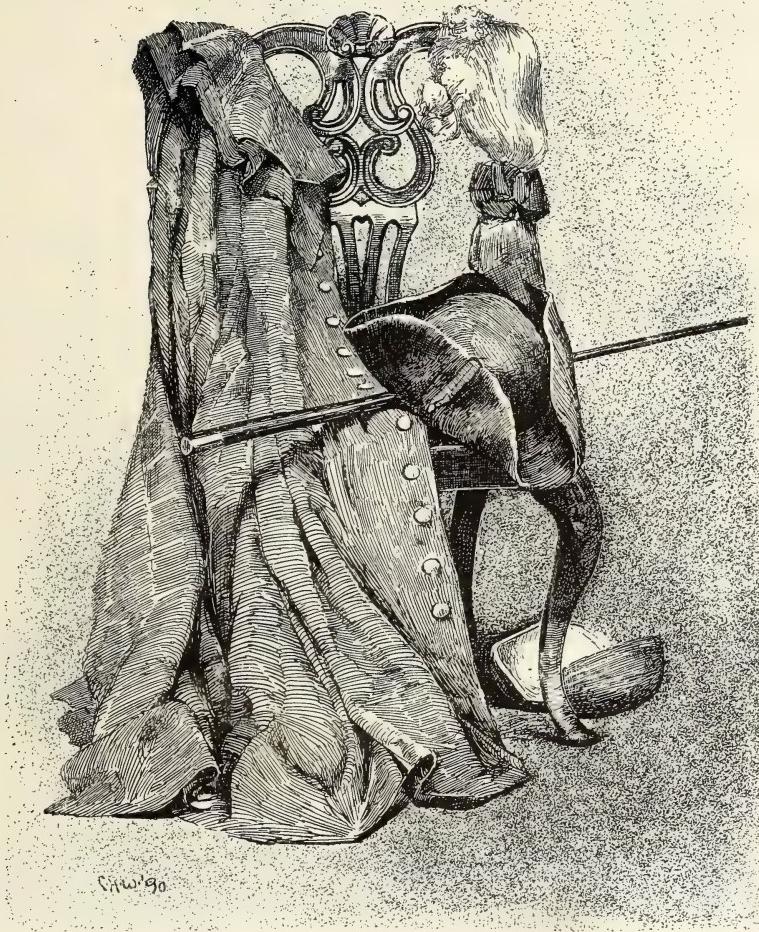


*Henry Bromfield*

AT THE AGE OF NINETY-ONE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

had gained for him an honored name in both social and mercantile circles. His descent through a long and direct line of ancestors, distinguished on both sides of

Fayerweather, a merchant of high standing in Boston. Several children were born to him of this marriage. Mrs. Bromfield fell a victim to the small-pox at Brookfield,



"The cloak, wig, and cocked hat, and the long gold-headed cane have all been religiously kept and are still in perfect preservation."

the Atlantic for Christian virtues, intellectual abilities and culture, he regarded with just pride, and it was ever his constant endeavor to maintain the standard of *noblesse oblige*. He was married at an early age to Margaret, the daughter of Thomas

Mass., in the thirtieth year of her age. "She was riding for her health, and on her return home, when she was seized with that distemper, so often fatal in what is called the natural way, which at once destroyed an engaging form, and cut short a

valuable life." Mr. Bromfield was again married, in 1762, to the daughter of Richard Clarke of Boston, a man distinguished in after days for his loyalty to his king.

The political controversies which at this time were agitating the country and the consequent embarrassments in mercantile affairs, were undoubtedly the chief reasons

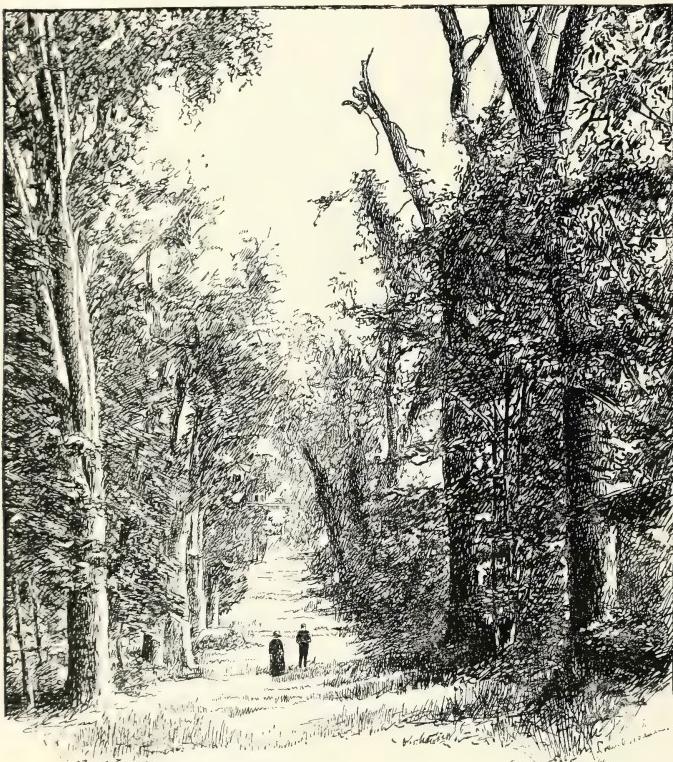
from his brother Thomas in London, Nov. 2, 1766:—

"I take notice y<sup>t</sup> you are a move<sup>g</sup> your things into the country w<sup>th</sup> a design to move there yourself. I wish you may find it agreeable live<sup>g</sup> there, but I doubt it much. I believe its best to try & then if you don't find it to be agreeable, pluck up stakes & come over here. As to sis-

ter's being any hindrance, I believe on y<sup>e</sup> contrary that before she has wintered and summered Harvard she will be willing to go almost anywhere rather than remain there, but its possible I may be out in my judgment w<sup>th</sup> regard to that matter.

"You'll please to give my kind love & regards to her, & tell her y<sup>t</sup> in my opinion, England is far preferable to Harvard, & y<sup>t</sup> she will hear from her friends almost as often."

From the period of the purchase of the estate and its temporary occupation by the family in 1766-67, until they permanently settled in Harvard, ten years had passed. During this time the father, sometimes accom-



"The long avenue of elms."

which induced Mr. Bromfield to seek rural retirement. Connected as he had been for several years in commercial business with his brother Thomas, who now resided in England, the tenor of his correspondence would show that he was all too ready to separate himself from such entangling alliances. Under these circumstances the beauty of the quiet village of Harvard, and the substantial, well-built mansion with its charming surroundings, with which he had incidentally become acquainted, were not slow to captivate him. This mansion he purchased in April, 1765.

The following is an extract of a letter

accompanied by his son Henry, made several voyages to England on business matters from which he found it difficult to escape. His correspondence with relatives and friends on the absorbing topics of the day is extremely interesting, especially those letters referring to the Boston Massacre and its consequences, as well as to the siege, during which some of the family had sought refuge at Andover.

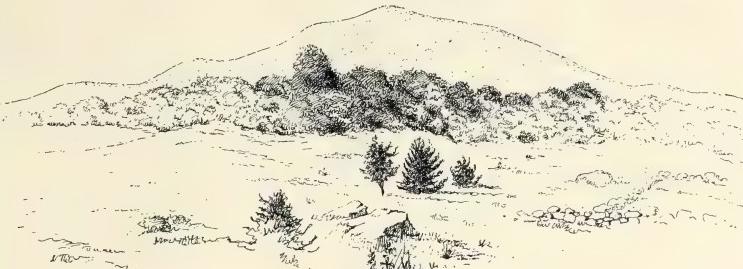
John Singleton Copley, the distinguished portrait-painter, married Susannah Farnham, also one of the daughters of Richard Clarke, and therefore became by marriage related to Mr. Bromfield. There are con-

stant allusions to Mr. and Mrs. Copley in the Bromfield correspondence, and some letters from Mrs. Copley to members of the family. The following letter from Mr. Copley, addressed to one of the Clarke family, who had taken refuge in Castle Island in Boston Harbor, is important not only on account of its author, but as showing the spirit which animated the people at this time.

"Dear Sir:—

"The Ladys after the pleasure of spending a most agreeable Day with you got home about half-past eight o'clock, all well and at the usual hour retired to bed; about 12 o'clock a number of persons came to the house, knock'd at the front Door, & awoke Sukey and myself, I immediately opened the window, and asked them what they wanted; they asked me if Mr. Watson was in the house. I told them he was not, they made some scruples of believing me and asked if I would give them my word of honour that he was not in the house. I replied yes, they then said he had been here, & desired to know where he was. I told them he had been here but he was gone, and I supposed out of town, as he went in his Chaise from this with an intention to go home; they then desired to know how I came to entertain such a Rogue and Villain, my reply was he was with Col. Han-

I thought I had satisfied them Mr. Watson was not in the House but I again assured them he was not & begged they would not disturb my family they said they would take no mans word, they believed he was here & if he was they would know



"In the horizon, Wachusett lifted up its graceful outline against the western sky."

"BOSTON, April 26, 1774.

it, & my Blood would be on my own head if I had deceived them; or if I entertained him, or any such Villain for the future must expect the Resentment of [redacted], a great deal more of such like language passed when they left me & passed up the street & were met by a Chaise which stoped as in consultation by Mr. Greens, which in a little time turned & went up with them, by this you must see my conjectures with regard to you are not ill founded, nor my cautions needless. I hope you will be continually on your guard when you are off the Island; what a spirrit! that if Mr. Watson has stayed (as I pressed him to) to spend the night I must either have given up a friend to the insult of a Mobb or had my House pulled Down, and perhaps my family Murthered,

"I am Dear Sir,

"Your Affectionate

"Brother & Humbe Sert

"JOHN SINGLETON COBLEY."



"The Lake, with its well-wooded shores and islands."

cock in the afternoon at his House & from thence came here & was now gone out of town; they seemed somewhat satisfied with this and retired a little way up the Street but soon returned and kept up the Indian yells for sometime when I again got up & went to the window; and told them,

Mr. Bromfield's son, under date September 25, 1775, writes to his father in Boston:—

"I wrote you last week but hear the letter is not gone to Boston, there having

been no boats out. Since then I have been to Lancaster. In my route I called at Harvard where I spent one night with Deacon W——ney, who with his good wife expressed much pleasure at seeing me. The farm by what I could learn is much as when you were there. The top of the house is very much covered with moss, leaks, and wants to be new shingled, but otherwise looks pretty well. My sisters are in want of some of their winter clothes which they pray you to send them if you can by any person who is coming out."

In the Diary of Mr. Bromfield occurs this entry: "Removed to Harvard in March, 1777." Here he was now settled and, as it proved, for the remainder of a long life. A letter from his son, then in Philadelphia, concludes with these words:

plant its station, and possess present joy, in the bud while contemplating the sure prospect of happiness in plenty. May the tranquil scenes which now surround you be an exact emblem of your future days, produced in the summer of life; may you reap largely of the fruits of virtue in its decline to refresh and delight you in the frigid season of hoary age, and be hereafter restored to fresh vigor and glory in an Eternal Spring."

Again, under date of November 13, 1777: "I had the satisfaction of hearing from the dear circle at Harvard, and am happy in being assured they still enjoy themselves in those retired scenes of moral tranquility. It were to be wished that the Neighbourhood was enriched with a few kind agreeable friends, the want of them nothing will compensate and with them, the country would be delightful. Mr. G—— says that you have made but small progress in the repairs of the house, owing to the great thirst for Fame with which even the very peasantry are inspired, which has led the very mechanics to the field,—of glory, they have indeed reaped an ample harvest; for who will not inscribe immortal laurels to the brave captors of the great Burgoyne? I most sincerely congratulate you, Sir, and my country on this Singular and not less important event the effect of which I hope will be as happy as the contrary would have been ruinous."

While the life of Mr. Bromfield was an entirely uneventful one so far as public events are concerned, it is interesting as showing the resources and occupations of a country gentleman of perfect leisure, in New England, dur-



Mrs. Abigail Bromfield Rogers, daughter of Henry Bromfield.

FROM A MINIATURE BY COPELEY.

"I had almost forgot that by this time you are retired to the peaceful abodes of Harvard, and instead of the perplexing arrangement of figures and more anxious dependence on floating treasures, are now agreeably employed in assigning to each

ing the latter portion of the last century and the first twenty years of the present. We can scarcely picture to ourselves the utter seclusion, and we might almost say desolation, which at times attached itself to a life in the country at this period,

especially as regards those who, nurtured in affluence, had witnessed, if they had not mingled more or less freely in, the gayety

Indeed, I hope you will be continually on "your guard  
when you are off the Island; what a spirit it is that of Mr.  
Wilson had stayed (as I expected him) to spend the night  
I must either give up, a friend to the iniquity of a Monk or  
had my thoughts pulled down by perhaps my reasoning sense  
Dear & Mastered Sam Deacon

The difficulties of communication, owing to the bad state of the roads during a great portion of the year, the severity of the winter months, with the imperfect means of heating the dwelling, the scarcity of books and even of news,—except what was brought by the weekly newspaper, which with the occasional letters from relatives and friends came very irregularly, owing to defective postal services,—all these made daily existence vastly different from the conception formed at the present day. To be sure, the genial season of the year then as now compensated in great measure for the hardships undergone during the remaining months, but to many, such rural solitude would have been insupportable under any circumstances.

(See page xi.)

Dear & Affectionate  
Brother & Friend be it so  
John Ampleforth

Although Mr. Bromfield did not mingle in politics, and had little to do with village affairs except as charity or some good work invited him, he had early been appointed a justice of the peace and of the quorum in his native city, and to this office he was called at intervals for many years. Its duties in a country district were far from onerous, but its tenure marked him as among "our trusty and well-beloved," as reads his commission issued in 1777, not "by George III. by the Grace of God," these words being carefully crossed by the pen, but "by the Government and the People, of the Mass. Bay, in New England."

In addition to the occupations of overseeing his farm and working in his orchard and garden, he indulged in the healthful exercise of the saddle, by means of which he became well acquainted with the charming scenery about the village and the neighborhood. To one spot on an eminence in Still River, which commanded the valley of the Nashua and the western range of mountains to a great extent, he

of foreign courts, and had at least been accustomed to the sociabilities of metropolitan life.

was accustomed for many years to accompany his guests, that they might enjoy a scene which to him was unequalled in rural beauty.

In the summer of 1785 occurred the death of his estimable wife, with whom he had lived very happily for nearly a quarter of a century. Her character was thus portrayed in a journal of the day: "On the 17th instant died at Harvard, in the County of Worcester, Mrs. *Hannah Bromfield*, consort of *Henry Bromfield*, Esq., of that place: A Lady whose virtues and accomplishments rendered her an ornament to human nature, and a blessing to her family and friends. Uniform in her endeavors to alleviate the distresses and heighten the enjoyments of life, she was equally amiable and beneficent in every situation, and left the world with serenity, in the joyful hope of that immortal felicity, for which afflictions, like those her decease occasions, had a happy tendency to prepare her."

Her loss was a severe blow to him, especially in his isolated situation, of which he speaks in a letter to his brother Thomas, in England, under date of December 29: "I thank you for those tender feelings which you express for myself and children under our great loss of my dear and beloved wife. This severe affliction is irreparable but in the divine favor. Your dear sister is worthy of everything I can say of her. As a Christian and a domestic character, no mortal could be blessed with a more amiable, worthy companion, fitted for both worlds and to make every one happy about her. Myself and children in particular have the greatest reason to hold her in everlasting remembrance, our hearts will ever be deeply impressed with the highest sense of her merit. The main thing is to act our part well in life, and to prepare for a better. I am *solas* here except a negro man. My children were well the last time I heard from them. Our weather is intolerable, extremely severe. I only wish myself in a more moderate climate."

His son was at this time in Philadelphia, engaged in business matters; and his unmarried daughters had left him for long visits to Andover, Boston, and Salem. The negro man deserves a passing notice. This was honest, faithful Othello, who, born a slave, was in the employ of Mr. Bromfield for many years, and was known to every

man, woman, and child in Harvard and the surrounding country. Such was his dependence upon him, and such was the force of habit, that for years after the servant's death the master, forgetting himself, would not unfrequently rise from his chair and go out upon the piazza, and loudly call him by name. Many stories of the negro's eccentricities are told, even at the present day. At one time, laying a wager with a fellow-workman that he would remove all the sheaves of grain from a certain field within a given time, he procured the old family horse, and, buckling on his bare feet his master's spurs, bestrode the animal bareback, and, galloping into the enclosure, seized, without dismounting, several sheaves, placed them in front of him, carried them out and returned at full speed, until, both man and horse covered with foam and perspiration, he won the day. His violin was also a source of great attraction, and many a jig and contradance was incited by its inspiriting strains. Othello, sitting in the corner of the huge old kitchen hearth, the generous wood fire lighting up his beaming countenance, while every feature betokened the earnestness and self-importance with which he rapidly drew the bow, and called out the figures for the city nephews, nieces, and cousins, who had assembled for a merry-making, formed a picture which was never in after years forgotten by those who witnessed it. The old fellow sleeps in the neighboring burying-ground which overlooks the scenes of his daily toils, and a plain blue slate stone, with the following inscription, marks the spot:—

OTHELLO  
The faithful friend of  
*Henry Bromfield*  
Came from Africa  
About 1760—Died 1813,  
Aged about 72.

As regards social enjoyment, Mr. Bromfield was almost entirely dependent upon the relatives and friends who visited him from the city, for the most part in the summer months, and also upon the neighboring clergy, who held him in great esteem. Under date of March, 1786, he writes to his married daughter, then travelling in Virginia: "I still remain here in retirement, and truly so. Since my having Mr. Grosvenor and wife to dine, a few days past, I have not seen, except Sundays when

I have the good deacon and his wife to dine, a single person since your sister left me, not even your brother, for his time is so taken up with his own affairs that he can't find time to come and see me. I have driven out twice, which is all the time I have been abroad this winter, except when I have been to Boston. But I cannot say that this retirement is disagreeable to me, for I wish rather to indulge my reflections as most agreeable. Your dear mother is ever with me, and I believe will be while I live. . . . I could wish that my circumstances would admit of my living in Boston, for the sake of Betsey. Although when I consider how soon she might leave me, in which case I should not be as likely to enjoy myself as here in the country. In Boston, I should have nothing to employ my time and amuse me; and it is too late in life for me to emerge again in business, and not possible for me to live there without. Here in the country I have always something to call my attention, and nothing to disturb my peace. A good garden is a high amusement which I have, and everything about me very convenient. I expect, and indeed, I have no other prospect but that a country life must be my lot. Therefore, will endeavor to make myself as easy and contented as possible, and as the present and unhappy state of this country will allow."

In a letter to his son, February 4, 1791, he says: "Your sister Betsey has just gone from home. She came up with Mr. and Mrs. Foxcroft, and tarried four days, during which time we spent it very agreeably, as you may well imagine. Indeed, it was a high regale to me, having seen no one for a long time except Master Edward; but they have left me in the shades. When I shall be favored with the company of any more of my friends, is uncertain. The principal of my acquaintance here is with the clergy for twenty miles around, who now and then pay me visits, and are my most constant visitors; and there is a number of worthy characters among them. If sleighing should break up very soon, I shall have a hopeful prospect for three months to come, in which time there would be no such thing as putting my foot out of doors, in travelling. I am thinking to turn mechanic, and add some conveniences to my out-buildings, and believe shall go to work.

I want some entertaining books to amuse me. It will be three months, at least, before I can do anything in my garden or fields; but when that time arrives, I can always find employment, and such as is quite agreeable to me." He completes his letter on the 9th: "Last evening it came on to rain, and continued to noon this day, when it came on a tremendous snowstorm, and now it blows as if all nature was coming to wreck. It's now about nine o'clock in the evening, and here I am *solus* by the fireside, as solitary as I shall be when I come to leave this world of vanity, and my clayey tabernacle is lodged in a mausoleum."

From his description, how vividly can we reproduce the scene! The old gentleman dressed with as much care as if he expected guests, an invariable custom with him, sitting alone over a generous wood fire, writing to his far-distant son by the light of two candles, in their respective silver candlesticks, mementoes which are still religiously preserved. No sound within, except the loud ticking of the tall antique London clock in the corner, which has rung out the hour in its clear, silvery tones, while without the elms bend and swing beneath the wintry blasts which howl around the old mansion, roar down its chimneys, and shake it to its foundation. "I think this storm will produce snow enough to give me a chance of slipping down to Cambridge and Boston, and bringing up a few stores for the summer and my summer provisions, being a fine easy method of conveyance, although it's rather dangerous leaving home at this season, the weather is so uncertain. The winters are too tedious for such a length of exclusion from all society; but use, by degrees, will familiarize me to it, so as shortly not to make it so irksome. I was by invitation to have dined this day with the high sheriff at Lancaster, and in the afternoon to have attended divine service at church, performed by the Rev. Dr. Parker, once every quarter at Lancaster,—he is a very good preacher,—but the weather prevented my going."

About this time, in a letter to his daughter, then travelling in Virginia for her health, he says: "I have seen no one since you left me, save that I sent and invited some of my Lancaster friends to come and dine. You see I am obliged to go out into the highway and invite my guests, or I should

have none. I picked a barrel of apples with a design to send down to have gone by the last vessel, but the weather was so extremely cold I dare not send them lest they should get froze as hard as stones ; and the going, just now, is such that it's neither sledding nor carting, — a great depth of snow from hence to Concord, but greatly drifted. From Lexington to Boston there is no passing with a sled. Hope before the vessel goes to get the barrel down. Although you may make no use of apples, Mr. R—— likes them ; and they may be gratifying to your friends. I wish I had something better to send, you must accept the will for the deed."

Among the relations and friends who visited Mr. Bromfield were the Quincy and Phillips families. They were accustomed to drive to Harvard in their family coaches, and to pass a few days with the worthy old gentleman. In Miss Susan Quincy's memoir of her mother she thus speaks of him : "Removed from the attrition of society, time had not obliterated the peculiarities of character acquired in the last century ; and he remained, in mind, manners, and costume, a living representative of an age which had passed away. In conversation he constantly referred to 'the year fifty.' The most aged inhabitants of Boston were spoken of by him as young men ; and State, Court, and Summer streets were seldom recognized by his auditors under the names of King and Queen streets and Seven Star Lane."

Writing in December to his daughter at Cambridge, he says : "In the late sleighing, I had the pleasure of Mr. Chaplin's company, with six other clergymen to spend the day with me. They are a most sociable and agreeable company of any set of men and of the most information." These clergymen, for the most part, were members of the Worcester and Lancaster associations, the senior member of the latter being Rev. Nathaniel Thayer of Lancaster. At Lafayette's visit to this town in 1826, Dr. Thayer addressed him in behalf of his fellow-townsmen ; at the close of his remarks, "the veteran Lafayette trembled with emotion, and he was often afterwards accustomed to refer with pleasure to the beautiful scenery of the banks of the Nashua, and the heart-thrilling address of the venerable minister of Lancaster."

They were mostly graduates of Harvard College, and as a rule were advanced and liberal in their theological views ; in which Mr. Bromfield evidently coincided, if we may judge from the tenor of his correspondence on religious subjects, — and from the testimony of Dr. Thayer, who knew him well. A distinguished honor was conferred upon him in the spring of 1792, by his appointment as one of the trustees of the Massachusetts Humane Society. Whether he was ever in a position to attend its meetings does not appear. In the following year he was also chosen a member of the Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture.

There is a constant allusion in his letters to the interest he took in his farm and garden, which were naturally the subjects which most deeply engaged his thoughts, and to which may be attributed the excellent health and spirits which terminated only with his unusual longevity. His son Henry, in the autumn of 1802, thus writes to his father from London, where he was established as a merchant and where he continued to reside through a long life :

"I participate in the pleasure with which you relate the circumstances of your farm, — a good crop well got in, the finest fruits of the neighborhood, the cellar stored with vegetables and the barn filled with hay, imply an abundance for man and beast, which may well communicate gladness to the heart and praise to that beneficence from whence they proceed. Such circumstances with such sensibilities, combined with the hope of better things to come, is an allotment truly enviable."

In the early part of May he writes thus to his daughter, expressing his enjoyment of rural scenes : "The country begins to put on an agreeable appearance and a prospect of a fine season, our fruit trees are full of blows, in particular the peach, nectarines, etc. I have finished gardening, and my small seeds are coming up." Those who visited Harvard in those days well remembered through their lives the luscious peaches and other fruits with which the old gentleman delighted to load them. Later on in the season he writes : "The country is now delightful, and never looked better, all are highly favored by Divine goodness, in the present season a prospect of a plentiful harvest, of every kind for man and beast. May we have a grateful

sense of His Infinite goodness and be induced to live his praise." Still later in the year, November 5, he gives us an insight into his household occupations: "The weather, lately, has been very unfavorable for the ingathering which should be dry for housing of roots, etc., I am now housing mine, and last evening husked my corn and am now making my cider. I have one barrel of St. Germain pears, which I wish to send to your care by the first safe conveyance."

In December he writes to his brother, in London: "The present season keeps me at home, where I expect to remain in solitude till next April, there being no good travelling sooner except by sleighing, but which mode of conveyance is too cold for me, and at my time of life, and to go such a distance as Boston. Young men, if they catch cold, can get the better of it, but old men generally suffer severely,—which sad experience I had last winter. In retirement I want to be near a circulating library, which would afford me much entertainment. I note your design of sending me Howe's *Ecclesiastical History* and the Bishop of London's *Lectures*. I mentioned in a former letter to send me either history, divinity, or travels, such as you and my son should think would afford me the most information and entertainment. You are sensible that I need something of this kind to amuse and keep up the animal spirits, being separated from my dear children and friends, and old age calls for society more than in early life."

Mr. Bromfield kept himself aloof from the political parties of the day, not even meddling with village affairs. This course he pursued without apparently giving offence to any one. Still he did not abstain from giving an occasional expression of his views to his brother and his other relatives. In 1804 he says to his brother: "You mention that you are sorry to observe in our public prints such dissensions among us and the abusive language made of us. This same glory is a privilege annexed to a free government; liberty is not the only word, but some must add licentiousness to it. But this is the natural effect of such a government and not to be avoided. It is our own fault that we are not the happiest people in the world; but human nature is so perverse that they will act contrary and abuse the blessings they en-

joy. And our chief magistrate, it is to be feared, is too nearly allied in principle to Bonaparte, and America cannot be happy under his administration. You mention the situation of England as being distressing, which I imagine must be the case, and I suppose from the present circumstances of affairs, you must be loaded with expenses, and this must be the case until you are relieved from the threats of Bonaparte, and you will remain so until something decisive takes place. From the internal strength of Britain, including their shipping, I don't seem to have any fears of France making any impression or getting any footing on the island, which I hope heaven will prevent, if they should attempt it."

"You say that you are pleased with our president's proceedings, which is more than any true, good Federalist with us can say. This opinion of yours is because you are unacquainted with his character and proceedings—as a statesman. Besides, an infidel is unworthy to be our chief magistrate, and we have full evidence of this from the Scriptures. He and that infamous Tom Paine are intimate friends, and he was the means of bringing him to this country from France. Can any one who believes in Divine revelation think such a man fit to be at the head of government? He is for equality and liberty, and I would send him to France to enjoy it."

Later he writes: "By late advices from Europe, Bonaparte's success is very alarming. May an over-ruling Providence preserve Britain from his infernal designs. I expect ere long we shall experience some trouble from him, and we are sorry to learn that Denmark has declared war with Britain. It is truly a dark day with Britain, and it appears as if Europe was going to experience an awful revolution."

As regards village and church affairs in 1813, he writes to his daughter, the wife of Professor Pearson, of Andover, and afterwards of Cambridge: "Since the dismissal of Mr. Bemis, we have had two of your Andover pupils to preach to us, who performed well. The Committee to provide for the pulpit were all democrats; the Federalists did not attend the meeting, and some of these democrats had not been into a meeting house, it is said, for four or five years, but attended the last two Sabbaths. Some of them drink two quarts of

rum a day; they are very spirituous, and are in an awful state of declension, but I hope for a reform."

Just previous to this, in another letter to the same daughter, I find the following: "Mr. Bemis on Fast Day gave us such a Federal sermon as occasioned some of our democrats to shuffle their feet, and behave indecently. It was a good sermon and a very seasonable and one worthy of publication and we agreed to have it printed; We have a number of bad men among us of French principles, as you will find;—We had a Town meeting on Monday, but the democrats were so noisy and ungovernable, that the federalists left the meeting, at which the democrats chose ten of their number to go to a convention of democrats now sitting at Worcester and who are gone there; some of the most worthless and disorderly men among us. We are in a sad situation, and what the present convention will end in, a gracious God only knows."

In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. D. D. Rogers, dated November 17, 1813, he says: "If the weather had continued a few days longer, I should have had hopes of seeing you at Harvard, but the reverse of weather has taken place, by a severe storm of snow. I have to fear a solitary winter. I have had thoughts of keeping Thanksgiving with you, but on reflection find I am not provided with a comfortable sartout for severe cold,—mine is too thin and old to appear in Boston. At home and on Sundays I wear a cloak over my sartout, which won't do to appear in at the great town. The fireside is most consonant to my age and my feelings, especially in severity of weather. By the late snow I have been able to get home a good pile of dry wood, cut the last season, to make us comfortable, but shall find the want of my dear children and friends to converse with. In my situation it makes it very dull." On the 19th he adds: "The last night and this day has carried off all the snow and left us afloat. The road not passable at present, I find the difficulty of getting down, and the want of what I have mentioned, must force me to give up all expectations of passing Thanksgiving with you and must ask our present candidate to dine with me."

The cloak to which allusion is made was a bright scarlet; and what a pleasing pic-

ture was presented by the venerable man up to the very last year of his long life, as he wended his way on the Sabbath day, beneath the stately avenue of elms, to the village church, clothed in his scarlet cloak, wig, and cocked hat, silk stockings and silver knee-buckles, with long, gold-headed cane in hand, followed at a respectful distance by his faithful negro servant. And such was the deference paid to age and to Christian worth, that no one left his pew at the close of the services until Mr. Bromfield had passed out,—and all this too in the first two decades of this century, when the young Republic had learned to pay little attention to those social distinctions which had so lately permeated every rank in life. Miss Quincy, in the memoirs of which mention has already been made, thus pleasantly alludes to this same picture: "Mr. Bromfield and his surroundings vividly reminded Mrs. Quincy of Addison's description of Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Spectator*. It seemed to her that she must be on a visit to that worthy knight, especially on Sunday, when, equipped with a red cloak and a wig surmounted by a cocked hat, and attended by his negro servant Othello, he escorted her under the ancient avenue of elms, and through the graveyard to the village church. Profound deference and respect marked the passing salutations he received; and at the conclusion of the service, the whole congregation remained standing until Mr. Bromfield and his guests had walked down the broad aisle."

The cloak and other articles mentioned have all been religiously kept, and are still in perfect preservation, being brought out occasionally for the gratification of younger generations. In this connection further mention may be made of the extreme nicety of dress and care of personal appearance which always characterized the subject of our notice, and which has been frequently the theme of those who knew him. The aged, and more especially those who have lived in rural solitude for many years, very naturally fall into habits of slovenliness and carelessness in these matters. Not so with Mr. Bromfield, who always appeared as a gentleman, and was consequently always prepared to welcome his guests and friends. In a letter to his daughter, in 1811, when over eighty years of age, he writes of matters which would seem trivial

did they not distinctly mark these traits of character : " I have sent by this opportunity one of my old shirts, to cut the new by. Miss W—— says the collar and wristbands may be linen, although, I told her that this had been determined only to make her easy, I now mention it ; I wish the bosoms of two or three may be ruffled for summer use. I must pray Mr. Rogers as to be so kind as to get the cloth designed for my clothes, and send it to my tailor's to whom I now write requesting them to finish them as soon as possible and send a bag to put them in. I shall have an opportunity in a few days to send for them and should be sorry when I send to be disappointed. I should be ashamed to come to Boston in my present clothes."

From some recent memoranda by one of his grandsons, the late H. B. Rogers, the following extracts are made : " My grandfather was the best specimen of the old school I ever saw. Dignified, graceful and polished in his manners, animated and agreeable in his conversation, refined and gentle in his affections, a perfect gentleman, a most delightful companion. The good old man, I see him now in his large powdered wig, his square brown coat and vest, with broad pockets and lappets, black small-clothes, nice silk stockings, silver kneebuckles, and gold-headed cane,—a perfect prototype of dignity and worth. How delighted he was to see me, how he would pat me on the head, tell me some humorous story of olden time, and load me with fruit ! Many of my happiest days were passed with him. I loved him dearly, and delight to dwell on his memory. There was that in him which at once inspired respect and affection. All the townspeople venerated the Colonel—we shall never see his like again. The age of *suaviter in modo* has gone by."

Mr. Bromfield enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health during his long life, which may be attributed in great measure to his simple habits and the freedom from all engrossing cares of business after middle age. His grandson in his memoranda says : " He had no ailments of any sort, and would never indulge himself in the least. I do not recollect ever seeing him even support his head upon his hand, or lean about in any way. He was always bright and active like a boy. His habits were of the simplest kind—he retired at nine and rose with

the sun ; he was a pattern of temperance, eating and drinking less than any person I ever knew. He had fine spirits, was always cheerful, pleasant, and contented, which was the more remarkable, considering the many years he passed in almost entire solitude."

With the exception of an occasional slight cold, no mention is made in his letters of any sickness, except an attack of dizziness from indigestion which occurred several years before his death. He thus describes the attack in a letter to his daughter : " I am sorry that B—— should have mentioned the circumstances of my faint turn which was over the minute I sat down, and it happened just as Mr. Fay was saying his last prayer. I walked directly home as well as ever. I eat a bit of pork-steak, rather dry, and drank only a swallow of cider and this was the occasion of my faint turn. Had I drank a good draught after dinner, I should have escaped the attack, I have reason to believe ; I have great reason of thankfulness to Divine Goodness that I am permitted to live, and am blessed with such good health and freedom from pains and aches."

He was not, however, to be much longer exempted from the common lot. In the lengthening days of early February, 1820, he was stricken down by disease, which soon declared itself to be pneumonia. From confinement to the house he was in a few days compelled to seek the quiet and rest of the sunny southeast chamber which he had always occupied and which, with its antique furniture, including its ponderous, lofty bed with the rich though faded damask, its open fire, and the many tokens of love from those he had revered and respected, upon all sides, seemed fitted to afford aid and comfort to the invalid. Here, however, surrounded by faithful attendants, one of whom still lives in the village at a remarkable old age, to recall the scene, this true man shortly passed away at the advanced age of ninety-two.

His friend, Dr. Thayer of Lancaster, preached a funeral sermon at the church, entitled, " The Good Man," which was afterwards printed and from which we make the following extracts : —

" Such was his distrust of himself, so profound his reverence of God, and so correct his ideas of the terms upon which an erring mortal may have a title to mercy, that he would have pronounced

himself unworthy to be held up to the generations of men as a pattern. . . .

"He had the privilege of descending from parents, respectable for their standing in society and patterns of the purity for which the infancy of our country was remarkable. . . .

"He had a temper and mind peculiarly formed for gaining and preserving friends. Cheerful, ardent, social, sympathetic, and trusty, he imperceptibly won the affection, commanded the confidence, and invited the familiarity of all who knew him. . . .

"The intelligent and refined were his early associates. He had within his reach the means of general knowledge. He was conversant with the enlightened of his own country and of other nations. . . .

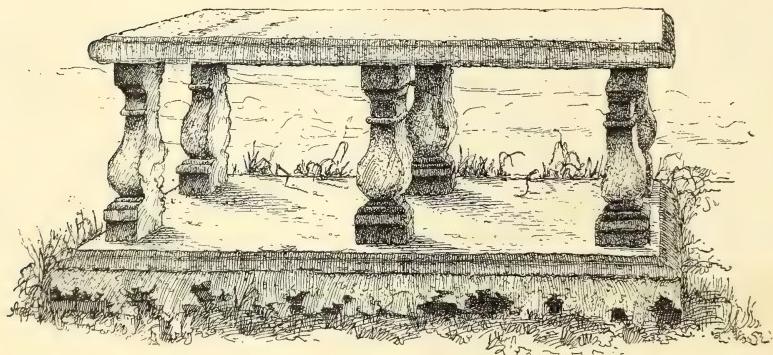
"No diversity of taste or fashions in society, and no desire to rank with the unreflecting great, could change or corrupt the disposition and habits of life, which happily formed him for domestic scenes. . . .

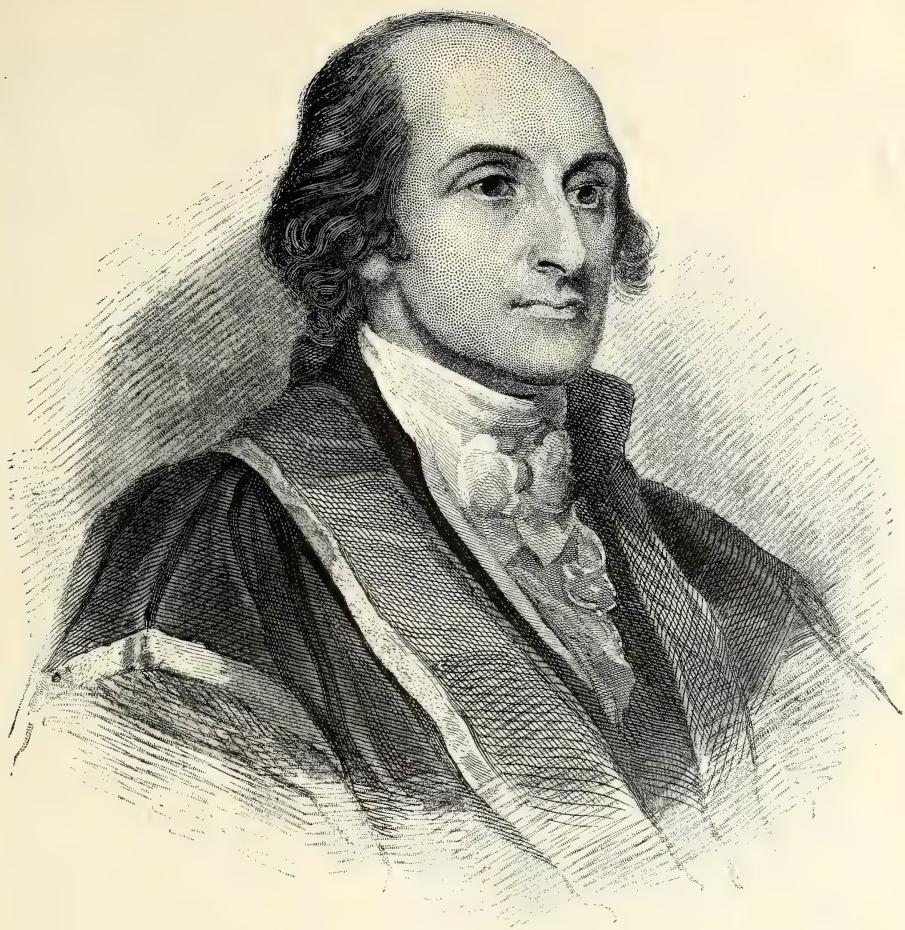
"In mercantile pursuits, which were the steady employment of his active period, he was industrious, just, and honorable. Impartiality requires that we record the riveted attachment of life and frugality, which caused him deeply to lament the dissipation, frivolity, and extravagancy of the age. Who, that has been admitted to a friendly intimacy with him, has not often beheld him cling to his beloved retirement, that he might be at a distance from occasions and practices which are hostile to

sober reflection, a waste of time, and destructive of character and piety? . . .

"The character of his religion cannot be too highly celebrated. It was formed of such plain, reasonable, practical principles and maxims as are found in the sermon of the Divine Redeemer. It was a religion, not of morals merely, but also of deeds. It was a religion unmixed with ostentation, arrogance, and an exclusive spirit. It was alike removed from indifference, apathy, and indolence on the one hand, and from intemperate zeal, intolerance, and presumptuousness on the other. Of its benign operation we had the best evidence in his temper and life. While it urged him to an exemplary attendance on the forms and ordinances of religion, it showed itself in acts of charity and righteousness."

The body of Mr. Bromfield was conveyed to Boston, and placed in the family tomb in King's Chapel burying-ground. And there, amidst his kindred and friends and not far from the haunts trodden by him during his earlier years, he rests, while the never-ceasing tide of humanity, alike careless and unconscious, ebbs and flows in close propinquity to that hallowed enclosure which guards the dust of the first and best of New England's Nobility.

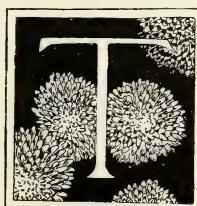




John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States.

## THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

*By James D. Colt.*



HE Supreme Court of the United States has celebrated its centennial. It has had a wonderful career. It deserves more than respect from Americans, and it has won the respect of all nations.

We owe our reputation as a nation not so much to our advancement as compared with the rest of the world in arts and sciences, as to our form of govern-

ment. The best government is that which secures to the governed peace and general welfare, along with the greatest measure of freedom. The Constitution of the United States provides for this as well as any constitution can, and the gratitude of the nation is due to the Supreme Court which has maintained and in a large degree made the Constitution what it is. Although the judiciary is the weakest of the three departments of our system, it has perhaps done more than either the executive or legislative to make the great

experiment of republican government a success. It has steadfastly upheld the Constitution, even at times when doing this threatened danger to existing institutions; it has taught both the executive and legislative that the Constitution must

which, to use the words of an English critic, "would have done honor and credit to Westminster Hall in the proud season of English law."

The court is a novel and peculiar feature of what, at the time of its institution, was a novel form of government, but not unprecedented. Eleven out of the thirteen states had adopted constitutions in which the judiciary was distinct from the legislative and executive departments, and it was to be expected that a similar system would be chosen by the framers of the Federal Constitution.

It is an interesting fact that as early as the thirteenth century there existed a judicial system quite similar to ours. In the kingdom of Aragon, which was as nearly a republic as a kingdom could be, there was a judicial officer called a *justiza*. The *justiza* was elected by the people, and his decisions were final. He could declare an act of the legislature void, and the king himself was obliged to submit to his decrees.

The novelty of our system does not consist so much in the fact that the court derives its existence from the same source as Congress and the President, as in the extent and character of its jurisdiction. We can best perceive this by comparing it with the English court of highest powers. The American Constitution is the enactment of the people; and if Congress passes a law contrary to constitutional precepts, the Supreme Court can declare such law absolutely void. The British constitution, like ours, is the enactment, or rather series of enactments, of the people, but by a strange fiction, Parliament is considered to be the people. Its members do not merely represent, they *are* the people. This is hard for an American to realize. Parliament can and has prolonged its session several years beyond the time for which its members were elected, and it could, if it saw fit, dissolve itself without leaving any means of convoking a successor. Nothing but English common sense has stood in the way. It thus happens that the Lord Chief Justice and his asso-



Chief Justice John Rutledge.

be strictly obeyed; it has shown the states that its mandates are not mere words, and it has taught the people that the government which they instituted cannot be changed or shaken save by the people. The Supreme Court has properly been called "the living voice of the Constitution." We owe to it a national stability and sense of security which are among our greatest national blessings. "Few American institutions," says Bryce, "have more contributed to the peace and well-being of the country"; and we may add that few, if any, have more contributed to its permanent existence.

The century just ended has been a momentous one. We, as Americans, may well be proud as we recall the great jurists who have adorned our supreme tribunal and read the long line of their decisions,

ciates cannot declare an act of Parliament void or contrary to the constitution, because such an act, being the latest expression of the people's will, takes precedence over all previous acts, and is in the nature of a constitutional amendment. Constitutional law as a distinct branch of judicature is therefore unknown in England.

The Supreme Court of the United States has another kind of jurisdiction, equally unknown in England, and which places it at the head of the world's judiciary, and that is the power of settling controversies between states that call themselves sovereign. This is the highest function of a court, and the exercise of it brings into play qualities of mind which belong to the statesman as well as the jurist. When we consider what the court has had to do in the last hundred years, as the interpreter of the Constitution, the arbiter of the most delicate questions of international law, the judge of state controversies, and the chief check on the other branches of the government, we are amazed in finding so few mistakes. The Supreme Court is, however, like all other law courts in this respect, that it can decide no questions which do not come before it in the regular order of business. There must be a *case* with proper parties. If a constitutional question arises, it must be one on which the case *depends*, else the court will not and cannot decide it. If the constitutional question be a side issue, then all that the judges may say on it will be mere *dicta*. A *dictum* is not a decision, and carries with it but little more weight than the opinion of any learned constitutional lawyer. It is valuable as showing how the court would probably decide if a case depending on a solution of the question should come before it, but it decides nothing. This necessity of an actual case, to any interpretation of the Constitution

by the court, is oftentimes the means of preventing a decision on the validity of an act of Congress. It takes a long time to get a case before the court, the expense is often great, and litigants, rather than stand the cost and delay, will compromise or

agree to leave the question undecided. It has thus happened that an act of Congress has been declared void thirty years after its enactment, the question of its legality having only then come before the court.

The question arises, How came we to have this admirable tribunal? to whom do we owe its conception? and how came it to spring into existence, full-grown and in the amplitude of its present powers? It has neither grown nor have its powers increased during the century. It was the same court in 1790 that it is in 1890. Its duties were then, as now, to interpret and enforce the Constitution as the supreme law of the land.

On the 29th of May, 1787, the Federal Convention, assembled in Philadelphia for the purpose of draughting a constitution for the United States, began its great work. Edmund Randolph, then governor of Vir-



Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth.

ginia, was the first to speak. After dwelling on the weakness of the confederation and the necessity of a stronger government, having for its basis the republican idea, he introduced fifteen resolutions, afterwards known as the "Virginia Resolutions," each

of which he carefully explained, and one of which was as follows: "A national judiciary ought to be established; to consist of supreme and inferior tribunals; to be chosen by the legislature; to hold their offices during good behavior; with jurisdiction to hear and determine all piracies and felonies on the high seas; captures from an enemy; cases in which foreigners and citizens, a citizen of one state and a citizen of another state, may be interested; cases which respect the collection of the national revenue; impeachments of the national officers, and questions which may involve the national peace and harmony."

This resolution introduced the subject of federal courts to the convention, and contains the main principles concerning the judiciary which were afterwards incorporated in the Constitution. As most of the delegates were lawyers, it was natural that they should early turn their attention to the formation of the judiciary; and on the 4th of June the above resolution was taken up and passed unanimously, with the qualification that there should be one Supreme Court, and one or more inferior courts. The next day was devoted to a discussion as to the jurisdiction of the courts, and then the subject was dropped until the 18th of July. On the 18th it was again taken up. It was virtually decided that the judges of the national courts should be appointed by the executive, with the consent of the Senate. Trials by impeachment were taken from the Supreme Court, and the jurisdiction extended to all cases arising under the national laws. On the 25th of July the convention referred its previous proceedings to a committee, who were ordered to arrange them in the form of a constitution and report. This committee, called the Committee of Detail, consisted of Nathaniel Gorham of Massachusetts, Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, James Wilson of Pennsylvania, Edmund Randolph of Virginia, and John Rutledge of South Carolina. The last four of these five men were eminently fitted for drawing up a plan of the judiciary. Wilson, "one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the convention," was an able lawyer, and was afterwards an associate justice of the Supreme Court; Randolph was Attorney General of the United States under Washington; and both Rutledge and Ellsworth

became the highest officers of a judicial system, the foundation of which they helped to lay.

On the 6th of August the committee made its report, and that part of it which pertained to the judiciary was adopted with no essential amendment. The convention then decided that the tenure of office of the judges should be during good behavior, and that their salaries should not be diminished during their continuance in office, believing that "a power over a man's subsistence amounts to a power over his will," and that the judiciary should in no way be dependent on the legislative. Madison strongly urged that a veto power similar to that of the President should be given to the Supreme Court, but his views were not adopted for two reasons: because the legislative should not be in any way subject to the judiciary, and because it would be highly improper for the judiciary to have a part in passing laws, the constitutionality of which they might later be called upon to decide. Law and equity jurisdiction was conferred, and the judicial power was extended to all cases arising under the Constitution, to all cases affecting ambassadors and other public ministers, to all admiralty and maritime cases, to cases in which the United States should be a party, to disputes between different states, and to controversies between a state and foreign citizens, or between citizens of different states. In the first three instances the word "all" is imperative, and such cases must of necessity come before the federal judges; in the others it was impliedly left in the power of Congress to determine what cases should come before them only on appeal from the state courts. Great care was taken to reserve to the judiciary departments of the several states all cases which might properly belong to them. Had this not been done, the business of the federal courts would soon have been hopelessly in arrears.

The Constitution was soon after drawn up in its present form, and the labors of the convention were ended. The Constitution was submitted to the people, ratified by them, and became the supreme law of the land.

In the conventions called together in the various states for the purpose of ratifying the Constitution, objections were made to the plan for the federal judiciary, on the



Statue of Chief Justice Marshall, by Story, at Washington.

ground that it was given too much power, and that the state courts would be ousted from jurisdiction rightfully theirs. The objections were, however, met and overcome by the advocates of the Constitution. After ratification, all that remained was for Congress to organize the courts and fix the salaries of the judges.

The Senate convened for the first time on Monday, April 6, 1789, and the next day appointed a committee to bring in a

bill on the judiciary. Great care was taken in drafting the bill, so that when presented to Congress it was adopted by both houses with but few amendments. It provided that the Supreme Court should consist of a Chief Justice and five associate justices. Inferior courts, called Circuit and District courts, were established, and appeals from the lower courts provided for. Each state constituted a district, as did the territories of Maine and Kentucky, and the states



Statue of Chief Justice Taney at Baltimore.

were grouped together in three circuits. A marshal, with the powers and duties of a sheriff, and a district attorney were to be appointed by the President for each district. The honor of drafting this bill belongs chiefly to Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards

Chief Justice, and the fact that most of its provisions are yet in force is a sufficient encomium on the forethought and wisdom of its author. The original copy of the bill in Ellsworth's handwriting is still preserved at Washington.

On the very day of the passage of the bill the first Chief Justice was appointed. President Washington fully realized the great importance of a strong Supreme Court. He knew that incapacity on the part of the judiciary would, in the unsettled state of the nation, be attended with serious consequences. It was necessary to have judges who not only had the public confidence at the time of their appointment, but who would be able to hold that confidence. They must be statesmen as well as judges. They must be accurate reasoners, able lawyers, fair-minded, impartial, fearless, and, above all, friends of the Constitution. The events of the previous fifteen years were such as necessarily brought into prominence men well suited to hold public office, and therefore the task of selecting judges was not difficult. Washington nevertheless gave the subject much thought, and when the names of the judges were announced there was universal approval.

The first Supreme Court consisted of four judges: John Jay of New York was Chief Justice; William Cushing, then Chief Justice of Massachusetts, James Wilson, the leading Federalist of Pennsylvania, and John Blair, an eminent judge of Virginia, were the associates. Robert H. Harrison, Chief Justice of Maryland, declined the honor. All were appointed in September, 1789, and qualified as judges in February, 1790. James Iredell of North Carolina was appointed in place of Harrison, and qualified in August, 1790; but it was not until August, 1792, after Thomas Johnson of Maryland had been qualified, that the court had its complement of judges.

No one stood higher in the estimation of Washington than John Jay. This is evinced by the fact that Washington offered him his choice of the federal offices. Jay's professional training and judicial experience at once prompted him to select the Chief Justiceship. The President was much pleased at the choice, and wrote, in the letter enclosing his commission, that it was a pleasure to address him as the head

of "that department which must be considered as the keystone of our political fabric. . . . In nominating you for the important station which you now fill, I not only acted in conformity with my best judgment, but I trust I did a grateful thing to the good citizens of the United States."

The Chief Justice, at the time of his appointment, was not yet forty-five years of age, but was already well known throughout the country. Jay was born in New York in December, 1745. In 1760 he entered Columbia College, and four years later graduated with high honors. Upon graduation he gave his entire attention to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1768, when he formed a partnership with Robert R. Livingston, who afterwards became famous as Chancellor of New York. The future Chief Justice and the future Chancellor made rapid strides, and in a short time were prominent figures at the



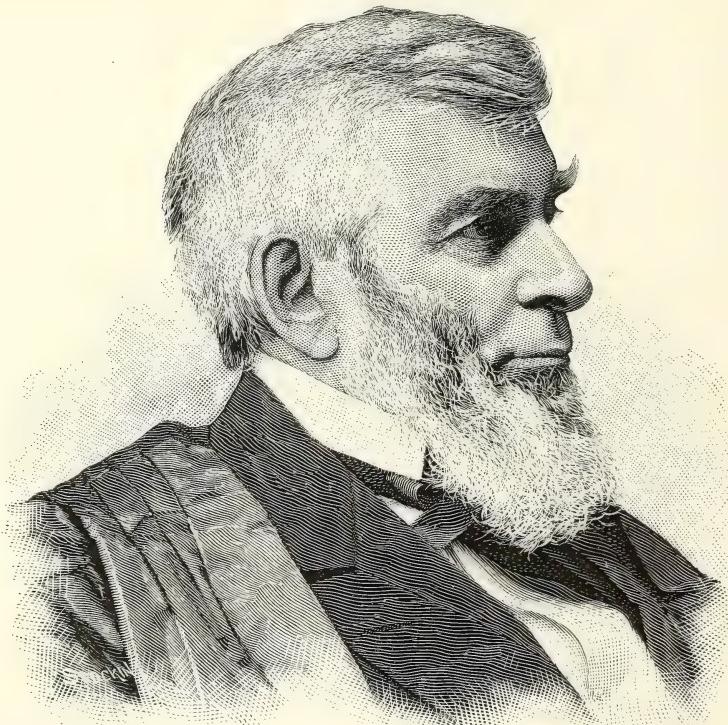
Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase.

bar. The partnership, however, was not long lived, and Jay was destined soon to give up practice for a public career. He was successively a member and president of the Continental Congress, a member of the Provincial Congress of New York, Chief Justice of New York, minister to Spain, negotiator of peace with England, and secretary of foreign affairs, before he be-

came Chief Justice of the United States. In person the Chief Justice was rather short and thin, but with a fine figure. His carriage was distinguished, and his fine, clear-cut features indicated refinement and great strength of purpose.

The first term of the Supreme Court was held in New York, the seat of the Federal

on the minds of all how greatly our individual prosperity depends on our national prosperity, and how greatly our national prosperity depends on a well-organized, vigorous government, ruling by wise and equal laws faithfully executed. Nor is such a government unfriendly to liberty,—to that liberty which is really estimable. On



Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite.

Government, in February, 1790, and after the adoption of rules of procedure, there being no business, the court adjourned. It does not appear that there was any case before the court until the August term in 1791. It is a little singular that there is no record of the place where the court sat during the first ten years of its existence.

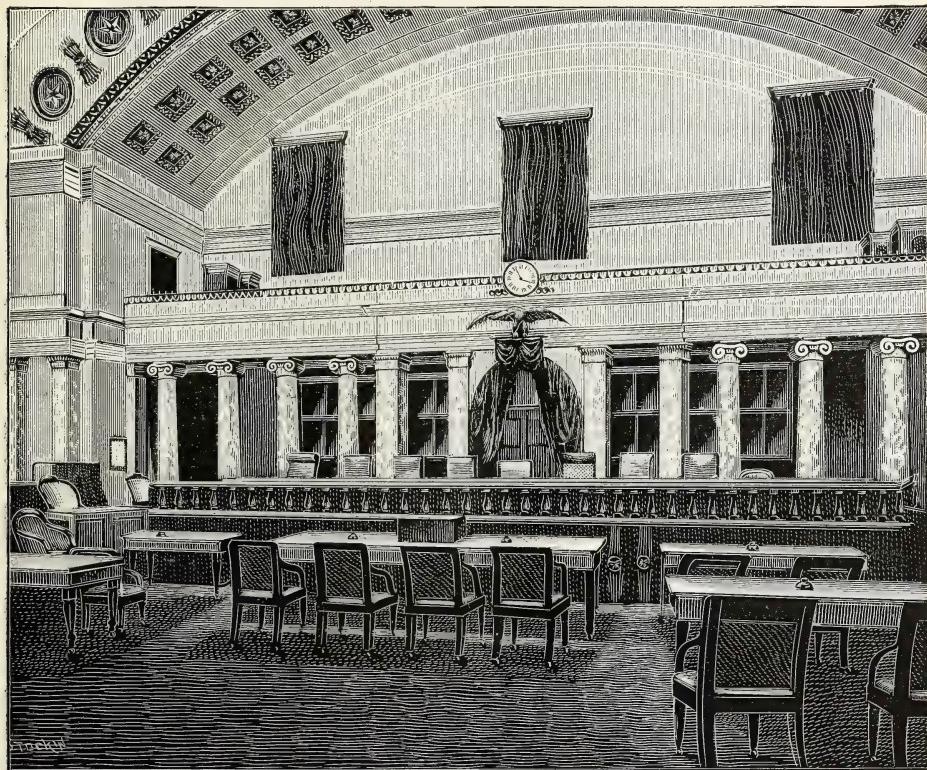
The first Circuit Court was held in New York on the 4th of April, 1790, and then was delivered the first charge of a federal judge to a federal jury. Chief Justice Jay presided, arrayed, it is said, in a scarlet robe. His charge to the jury indicates that he deeply felt the solemnity of the occasion. In the course of the charge he said: "It cannot be too strongly impressed

the contrary, nothing but a strong government of laws, irresistibly bearing down arbitrary power and licentiousness, can defend it against those two formidable enemies. Let it be remembered that civil liberty consists not in the right for every man to do just what he pleases, but it consists in an equal right for all citizens to have, enjoy, and do, in peace and security, and without molestation, whatever the equal and constitutional laws of the country admit to be consistent with the public good."

The case of *Chisholm Exor. v. Georgia*, decided by the Supreme Court at the February term, 1793, involved a constitutional question of much importance, and was the direct cause of a constitutional amendment.

The state of Georgia was sued in the federal courts by a citizen of another state, and refused to submit to the jurisdiction. The excitement in Georgia was intense and communicated itself in no small degree to the rest of the country. Everything depended on the construction which the court should give to that clause of the Constitution which extended the judicial power to controversies between a state and citizens of another state. Georgia claimed that to summon a sovereign state into court against her will was to do violence to her dignity as a state, and contrary to every principle of law. She further claimed that the clause in question was inserted in the Constitution by the framers for the pur-

stitution was ratified. John Marshall himself, in a speech to the Virginia Convention, said : "I hope that no gentleman will think that a state will be called at the bar of the federal court. . . . It is not rational to suppose that the sovereign power should be dragged before a court. The intent is to enable states to recover claims from individuals residing in other states." The court, however, could find nothing in the Constitution in support of this view, and decided that the state of Georgia must enter her appearance or suffer a default to be entered against her. The decision created a great stir throughout the country. At the next session of Congress an amendment to the Constitution was pro-



The United States Supreme Court Room.

pose of giving a state the right to appear in the federal courts as plaintiff, and that it was far from the intention of the framers to have the clause so construed as to compel a state to appear as a defendant. There seems to be no doubt that such was the understanding of the states when the Con-

posed and afterwards ratified. This was the eleventh amendment, and it provides that the judicial power shall not extend to suits "against one of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state." This first important decision of the court had one

lasting and beneficial effect, in that it roused the people to a realizing sense of the position occupied by the judiciary in the federal system.

In April, 1794, Chief Justice Jay was nominated, confirmed, and sent to England as envoy extraordinary. Upon his return, in May, 1795, he found that he had been elected governor of New York, and thereupon resigned his position as Chief Justice.

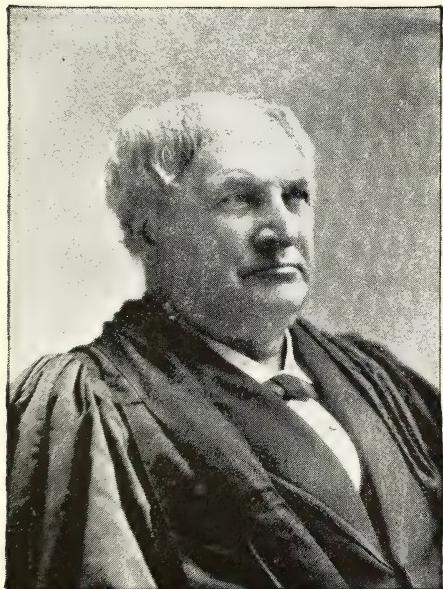
There was another judge on the bench with Jay, who was in no mental respect Jay's inferior. James Wilson, who came to America from Scotland in 1765, was one of the most remarkable men who have yet appeared in American politics. From the very start he was a leader. In the constitutional convention he was second to no other member in usefulness. Hardly an important measure was considered in

States Supreme Court, and had not his judicial career been cut short by an early death, would undoubtedly have been ranked with the greatest jurists who have honored that bench.

On the 1st of July, 1795, Washington appointed John Rutledge, of South Carolina, Chief Justice. Like his predecessor Jay, Rutledge had held almost every important office within the gift of his native state, and was one of the great men of the formative period of the United States. Chief Justice Rutledge only sat on the bench a few months. In December, the Senate considered and refused to confirm the appointment, owing partly to the opposition he had stirred up among the Federalists, but chiefly to the state of his health. Directly after his rejection by the Senate, his mind gave way, and he became hopelessly insane.

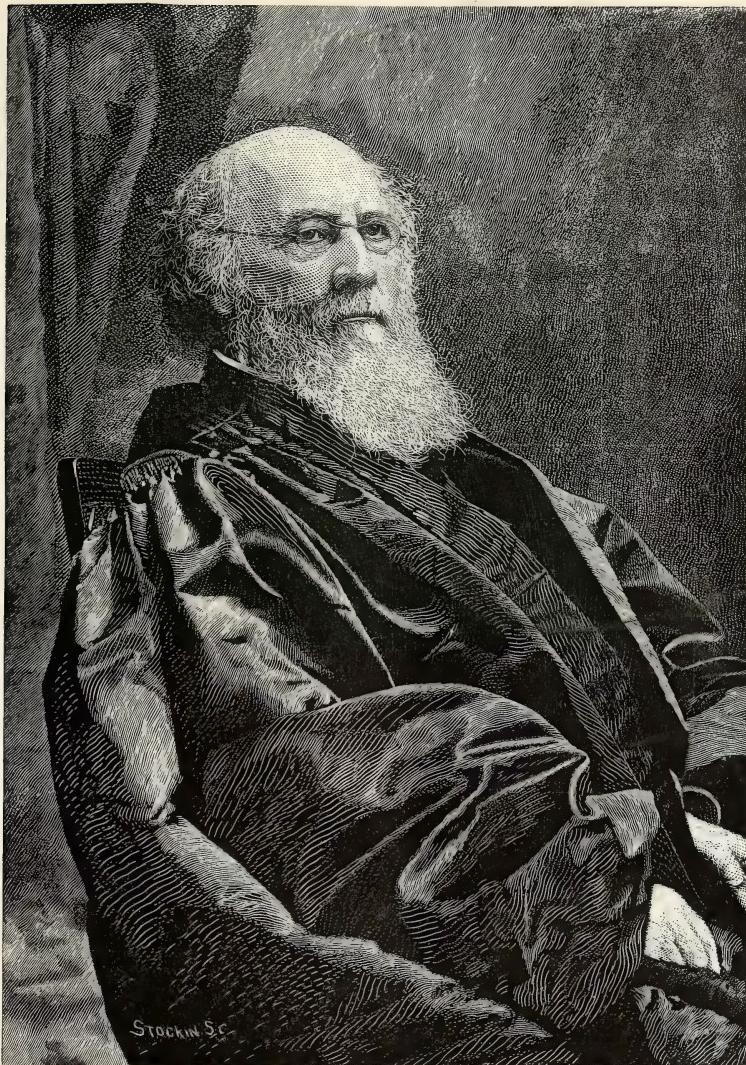
Justice William Cushing must also be mentioned; for, upon the rejection of Rutledge by the Senate, he was nominated, confirmed, and received his commission as Chief Justice. Washington announced the appointment at a dinner-party, saying, as Cushing entered the room, "The Chief Justice of the United States will take his seat at my right." Cushing held the office about one week, and then resigned to resume his position on the bench as an associate justice. The state of his health forbade him to resume any additional responsibilities. Cushing was the only one of all the Chief Justices who became Chief Justice by promotion from the bench.

The duty of nominating a fourth Chief Justice now devolved upon Washington, and he made an admirable choice. Oliver Ellsworth, then United States Senator from Connecticut, was nominated, and confirmed by the Senate on the 4th of March, 1796. The early career of Chief Justice Ellsworth is interesting because of the difficulties he had to surmount. His father destined him for the ministry, and with this end in view sent him to Yale College, where he graduated in 1766. After studying theology for a year he gave it up for the more congenial study of the law. Almost his only textbooks were Bacon's *Abridgement* and Jacob's *Law Dictionary*. He was poor, and in gaining his education had contracted some debts which he determined to pay at once. Taking an axe, he went to a small tract of woodland which he owned on the



Justice Samuel F. Miller.

which his plans were not adopted. He was an orator of high attainments, and his logic was irresistible. He was considered in the convention the best-read lawyer present. Madison called him "the most careful statesman" in the convention; and Bancroft, "the most learned civilian." It is a pity that no good biographer has undertaken to write his history. He was one of the original justices of the United



Justice Stephen J. Field.

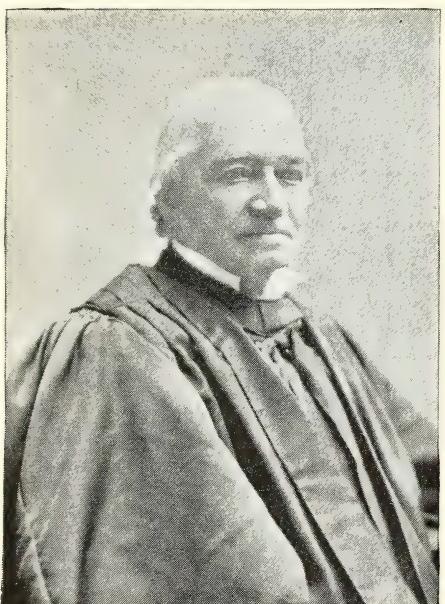
Connecticut River, and which he had in vain tried to sell, and there, for two or three months, cut wood, sending it down the river to Hartford, where it was sold, and the money applied to the payment of his debts. No sooner was this done than he married. His professional income yielded him nothing, so he took his wife to a small, uncultivated farm at Windsor, and for three years literally earned his bread in the sweat of his brow. During this time the income he derived from his profession did not exceed three pounds, Connecticut

money, per annum. His farm was situated ten miles from Hartford, and he was too poor to have a horse, so that he was obliged to walk there every morning when court was in session, returning in the same way at night. But a change in his fortunes came at last. He won an important case, and from that time on his success was uninterrupted. In 1775 he was elected as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and served as a distinguished member of that body until 1783. From 1784 to 1789 he was a judge of the Superior Court of Con-

necticut. He was one of the leaders in the Federal Convention in 1787, and in 1790 took his seat in the first Senate of the United States. Ellsworth was Chief Justice until the year 1800, when he resigned. In the latter two years of his term he acted as envoy extraordinary to France. "He was," says Flanders, "tall, erect, and dignified; his large blue eyes, well set

pointment of John Marshall of Virginia to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Destined to become perhaps the greatest judge in the annals of the law, Marshall was, when appointed, one of the most conspicuous figures of his time. In these days his fame as a jurist is apt to obscure his earlier public career, a career which had much to do with fitting him for the high position he afterwards filled. He was an officer of the Revolution from 1775 till 1781, with but two short intermissions, during which he studied law. Admitted to the bar of Virginia in 1781, he was soon its leader. In the Virginia Convention of 1778, and in the state legislature, his words were the ones most attentively listened to. Awkward and ungainly, with an unsympathetic voice, he possessed an extraordinary power over his hearers, because he had, said William Wirt, "one original and almost supernatural faculty,—the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends." Seeing the necessity of a strong central government, he was the ablest advocate of the ratification of the Constitution in Virginia. His convincing speech in support of the "Jay Treaty" brought him prominently before the country. As envoy to France he so conducted himself that upon his return he was received on all sides with the most manifest enthusiasm, and publicly entertained by Congress. As a member of Congress and as Secretary of State he in no way diminished his fame. But he is best known as the great Chief Justice, "the expounder of the Constitution."

For nearly thirty-five years he presided over the Supreme Court. They were critical years. The national government was still a new thing; it was an experiment. The people were anxious and distrustful. The Constitution had many fierce opponents. The powers of the government were unknown and feared. Questions of tremendous import must of necessity come before the federal judiciary. When Marshall became Chief Justice, constitutional law was a branch of judicature almost unknown; it had to be created, for there were no precedents. At such a time the appointment of Marshall was a good fortune to the country; and yet it was not altogether fortune, for, as his able contemporary, William Pinckney, said, "he was



Justice Joseph P. Bradley.

under heavy and highly intellectual brows, were firm and penetrating. His silk robe and powdered hair, it is said, heightened his natural advantages, and gave him, in the seat of justice, a dignity of demeanor which was felt by all who appeared before him." Upon his resignation John Jay was again nominated, but declined the honor.

"The Supreme Court," says Judge Cooley, "has seemed to be gradually gaining in dignity and power with the growth of the country and of its interests, but its real importance was never greater than at the first. And the judges who occupied the bench before the time of Marshall are entitled to have it said of them that what they did was of incalculable value to representative institutions, not in America alone, but throughout the world."

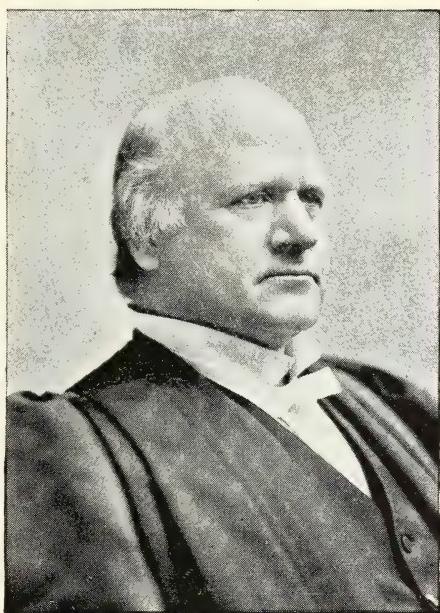
No official act of President John Adams redounds more to his credit than his ap-

born to be the Chief Justice of any country in which he lived."

He was appointed on the 31st of January, 1801, and was then forty-five years of age. William Wirt thus describes him: "The Chief Justice of the United States is in his person tall, meagre, emaciated; his muscles so relaxed as not only to disqualify him apparently for any vigorous exertion of the body, but to destroy everything like harmony in his air and movements. . . . His head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy. . . . His countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity, while his black eyes, that unerring index, possess an irradiating spirit which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within." His learned associate, Justice Story, speaking of the manner in which he treated a legal proposition, said: "It was a matter of surprise to see how easily he grasped the leading principles of a case and cleared it of all its accidental incumbrances; how readily he evolved the true points of the controversy, even when it was manifest that he never before had caught even a glimpse of the learning upon which it depended. Perhaps no judge ever excelled him in the capacity to hold a legal proposition before the eyes of others in such various forms and colors. It seemed a pleasure to him to cast the darkest shades of objection over it, that he might show how they could be dissipated by a single glance of light. He would, by the most subtle analysis, resolve every argument into its ultimate principles, and then, with a marvellous faculty, apply them to the decision of the cause."

During the thirty-four years Chief Justice Marshall presided over the court, sixty-two decisions were rendered which involved constitutional questions, and in thirty-six of these Marshall delivered the opinion of the court. The total number of cases in which opinions were given was 1106, and the opinions in 519 of them were written by Marshall. Many of these cases were extremely important, and have had great influence not only on subsequent proceedings of the court, but in the shaping of public opinion. Marshall was a leading Federalist, and believed in keeping the government centralized so far as was possible under the Constitution. He had been an active participant in the struggle

of the colonies for independence, and before the adoption of the Constitution had witnessed the lack of unity and consequent lack of stability in a confederation where the doctrine of state sovereignty was carried to an extreme. While he believed in state sovereignty to a certain extent, he believed that it should always be subservient to national sovereignty. With this conviction he construed the Constitution. It was not long before states rights advocates began to measure swords with the federal judiciary. State legislatures passed laws contrary to federal decisions, and state courts refused to acknowledge the superior power of the Supreme Court. A crisis was at hand; but the Chief Justice was equal to the occasion. In a series of masterly opinions he vindicated the position of the court, and convinced the people of the futility of contrary views.



Justice John M. Harlan.

The first collision of federal and state authorities took place in 1809. The case was *The United States v. Peters*. The facts of the case were, in brief, as follows: The sloop *Active* had been captured by an armed vessel of Pennsylvania in 1777, and condemned as a prize. The proceeds were turned over to the state treasurer.

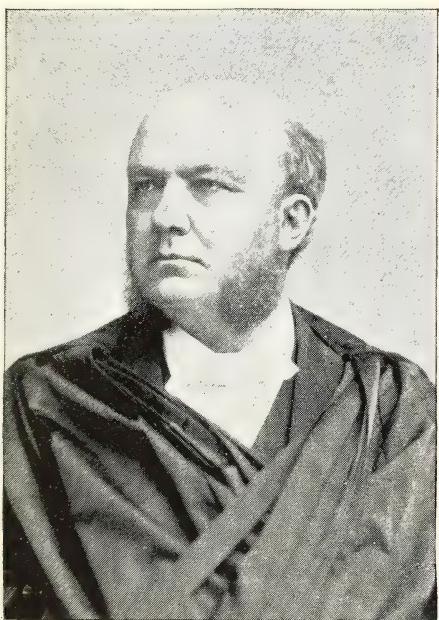
The money was claimed by one Olmstead, and in 1803 he recovered judgment for it in the United States District Court, and was about to enforce his judgment, when the state legislature passed an act declaring that the money belonged to the state, and that the federal courts had no jurisdiction, at the same time commanding the governor to protect the money against the processes of such courts. The Supreme Court, being appealed to, ordered the district judge to enforce the judgment, which he attempted to do, but was met by the bayonets of a brigade of Philadelphia militia under General Bright, acting under orders of the governor. The United States marshal then summoned

stroy the rights acquired under those judgments, the Constitution itself becomes a solemn mockery, and the nation is deprived of the means of enforcing its laws by the instrumentality of its own tribunals."

In 1819 the case of *McCulloch v. Maryland* was decided, the Chief Justice holding that it was within the powers of Congress to establish a national bank. This case, with two that followed, established the principle that the states could not by a tax or otherwise hinder the United States in the collection of the national revenue. The case of *Gibbons v. Ogden* decided that a state could not grant the exclusive use of navigable waters within its own boundaries. In *Cherokee Nation v. Georgia* the court held that an Indian reservation was not a foreign state within the meaning of the Constitution. In *Fletcher v. Peck* the court interpreted the clause of the Constitution forbidding the making of laws which impair the obligation of contracts, and held that the word "contracts" included contracts made as well as contracts to be made. The famous *Dartmouth College Case* was decided on the same grounds, the court holding that the charter of the college was a contract which the legislature of New Hampshire had no right to impair, and the acts of the legislature amending the charter were declared void.

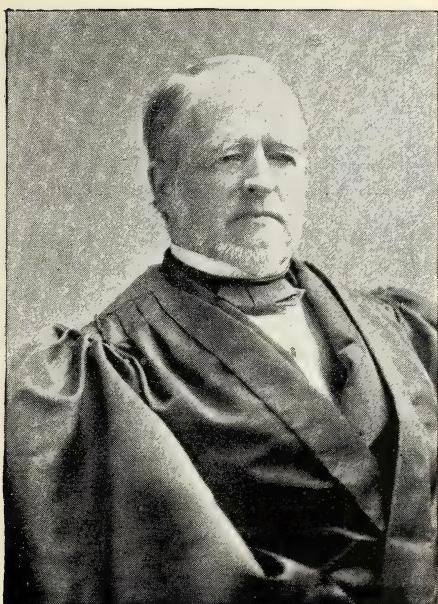
A few of the important constitutional cases have been mentioned, but it is impossible here to even touch upon the vast contributions of Chief Justice Marshall to every branch of jurisprudence. In every case his opinions were masterly. No judge ever excelled him in logic. He was not a learned judge in the sense that Story was, and in his case great learning was not necessary. He knew the law, and was neither familiar with nor needed precedents. It is said of him that once after delivering a judgment, he remarked: "I have stated the principles of law on which this case is decided; I refer you to Brother Story for the authorities."

Several of the cases decided by Marshall possessed a dramatic interest, not alone because of the questions involved, but because of the renown of the counsel employed to argue them, and the character of the parties interested. Such a case was the *Dartmouth College Case*, and similarly, the trial of Aaron Burr for high



Justice Horace Gray.

two thousand citizens to assist him, and would have called on the President for national aid, had not the state authorities given way. The money was paid over peacefully. General Bright and others were arrested, tried, and sentenced to a fine and imprisonment. The sentence was partially remitted by the President. In his opinion, Chief Justice Marshall said: "If the legislatures of the several states may, at will, annul the judgments of the courts of the United States, and de-



Justice Samuel Blatchford.

treason. In the latter case the attention of the entire country was aroused. President Jefferson was open in his hostility to Burr, and his feeling was shared by almost every one. Marshall, after hearing the arguments of the best counsel the country afforded, decided that no overt act of treason had been proved against Burr. The decision at first was loudly criticised, but afterwards was accepted. The great Chief Justice fully realized that the decision would be regarded with popular disfavor, and that he himself would be bitterly assailed. In the course of his decision he said: "No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. . . . But if he has no choice in the case; if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace."

The incidents of the *Dartmouth College Case* are too well known to require mentioning. Certain it is that no court-room during a civil trial ever witnessed such a scene as that which took place at the close of Webster's argument, when the great

orator, his voice choked with emotion, made his final touching appeal in behalf of his beloved *alma mater*.

Chief Justice Marshall died on the 6th of July, 1835. "No judge, perhaps, was ever regarded with more veneration and affection," says Flanders, "than Chief Justice Marshall. In the discharge of his high duties there was so much gentleness, modesty, and simplicity, united with such depth and compass of mind, that the profession loved him quite as much as they admired and respected him."

The counsel who in those days appeared before the Supreme Court were eminent for learning, acuteness, and eloquence. Webster, Wirt, Pinckney, Butler, Clay, Emmet, and many others were in frequent attendance, and added not a little to the fame of the now world-renowned tribunal.

Of the judges who sat on the bench with Marshall, and who were, with few exceptions, jurists of the highest ability, Joseph Story is the most widely known. His learning was something marvellous. He was equally familiar with every branch of the law, and the text-books which he wrote are still in continuous use. One branch of jurisprudence, *Conflict of Laws*, he may be said to have founded, for the principles

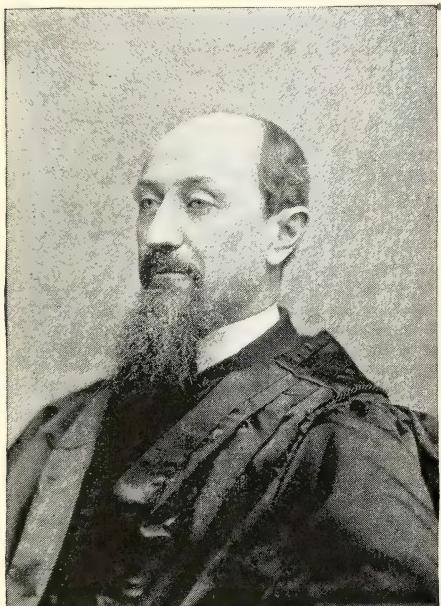
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Justice Lucius Q. C. Lamar.

which he laid down for the first time have not been disturbed, and the book which he wrote on the subject has never been superseded. Story's admiration for Marshall amounted to veneration. "He [Marshall] is beloved and reverenced here beyond all measure, though not beyond his merits," wrote Story. "Next to Washington, he stands the idol of all good men. And who so well deserves it?" He always sent the Chief Justice copies of his published writings. Marshall, in acknowledg-

growth of the country was marvellous, and the docket of the court increased proportionately. Case after case arose, involving questions of the greatest importance, all of which were disposed of by the Chief Justice and his associates with remarkable ability and learning. Marshall was a believer in a strong, centralized government. Taney was a believer in states rights. As the opinions of the former show a tendency towards keeping the states strictly within the bounds prescribed by the Constitution, so the opinions of the latter show an equally strong tendency towards a construction of that instrument giving the states, as such, greater prominence. Each was sincere in his views, but we cannot help thinking, now that the Civil War has settled the question, that Marshall's judgment was correct. The opinions of Taney, like those of Marshall, are noted for firmness, simplicity, directness, and sound reasoning. With few exceptions, his constitutional decisions are considered masterly and correct, and all his decisions indicate a great judge. In 1856 the now famous case of *Dred Scott v. Sanford* was decided by the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Taney delivering the opinion. No case of equal importance, considering its after effects, ever came before a tribunal. For some time the political horizon had been growing darker. The question of slavery was the all-absorbing topic. The North and the South were rapidly falling apart, and it was with the gravest anxieties that the whole people watched for the judgment of the Supreme Court in the *Dred Scott Case*. The learned and ingenious opinion of Taney, occupying many pages, was eagerly scanned. The majority of the court decided that a free negro, whose ancestors were slaves, could not be a citizen of the United States; they decided that the plaintiff Scott was still a slave, and that the law making the territory of Wisconsin a free territory was unconstitutional, and that the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820 was void. Justice Benjamin R. Curtis and Justice McLean dissented from the opinion of the court. The dissenting opinion of Curtis is one of the most remarkable in the history of the court. It was "profound in its examination of the sources of the law upon the subject; luminous and learned in its consideration of the political and judicial history of the country; and convincing in



Justice David J. Brewer.

ing a favor of this kind, wrote: "On my return, a day or two past, from an annual trip to our mountains, I had the real gratification of receiving a number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for August last, containing an essay entitled 'Statesmen: their Rareness and Importance,' forwarded to me by yourself, and thank you truly for the real pleasure afforded by its perusal."

The Chief Justice who succeeded Marshall was Roger B. Taney of Maryland. Taney was commissioned March 16th, 1836, and from that time until 1864 sat as the presiding justice of the Supreme Court. His opinions are not so numerous as Marshall's, but the number of cases which came before him for decision is much greater. From 1836 to 1864 the

the conclusions at which it arrived." A shout of exultation went up from the South when the decision was announced, and an ominous cry of indignation and disappointment from the North. The question again came up for decision, but this time before a higher tribunal than the Supreme Court. The now aged Chief Justice keenly felt the trying position in which he was placed by the logic of events, and saw too late that the Dred Scott opinion was neither politic nor wise. Taney died in 1864, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was in all respects a great judge, beloved by the bar for his kindness, and honored for his learning and upright character. No one who has presided over the Supreme Court, with the exception of Marshall, is more entitled to respect and veneration.

In December, 1864, Salmon P. Chase was appointed Chief Justice, and from that time until 1873, when he died, he presided over the court. Chase was not a great lawyer; his life had been devoted to politics to the exclusion of the law. An active free-soiler, he joined the Republican party at its outset, and became one of its leaders. He was in rapid succession governor of Ohio, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury. The latter office he held under Lincoln at a time when its duties were especially onerous, and was notably successful. He was a man of commanding appearance, an orator of high attainments, with great abilities and large ambitions. "As Chief Justice, he presided with urbanity and general acceptance.... As a judicial writer his style is clear and unusually agreeable." Many important questions, the direct results of the war, now came before the court. Questions arose as to the legal status of the states in rebellion, during the war; as to the right of secession; as to the constitutionality of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments. The validity of the National Bank Act and the Legal Tender Act were to be determined. How these questions were settled is a matter of common knowledge. The *Legal Tender Cases* afford a striking example of the way early political training influences the judges in the matter of constitutional construction. In 1871, three Democratic judges, with Chase, originally a Democrat, held that the Legal Tender Act was in a large part void. The three Republican judges dissented.

Later, after two more Republican judges were appointed, making a Republican majority, the former decision was overruled. Finally the question was decided in 1884, affirming the last decision, one Democratic judge dissenting.

Morrison R. Waite of Ohio was the next Chief Justice. He was commissioned January 21, 1874, and remained Chief Justice until his death in March, 1887. He and his successor are the only Chief Justices who were not prominent in a political way before their elevation to the bench. Waite owes his reputation wholly to his excellent work as lawyer and judge. As executive officer of the court, he was much admired by his associates. The judicial character of his mind, his learning, and his courteous and kindly manner won the esteem of all. His judicial opinions are clear and precise, and his expositions of the law are in every way admirable. While he was on the bench, the docket of the court was crowded with cases turning upon the right of states to regulate the business interests within their own boundaries. In every such case the Supreme Court has declined to interfere with the state authorities, holding that the questions arose under local laws, and that unless the laws were contrary to those laid down by the Federal Constitution, the federal courts must follow the state courts in the interpretation of state statutes. Such were the famous *Slaughter House Cases*, decided during the administration of Chief Justice Chase, in which the court held that the Constitution gave them no right to interfere, it being a constitutional principle that whatever is not directly, or by necessary implication, conferred on the national government, is withheld and belongs to the states.

It has always been a rule of the Supreme Court never to engage in matters connected with outside politics. The judges have repeatedly refused to give opinions or to act in an extra-judicial capacity. The reasons for this rule are obvious, and only once has it been broken. In 1876 five justices were appointed on the Electoral Commission, to decide the disputed Hayes-Tilden election. As might have been expected, every one decided on strict party lines, and there being a Republican majority of one, Hayes was declared elected. The wisdom of the general rule was never more clearly demonstrated.

The present Chief Justice, Melville W. Fuller, was commissioned July 20th, 1888. Like his predecessor, he was comparatively unknown when appointed. He had never held an important public office. He was, however, a prominent member of the Illinois bar and was highly esteemed by his brother lawyers, as well as the community at large, for the sterling qualities of his mind and character. As Chief Justice he has already won the confidence and regard of the nation.

It is to be feared that future Chief Justices will not be, as a rule, eminent men, in the sense of being well known throughout the country. Such eminence is rarely obtained save through politics, and politics and law nowadays seldom go together.

The present Supreme Court is not inferior to the Supreme Court of earlier days. Its members are learned and impartial men, and its decisions are marked by great learning and convincing reasoning. The judges honor the bench that has upon its records such names as Jay, Ellsworth, Marshall, Story, Curtis, and Taney.

At present the Supreme Court consists of the Chief Justice and eight associate justices, whose names and dates of appointment are as follows: Samuel F. Miller of Ohio, 1862; Stephen J. Field of California, 1863; Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, 1870; John M. Harlan of Kentucky, 1877; Horace Gray of Massachusetts, 1881; Samuel Blatchford of New York, 1882; Lucius Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, 1888; and David J. Brewer of Kansas, 1889. There have been in all, exclusive of the eight just mentioned, but thirty-five associate justices since the court was founded, one hundred years ago. Nine, including Chief Justice Fuller, have occupied the highest judicial office, and of these one served less than six months, and another less than a week. Two hundred and one cases involving constitutional questions have been decided, many of them questions of the gravest importance, affecting all future generations of Americans.

Since 1873 the court has sat in Washington from October till July in each year, and thither all suitors must repair, for the court never sits *en banc* in any other place. The fact that the judges live in Washington for the greater part of the time, in an atmosphere of politics, necessarily has some influence on their way of looking at certain

questions coming before them. This influence is mainly beneficial, for it results in a certain flexibility that greatly adds to its usefulness. In a great and growing country, with its diversity of interests and changing conditions, a court of final appeal which was too rigid would often work at a disadvantage, and might in many cases cause great injury.

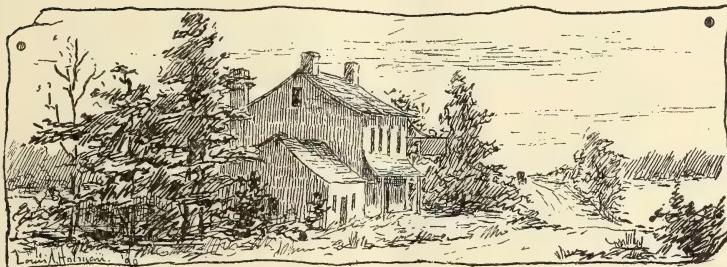
For many years the Supreme Court has occupied as a court-room what was formerly the Senate chamber in the Capitol. The room has a notable history. Here it was that Webster, Clay, Benton, and Calhoun pronounced their matchless orations. Here took place the anxious deliberations and fierce controversies preceding the Civil War. Now, everything save the room itself is changed. The oftentimes noisy and turbulent Senate chamber has become the quiet hall of justice. The room seems to have gathered a grave dignity to itself from the judges who sit there. Around its walls are placed the marble busts of past Chief Justices, and the spirit of Marshall and Taney seems to pervade the very atmosphere. The Supreme Court of the United States, sitting together, listening to the argument of some learned counsel, is an impressive sight. The quiet dignity, the evident learning, and the courteous bearing of the silken-robed judges make one involuntarily wish to hear them addressed as "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," in place of the usual "Your Honors."

Of late years the court has been much overworked. The ever-increasing number and variety of cases, due to the growth of the country, have made the work of the court more than five times greater than it was at the end of the first half-century. Over fifteen hundred cases are on the calendar of the present term. It is impossible for the court to keep pace with its work. Something should be done at once by Congress to remedy an evil which has become a crying one. In the course of his remarks at the recent centennial celebration, Mr. Justice Field said: "In view of the condition of the court, its crowded docket, the multitude of questions constantly brought before it of the greatest and most extended influence, surely it has a right to call upon the country to give it assistance and relief. To delay justice is as pernicious as to deny it."

## TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

*By Bessie Chandler.*

LARGE is your nature, like a broad, deep lake,  
And strong to bear great burdens on its breast,  
And it should flash the sunlight from each crest,  
While yet beyond, where no waves curve or break,  
The soft, clear sky should its own image make,  
And stars lie shining in its depths, at rest.  
But all your nobler life is unexpressed :  
As children sail the chips and boats they make  
Near the lake's shore, nor dream its waters wide  
Were made for aught save their own childish play, —  
So your life bears upon its swelling tide  
Only the little pleasures of each day.  
Rise in your might, and sweep them all aside ;  
Be strong, be true, — thus beautiful alway !



## NARRAGANSETT PACERS.

*By Alice Morse Earle.*

**I**N the earliest colonial days the settlers of New England, true to their English instincts and habits, turned their attention to the breeding and improving of horses. They imported many fine animals, and their magistrates framed laws to restrict and improve both the native and imported stock. In Rhode Island, however, the breeding of horses soon reached the highest pitch, and resulted in that famous race, the "Narragansett Pacers."

The first suggestion of horse-raising in Narragansett was without doubt given by Captain John Hull of "Pine-Tree Shilling" fame, who was one of the original purchasers of the "Petaquamsicut Tract," or Narragansett, from the Narragansett Indians.

He wrote in April, 1677: "I have often thought if we, the partners of Point Judith Neck, did fence with a good stone-wall at the north end thereof, that no kind of horses nor cattle might get thereon, and also what other parts thereof westerly were needful, and procure a very good breed of large and fair mares and horses, and that no mongrel breed might come among them, we might have a very choice breed for coach-horses, some for the saddle, and some for the draught; and in a few years might draw off considerable numbers, and ship them for Barbadoes Nevis, or such parts of the Indies where they would vend. We might have a vessel made for that service accommodated on purpose to carry

off horses to advantage." This scheme was doubtless carried into effect; for in 1686, a few years later, Dudley and his associates ordered thirty horses to be seized and sold to pay for building a jail.

In a later letter Hull accuses William Heiffeman of horse-stealing, and shows therein that a quite different method was pursued among the early New England colonists in regard to that crime than the Lynch-law, which was in vogue among the early settlers in the West. He writes: "I am informed that you were so shameless that you offered to sell some of my horses. I would have you know that they are, by God's good providence, mine. Do you bring me some good security for my money that is justly owing, and I shall be willing to give you some horses that you shall not need to offer to steal any."

Whatever the means may have been that tended to the establishment of a definite breed of horses, and whoever the persons were who employed these means, the result was soon evident; for by the beginning of the eighteenth century the Narragansett Pacers were known everywhere in the new colonies as a choice and desirable breed of saddle-horses.

It is said that the progenitor of this race was imported from Andalusia, in Spain, by Governor William Robinson. Another tradition is that the horses, while swimming off the coast of Spain, were picked up by a Narragansett sloop, and brought thus to Rhode Island. Thomas Hazard, a kinsman of Governor Robinson, also contributed to the enduring qualities of the breed by introducing into it the blood of "Old Snip." So celebrated did the qualities of this horse become, that the "Snip breed" was not only spoken of with regard to the horses, but of the owners as well; and the Hazards who did not possess the distinguishing race characteristics of independent self-will, were spoken of as not being "true Snips." This "Old Snip" was asserted by some persons to have been imported from Tripoli, but it is generally told and believed that he was a wild horse running at large in the tract near Point Judith.

In the year 1711 Rip Van Dam, a prominent citizen of New York, who was at a later date governor of the state, wrote to Jonathan Dickinson, one of the early mayors of Philadelphia, a very amusing

account of his ownership of one of these horses. He stated that the pacer was shipped from Rhode Island in a sloop, from which he managed to jump overboard, swim ashore, and return to his former home. He was, however, again placed on board ship, and arrived in New York after a fourteen days' passage, much reduced in flesh and spirits. From New York he was sent inland to Philadelphia "by post"; that is, ridden by the post-man. The same post-rider rode the whole route from city to city, which speaks well for the endurance of both horse and man. The horse cost £32, and his freight cost fifty shillings. He was no beauty, although "so high priced," save in his legs. "He always plays and acts and never will stand still; he will take a glass of wine, beer, or cyder, and probably would drink a dram on a cold morning." This last extraordinary accomplishment may have been the result of a contagion from the universal habit of heavy liquor-drinking then prevalent among all classes and conditions of men; while the swimming feat showed a direct descent from the Andalusian swimmer.

Dr. MacSparran, who was the pastor of the Narragansett church from 1721 to 1759, wrote a little book called *America Dissected*, in which he speaks thus of the Narragansett Pacers: "I have often upon larger pacing horses rode fifty, nay, sixty miles a day even in New England, where the roads are rough, stony and uneven." He writes of Narragansett: "The produce of this country is principally butter, cheese, fat cattle, wool, and fine horses that are exported to all parts of English America. They are remarkable for fleetness and swift pacing, and I have seen some of them pace a mile in a little more than two minutes and a good deal less than three."

In the realm of fiction we find testimony to the qualities of the Narragansett Pacers. In Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* the heroines are represented as mounted on these horses, and a note explains thus: "In the state of Rhode Island there is a bay called Narragansett, so named after a powerful tribe of Indians which formerly dwelt on its banks. Accident, or one of those unaccountable freaks which nature sometimes plays in the animal world, gave rise to a breed of horses which were well known in America by the name of the

Narragansetts. They were small, commonly of the color called sorrel in America, and distinguished by their habit of pacing. Horses of this race were, and are still, in much request as saddle-horses, on account of their hardiness and the ease of their movements. As they were also sure of foot, the Narragansetts were greatly sought for by females who were obliged to travel over the roots and holes in the 'New Countries.'" Upon a later page in the book a description is given in these words : "Uncas was bold enough to say that the beasts ridden by the gentle ones planted the legs of one side on the ground at the same time, which is contrary to the movements of all trotting four-footed animals of my knowledge except the bear, and yet here are horses that always journey in this manner, as my own eyes have seen, and as their trail has shown for twenty long miles."

"'Tis the merit of the animal. . . . They come from the shores of the Narragansett Bay, in the small province of Providence Plantations, and are celebrated for their hardihood, and the ease of this peculiar movement, though other horses are not unfrequently trained to the same.'

"Major Effingham has many noble chargers, but I have never seen one travel after such a sidelong gait.'

"True, for he would value the animals for very different properties ; still is this a breed highly esteemed, and as you witness, much honored with the burdens it is often destined to bear.'

It is true that horses were in those days taught to pace. As late as the year 1770 men followed the profession of pace-trainer in Ipswich, but I doubt if any other breed could ever acquire the peculiar pace of the Narragansett.

Mr. Isaac P. Hazard writes thus of their peculiar and distinctive action : "My father described the motion of this horse as differing from others in that its back-bone moved through the air in a straight line without inclining the rider from side to side as does a racker or pacer of the present day" ; that motion could hardly be taught.

The stories told of the endurance of these horses seem incredible. It was said that they could travel one hundred miles a day, over rough roads, without tiring their rider and without injury to themselves,

if they were properly cared for at the end of the journey. At a later date James Robinson rode upon a pacer of mixed breed upon urgent business from New London to South Ferry, a distance of forty miles, without rest or refreshment.

Many conditions joined to make the Narragansett Pacers so fashionable and so eagerly sought after. First of all, saddle-horses that were easy in motion were an absolute necessity when carriages and carriage roads were so few in number, and when nearly all travel on land was done on horseback. Of course, sureness of foot in a rough country was also indispensable ; this quality the Narragansetts possessed. They were tough and enduring and could travel long distances. The local conditions for raising this breed were also favorable. The soil of Narragansett was exceedingly rich, and the crops large, so great numbers could be readily fed. The natural formation of the land made it possible to fence it easily and with little expense, a thing of much importance in a new country. The "Point Judith Tract," which was named for Hull's wife, and the Petaquamsicut Purchase, which included Boston Neck, are traversed by a long chain of half-salt lakes, which could form, of course, one boundary, while with the bay and ocean on two other sides, it was evidently easy to build a stone wall, as Hull suggested, at the northern end, and thus cheaply and most effectively fence in the horses.

There was not only in America an increasing demand for these horses, but in the West Indies, as Hull predicted, they found their best market. The sugar planters were at that time very wealthy ; and large cargoes of sugar, molasses, and West India rum were sent to the New England colonies, and the return ships carried south from Rhode Island grain, cheese, and Narragansett Pacers. One farmer sent annually one hundred of these horses to Cuba, where they soon became in such demand for the use of the wives and daughters of the planters that at last agents were sent to Narragansett with orders to buy pacers, especially the full-blooded mares, at any price. An agent from Virginia also established himself upon the Rowland Brown farm on Tower Hill, and purchased pacers for Virginian horse-raisers.

It has been said that the great exportation to the West Indies finally exterminated

this breed of pacers, but it is impossible to believe that so shrewd a race as were those Rhode Island farmers would ever have permitted such a killing of the goose of the golden eggs. The decay of the race was the result of a most simple law, — cause and effect. After the Revolutionary War the conditions which rendered the pacers so desirable and valuable no longer existed. The roads were improved, so great sureness of foot was not so important. Carriages and chaises became common, the saddle was less used; and the American trotter was evolved, who was a better carriage horse, and a cheaper one, as he could be used for both light and heavy work, while heavy draughting stiffened the joints of the pacer, and destroyed the very qualities for which he was most valuable. Thus being no longer needed, the pacer ceased to exist. So rapid was this decline, that in the year 1800 only one full-blooded Narragansett Pacer was known to be living.

In the War of 1812 the British man-of-war *Orpheus* cruised the waters of Narragansett Bay as a blockader. The captain endeavored, by agents, to obtain a Narragansett Pacer as a gift for his wife; but in vain,—not a horse of the fine breed could be found.

There died in Wickford, R.I., a few years ago, a so-called Narragansett Pacer, that was nearly full-blooded. She was a villainously ugly animal of a faded, sunburnt sorrel color. She was so abnormally broad-backed and broad-bodied that a male rider who sat astride her was forced to stick his legs out at a most awkward and ridiculous angle. That broad back would, however, have carried very comfortably a side-saddle or a pillion, such as our ancestresses rode upon. Being extremely short-legged, this treasured relic was phenomenally slow; and altogether, the Narragansett Pacer, though an object of great pride, and even veneration, to her

owner, was not all our fancy painted her. Like much else in the “good old times,” the Narragansett Pacer was more honored in our imagination than in the reality.

Watson, in his gossiping *Annals of Philadelphia*, speaks often of this breed of horses. He says: “The character of the steeds used and preferred for riding have undergone the change of fashion; in the old times the horses most valued were pacers, now so odious deemed. To this end the breed was propagated with care, and pace-racers were held in preference. The Narragansett racers of Rhode Island were held in such esteem that they were sent for at much trouble and expense by some few who were choice in their selections.” Watson also adduces the testimony of various aged people that all gentle horses were pacers, and that trotters were a base race, and also gives an account of pace-racers in Philadelphia. Updike’s *History of the Narragansett Church*, from which the fullest account of the pacers is taken, also asserts that there were pace-races given at Little Neck Beach, at which the prizes were silver tankards. If we can believe Dr. MacSparran, or rather (since of course we would not doubt a clergyman’s word upon the speed of a horse), if we can be confident that he had a good watch, though of course not a stop watch, and that he took the time of “a little over two minutes” with any care, there must have been some very good sport on Little Neck Beach.

All now has changed since those gay days. The swift horses are now extinct that carried many a gallant and fair rider on saddle and pillion through sunny Aquidneck in Dean Berkeley’s day, and up and down hospitable Narragansett when Dr. MacSparran preached in the old Narragansett church. Only a name and a few scanty records remain to tell of the existence of this first race of distinctively American horses.

## TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

*By William Herbert Carruth.*

[In memory of a visit to the poet by two friends, one from South Carolina, the other from Kansas.]

BENIGNANT spirit, to thy hallowed seat,  
Led by the homage due to seer and sage,  
Came late two children of the newer age  
To sit a deathless hour at thy feet;  
One from the freshened ardor and generous heat  
Of the Palmetto's twice-bought heritage,  
And one made from the plains his pilgrimage  
Where bleeding Kansas' wounds are healed with wheat.  
Oh, well for thee, my country, proud and fair,  
When the New North, reborn in the Wide West,  
And the New South, in such serener air,  
Shall the New Union in one fane invest  
Of sweet good-will,—and woe to those who tear  
Like vampires the old wounds upon thy breast!

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## EDWARD BELLAMY.

*By Allen Eastman Cross.*

IN days of old the prophet came  
With eye of scorn and tongue of flame,  
A comrade of the mountain wild,  
The lonely desert's lonelier child,  
A scourge of God, with flail of fire  
To lash and burn men's soft attire.

Once more the prophet comes; but lo!  
With no prophetic signs to show,  
He walks the common ways of men,  
The gentle, patient citizen—  
“In soft attire”! and yet with force  
To stem or turn a nation’s course,  
To scourge the strong, to raise the weak,  
Men’s pride to burn, their rights to speak,  
He bids the burdened people hold,  
Unblighted by the curse of gold,  
The lives God gave them, fair and free,  
And crowned with sweet humanity.

## A STRANGE DINNER-PARTY.

By Grace Ellery Channing.



THE HON. SIR HARRY  
RANDOLPH TO THE  
EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF RANDOLPH.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,  
176—.

Y Dear Father and  
Mother:

I have taken passage on the good ship *Fortunatus*, which sails for England next week. I write this, taking advantage of the cutter *Stephen B.*, which His Excellency Governor Bernard hath just apprised me will leave these parts for Liverpool at full tide.

I am the happiest man alive. I bring you home the fairest bride that ever trod the Randolph halls, the sweetest daughter in England.

I beseech you, my honored parents, to suspend alike your consternation and anger while I relate to you the whole tale. 'Twill not take long, and I know you not if you do not then declare that I have acted as becomes a son of our house and an English gentleman.

I have already written you touching the outcome of the business with which it hath pleased our Gracious Master the King to entrust me, and I will not now take space to dwell upon these matters, save to say that I have, I believe, met with as much success as could be looked for, when one taketh into account the troublous nature of the times and the fixed and unbending character of these people with whom I have to deal. Of a truth, they are as proud and stiff-necked a set as I have yet in all my roving about the world encountered.

You are already conversant with the manner of my stay in Boston, and that I was well received and most honorably entertained, each man vying with his neighbor in who should show me the greatest courtesy. For my part, I trust I have not borne myself altogether ill, but as became a gentleman of the Court.

At the balls and routs I have had the good fortune to meet the wives and daughters of the most respected gentlemen,

many of whom, I protest, would do honor to the highest court-circles, for wit, beauty, and skill in all feminine arts. By far the fairest of them all is Mistress Dorothy Wentworth. There is not a gallant in Boston who hath not wasted his sighs and prayers at her feet and had for all answer to his importunities her sweet disdain, until — but I anticipate.

Her father is that upright and austere John Wentworth of whom England hath heard, the leader in all the stirring policy of the colony: a man of great natural parts, of profound statesmanship, of a bearing so noble and lofty that it would not misbecome a Minister of State. Much dealing have I had with this gentleman in the courts of publick affairs. It were impossible not to look upon him with esteem. Mistress Dorothy is his only daughter, and in that her mother died in giving her life, the tie between father and child hath been peculiarly tender. From the first she received my gallantries graciously, though she hideth under all her gayety a quiet dignity which remindeth one oddly of her grave father. Still she was all condescension, wit, and beauty, with an unaffected charm and naturalness I have never seen equalled. I forget that you will see for yourself ere long and laugh at my poor efforts to describe what no man could.

I have no space to dwell upon the days and weeks, the balls and routs, the walks and drives, in which Mistress Dorothy and I were thrown together. It sufficeth that I loved her ere I knew it, and it seemed to me that she did look upon me with favor. 'Twas not long ere I was her acknowledged cavalier in all the routs and merry-makings, and so one day I woke to find that all my heart was gone from me to her! The knowledge which at first filled me with a great joy soon grew to terror and remorse, for I bethought me who and what I was; how that I was the last of a great line in whom were many noble houses centred, the heir of all the lands and titles which have been the pride of our family for centuries, bound by every obligation alike of honor and of duty to

wed within mine own class and estate, and so preserve the purity of descent unbroken. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, of how such a *mésalliance* would go near to break your hearts and bow your gray hairs with sorrow ; and I thought of my young sisters and brothers. And then I thought of Dorothy ! And when her sweet face in all its loveliness and purity and native pride (the sweetest ever earth saw) came before me, and I knew how 'twas but the faint shadow of her inner purity and loveliness, my heart seemed like to break that she could never be my wife. For my wife she never should be — I swore it then — whatever it might cost me, for the faith in which I was bred was strong within me, that a great heritage like mine was but a trust which a gentleman must hand down with undimmed lustre to his heirs after him. This must a gentleman and a man of honor do ; how much more I, who held in keeping the honor of so many noble lines. I swore it to myself, and, for I feared even while I madly hoped it, that Dorothy loved me, — I resolved also to keep away from her, but by degrees, so that she might not guess it. And since I would not awaken any suspicion, and had been that night bidden to sup at Wentworth's (and as, moreover, my eyes were aching for a sight of hers), I persuaded myself that courtesy and prudence alike counselled my going for this one time, which I did, and was so winningly received by Mistress Dorothy that I came home in worse case than ever.

Like reasons found I for accepting an invitation to dine with Master Quincy, where I sat next to Dorothy (not Mistress Dorothy Quincy, but my Dorothy, in a pale blue gown which set off her wild-rose face) ; and so it went. There was ever a reason why I must needs go, and that place at which I was to draw the line remained ever in the future. And so I saw more and more of the maiden and more and more madly loved her from day to day.

All might still have been well had I not, with a folly for which there is no account but a lover's insanity, accepted the invitation of His Excellency's friend, Master Bradford, to pass some days with him at his house in the town of Bristol, in the colony of Rhode Island, some miles from Boston. You must know that this is a small town, for the possession of which

there hath been much controversy between the two colonies till 'twas settled by His Majesty's Commissioners in favor of Rhode Island. Yet many of the fine gentlemen of Boston retain their stately residences and great farms there ; and of this number are Wentworth and Bradford. Indeed, 'twas there Dorothy was born, and she hath loved the spot, I do believe, as well as we in England our ancestral houses.

Master Bradford having done me the honor to invite me, I made haste to accept. Dorothy and her father had already gone down to Bristol, Wentworth being called there on pressing business, and I knew none could keep him long from Boston. We made the journey by stage, and what with the cold, the badness of the roads, and the lateness of the season, 'twas no holiday trip, I promise you, and we were all content to reach Bradford's house, where warm rooms and dinner and good cheer awaited us.

It wanted a week to Christmas, and Bradford having much to attend to in the town, where he hath great influence and dignity, it fell naturally that I mounted my horse daily and rode over to Wentworth's mansion (the finest in all the town), where a pair of lovely eyes grew ever brighter at my arrival and a little hand gave itself more and more willingly into mine own. It chanced that Wentworth as well as Bradford was much occupied, so Dorothy and I spent the greater part of this week together, and what qualms and pricks of conscience I had were all too readily dissipated in the sweetness of her society ; the more readily as I had resolved that upon my return to town I would make haste to leave these parts forever. You will blush for my conduct and think I must have been mad indeed ; but as I live I think myself to have been swayed by a wiser power than my own, and that my folly was but obedience to the higher reason within me which would not hearken to that senseless thing I had set up and called my duty.

However that may be, I went, and at last 'twas Christmas Eve. I was spending it with Dorothy, for Bradford had set me down there on his way to some publick meeting, and had carried Wentworth with him. You must know that there is a strange freedom in these New England households, and the young men and maid-

ens are left much to one another's society ; yet have I never heard that such freedom is abused, rather it doth tend to a certain respectful equality between the two.

I was bidden to a great dinner on the morrow at Wentworth's, in my honor. Dorothy had named over to me all the great personages who were to be of the company, with much merry gossip thereon, and I had sung her the latest English ballad to her accompaniment on the spinet ; and so at length we drew near the fire — and my heart was hotter than it ! Never had she been so gracious and tender, so that I could read her whole heart in her eyes.

As we stood together, the tall clock in the hall struck ten. "It groweth late," said Dorothy. "I marvel what keepeth my father and Mr. Bradford so long."

"Hath the evening been so tedious," I answered with a glance of playful reproach, "that you call it late? Also, you forget 'tis Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve !" Dorothy repeated. "We observe it not in New England. They say 'tis a popish practice ; yet I confess I would fain see it once. Tell me, Sir Harry, if you were now in England, how would you pass this evening?"

I sent my fancy back to the English Christmases at Randolph, and told her at length of the gathering there would be, — how the old halls would be decked in holly, and there would be feasting and merry-making of all kinds. Nay, while I talked, methought I was there with you.

"'Tis fine," said Dorothy, with a sigh, when I had done. "I would like well to see it, though it be but popery. This is but a dull Christmas Eve for you, Sir Harry," she added, with a demure glance at me above her fan.

"'Tis the happiest I ever spent !" cried I so vehemently that she was all confused, and the fan slipped from her fingers. The sight of her confusion and blushes undid me utterly. She stooped to pick up her fan, but I was before her, and caught both it and her hand together, and kissed her hand passionately. Then looking up and seeing in her eyes no anger, but a sweet consenting, all the madness of the past month mounted straight to my brain, and before I knew it I had caught her in my arms and kissed her lips again and yet again.

I came to my senses, and releasing her, drew back and knew myself for the basest wretch on earth. She was all rosy and confused.

"Sir Harry," saith she, "Sir Harry" — and stood blushing.

Ah, how I cursed my lack of manhood ! for even then the habit of my life was strong in me, so that I saw but the one step to be taken. I took her two hands in mine with a profound respect, but dared not raise my shamed eyes to her face.

"Mistress Dorothy," said I, "I have gone mad utterly. Forgive me ! I pray you, forgive me !"

"What mean you, Sir Harry ?" she faltered so sweetly that I looked up perforce, and saw that in her face which made me feel a thousand times the worse. I dropped my eyes again. "I mean that I love you, Dorothy, with all my heart," I said fervently ; "and that I pray you to pardon me — I pray you, Dorothy !"

Now I truly thought I had told it all, instead of which a wonderful light dawned suddenly in the maiden's face. "Sir Harry," saith she, so low and falteringly that I could scarce hear it, "there doth — need no pardon — where is — no offence."

"Dorothy, Dorothy !" cried I, now grown fairly desperate. "Thou dost not understand. I love thee — love thee, — shall ever love thee ; but I am bound hand and foot. I cannot, I cannot, — thou dost not understand !" Thank heaven ! for very shame my tongue failed me ; and I could say no more. But 'twas enough. I saw Dorothy's face grow suddenly white.

"What is it ?" saith she, with a thrill of awakening fear and pride. "What is it ? I do not understand, Sir Harry." She would have drawn away her hand, but I held it fast, and kissed it passionately ; and between my kisses I moaned rather than said, "Dorothy, my love, my darling, why am I not free to wed as other men ? Must I give thee up ? Must an earldom and a title come between thee and me ?"

Her small hands were torn rather than drawn away from mine.

"Yes, Sir Harry Randolph, it must !" said she, like ice, and I saw her face with such a look as it had turned to marble ; and then I knew that she had comprehended the slight I had put upon her, and that her pride had received a mortal wound. At which, losing sight of what sense re-

mained to me, I cast myself madly upon my knees before her.

"Dorothy!" I cried, "Dorothy! Look not so! Thou dost not know! I love thee with my whole heart. I shall love thee till I die. 'Tis the bitterness of death that I cannot wed thee! Naught else should come between us; but 'tis my honor is engaged,—the honor of a great name I hold in trust."

Worse I could not have said.

"Sir Harry," saith she, with blazing eyes, "are you mad indeed? Or perchance this is the Christmas mumming you were telling me of? I would fain remind you that I am no English lady to understand it, but plain Puritan Dorothy Wentworth. Up, sir, up, for shame! Father!"

She stopped short, all quivering with splendid indignation.

"Master Bradford awaiteth you, Sir Harry Randolph," said Wentworth, coming quietly forward, speaking in his accustomed measured tones. "And as 'tis late, he will not enter, but sendeth thee good-night, Dorothy, by me."

He spoke so calmly that I could not for the life of me judge whether he had overheard aught, and if it were by chance or design that he had placed himself by Dorothy, who stood now white and silent at all her slender height.

There was nothing but to make my adieus as I best could, which I did without knowing how, and was bowing myself stumblingly out of the door when Wentworth's stately tones reached me:—

"Forget not, I pray you, sir, that you are to dine with us to-morrow. Dorothy, hast thou reminded Sir Harry? Join with me in assuring his lordship that we are sensible of the honor he will do us." And now I knew Wentworth had heard all.

"Right willingly, father," answered Dorothy, proudly,—how like the two were! "I pray you, forget it not, my lord!"

What I muttered I know not, and forth I stumbled into the night. Nay, I will not dwell upon that time. Heaven save I should e'er pass such another! Never was man so miserably torn between loyalty to his love and loyalty to the house from which he sprung, and the illustrious name he bore and the parents who bore him. For the result,—the tale shall tell it.

It was a bitter Christmas Day, though without snow; and most strange it seemed to be wakened by no bells ringing to service, no sounds of Christmas festivity and observance, all such being eschewed by the Puritans as "relics of popery," which they abhorred.

It was noon when we reached Master Wentworth's house, Master Bradford, his good lady, and I being driven thither in his coach drawn by four fine horses. Wentworth's slaves in livery stood waiting for us at the entrance gates, which they threw open at our approach. My heart beat like to burst through my waistcoat as we drew up at the steps of the mansion, at the head of which stood Wentworth and Mistress Dorothy surrounded by the guests of importance and the entire household assembled in my honor. Among them was His Excellency Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island. Methought Wentworth never looked more imposing. Beside him stood my sweetheart, paler than her wont, but every whit as stately in her maiden grace, attired in a robe of pale blue brocade,—a sight to set my poor heart at a madder dance than ever!

All this I saw as we drew up to the door. The wheels had scarce stopped grating on the gravel and the slaves jumped from their seats ere Wentworth himself advanced and threw open the carriage door.

"Madam!" said he with a profound and stately obeisance, "Gentlemen! you are right welcome to my poor house! Do me the honor to enter!"

"Sir," replied Bradford, descending, "the honor is ours!"

Wentworth then gave his arm to the Madam Bradford, and we followed up the steps.

"Mistress Dorothy, your humble servant!" said Bradford, saluting her. I bowed in silence above the ice-cold little finger-tips which just touched my hand. For my life I had not the heart to raise my eyes to the proud-set face. The one glimpse from the carriage had sufficed to steal all my courage from me.

"Enter first, Sir Harry!" said Bradford's jovial voice. "Nay, I protest!—" as I would have had him pass before. "As the representative of His Majesty, meet it is you should take precedence of his humble servant." And not to make further words I followed our host between

the rows of liveried servants into the great drawing-room, where a mighty fire blazed upon the hearth.

Bradford rubbed his hands. "Ha!" said he, "'tis a welcome sight on such a day, a good New England fire! You will see naught finer, Sir Harry, in Old England."

"You forget, sir," I rejoined, trying to answer with suitable spirit and lightness, though in truth I scarce knew what I was saying while yonder stood my sweetheart as cold and stately as an ice-maiden,— "you forget there will be many such a blazing hearth this day throughout England, and ever while there are hearts to love and hands to light the yule-log!"

Now had I indeed done it! Bradford and Master Wentworth each drew himself up, and there was a look of disapproval on every face.

"In truth," said Bradford, coldly, "you remind us in season of what we had fain forgotten, Sir Harry, that England still countenanceth the mumming and trickery of popish observance."

"Well were it for her," added Wentworth, severely, "and better fitting a land of Christian men and women, that every hearth in England should show chill and fireless to-day than be lighted up for such ungodly revels!"

Now indeed I knew not which way it became me to look, when a new bustle of arrivals diverted all eyes to the door and away from my hapless self. I was still thanking Providence for that good fortune, as I stood warming me at the grateful blaze, wondering in my mind to whom I should most safely address myself, since I had no wit to guard my tongue that day.

"You found your drive but a cold and cheerless one, I fear me, sir," said a sudden clear, low voice at my elbow, so that I started violently and was like to have overset the small table which stood near.

"I crave a thousand pardons, Mistress Dorothy, for my awkwardness," I said, while all my heart rose up with hope and gratitude, construing her speech as a sign of forgiveness. "I have been chilled, 'tis true—but 'tis gone." What more I would have said died away unspoken, for she met the speaking glance I gave her all steadily, nor did a line of her face change.

"In truth," she answered, in her sweet, cold tones, "I am glad of it. 'Tis a warm-

ing blaze. Our New England forests yield us noble firewood. I doubt if your own broad acres of Randolph, my lord, could furnish better."

"Dorothy!" exclaimed I, for there was none to hear, and I was heart-pierced with her beauty and her coldness, and the sudden knowledge that, so far from friendliness or forgiveness, her pride was but bent to show me every atom of the formal stateliness and attention due to the guest of honor and His Majesty's Commissioner.

"Sir!" saith she, in reply to my outburst,— and nothing more.

"Dorothy," I said, "have you no mercy in your heart? Is my offence so bitter that all my love—" I know not what I would have said. She looked at me with chill disdain, and her sweet lips curled.

"My Lord Commissioner," said she, "you speak at random. I fear me you are not yourself. The cold, perchance, hath been too much?"

"Madam!" I broke out, low and bitterly, "the cold hath indeed been too much for me, as you say: I am chilled to the heart!"

"Indeed," she made answer; "your Lordship will do well to keep within the blaze then; yet 'tis but a moment you were warm enow! Pray draw a seat nearer, Sir Harry! 'Twould please my father ill you should have lack of warmth in his house." She made a dainty motion towards the fire with her fan.

"Madam," I replied, biting my lips and bowing low, "have no fear; I have naught to complain of, having ever received beyond what I merited."

"You are over-modest!" Mistress Dorothy replied, calmly unfurling her great fan, and fanning herself languidly,— so lovely a sight that my arms did ache to clasp her to my heart. "Yet 'tis said modesty becometh even very great men—I crave your Lordship's pardon, did you speak?"

Ay, did I, a smothered oath. I answered, "Nay, madam; 'twere useless!"

"Nay, then," said she with a somewhat heightened coloring, "your Lordship will excuse me,— who am not in the least chilled,— the blaze is over-warm." She dropped me a courtesy and moved away, leaving me to grind my teeth and curse myself for everything by turns.

And yet what had I to complain of?

Never was manner more faultless, courtesy more precise. The finest dames in the land could not have received His Majesty's self with more punctilious etiquette ; not a Lady of Randolph could have borne herself with an exacter grace. And I had let her see I deemed it condescension to wed with such as she ! O fool !

I was standing oblivious to all but my fury and bitterness and self-contempt, and now, the room being filled with guests, and dinner being announced, Wentworth approached me with Mistress Dorothy upon his arm. As guest of honor I was to escort the hostess, that no point of formality might be set at naught. Our host followed with Madam Bradford, and the rest of the company in order. My sweetheart's hand rested upon my sleeve as a snowflake might have lain there ; and yet, for all its chill lightness, my heart beat high to feel it, and to see the proud little head so near my shoulder, and to hear the dainty feet in their high-heeled slippers clicking beside me, and the stiff rustling of her brocade gown sweeping along the oaken floor, — the queenliest little figure in all the world.

The table, set forth with old plate and damask, and loaded with good cheer of all kinds, stood in the great dining-hall, which I have before described to you ; and slaves stood in waiting behind the chairs. Wentworth took one end of the table, with Madam Bradford on his right ; and I was placed at the other end of the board, at the right of Mistress Dorothy, whom I handed to her seat with my best court bow. With much rustling and bowing, the company took their seats, and on a sign from Wentworth the worthy Master Upton asked the Divine Grace in a lengthy petition. Methought I observed signs of relief on every face when the good man brought his address to an end, and our host gave the customary signal for the dinner to be served. This he did by a stately wave of his hand over the well-spread table, and the words, "Friends, you see your dinner !"

At that instant, while our lips were opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, there was a piercing shriek, and in rushed Wentworth's housekeeper, white as a sheet, and screaming between every gasp, like one beside herself, "Fire ! fire ! Lord save us ! — the house hath ta'en fire ! — the fore part is all in flames ! O Lord ! O Lord !"

The guests had started up at her entrance, and every cheek was ashen ; for truly, between the shrieking woman and the hubbub and disorder which began to grow outside, with servants running hither and thither and screaming, it was like to have been a scene of madness in another minute. Meanwhile the crazy woman went on shrieking : "O Lord ! O gentlemen ! What shall we do !"

I sprang from my seat. "Gentlemen," cried I, "to the rescue !"

"Bravo ! Sir Harry," cried Bradford, and they all cried, "To the rescue !" and jumped from their chairs, when the voice of our host rang out above the din.

"Gentlemen ! Sir Harry !"

We stopped as if shot. Wentworth had risen, his stern eyes blazing and his arm extended.

"Sit you down !" said he. "No one stirreth but at my command."

We every one of us sat down silently. I believe we should have done so had the fire been upon us.

"'Tis well," said Wentworth,— and more gently, "I thank you, gentlemen, and you, my Lord Commissioner, for your ready will, but here hath no need."

At this moment the crying jade began to shriek again, "O Lord ! O Lord ! There goeth the timbers ! We are all lost !"

"Remove that woman !" said Wentworth, sternly. In an instant she was borne out, still shrieking, by half a dozen slaves.

"Open those doors !" was our host's next command. The double casements behind us were flung instantly open by the servants, who, all shaking with fright as they were, kept their rolling white eyeballs fixed upon their master, and obeyed his every gesture with the promptitude of terror.

"Now," said Wentworth, "out with the tables !"

Twenty hands were laid upon them instantly, but he stopped them with a gesture.

"It needs not," said he ; "my servants know their business."

We dropped our hands and stood mutely while the great tables, groaning beneath the weight of their furnishings, were borne out and set far down the lawn beneath the elms. And all the time the noise of the fire and the shrieks of the house-servants grew louder. Yet Wentworth stood im-

movable and stately at his place, and for very shame none had dared to start.

"'Tis well," he said, when the tables were established and the mute, panic-stricken servants had carried the chairs out after. "Gentlemen, lend your arms to conduct these ladies.—But first—the air will be keen outside. And Joe! Sam!"—he turned to the slaves. "Go, bring hither the wraps!"

They disappeared, but were hurrying back in an instant, their faces showing well-nigh white through the black.

"How now?" said Wentworth, impatiently.

"Please, sah," said the oldest, a venerable fellow, his eyes rolling in his head, "the fire am done burned 'em up—it done clean—"

"Peace!" interrupted Wentworth; "bring whatever you can find, then. Quick! the laundry, the kitchen! Take what there is to be had." Setting the example, he lifted a broidered table-cover from a stand and put it about the shoulders of Madam Bradford, whose teeth were chattering, indeed, but not with cold. And as fast as the slaves returned, their arms heaped with curtains, table-cloths,—a motley assortment,—the strange wraps were donned hastily, without a word or smile.

"Now," said Wentworth, giving his arm to Madam Bradford, who had just wit enough left to take it, "to the tables!"

I glanced at Dorothy. She was paler, but her eyes burned proudly, and I saw that all her father's spirit was afire within her.

A beam fell outside with a crash.

"To the tables!" commanded Wentworth, unmoved. "The fire gaineth upon us."

"But, Master Wentworth,—sir, 'tis madness!" cried Bradford at last, summoning courage to speak. "Let us place these ladies in safety—that were but fitting—but let not the noble house go without an effort to save it. We have lost precious minutes, but who knoweth if it be yet too late! Sir Harry, join your entreaties,"—he turned to me.

"Sir," replied Wentworth, for all answer, "the dinner, my guests, and my Lord Commissioner are waiting! To the tables!"

A knife in my heart had not made me wince more. I glanced perforce at the maiden on my arm, and saw a great proud

light in her eyes. Nay, I know not which were prouder of the two, father or daughter.

There was a great sound of falling wood, and a cry arose outside.

"The staircase, it hath fallen!"

"Enough," said Wentworth; "on to the tables!" and at the word the panic-stricken guests trooped forth from the now blazing house upon the lawn, and, marshalled by Wentworth, seated themselves about the tables.

Stranger dinner-party sure did never eye of man witness. Imagine the scene yourselves: the wintry lawn; the glittering tables set beneath leafless elms; the blue sky overhead; the richly dressed guests shivering in the keen air underneath their motley wrappings; the panic-stricken servants; and for background the noble mansion outlined against the sky, with flames already bursting from its windows; the roaring and crackling; the frightened cackling of hens and geese; all the confusion; and at the head of the table the calm, unmoved presence of Wentworth as he stood in his place and indicated the table with a dignified gesture.

"Friends," said he, "you see your dinner!"

And the frightened guests, with many a furtive backward glance at the tongues of flame, made haste to pipe up tremulously the customary, expected response:—

"And a very good dinner we see!"

The trembling servants passed the viands and poured the wine, which the guests essayed nervously to eat and drink with would-be ease and comfort. Now and again the sound of a falling beam would be echoed by a falling cup from some shivering hand, or the cracking of timbers by the rattling of glass in shaking fingers. Fitful and effervescent attempts at gayety died away in the ever-increasing, greedy roar of flames, and answering sullen groans of wood, as room after room fell into shapeless ruin.

Wentworth sat erect and imperturbable. He did not once turn his head to look at the scene of wrath and ruin behind him; not a muscle of his face quivered. Courteous, magnificent, and attentive to his every duty, he kept up an easy and dignified flow of conversation, pressing upon his guests the dainties and delicacies with all the concern of a man who hath naught weightier upon his mind; ever and anon

letting fall a glance of rebuke upon the hapless slave who dropped a dish or overpoured a wineglass.

"A little more of the turkey, Mistress Bradford, or the duck? Nay, I protest you eat nothing! Is your tea agreeable, Mistress Wanton? Master Bradford, Sir Harry, a glass of Burgundy? Cudjoe, fill my Lord Commissioner's glass. Dorothy, look you to Sir Harry's comfort. And so, Master Bradford, you deem there will be no further trouble with those pestilent malcontents?"

What Bradford would have said man knoweth not, for at that moment there was a louder crash, so that the guests started anew in their seats; and looking up, I beheld the chimney which had fallen, and all the gable of the house which still stood had taken flames. I saw a sudden whiteness in Dorothy's face, and then bethought me 'twas her own room wherein were all her treasures and her mother's portrait. I started from my seat, but two hands were clasped upon my arm.

"Sir," said Dorothy, "what would you do?"

"Your mother's portrait. I will save it."

I saw her suddenly flush, the tears stood in her eyes, and the hand that held me fast by the cuff trembled.

"Nay," she said, after a brief second's pause, "what of it?"

"Let me go, Dorothy! Let me go!" said I, eagerly. "I will save it for thee; 'tis not yet too late. Unloose me!"

But her small hands held me with a clasp of steel, and her sweet eyes looked at me, oh, how strangely! while her face grew proud and cold.

"Nay," she said, "keep your seat, Sir Harry."

"Dorothy," cried I, bitterly, "thou art inexorable!"

"Sir," she said, with a look that went through my very heart, "what boots a picture more or less? See you not, we entertain the King's Commissioner?"

Struck to the soul, I would have replied with all the fire of my feelings; but ere I had time to speak, the strange girl had risen to her feet.

"Father," said she, and at her sweet, ringing tones every eye turned to her where she stood so proudly, the wineglass clutched in one little hand. "Father," saith she, "our guests grow cool, methinks,

in this biting air. Were it not well we warmed them with a toast? And since my brother is afar, were it not fitting I took his place, and named it?"

Wentworth had risen at her word, and every other man with him; and now he looked down the long table at his daughter, and I saw a glow of answering pride kindle his stern face.

"It were right well, Dorothy," he made answer. "Thy brother had not spoken more aptly. Name thy toast, my child, though we guess what 'twill be." He bowed to me; and all the guests turned in my direction, with their glasses raised.

"I crave your pardon, father," answered Dorothy, with spirit. "Not so. My Lord Commissioner taketh not first place. Ladies and gentlemen, loyal Americans all, I give you the health of His Majesty the King! May God preserve him!"

"God preserve him!" echoed all, as the glasses were drained to the lees.

"Fill your glasses again, gentlemen," quoth the strange maiden, and sent her great eyes flashing up and down the table, so that every man obeyed her instantly. When 'twas so, "Gentlemen," saith she, lifting her glass very high and slowly, and speaking so distinctly and proudly that every word fell like a fine dagger from her lips, cutting as it went, "I give you our guest of honor, His Majesty's Commissioner, the very noble Sir Harry Randolph, Lord of Randolph. Drink, gentlemen! 'Tis an honor you do yourselves!" She raised the glass to her lips with a superb gesture.

'Twas too much to be borne. "Hold!" I cried, angrily, starting forward, laying my hand upon hers. The glass dropped from her lips; and she remained breathless, her eyes fixed upon me with mingled defiance and dread, the color coming and going in her face. The company stood as petrified. But I was myself at last. Not the powers of all the earth could have held me back. Drawing myself to all my height, I turned to Wentworth, still keeping my hand on Dorothy's, which as I went on trembled more and more within it.

"Sir," said I, "you have received me honorably; you have entertained me courteously, nay, as I think never guest was entertained before. Honor, indeed, you would do me to drink my health, as you have proposed, yet I pray you drink it not.

I swear 'twill be no joy nor pride to me, but a bitterness and sorrow instead. I pray you drink not to me, my noble host, gallant gentlemen, fair ladies, if you may not have leave to name me by the only title I desire to claim,—that of accepted suitor of this maiden here, Mistress Dorothy Wentworth. "Sir," I hurried on ere Wentworth could speak, "I am full conscious what I ask. Right well aware that 'tis the maddest presumption. There doth not the man live who is worthy of her. My hope must needs be altogether in your condescension and in Mistress Dorothy's favor. And if I be too bold," I turned me to her, "she will, I trust, forgive me, in that all my pride is to lay my name and fortune at her feet, where my heart hath been these long weeks past. Dorothy," I entreated, holding her hands close and warmly, "wilt thou not speak for me? or wilt thou reject my suit, and deem me mad to dare presume it? Am I altogether hateful to thee?"

Thereupon my sweetheart lifted up her eyes. She was blushing deeply, but there was a brave light in their depths.

"Father," saith she, and faltered. "Father — thou hearest —" And all the guests stood speechless, looking from one to the other of us.

"Yea," answered Wentworth, gravely, "I hear, Dorothy. Sir Harry," said he, "you have proceeded somewhat strangely and without order in your suit, nevertheless like a true and gallant gentleman have spoken, honorably alike to yourself, to my daughter, and to me." There was a warm murmur of assent from the company. Wentworth bowed in acknowledgment of the unsought confirmation.

"Nevertheless," he went on in his grave fashion, "while I am sensible of the compliment you pay us, there be one or two things I would ask you. Have you be思tought you well, sir, you are the heir of a great house, and bear a proud title in your own land? Dorothy and I (oh, the superb pride of the man!) "are but plain Christian people, *commoners*."

"Sir," I made haste to say, "there is no house in England so great that would not be honored to hold one of your family within it; and for my name and title, beseech your daughter to take both and enoble them by linking them with hers."

Such a glance as Dorothy's eyes gave

me! I thought I detected a quiver of gratification on the stern old Puritan's face, while a little hum of satisfaction assured me that the New England pride had answered to that touch.

"'Tis well and honorably spoken," said Wentworth, "but there remaineth another point. 'Tis the custom in your class—a sober and discreet one I have ever held it—that a wife shall bring a portion of worldly goods to her husband." He paused, and then said quietly, "Enough remaineth for our moderate wants, but from to-day" (this was the only allusion he made to his loss) "Dorothy will be but a dowerless bride for an English nobleman."

"Sir," I broke in impetuously, "she is but the richer for it! I beseech you do me not so much wrong! Nay, I shame me that I cannot even grieve sincerely at your loss, since it hath taught me how a great man meeteth such and sheweth but the greater for it!"

"Enough, Sir Harry!" said Wentworth, a deep flush suffusing his bronze cheeks. "How say you for this matter, my friends? Hath not my Lord Commissioner borne himself honorably and well herein?"

There was a hearty assent.

"In truth, Master Wentworth," said His Excellency, kindly, "I see not how in reason you can refuse to make these children happy,—provided," he added, smiling, "that fair Mistress Dorothy be of his Lordship's favor." At this all eyes were turned to my sweetheart, whose dear face was growing pale and red by turns, though she stood it out bravely, nor even took her little hand from mine. Her father's eyes, too, rested upon her, and his stern face grew soft.

"Dorothy," saith he, striving to make his voice becomingly steady, "Dorothy, how say you? Sir Harry hath wooed you openly, but perchance with the more honor. Needs must your reply be open. Yet is there no constraint in the matter. Answer like an honest Puritan maiden who hath no cause for fear or shame."

"Father," saith my darling, lifting her true eyes to his, "I will do naught without your approval, but if it doth not displease you—" her sweet lips faltered and her eyes sought mine and then the ground. With a brave effort she lifted them straight and spoke out loud and clear. "Father," saith she, "I love him!"

Wentworth's whole face changed. "Take her, Sir Harry," he said, "and may God bless and keep you both." Whereupon I caught my darling to me, reckless what might think the guests about. In sooth, Puritans though they were, I think the human heart to be much the same the world over, and that it will still throb the faster in sympathy with true lovers.

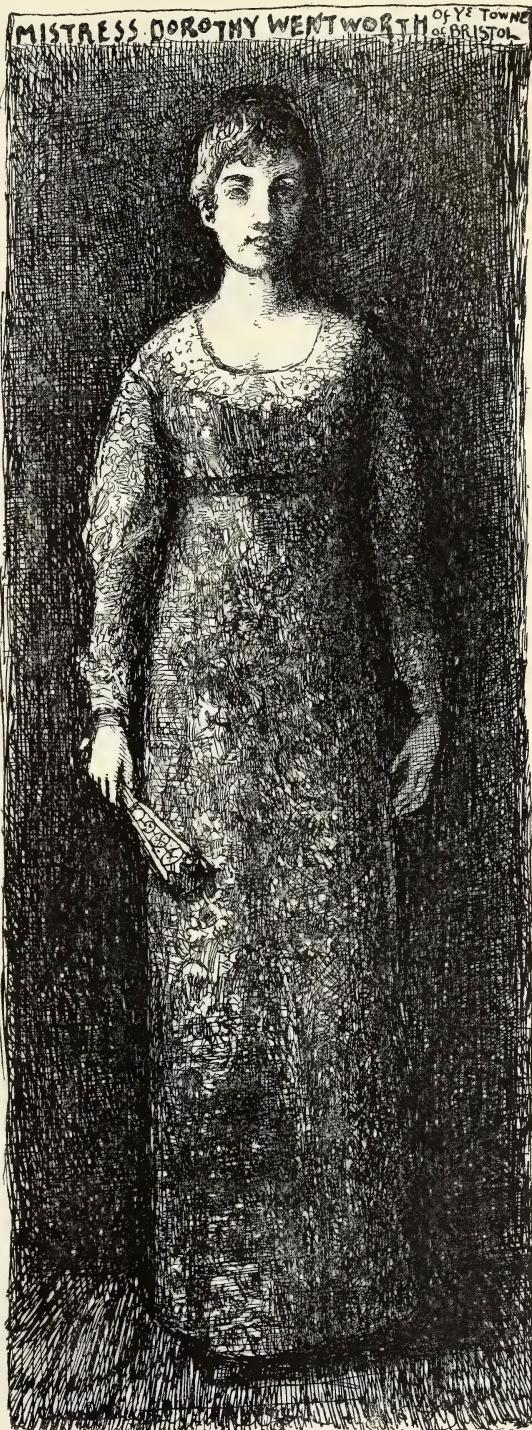
I was recalled to myself by the sound of mine own name.

"Sir Harry Randolph!" cried His Excellency, Governor Hopkins, holding up his brimming glass. "Drink, good friends, to the health and happiness of Sir Harry Randolph, the accepted suitor of Mistress Dorothy, the future Lady Randolph!"

It was drunk with enthusiasm, despite Dorothy's blushes; and then followed: "Our host, Master John Wentworth, the type of a noble Puritan gentleman." Ere the applause which followed had died away, Wentworth's own voice was heard above it.

"Gentlemen," said he, his tall and stately figure outlined against the burning house, which the greedy flames were still licking hungrily, "Gentlemen, I will give you a worthier toast." In his turn he raised his glass. "New England, our country!" said he, and his voice was like a clarion,— "The land which we have redeemed,—the wilderness which we have made to blossom,—the home which our forefathers won with so much toil, so many hardships,—the free soil, to advance whose sacred interests, to secure whose peaceful future, to uphold whose dignity, to protect and cherish whose liberties, we and our lives and homes and children are dedicated forever—New England! God bless her!" He drained his glass and cast it to the ground, and with a mighty cheer every other glass was drained and broken.

"New England! God bless and



save her!" echoed every lip, while eyes were dim and strong faces quivered. Verily, these people love their land!

As the last glass shivered to the ground it was answered by a dull crash; the last

wall of the house sank and fell. Wentworth did not turn his head. Dorothy's little hand lay in mine; and all at once methought I heard the Christmas bells ring out in England.



## A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN'S CLUB.

*By Caroline H. Stanley.*

IT is no small honor to be the oldest literary society for women in America.

This honor is claimed by the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Thirty-seven years ago, in January, 1852, when the commonwealth of Michi-

gan was in its teens, and the beautiful little city of Kalamazoo barely able to stand alone,—when men's hands were full with clearing lands and building homes and finding bread for their families,—a number of earnest women in the little village

met one day to solve the problem: How can we furnish intellectual food for ourselves and our children in this new land? It was a vital question. They had come, many of them, from New England homes; and inherited tastes are not easily laid aside. They wanted books and lectures; but books were scarce, and lectures scarcer, and money, alas! scarcest of all. It was clearly a case for organized effort. What one could not do, many might; and when earnest women organize to help themselves and their children, who will predict failure?

The immediate result of that afternoon's work was the organization of a society whose avowed objects were the establishment and maintenance of a circulating library and the promotion of literary culture in the town. From that day to this, a period of nearly forty years, the Association has been in active operation, and has deviated not one



The Ladies' Library, Kalamazoo.

hair's breadth from the original objects. The means have varied with the growth and literary advancement of the town and the requirements of the age ; the end has been the same. The Woman question has never gained a foothold within it ; moral and social reforms and associated charities have grown up around it and found many adherents from among its members ; but as an association it has held itself aloof from all these questions, saying, with St. Paul, "This one thing I do" ; and as it sits to-day, a society of one hundred and eighty mem-

increased later to one dollar each, its growth was necessarily slow ; but the selections were made with great care, the by-laws requiring that every book should have the approval of the board before it was put upon the shelves, and "The Ladies' Library" has been no unimportant factor in moulding the mental character of the community. As the city library grew in importance and private collections multiplied, the urgent need of the Ladies' Library was no longer felt, but it had done its pioneer work and could well afford to



Assembly Room.

bers, in its own beautiful home, surrounded by books and pictures and statuary, it is a living monument to the efficiency of organized effort and the power of a single aim.

It is interesting to note the growth of this institution from the seed planted that January afternoon. The first imperative need was for books, and the first work of the Association was to supply this need. A modest little collection of about fifty volumes, most of them presented by well-wishers of the movement, formed the nucleus around which gathered in time a well-selected library, numbering now about four thousand volumes. Having no source of income but the annual fees of fifty cents and one dollar paid respectively by ladies and gentlemen for the use of the books,

rest on its laurels, leaving the Association to turn to other and more pressing work. It is still kept up, and books are added from time to time, but it is now secondary to the literary work of the club. Many persons, however, prefer the Ladies' Library to the public library, and it is opened twice a week for the distribution of books.

But the collection and circulation of books alone has never been the sole aim of the Association. From the outset, side by side with this was "the promotion of literary culture in the community." Lecture courses, in their day, played an important part in furthering this object, and we find such men as John G. Saxe, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Mark Hopkins, and others brought before the



Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone.

people by the Association. The price of admission to these entertainments is somewhat interesting as illustrating primitive rates. For the greater lights such as have been mentioned, the admission fee was twenty-five cents, while the resident clergy and lecturers of local fame—possibly on the principle that “a prophet is not without honor save in his own country”—held forth for the modest sum of twelve and a half cents per auditor. These lecture courses had varying success; sometimes they paid expenses and sometimes they did not, but in the latter case the deficit was made up by an ice-cream social or some other feminine device for raising money, and the main object, “the promotion of culture,” was attained.

When lectures palled upon the popular taste, other means of exciting intellectual activity were found. Monthly afternoon meetings were held, first in the parlors of the ladies interested,

and later in the library rooms, rented for the purpose; and original essays, selected articles, and the free discussion of current topics gave food for thought and expression. When, in 1861, the war turned women's thoughts into one sad channel, and filled their hands with other work than handling books, these afternoon meetings were abandoned. “But,” as another has observed, “the habit of social assemblies having some intellectual aim for their main object was now fixed in Kalamazoo”; and in the winter of 1861, a system of fortnightly evening readings was established by the Association. At these meetings gentlemen as well as ladies were made welcome—“decent behavior and the small fee of ten cents an evening being the only requisites for the admission of any citizen.” By varied programmes, consisting of readings, dramatic recitations, charades, plays, vocal and instrumental music, conversation—anything that would entertain and instruct—interest was kept up for a period of seven years. At the end of that time a class in history was formed under the auspices of the Association, and taught in weekly sessions by one of its most accomplished members, Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, whose name is so well known throughout the state in educational



Art Room.

and literary circles. Mrs. Stone was one of the charter members of the Association, and is to-day one of its most honored and efficient chairmen. In her many journeys abroad she has been able to do the Association valuable service in the selection of works of art, and so identified has she been with its literary work that she has well earned the name, affectionately and gratefully given her, of "mother of the club."

So popular did this feature of the society's work become, and so general was the desire to have it extended to other subjects, that "in 1873," says the chronicler, "the class was re-organized on a somewhat different basis, with the range of studies very much enlarged, the first Monday afternoon of the month being devoted to art and literature, the second to science and education, the third to history, and the fourth to miscellaneous subjects." This arrangement of topics and time, opening, as it does, every field of study and meeting every taste, proved eminently satisfactory, and has been the plan pursued from that day to this. From the year 1873, therefore, dates the birth of the Club.

The financial and business matters of the Association are committed to an Executive Board of eighteen members, who have charge of the building, library, and finances. The Club is thus left free to devote itself to literary pursuits without any harassing cares or perplexities. That it has prospered under this management is indisputable. The harmony which has characterized the work of this board during the thirty-seven years of its existence is somewhat remarkable, when we consider the character of the ladies who compose it. They have been, almost without exception, persons of strong individuality and consequently of varying ideas; but personal prejudice has been laid aside, a spirit of concession has obtained, and all have worked for the good of the whole. Perhaps one reason for this is that the board is not subject to much change. Members are elected for five years, and there is nothing either in the constitution or the traditions of the Association against a "third term." One member of the present board has been in office since 1860, while the secretary, Mrs. Seeley, has recorded the doings of the Association for thirty-two consecutive years.

Membership in the Club is not limited to subscribers to the library. The annual payment of one dollar entitles any lady to its privileges; and, once a member, she is free to attend or not, to work or not, as she chooses. Her name is put at once upon one of the four committees, and she is generally asked to do some work,—to read, write, recite, play, or sing; but if she is unwilling to take part, there is no obligation upon her to do so. Many persons have attended regularly since the organization of the Club without ever lifting their voices to read even an item. The first thought in regard to this is naturally, "This is a wrong state of affairs, the literary work of the Club ought to be compulsory"; but experience has proved the existing plan to be a wise one. Those who wish to work and study can do so; those who have either no time or no inclination for research can spend two hours profitably in listening to papers and discussions by others; and each receives, not equal benefit, of course, but a fair interest upon the investment.

The officers of the Club are a president, vice-president, secretary, critic, and eight chairmen, nominated by a committee for the purpose, and elected by popular vote at the annual meeting in January. The Club is divided into four committees. The eight chairmen are placed at the head of these committees, and are responsible for the programmes for their respective days. This gives each lady an afternoon to prepare for once in two months. For the science and education committee there are sometimes three chairmen, it being more difficult to secure ladies for this place than for the others.

The Club is sectioned in the following manner: On the week after the election there is a meeting of the chairmen; a list of members is placed in their hands, and they choose, in turn, such persons as they particularly wish for their several committees. Good workers are naturally in demand, and the bidding is quite lively until they are culled out. Then some interest is manifested in securing untried new members who will possibly prove valuable. Finally those only are left who never do anything, but whose names must appear on some committee. They are divided up evenly among the chairmen, and the committees are now ready to be read off at the

following meeting. The manner of choosing reminds one somewhat of the spirited contests familiar to us all in our youthful days, when, with a bound volume of *Peterson's* or *Godey's*, we stretched ourselves upon the floor to choose our favorite ladies ; and it was, "This is mine !" and "This is mine !" and "I wanted her !" with varying shades of disappointment and exultation. It has been suggested that if this meeting of the chairmen could be public, and the comments upon the ability, energy, and good-nature of the members be listened to by the members themselves, it might be a most profitable session, and result in increased activity on the part of many.

Each chairman prepares her programme with the help of ladies selected from her own committee — to encroach upon the province of her sister-chairmen, either for subjects or helpers, is a breach of club etiquette ; but she may obtain help from outsiders, or may substitute a lecture for a literary programme. The fifth Monday is provided for by the president, who may select any subject, or ask help from any committee.

From the middle of September to the middle of June the Club meets regularly every Monday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, continuing in session two hours, with a short recess. The order of exercises is about as follows : — Secretary's Report. Announcement of Programme. Reading of Items (pertaining to the subject or of general interest). First Paper on subject for the day. Music. Critic's Report. Recess. Second Paper and Discussion. Third Paper. Recitation.— This is varied to suit the taste or convenience of the chairman in charge. Sometimes a musical programme is arranged by the art committee, and occasionally original stories or poems are furnished by the miscellaneous committee. The only subjects excluded are politics and religion, and these only by tacit consent. An idea of the scope of the Club work can be gained from the following list of topics for all the weekly meetings for 1888. The list is given in full for the hints it may have for similar societies.

Wordsworth. Coleridge. Analysis of *The Ancient Mariner*.

Growth of American Literature. Noted Literary Women. Women as Educators of the Young.

- Autobiography of John Ruskin. Ruskin as Art Critic.
- The City of Washington. Public Buildings and Institutions of Washington. Social Washington.
- Sir Walter Scott. Scott's Heroines. Pen-pictures from Scott.
- Association of Ideas. Development of Mathematical Ideas.
- Intimations of Ruskin's Idea of Art. Ruskin and English Art. Pre-Raphaelism.
- Easter Legends. Recollections of Holland House. Personations: Xantippe; Mr. Pickwick.
- Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Poetry of Thomas Moore.
- Women of India : an address.
- The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais.
- American Humorists. Louisa M. Alcott.
- Christian Legend. *The Holy Grail*. Legend of St. Cecilia.
- The Four Georges*. Thackeray, the Man. Thackeray in his Representative Novels.
- Science of Cooking. Classical Dinners.
- The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.
- Analysis of *Bleak House*. Dickens in America.
- Women of the Bible.
- The Sistine Chapel: its meaning; relation to St. Peter's Church; to Rome; to Christendom; its decorations an expression of the Age.
- Literary Clubs. Chicago Reform Club.
- Recollections of Switzerland: a lecture.
- Albert Dürer and Holbein.
- Russia. Russian Domestic Life; Political Life among the Russians.
- Recent American Contributions to Science. The Smithsonian Institution. Professor Asa Gray, the Christian Scientist.
- Woman in the Literature of our Country. Woman as Poet — Mrs. Browning. Woman as Novelist — George Eliot.
- Is Classical Education of Practical Value to Men and Women?
- Modern French Art and Some of the Great Artists of the French School.
- Critics and Reviews. Fiction — its Influence.
- England in the Time of Macaulay. The Warren Hastings Case.
- A Comparative Study of the Status of the Higher Education of Women.
- English Art, and Some of England's Living Artists. Cipher Writing. Riddles.
- The Art of Conversation. Madame de Staël. Madame de Sévigné.
- The English Drama of our Times. Contributions to Dramatic Literature. Modern Interpreters of the Drama.
- The Cost of Good Work.
- American Art Revelations of the Spirit of the Age in the Art of the Present Time.
- Poets and Poetry of the West. Alice and Phœbe Cary.

Not the least successful thing about the Ladies' Library Association is that it owns its home and is free from debt. This, like the rest, has been a growth. The early years of the Association were spent in a small room above a store, painted, papered, and carpeted by the energy of the ladies, if not, indeed, by their own hands. After several migrations from one such room to another, each move emphasizing the necessity for a home of their own, they found a pleasant abiding-place for ten years in two large rooms placed at their disposal by the city at a merely nominal rent. These they furnished handsomely, one as a parlor adorned with works of art, and the other as a library proper. But in all these years there had been a growing desire for a "local habitation" as well as a name; and when, in 1874, the needs of the city demanded that the rooms so long occupied should be given up, the ladies said with one voice, "We will arise and build." A fund for this purpose had been gradually accumulating. In the early years of the Association a gentleman placed in the hands of the treasurer, Mrs. Webster, a ten-dollar bill, telling her to use it as she thought best. From the first it had been her cherished desire that the Association should have a home of its own, and she put the money at interest, saying, "This is the beginning of a building fund." It was augmented from time to time by any small surplus left after the current expenses were paid and by the proceeds of Martha Washington tea-parties, Shakespearian readings, spelling matches, pronouncing matches, etc., besides occasional gifts and bequests. With business thrift this money was kept at interest, well secured, and when the time of need came the Association was not empty-handed. A most desirable lot in the heart of the city was presented by Mrs. Webster, and the year 1879 saw the completion of a building costing, when furnished, about fourteen thousand dollars. It is proper to say that this was at a time of great financial depression when building material and labor were both unusually cheap,—indeed, the work was undertaken at this time on that very account,—and the building could hardly be duplicated today for a third more than the actual cost.

The ladies wisely associated with themselves on the building committee three gentlemen of well-known business ability,

who labored with and for them, giving from their larger experience suggestions and counsel which contributed not a little to a successful completion of the enterprise. From the outset a marked characteristic of this club has been the absence of anything which would have the effect of antagonizing the other sex; its objects have been so purely literary, its work done with so much of dignity and so little of self-assertion, that men as well as women have fraternized with it. Accordingly, as the work progressed, donations and pledges came in from many gentlemen, with kindly expressions of interest and good will, as helpful in their way as the dollars in theirs; and when the beautiful building was thrown open to inspection, it was, "*our* Ladies' Library Building," and all rejoiced together.

It may well be an object of self-congratulation and honest pride with the ladies, for it is an honor to them and an ornament to the city. It is a two-story brick building, with stone facings and tiled cornice, set in the midst of a well-kept lawn and surrounded by homes which indicate wealth and refinement. A picture of the building appeared in the July number of *Woman* for 1888, but by some mistake was credited to the Milwaukee Club.

We stand a moment in the entrance porch, looking at the park beyond, and then, as it is Monday afternoon, turn the door-knob. The spacious doors admit us to a tiled stairway hall flooded with the soft light from stained-glass windows, and stepping through a doorway at our right we enter a room thirty by sixty feet. It is not much like the assembly room of that little band of women years ago, but it is the superstructure made possible by the broad foundation laid then, and we honor their work and their memories. The room is lighted by ten large windows, three forming a bay which occupies nearly one end of the building. Above the other windows are transoms illustrating in stained glass scenes from the writings of famous authors, with the names and appropriate quotations. We notice Rip Van Winkle on his return from the mountain, read his piteous plaint, "My very dog has forgotten me,"—and to many the story is told without the name of Irving below. Opposite is represented a gray sky, with a waterfowl on the wing, and the words, "Lone wan-

dering, but not lost," recall the incident of the conception in Bryant's mind of his poem, *To a Waterfowl*. Another, bearing the name of Milton, shows the blind old poet sitting among his books with his two daughters, one of them holding an open volume while the other transcribes his words. Above is the oft-quoted passage, "They also serye who only stand and wait." The other windows, with those of the audience-room above, which are similar, illustrate scenes from the life or works of Longfellow, Whittier, Goethe, Dante, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Goldsmith, Burns, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning,—the only woman representative,—Cooper, Hawthorne, and Dickens: a goodly company with whom to sit down every week and commune. These windows were the subject of much thought by the ladies. First, representative authors were selected; then illustrations were hunted up, and appropriate quotations found. These were given to the designer to be worked out. If satisfactory, they were approved; if not, they were returned and others substituted. The arrangement of the windows shows care, three on one side below being our American poets, while above are the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland,—Tennyson, Burns, and Goldsmith.

The most noticeable object on entering the lower room is the beautiful memorial bay window to the memory of Mrs. Webster, to whom reference has been made. From the organization of the association to the end of her life Mrs. Webster was one of its most devoted and efficient workers, being librarian for fifteen years and treasurer for twenty-four. A childless widow of means and leisure, this work took the place in her heart of children and husband; and, says a friend, "all that a mother could do for a child she did for the library." She gave to it time, money, and loving care, and the memorial window is a tribute to her faithfulness. The design deserves a passing notice as showing how much glass can be made to express. It consists of three nearly equal parts forming the bay. The central portion of the middle window is occupied by an oval, pointed at top and bottom and inclosing a lozenge, a figure indicating in heraldry that the deceased was of the female sex. The lozenge is crossed by three transverse bars or ribbons which bear the inscription: "In

Memoriam. Ruth W. Webster. Nov. 27, 1878." Above the lozenge, in the upper point of the oval, are inverted torches crossing each other, emblematic of death, while in the corresponding point below an antique lamp, burning, symbolizes life. The border of the oval is composed of conventionalized olive branches, emblems of peace, and ivy leaves, emblems of eternity, artistically mingled with heraldic devices. The square in which the oval is inclosed in its turn is ornamented at each corner with a conventionalized rose of Sharon. Just above the upper point of the oval, in a medallion, is a winged hour-glass, indicative of the flight of Time. On either hand are angels, while above all, at the top of the window, a crown and sceptre symbolize the rewards of the future life to which they welcome. On a tablet below the oval is the record, "15 years Librarian, 24 years Treasurer."

The window on the left is far less intricate than the middle portion, and by many persons is even more admired. The main design consists of a palm-tree, symbolical of victory, whose broad-spreading leaves fill the entire centre. A lily, emblem of purity, peeps up from its foot, and a stalk of golden fleece, signifying immortality, occupies the space at the right. Three ribbons run diagonally across the trunk of the palm, on the second of which are the words, "Faithful unto death." At the top of the window are a book, a scroll, some pens, and a globe, indicative of the favorite pursuits of the departed. The chief feature of the right section is a field of ripe wheat, representing mature age, with poppies, emblematic of the sleep of death, growing among the stalks. Three ribbons cross the field in a manner corresponding to those on the left, the middle one bearing the words, "She hath wrought a good work." At the top of the section is a sickle with a garnered sheaf of wheat. To a careless observer the whole is simply a beautiful stained-glass window; to one who studies its details it says with each returning sun: "A woman crowned with days and immortal through her virtues has passed into the silent land, but her works do follow her—yea, are round about us."

Passing from the window we look around to see what manner of home these women have provided for themselves. Soft carpets cover the floors, handsome bookcases

well filled with books line the walls, and all around us are evidences of a cultured, artistic taste. The pictures are the accumulation of years, and embrace admirable copies purchased abroad of Raphael, Fra Angelico, Rubens, Murillo, Watteau, Van Dyck, Ary Sheffer, Van Ostade, and Madame Le Brun, as well as originals by modern artists. Engravings, etchings, Rogers's groups, and busts of the Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Milo, Antinous, and Psyche add to the attractions of the room, and a large collection of carefully selected photographs of the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, brought from the old world, aid the art student.

At the end opposite the bay window is a small parlor, in which the meetings of the board are held. It is also used as a museum, and contains a well-filled cabinet of shells, minerals, and fossils, cases of insects, and curiosities of various kinds.

But the chief interest of the Ladies' Library now centres in the Club, which is in session in the room above, and thither we take our way. We are early, and may look around us before the programme begins. This, like the room below, is thirty by sixty feet, carpeted with body Brussels, and furnished with one hundred and fifty handsome black walnut chairs. At one end of the room is a stage with drop-curtain and other stage accessories, making it possible for the ladies to have private theatricals in their own building. A Chickering grand piano, the gift of a Chicago lady who was a former resident of Kalamazoo, generally has undisputed possession of the stage, however, except when a vocalist stands beside it to entertain the audience with a musical number. Below the stage is a platform on which the president and secretary sit and the reader for the afternoon stands. The audience begins to assemble, and we slip into a back seat to watch them. They are of all ages, from the school-girl off for a half-holiday to the white-haired grandmother who finds in this day her most pleasant recreation of the week. The majority are of middle age, busy housekeepers who yet find time on this busiest day of the week for two hours of mental refreshing. It is a well-dressed company of ladies, many of them among the leaders of society in the town. There are few teachers or students, for it is Monday, and none who are distinctively

known as literary people; it is pre-eminently a housekeeper's club. There are no "short-haired women" or "long-haired men,"—few men indeed of any description,—though gentlemen and strangers are cordially welcomed. Visitors residing in the city are expected to pay ten cents admission fee to the treasurer, who sits at a table near the door ready to receive the dimes, though she never challenges your right to enter without paying. Members are allowed to bring visitors from out of town as their guests, without charge.

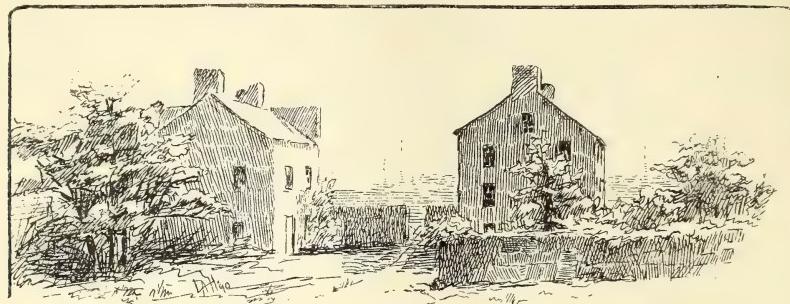
As the ladies take their seats, dainty work-bags are opened and there is a lively feminine chat until the session begins. One of the pleasant features of the Club is the social intercourse which it fosters. Strangers coming into the town find it an available means of forming acquaintances, and old residents living far apart are thus brought together socially once a week. Many persons who never meet elsewhere have an intimate club acquaintance that they would not willingly give up, having learned to know and value each other for what they really are.

But the president's bell is tapped, and in an instant a masculine hush pervades the feminine assembly. The fingers still go on with the fancy work or crocheting, but all are attentive and responsive listeners. When there is a lecture or paper from a gentleman, by common consent the needlework is left at home, it being feared that the division of attention might seem discourteous to one unaccustomed to it. All business is conducted according to strict parliamentary usage, which of itself affords excellent discipline for women deficient, as many are, in business-like methods and habits. The Club numbers at present one hundred and eighty members. The attendance is usually from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; often the room is crowded to its utmost capacity.

As the session ends and the ladies pass out and into their different domestic worlds, we are left to ponder upon the results of forty years of this work. Said a prominent lawyer of the place: "I have watched the progress and tendencies of the Ladies' Library Association almost from the beginning, and I consider that its influence upon the social and literary life of this community has been almost incalculable."

One year's systematic study will tell upon the intellectual life of the individual. Multiply this by forty, the product by one hundred and eighty, and this by the

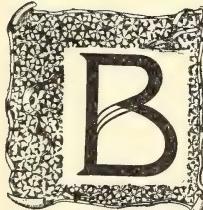
uncounted number whom each woman touches, and you can approximate the result. Long may the Club continue its beneficent work!



## THE HAUNTED BELL.

*By Prof. James K. Hosmer.*

### CHAPTER XV.



UT even as her heart stood still at the imminence of the peril, the canoe, from which for a time no shout had been heard, was descried making its dangerous way shoreward. The approach of the little bark was breathlessly watched. The rescue party were safe, but what of the others? The three figures alone, the Sieur and his two companions, could be seen upright, bracing themselves against peril on every side. The stalwart Indian, a creature of quite extraordinary strength and skill, knelt in the bow of the canoe, his deft paddle fending off now a threatening berg, now with a powerful sweep forcing the boat against both current and gale toward some shoreward-leading inlet. At length the craft touched the ice-wall of the shore, just where the river took, as it were, its run before its formidable spring down the ledges that lay in its path. From the bottom of the canoe an Indian in a state of insensibility was lifted up, then the stiffened form of Father Mériel. He was laid upon a blanket stretched upon the ice. Against his torn cassock, stiff as iron, his rosary

had frozen. His hat was gone, his hair was thick with ice, his face turned up before the moon was marked with the pallor of death. That he had been drenched in the stream as he sought to leap from cake to cake was plain, and the lacerated fingers showed how fierce the struggle had been to climb from the water on to the ice. The villagers knelt beside him. From up the stream came the voice of the bell, anxious, almost like the voice of a sister, a mother, or indeed a wife. Thankful knelt with the rest while, under the impetuous direction of the Sieur, brandy was administered and the limbs and body were chafed. At last there were signs of life,—a long-drawn sigh, a feeble movement of the hand. As Thankful raised her eyes they chanced to fall upon the face of the Sieur, and lo, she beheld upon it a black scowl of hatred, which passed into a smile of diabolical exultation as he looked down fixedly at the man whom he had just rescued from death! In a moment the look was gone, as the people, with deep murmurs of thanksgiving, rose about him.

As the throng went joyfully homeward, Thankful, a little apart, could not refrain from an outburst. She meant to say, "He hates him, though he has brought him back to life;" but whether it was that her lips, benumbed with cold, followed imperfectly

the behest of the will, or whether it was that it was suggested to her by some outside power, the words she really uttered were, "He hates him, so he has brought him back to life." The strange suggestion which so unintentionally had fallen from her tongue remained within her mind. Could there be a hatred which should desire to preserve its object? Could there be a revenge which should hold back its victim from death that it might bring to pass something more dreadful than death? So she questioned as she walked homeward, her spirit beating itself sore against the mystery whose bolts she could not burst.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THANKFUL sadly confesses that although her mind had been unaccountably turned upon the Priest almost from the first hour of their meeting, with interest now of one kind, now of another, and which had constantly deepened as the months had passed,—an interest which she had struggled against with all her power,—yet she had never admitted to herself that her feeling was at all inconsistent with her wifely duty until the evening of Mériel's escape from the river. Conscience-smitten, she declares pathetically that she must have been under the influence of some supernatural spell. Dutiful as she was, the thought was torture to her that she, a wedded wife, had been mastered by a passion which she had never before known and the power of which amazed her. Moreover, though far enough from being a convert to the Romish creed, she was enough affected through the atmosphere by which she was surrounded to make it seem to her a dreadful sacrilege to entertain love for an anointed priest. Her account is tragical of the fury of the tempest by which her soul was beset, against which she struggled unavailingly,—a dreadful conflict, of which she felt she must give no sign, the bitterness of which she could not lighten by confiding her secret to another and asking sympathy. In her agony of spirit she cast about for some refuge. The only choice left to her seemed to be between suicide and flight; and death seemed to impend almost as certainly in one case as in the other. Flight at length she resolved upon.

A hundred miles of wilderness lay be-

tween Belleau and the nearest English settlement. No watch had been kept upon Thankful from the first, for what woman could dream of undertaking to face the dangers of such a tract? Had it not been that the governor had enjoined a strict retention of the English captives in the various villages by way of reprisal for French captives held in the villages of New England, Thankful might have gone at any time, if she had chosen to do so, and indeed been guided on her way. It so happened that during the winter just past rumors had come of the near approach to several of the villages of English scouting parties. Within a few weeks such rangers had been seen not far from a hamlet in the neighborhood, who were believed to be still close at hand. Thankful knew that in returning, such a party would be likely to follow the valley of a certain stream. There was a possibility of her reaching it; a possibility, too, of her falling in with the returning scouts, who, it might be inferred, would soon be upon their homeward march. So far as power to cope with the dangers and hardships of the forest was concerned, Thankful was as well endowed as a woman could be. She was naturally bold, and the circumstances of her life had made her familiar with all the shifts and expedients of the practised woodsman. The chance was not quite desperate, therefore, that she might make her way back even through the snow-blocked paths to her old home; and should she fail, Thankful thought in her gloom, it could not be that death would offer anything harder than the suffering which life had brought.

She filled a bag with food, and prepared snow-shoes. For weapons she took a light gun which she well knew how to use, and a hunting-knife. In the dead of the night, she listened for a moment tearfully to the sleep of the kind family into which she had been adopted, kissed the sleeping baby that scarcely knew any difference between her and its mother, hung for a moment over the other children, then stepped noiselessly from the cabin. She paused for a moment as she passed the chapel to look up to where the bell hung silent in the tree-top, glimmering in the starlight with a glow which she believes came in part, at any rate, from within. A taper burned from the window of Mériel's

lodge where the Father was holding a vigil: it was the only sign of life in the village.

Thankful plunged at once into the forest, following as well as she could the banks of brooks and tracts of ground that appeared now and then through the snow, that her trail might not betray her. When morning broke, without pause she ate food from her store. At noon her halt was only brief. At night she felt she had left behind her many miles. The solitude was entire. Only in the woods now and then the branch of a pine, overloaded with snow, fell with a crash that echoed far and near; or there was a hurried rush, as a deer, hearing her approaching foot-fall, sprung from its lurking-place and plunged away. She pressed on through much of the night, then through the following day. When night again fell, scooping in the snow a hole with her snow-shoe, she filled it with sprays of hemlock; then wrapping herself in her blanket, lay down to sleep. She was crushed with the sense of her utter desolation. There was scarcely a suggestion about her of even animal life, except where a moose had made his floundering way through the drifts, or graceful chains of little tracks showed the play-ground of a family of rabbits. Thankful slept for a while; but by starlight once more, long before dawn, had again taken up her pack. With the day the clouds gathered heavily. Large wet flakes fell now and then, thickening at length into a storm that filled the air full of bewildering snow. The sun, by which she had guided herself, was blotted out; she could only plunge heavily forward at a venture. Feeling that she was as likely to go wrong as right, she dug once more with her *racquette* a hole, filled it as before with hemlock branches, then sat down, wrapped in her blanket. She felt upon her cheek the touch of the flakes; looking up, she saw them driving towards her face in myriads from the air. She began to be aware of a drowsiness which she feared might be the precursor of the sleep that knows no waking. Summoning all her energy, she sprang once more to her feet, shook the white weight from her garments, bound on once more the snow-shoes and set forward anew. To arouse herself as much as possible, she cried with all her force through the storm. The

sound was muffled as if she were densely wrapped about in wool; and she felt that the shyest creature, at a few yards' distance, would not have been startled. She went halting forward; then her limbs became clogged and began to fail; she dropped without power to rise again. She thought that her hour had come at last, nor did she recoil from her fate. Her soul was full of peace with a sense of duty done, and as the storm wrapped her close and touched her with lulling influences, she sank toward unconsciousness. With hardly a volition of her own, her lips muttered the prayer which had become most familiar to her as it fell from the lips of pious Catholics: "*Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus.*" And here occurred, writes Thankful, the strangest of all the miracles that attended her strange life. As consciousness was departing, she distinctly heard the sound of Father Mériel's bell tolling slowly as if for a soul passing into the world of spirits,—distant, but clear, each tone plain to her failing sense, softly sympathetic and pitying; and so it continued until she was thoroughly wrapped within the swoon!

How long the blank endured she could not determine. Recovering slowly as if lifted up from the depths of some measureless abyss, she felt hands lifting her up while a powerful restorative was poured between her lips. Raising with a vast effort her leaden lids, what should she behold close at her face but the face of the Sieur, his beard and eyebrows grizzled with snow! He caught eagerly at her pulse, he felt at her heart, he chafed her hands. Faint though she was, Thankful saw the expression of delight that passed over his countenance as she came back to life,—a look full of joy, and, as it seemed to her, at the same time full of malice. A party was close at hand which had followed through the woods, as soon as she was missed, her fast disappearing trail. A rude sledge which could serve at the same time as a litter was made from the boughs of trees, and Thankful was carried back.

## CHAPTER XVII.

As Thankful began to recover her strength after the shock of her exposure, she found that her attempt at escape, so

far from affecting unfavorably the sentiment toward her of the people of the village, had won back to her the confidence and good-will which, in some way she could not understand, she seemed to have forfeited. Simple-souled Annette did not leave her long in doubt as to the currents of feeling among the *habitants*. At Thankful's return, Annette, whose heart was none the less true for being close to the surface, threw her arms about her neck, even as she lay upon the litter of boughs, sobbing as she gave her soothing kisses, her face meantime full of animated sympathy. In another moment Thankful was in the best bed and cherished with all possible tenderness. "Husband and country so far away," said Annette, "who could wonder that captivity was hard?" But peace was at hand, and then Thankful should go home. The captive, in her weakness and hopeless wretchedness, laid her head upon the bosom of her friend, whose sympathy was very precious, though she so utterly misunderstood the case. "It was all the good Sieur," Annette went rattling on. "When we found next day you had gone, no one knew which way to turn; but you should have seen him when he heard the news. He flung his hands about and fairly danced in his eagerness. He had the whole village hunting for the trail in a moment, and was off with the best woodsmen as soon as it could be found."

Then Annette, putting her cheek artlessly upon the pillow by the side of Thankful's, and sinking her voice to a whisper, told of a dark suspicion that had been making its way into the hearts of the people, since the return of the Sieur and Mériel from their long absence in the wilderness, — that the Father, namely, had come to feel a passion inconsistent with his vows, — that his heart was going out, in fact, in an earthly love toward Thankful, — that she, blackly sacrilegious, was using her beauty and her power to lure him to what could only be terrible destruction. "But it is all past," said Annette. "We see now that we were blind. Your heretic husband is still in your heart, and at the first chance, though it was so utterly desperate, you sought to flee to him."

Annette's words made plain to Thankful what had caused her to wonder. She could not trust herself to speak at length. She returned with love the Frenchwoman's

kiss, and begged her to do Father Mériel no such grave injustice, — that he was indeed above reproach. When she was once more alone, her thoughts turned upon the Sieur. Why does he seek me? she said. Though attentive and respectful, with a manner often full of a strange, dark eagerness, he had never betrayed toward her, by hint or look, a sign of passion. In fact, she felt sure that it was no good-will toward her that his countenance had expressed as she opened her eyes upon it at the time when he had brought her back to life among the snow-drifts. "He hates Father Mériel and therefore has saved him," said she, the thought recurring to her that had come into her mind on the evening of the Jesuit's rescue from the river. "Does he hate me, and has he therefore saved me?" she questioned further. She had no clew.

"There stand the Sieur and the Father," said Annette one day at the window, as Thankful began to rally from the illness into which she had been plunged. "The Sieur points this way. Ah, Father Mériel is coming!"

Presently the doorway grew dark with the Jesuit's sweeping robe. He sat down by the couch where Thankful had lain since she had been brought back, bending upon her his saddened face. How could she have been so desperate, he asked, as so to rush upon death? Had his own strength permitted, he would himself have made one of the pursuing party to save her from the destruction to which she was devoting herself, but at the time he was infirm from his own peril on the ice. It was mere cruelty, he said, that she should have been brought away from her home. It was done against his will. She should, however, soon be restored to her husband, for peace had come. He had thought Thankful was being drawn toward the Faith, and had said many a prayer and kept many a vigil in her behalf. Could it be that of late she had been simply disarming suspicion? Here he bent upon her a gaze which Thankful could not sustain. He could not judge her harshly, but he besought her with a full heart to take steps that her soul might be saved.

His voice was low and gentle, but thrilled with emotion. Thankful writes that she lay in silence, longing, with Heaven only knew what fervor, to fall upon his

hand, bathe it in her tears and tell him the truth. She lifted her eyes to his face, but remained speechless. Mériel rose and departed, leaving her heart wrung with a sense of terrible guilt. The wife of another, yet for the first time the riches of her heart were bestowed ! and the sacrilege of entertaining a human affection for one set apart to the service of God !

The spring was far advanced before Thankful could rise from her bed and move feebly down the street between the cabins where she had been so welcome a guest. The passion which consumed her, and which could receive no expression, paralyzed the springs of her nature. Under the circumstances, the exposures of her flight, from which in her natural condition she would have rallied at once, produced results from which at times she seemed scarcely likely to recover. The passion did not abate, nor did the deep sense of guilt grow any less bitter. Slowly, however, she gained strength, and once more the silent wood-paths and the lonely headlands upon the river knew her footsteps as before. In particular she found some relief in standing among the cedars where the rush of the rapids gleamed white through the dark branches, and while the thunder of the waters drowned her voice, in crying and chanting to the wilderness in some incoherent strain.

Though her energies remained so languid, Thankful encountered the Sieur with curiosity and dread, wondering what could have been the real motive of his almost frantic pursuit of her. The Sieur had become as affable as usual in their meetings. His salutation had lost nothing of its gallant grace. He stood, in their interviews, respectful, never intrusive, a somewhat added eagerness, perhaps, appearing in his conversation, but never eye or voice or expression betraying a hint that his heart turned toward her tenderly. He seemed to feel that the earnestness of his pursuit needed some justification, and said, with much show of frankness, the first time they met after Thankful had begun once more to appear out of doors : " Madame will not blame a soldier and a magistrate, that he thinks it no light thing when in time of war, an important captive escapes. Then again, humanity constrained me to follow. What chance had Madame, good forester though she is, to make her

way to safety through such woods and snows ! "

Thankful was sure it was mere pretext, even while he spoke, and felt that some hidden reason lay behind his strange ways, at this time as always.

When at last summer had fairly come, and Thankful in spite of her spiritual suffering had recovered a fair degree of her old strength, the event which Mériel had spoken of as probable, and of which there had latterly been many rumors, was formally announced throughout Canada. Peace had certainly come, and word reached Belleau that Thankful should straightway be brought to Quebec, where all the New England captives were to rendezvous, the government intending to send them at once to their homes, receiving in return the French captives who were to come from the English villages. Thankful heard the intelligence with signs of sadness, her tears causing Annette, who had also fallen to weeping at the thought of the loss of her friend, to break out in a tone of wonder :

" Dear heart, who can understand you ! You run away from us who love you, at the risk of almost certain death, so anxious are you to return to your home. But now when a smooth path is made for you, I find you weeping ! "

Thankful, while she returned the cordial embrace of her friend, could undertake no defence of her inconsistency ; she only sought to make Annette feel that she responded on her part with love and gratitude to the constant affection which had been shown her. When next she encountered the Sieur, his manner had lost its usual calmness, and his dark face was growing haggard, apparently through some internal passion that preyed upon him. As they walked together near the river, through the air of the summer day came the peal of the bell ringing *sext*. Thankful paused to listen, thinking that its sound, which had blended so strangely with her unhappy destiny, must soon cease for her ears.

" There is no reason," said the Sieur, with a curious impetuosity, " why Madame should not know it all. The secret of the bell you have never fully learned, though you have pressed and longed to know it. Madame has heard of Father Mériel's noble lineage, of his brilliant promise in the field, of his choosing at last the life of a priest. Madame has spoken to me of the Cha-

noinesse Marie de Méricourt, and remembers, no doubt, how startled I was at the mention of her name, believing as I did that no soul in Canada save Father Mériel and me, knew of her existence. Do I remember rightly that Madame heard from Mother Cécile de St. Croix, that Marie de Méricourt on her bridal eve repented of her return to the world and joined suddenly the bare-footed Carmelites or the nuns of La Trappe?"

Thankful repeated, without hesitation, to the Sieur the story she had already told him, of the old intimacy of the Superior of the Ursulines with the high-born lady, the suit of the two lovers, the Comte de Beltré and the Marquis Mériel, the decision in favor of the latter, and so the abandonment of the Heavenly Bridegroom for an earthly one. At the end she repeated what she had said of Mother Cécile's belief, that at the last moment Marie had repented, had fled to the cloister again, and in expiation of her faithlessness, had joined the austerest of the sisterhoods; and that there she had found her death under the severity of the discipline.

The Sieur listened with intense eagerness, and when Thankful had ceased, he broke in almost with a gasp, seizing her hand in his passion, as if quite unable to keep back the truth with which his soul was bursting.

"Dead indeed she is," he cried, "but not so. She became his wife! she became his wife!" He went on in a hoarse and hurried whisper. "The ceremony took place at the ancestral chateau of the Marquis Mériel. The occasion was one of strict privacy. Just from the cloister as she was, Marie shrank from the throng and brilliant circumstance which might have been expected at the union of a pair of such position and fame. I was then a trusted friend, as I am still, and was among the few guests. Before midnight the witnesses had departed. Mériel and his wife, standing at the open door, whither the beauty of the summer night streamed toward them, descended at last the steps of the terrace into the fragrance of the garden, attracted by the solitude and coolness. Suddenly from a thicket close at hand to their arbor a musket was discharged, the ball narrowly missing the bridegroom. He started to his feet, drawing his sword, and rushed in the direction from which

the shot had come. He sought in vain. Hurrying back at last toward the spot where he had left his wife, he heard a rustling in the branches near the path, as of a person seeking concealment. Without waiting to challenge, he thrust his rapier quickly into the thicket which concealed the figure." Here the Sieur turned away his face and his voice sank. "Alas, it was his wife whom he had slain, who in the darkness not recognizing him, and mistaking him for the assassin, as he had mistaken her, had sought to hide herself! Within an hour she had died in his arms, protesting that Heaven had punished her for her faithlessness, and pledging her husband to embrace the religious life which she had forsaken. 'Before the high altar of Montmartre,' she whispered, 'the nuns, relieving one another, have a sister always lying prostrate, day and night, praying for the conversion of Canada.' She indicated to her husband that it was her wish he should help in this work, solemnly promising with her last breath to be near him, should it be permitted her in the world to which she was departing. You demand to know the secret of the bell. Listen! the gold thrown into the molten metal by Mériel was hers, a rosary whose beads were bright from her fingers as she told her frequent prayers, a heavy crucifix, chalices, and patens which she had bestowed upon the chapel of the parish,—these with her ornaments as a bride, soaked with her life-blood, as she lay dying in her husband's arms. In some way, Mériel believes the spirit of his virgin wife is bound in with the bell and utters itself in the tones. Ah, woman, do you wonder he clings to it?"

The trembling voice of the Sieur ceased, but his features worked with strong inner agitation.

"But who sought to kill him in the garden?" said Thankful after a breathless pause, during which she made an effort to calm her own excitement.

"It was never known," said the Sieur in a low whisper, "perhaps some mad Huguenot."

He paced up and down a few moments in silence, then exclaimed passionately, as if quite oblivious of Thankful's presence, "Why have I told her this? It cannot avail. Why break the seal? Yet I must gain it."

He abruptly left her side, rapidly muttering, and tossing his arms wildly.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE bell was ringing for *prime* on the day of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, when a boat from Quebec touched the shore, bearing a personage whom Thankful had seen before, the Superior of the Jesuit missions in New France, the old man with face marked by fire, and hands mutilated through tortures by the Iroquois, undergone years before. The boat also brought word that the ship which was to carry home the English captives was ready to sail, and that Thankful must set forth at once. Through the day she quietly and sadly prepared for her departure. Night came close and hot. She stepped forth for air, when the Sieur suddenly presented himself, and addressed her in a manner which betrayed deep inner agitation, though he strove to conceal it. His communication was to this effect,—that Father Mériel, having been occupied through the day with his Superior, had had no opportunity to seek out Thankful. Now that she was going from them forever, he could not endure that she should depart without a final interview. Fate had brought it about that they had been much involved together in hard experiences, as well as in pleasanter things. Madame had rendered to the Priest a service, the value of which, now that she knew the full story of the bell, she herself was in a position to estimate. How close the link was which bound him to the Priest, Madame well knew. Through long association in the world, and now latterly in the wilderness, their hearts had grown together. At *compline* he should be with Mériel before the door of his lodge. The Superior was bestowed at the manor-house. Madame persisted in refusing the Faith. Mériel had now no hope to win her; but would she not for the last time commune with those who had now so long been her friends? Time and place were unusual, but nothing else was possible.

The request was to Thankful startling. She had never known the lodge to be visited by one of her own sex; and it was well understood in the village that from dark until daylight the home of the Priest was not to be approached by any one, except in case of extreme necessity. At another time she would have felt some resentment at the suggestion, understand-

ing full well the impropriety of the act she was enjoined to perform. But under the circumstances might it not be permissible?

As the night drew onward, the sultriness of the air and Thankful's troubled mind, on the brink as she was of leaving the scenes to which her heart had become so fixed, to return to scenes which promised she knew not what depths of dreariness, all combined to make her sleepless; and as midnight approached, quite undecided what course to follow, she went forth into the open air for relief. She says her mind was oppressed with a presentiment of calamity. Her will was overpowered, she thinks, by some unearthly force which she could not choose but obey. She is disposed to believe that some demon controlled her feet. Like a person lifted by invisible arms, she holds that she was forced forward to the Jesuit's lodge. It was intensely dark, and the oppressive air of the night seemed to become every moment more heavy. For some reason, even the wild creatures were affected. The birds flew low; and Thankful heard the movement of their flapping wings so close that she almost drew back, in the fear that her cheek was about to be touched. A light burned from Father Mériel's window. She had reached the appointed place before the door. It was quite vacant. Her impulse was strong to hurry away; but for some reason,—perhaps, she surmises, through diabolical prompting,—she remained, taking her seat upon a stone at the portal of the lodge.

A wild blast now rose out of the darkness. It thundered heavily; and quick-coming drops, evident precursors of a down-pour of rain, beat upon the earth. Still she did not move. Now that she was in the immediate neighborhood of the man she had grown to love, she appeared to be more than ever overmastered. With the dawn she was to depart forever. There was a possibility of communion here at the last that might bring a touch of comfort to her much-burdened spirit. Could she resign the opportunity?

As she meditated, the door of the lodge was suddenly opened, the figure of the Jesuit appearing from within, evidently startled from a vigil by the severity of the on-coming tempest. A bright flash of lightning revealed Thankful, who now rose, confronting him. He stepped back with a cry of surprise.

"Father, I have come as I was admonished," said Thankful.

Mériel declared with agitation that he knew not what she meant. "But Madame," he said, "might perish in the tempest. No other roof can give you shelter."

A heavy rattle of hail beat now upon the trees; and the signs increased of a cloud-burst or a tornado, perhaps. Father Mériel drew Thankful beneath the doorway. For the moment her mind was not

occupied with the thought of the deception which the Sieur had practised upon her. Her thought was only that she was with Mériel, and for the last time.

"At least," said Thankful, "let me make confession before I go hence forever."

"The thing is most unusual," said Mériel; "but you cannot go forth! I would indeed save your soul. May the Blessed Virgin make it good for thee that thou art here!"

[*To be concluded.*]



## BACK TO HAPPY HILL.

*By John Vance Cheney.*

*The humble ways of life  
They walked with willing feet;  
Their waking knew not strife,  
Their sleep is sound and sweet.*

So read the lines, this morning, dear,  
Among the graves. No sigh, no tear,  
No touch of sorrow, think you, then,  
No hurts to ache, and ache again?  
'Mid fewer thorns and thicker flowers,  
Lived they in happier times than ours;  
The quiet souls gone on before—  
Had they such joys as are no more?

Come, husband, see how peaceful, still,  
The good folk are beneath the hill;  
Look past the orchard down and down,  
Under the sunset, on the town:  
In white and red, like clover blows,  
Its clustered cottages repose.  
Hark! hale old William from the plough—  
He trolled at morn, is trolling now.  
With but a penny in his purse,  
He finds his lot no whit the worse;  
In wife and child he counts his gold,  
And youth holds to him, growing old.

*A farmer man from the furrow I be,  
With a life and a wife and children three,  
And what God gives is enough for me:  
So it's ho, take cheer, take cheer,  
'Tis a very good world or we wouldn't be here,  
Or we wouldn't be here.*

*There's not a day the glad year round,  
But I stand square-toed on the good mother-ground;  
With crib full and rib full the farmer is found:  
    Let the March winds howl, winds howl,  
    There's an egg in the nest of the hornèd owl,  
    Of the hornèd owl.*

Old William, dear, is of to-day,—  
No ghost can carol such a lay,—  
Born of to-day the spirit is  
Rippling under his melodies ;  
The rugged measures, tune to tune,  
Are echoes of our younger June ;  
Below his tones a modern elf  
Runs laughing, singing, to himself.  
That toiler never trolls an air  
But in it earth and sky are fair ;  
He and Joy in every weather,  
Over level roads together  
Jog it merry, sing, and ride :  
It is always summertide.

And who may doubt his daughters three  
Grew on the milk of melody ?  
Three daughters? No, a three-part song,  
For such they are the glad day long.  
The eldest, now, runs out to meet him ;  
How will the ruddy warbler greet him ?

*Mock-birds and girls for nothing are  
    If not for Summer's praises ;  
Tir-ra, let's sing her neär and far,  
    From hill-top down to daisies.*

*The happy hours like rabbits run,  
    Fair Summer's going, going ;  
Some say she loves the roving sun ;  
    There is no knowing, knowing.*

There's many a better song, my dear,  
But was there ever better cheer?  
Beneath the song you hear the heart :  
Perhaps *there* lies the singer's art.—  
*Bravo!* they are matched, feather to feather,  
The gray owl and the wren together :

*The swallows fly low,  
    And under  
The thunder  
The toadstools grow.  
Come wet, come dry,  
Our hearts beat high :  
    O bye and O bye,  
In his green grass bed  
Grief lies dead.*

*The East, it is gray,  
And over  
The clover  
The dew-sparks play.  
Come sun, come rain,  
In his grave lies Pain :  
Again and again  
O bye and O bye,  
Let him lie.*

Some sprite must rule the twilight, dear ;  
Some tricksome spirit, chancing near,  
Reproves us, mocks our faithless mood  
With fancies of his airy brood.  
Both man and nature pause to say,  
“We know two souls have lost the way,  
And find it so they never will,  
The singing way to Happy Hill.”

Sweetest of all, now comes a strain  
Which woos far youth till won again.  
Your mother’s window, open, too,  
See her white head, there, shining through  
The curtain folds, which cannot swing  
While the little winds are listening :

*Clove pink and marigold,  
Poppy and box-bound square,  
The honest flowers of old—  
I still can see them there.*

*Here in my hallowed room,  
When all is dusk and still,  
I hear the nighthawk boom,  
I hear the whippoorwill.*

*The heart may see and hear  
What eyes no longer know :  
I see and hear you, dear,  
Who loved me long ago.*

*Slowly from out my room  
The golden day is gone,  
The honeysuckle bloom  
Says night is coming on ;*

*And you, O Love, who came,  
The true sun to his West,  
Come in and speak my name—  
I take you to my breast.*

Both youth and age put us to shame ;  
What fatal presence shall we blame,  
What is it, husband, shuts us far  
From glories of our early star ?  
Smiles light the face of seventy years,  
Childhood and youth sing off the tears,  
While we sit, silent, in the dark,  
Or wander, sighing — Once more — hark !

Our Mary 'tis, adding her song  
 To weight still more her parents' wrong.  
 Shy as the pure Spring Beauty blows,  
 Her April petals tinged with rose,  
 So shy she blooms, and all as fair:  
 She could not make more sweet the air  
 Did foxgloves, going to their death,  
 Leave all to her their passing breath.  
 A Floating Heart—that flower is she,  
 Adrift on winds of melody;  
 Anemone of love's early ways,  
 The darling of our first warm days.  
 Hear, hear her—naught knows she of love  
 More than her little silver dove:—

*What are the grass and leaves but flowers?  
 And what but flowers are the pretty hours,  
 Which open and close as the day goes on,  
 For the sky's great eye to look upon?*

*And what are thoughts but spirit flowers?  
 By the breath of bliss thro' perfumed bowers,  
 We are swung like the young of the humbird's nest,  
 In the heart of the rosebush rocked to rest.*

*Ay, what but a flower, a violet, love,  
 That would bloom back to the blue above:  
 Oh, what is life but a garden-close,  
 And the heart of the garden the red heart-rose?*

So, dear, 'tis still a world of song,  
 Of love and hope, of spirits strong.  
 Astray in an unhallowed vale,  
 We, faithless, trait'rous, false as frail,  
 Have dared to stifle Life's sweet breath,  
 In poisonous thought have stood with Death.  
 Like the light from the far fixed star,  
 We have forgotten whence we are,  
 Both whence we are and whither come,  
 Cut off alike from hope and home.

Look down once more, dear, see how still  
 The good folk are beneath the hill;  
 Ay, how the orchard, as of old,  
 Beckons us to his friendly fold.  
 A world piebald with good and bad,  
 That world we have, that Adam had.  
 Let us but take the thing that is,  
 And soon will wake the melodies,  
 And shine the colors, lost and gone,  
 The song and blossom of the dawn.

We come, we come, good orchard old,  
 Your dark arms charmed with starry gold—  
 If joy abides with girl and boy,  
 Why, back will we, then, after joy;

Quick work Mahomet's miracle,  
 Hie straightway unto Happy Hill.  
 To-morrow morn will we begin  
 To let the loving sunlight in  
 Upon our gems, which give no spark  
 Unto the doubter's gloomy dark.—

Surely we may some measure sing,  
 Amid this busy carolling.  
 That stanch old poet, he was true  
 To life as I, dear, am to you ;  
 The one who sang as we sing, now,  
 Under our happy apple-bough,—

*God sets no time or place apart  
 For joy or misery ;  
 Not in our day, but in our heart,  
 The pains and pleasures be.*

## BROTHER FILIPPO.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

*By George P. Baker, Jr.*

### CHAPTER IV.

#### TWO INTERVIEWS.

“A deep absorbing interest . . .  
 . . . has got as ‘twere a grip  
 Upon my very life as strange as new.”  
 —STORY.

THE peace and the joy which had come to Brother Filippo with the discovery of the head of Jupiter did not leave him during the services of the evening. As soon as he could he went to his cell. There, at first, he could think of nothing but the head and its beauties. Later, the thoughts of his old home began to come back to him with a new force, for now at last the monk understood the fancies which had troubled him. Until he left Florence his life had been wholly artistic ; the beautiful had been the essence of whatever he heard, saw, or did from day to day. Then, suddenly, he had broken from this life and had entered the Church. With Father Massi he had not missed his former artistic surroundings, for the busy, outdoor life had occupied him fully. At San Ser-

polo, the novelty of his position, the routine of his life as a novice, had at first completely filled his mind ; only as he had become really aware of the bare, cold buildings, of the chilling character of everything around him, had he felt his artistic instincts struggling within him. It was their effort to regain their old power which had brought him the pain and the misery of the last month. Brother Filippo saw, now, how useless his struggle had been from the beginning. To-night, therefore, he welcomed gladly the thoughts which but a few hours before had puzzled and tried him deeply. He gloried again in the beauties of the statues and the pictures which he had known in Florence.

Let the thoughts of the monk stray as they might, however, they always came back to the head of Jupiter. He felt that he must learn the history of this piece of marble. Whom could he question? Not Father Beppi. Brother Filippo knew the Prior would not sympathize with his interest, would not like to have his attention called away from his duties to answer what would seem to him but idle questions.

Whom could he ask then? Brother Filippo could at first think of no one among the grave, self-renunciatory monks; suddenly he remembered old Brother Christoforo, the librarian. Yes, this old monk would help him. Planning to speak to Brother Christoforo in the morning, the young man fell asleep. No thought that to become deeply interested in what would be to many men but a piece of stained marble might be wrong had come to him. His peculiar early training still had too powerful an influence over him; the spirit of the artist was too strong within him.

When Brother Filippo decided to ask Brother Christoforo about the statue he chose well, for the old monk was beloved by all his brethren. On any bright afternoon his bent, slight figure might be seen walking up and down the ambulatory in the sunlight. His features, naturally sharp, looked doubly so from the thinness and the pallor of his face, and in repose his countenance would have been grim, had it not been for the kindly flash of the deep-brown eyes. His greeting was a thing which his brother monks cherished, for when he spoke his whole face was lighted with a winning, gentle grace. It was this smile which had first won the confidence of Brother Filippo. The old monk had charge of him as a novice, and they had spent many hours together in the scriptorium; so he knew Brother Christoforo well. As Brother Filippo had spoken with the monk, naturally talkative, and in his declining years even a little garrulous, he had found that, like many a gentle spirit, Brother Christoforo was intensely bigoted. This was, perhaps, the reason why the genial, kindly soul had held his place for many years among his silent, cold brothers.

As the monks came out from prime, Brother Filippo drew the old monk aside saying:—

“Brother Christoforo, I want to speak to you. It is important. Can you give me time?”

Pleased with the confidence in him shown by the young man, the monk readily consented. They went silently up into the scriptorium, which was dark except for the faint rays of the early morning light coming through the eastern window. Brother Filippo was wondering how he should put his question; the old monk was waiting for the youth to speak. The more Brother

Filippo pondered, the less he knew how to lead up to the matter he wished to talk about. At last he said bluntly:—

“Brother Christoforo, last night I found the head of a statue in the loft of the stable. Do you know anything about it?”

Brother Christoforo looked puzzled, for he had expected the confession of some little trouble, or a question about some manuscript. Before he could answer the question, Brother Filippo, relieved that he had put the momentous question, and warmed by grateful memories of his joy of the night before, broke into a glowing description of his discovery. He drew a masterly picture of the head, and even began to talk a little wildly, comparing the beauty of the statue to the work of Praxiteles and Pheidias. Suddenly he caught sight of the half-puzzled, half-amazed face of the old monk. Evidently the young man had gone far beyond him. Chilled, Brother Filippo broke off in the middle of a sentence, saying almost sharply:—

“Brother, do you know anything about this head?”

Brother Christoforo looked relieved. Now, indeed, he knew what the young monk was talking about. Nearly all that had gone before had been to him but an amazing jumble of unknown names and epithets. So he said:—

“Yes, Brother Filippo, I know something about it, and I wonder at your warmth. Why, it is but an ugly piece of marble cut by some poor Pagan—God rest his soul. Brother Pietro found it years ago—ten, perhaps. He was a good man, Brother Filippo; he worked hardest of all in this monastery. Often he fasted for days together. Ah, he was better than most of us.”

The old monk would have wandered on still more had not an impatient movement of Brother Filippo recalled him to himself.

“Brother,” he said, “be patient, an old man must have his memories. Well, Brother Pietro found it one day when he was digging upon the point in the Tiber. I don’t know why he brought it home,—he was too wise and good to care for heathen relics; and he knew that Father Beppi thinks such things vain and dangerous to the souls of men. Ah, it makes my heart ache to think how these men who lived long ago in the days when our blessed Church was young wasted their time amid such trumperies

as this statue. They thought not of their souls, but filled the world with palaces, and temples to the gods that sprang from their own brains. But they are all gone, with their idols and their fineries. God in his anger did not spare them. Well were it if their idols could stay undiscovered ; better still if they could all be destroyed."

Here the old monk glanced up at Brother Filippo. The face of the youth was glowing with an expression that Brother Christoforo mistook for hearty approval of his sentiments. So he went on :—

" I but repeat the words of Father Beppi when Brother Pietro brought the head home. Brother Pietro saw his sin, and prayed many days for forgiveness. Father Beppi was going to have the marble broken up, but we found it good for a horse-block, and so we used it for that. I don't see how it got into the loft. Yes, I remember. Father Beppi found Father Pietro looking at it again one day, and told him to put it out of sight. Brother Pietro must have placed it in the stable. Were he alive he could tell you all about the stone, but he died — God rest his soul — eight years ago now. It was strange that such a thing pleased so good a man. But, Brother, you too seem interested in the head. Beware of it ! All such things are but inventions of the Devil to take our thoughts from higher things. Remember all the evil that came upon those who made such idols, and avoid them. They are idolatrous, ugly, wicked." After a moment the old monk added with sudden sternness : " Brother Filippo, if I thought you were fascinated by this piece of marble, I should feel that I must speak to Father Beppi. He would have it broken up ; and that would be as well, for it has done nothing but harm, and never can do anything else."

At this point, as Brother Christoforo saw the look of horror dawning upon the face of his young friend, he relented, and said more gently :—

" But I am too severe. Of course, yours was only an idle curiosity. It was natural, too, for you are young and ardent yet. Fear not ; I will say nothing to Father Beppi. I know he would be much displeased with your interest, for good and blessed as he is, it would seem sinful to him to waste a thought on such an idol. You will forget all about it, now that you

know its wretched history." Here the monk arose. " I must go now : I am wanted in the refectory."

Nodding and smiling, Brother Christoforo disappeared. Brother Filippo did not attempt to detain him, but murmured a low " I thank you " as the old monk passed by him. For a moment the young man stood hesitating, his face troubled and clouded, a multitude of thoughts struggling in his mind. Suddenly, as if moved by some overpowering impulse, he passed hastily out of the scriptorium to the cloister below. Quickly, yet absent-mindedly, he went straight to the stable. A glance showed him that there was no one about it. Up he went to the corner of the loft where the head was concealed. Uncovering it, he dragged it to the window. Then, at last, he was able to collect his tumultuous thoughts, and to consider them calmly.

As he sat before the head, the words of Brother Christoforo came back to him one by one. They still stung him as he thought of them. What fearful bigotry, what narrowness, what ignorance the old monk had shown ! These old Romans were like friends to Brother Filippo. To hear them slandered angered him. Brother Christoforo had no appreciation of their knowledge, their virtue, or their greatness. They were to him but Pagans. Yes, Pagans : Brother Filippo granted that ; but in his disgust and his bitterness, he wondered whether many of them were not better than Christians whom he had seen in Florence. Then, too, the monk had dared to call the divine masterpieces of ancient art trumperies. How could any man be so devoid of all feeling for the beautiful ? Could not men see that even a fragment like this was better than any piece of sculpture of their own day ?

As Brother Filippo pondered, the remembrance of the advice to let the head alone came back to him. An " invention of the Devil," this glorious piece of sculpture ! All the sense of the beautiful in the young monk rose up in passionate denial. Here, too, came a recollection that made his heart give a great throb of fear,—the threat to tell Father Beppi of the finding of the statue. That could mean but one thing, the destruction of the head. As Brother Filippo thought of this possibility, he felt that he could do anything rather than let it happen. At this point in his

musings he heard a footstep below. It startled him, and made him realize how exposed to discovery the head was. His mind filled with a vague uneasiness, he arose and quietly concealed the piece of marble in its corner.

As he went to the fields, his thoughts recurred constantly to Brother Christoforo's ignorance of art and his utter lack of sympathy for the past and its glories. His uneasiness about the safety of the head steadily increased too. Should any one find it, Father Beppi would be told. Brother Filippo knew what that meant. Absorbed in thought, the monk did not notice where he was going. Awaking suddenly from his dreaming, he found himself at the entrance to a grove, and as he looked about him, it flashed upon him that on the farther side of the trees lay the point of which Brother Christoforo had spoken. Brother Filippo hurried on into the field, which was almost triangular in shape. The view from it up and down the valley was superb. The soil, however, was poor. The monks had made but one slight, vain attempt to cultivate the place; and the little piece where Brother Pietro had worked was the only part of the field that had been touched.

Brother Filippo sat down and looked long at the scene. In imagination he saw before him the old Roman villa which he felt must once have been in the field. He knew exactly how it must have looked as it stood out, white and shining, against the background of the blue hills. From its inner court the glimpses of the distant Apennines must have been wonderfully beautiful. Somewhere in this court, too, the statue must have stood. For a long time Brother Filippo sat weaving charming fancies, but gradually his thoughts came back to the present. Rising, he went carefully over the field, prodding here and there with his staff. Of course he found nothing, but it seemed to him that there were elevations and depressions in the ground which could be explained only by the former presence of the villa. Quickly the hours went by. Once or twice he tried to read; but he always fell to dreaming again, or rose to wander restlessly about the field. The services for the hours he said with little realization of their meaning.

As the afternoon drew on, the vague uneasiness about the head which he had had in the morning came upon him again. He

felt more and more that he must do something to save it from destruction. As yet he had no definite plans; he knew only that in the head he found a companionship, that it supplied him with something which he had long lacked. However, by the hour for going home a well-defined plan filled his thoughts.

As he turned it over in his mind on the way to the monastery, it grew stronger and clearer in its details. When he had put his flock into the stable, he took a firm-meshed grain-bag and went up into the loft. He half-filled the bag with hay; then with difficulty he lifted the great head and put it into the sack. Placing more hay on top of the marble, he concealed the bundle in the dark corner.

When compline was over, Brother Filippo went to his cell. Here he became very uneasy, fearing for the success of his plan. Filled with dread he fell upon his knees before his crucifix and prayed for aid in his undertaking. After a long time he arose and paced his cell. He listened for every sound which echoed through the cloister. Now there was a distant footfall, now the cry of some animal in the outer court. Gradually, however, the noises came less and less frequently, till at last he had not heard a sound for a half-hour. Every nerve alert, Brother Filippo went to the door and listened. There was no noise in the monastery. Hurrying back, he sank for a moment before the crucifix; then he went out quietly into the ambulatory.

It was a cloudy, moonlit night: light and darkness alternated constantly. When Brother Filippo reached the outer court, the walls of the stable showed clear and bright in the moonlight. Hurrying in between the rows of sleeping cattle, he went up to the corner in the loft. As he seized the bag, it rattled against something upon the floor, and the monk turned cold with terror at the sound. It seemed to him that it echoed and re-echoed through the monastery. Then, ashamed of his sudden fear, he stooped and groped on the floor. His hand touched something hard and flat. He raised it to the light and saw his breviary, which he must have dropped before vespers. Again he seized the bag, and swung it to his shoulder. It was very heavy; Brother Filippo fairly staggered under the load. As he came down into the court-yard, it was dark again, — terribly

dark it seemed to the young monk as he stumbled on under his heavy burden. Every moment he feared that he should fall. Reaching the passage by the refectory, he turned in, when suddenly he heard a footstep coming behind him. For an instant his courage almost gave out; then he swung the bag from his shoulder into a dark niche near by and walked slowly on. Nearer came the step, and then the deep, stern voice of Father Beppi said firmly,—

“Who is there?”

“Father, it is I, Brother Filippo. I have been to the stable.”

“Why at this hour, Brother?”

The voice showed the deep displeasure which Brother Filippo knew was flashing from the eyes of the Prior.

“I wanted something, Father,” said the monk.

“What? Had you left anything there?”

“Yes, Father, my breviary.”

There was a moment’s pause, and then the Prior came nearer, saying more sternly:—

“Brother Filippo, I am astonished. Can it be that you do not yet know your breviary, as you certainly do not yet know your duties? You have sinned, to leave your cell without permission at this hour. This time I will not punish you, but remember that this is a solemn warning. Do wrong again and you must answer for it in the chapter-house. Now go to your cell and pray for forgiveness.”

Brother Filippo bowed his head in silence and went toward the cloister; but he moved on only until he heard the footsteps of the Prior die away in the distance. Then he ran back quickly to the niche and again swung the precious bag upon his shoulder. Filled with fear, heedless where he stepped, he dashed on toward his cell. He reached it breathless. A moment and he was inside. The head of Jupiter was safe.

## CHAPTER V.

### FAILURE.

“And surely this the bitterest of ill:—  
To feel the old aspirings fair and free,  
Become blind motions of a powerless will.”

—DOBSON.

FOR a few moments after Brother Filippo sank upon his bed an intense joy that he

had escaped detection filled his mind, but as he grew calmer he began to think over the past hour. He realized that he had broken flagrantly a law of the monastery; worst of all, that he who his whole life long had made truth his ideal, had lied to Father Beppi. Filled with a crushing sense of his guilt, Brother Filippo sank at the foot of the crucifix. How he had fallen, he who had felt no pity for his patron, who could not forgive the lie which Niccoli had acted! Now he, a monk, had been lying to his superior, was a hypocrite. For the first time since he left Florence Brother Filippo thought of Niccoli forgivingly.

With the thought of his patron, remembrances of his own home came again. He realized as he never had before how much the scenes of his childhood meant to him. Perhaps,—perhaps,—he might have lived in Florence. But at this point came the crushing thought: “Here where all is sacred you cannot withstand temptation; what, then, could you have done in Florence?” Filled with remorse and hopelessness, he knelt long in prayer, his heart upon his lips. Over and over he asked for help. Yes, he would put down his desires. But what desires? For the first time Brother Filippo fairly owned to himself the purpose which lay half-formed in his mind. He would not try to find the rest of the statue. He would confess to the Prior, and give himself to a life of prayer and fasting. Suddenly a great burst of self-renunciatory feeling came upon him; he would give up the head to Father Beppi. No, no, that was too much. If the marble must be destroyed, he would do the act himself. Rising hurriedly, Brother Filippo went toward the head. As he drew near it, every line of its subtle beauty stood out clearly in the light from the window. It seemed to the monk that the head had never looked so majestic, so grand, as now. Hesitating he stood and gazed, his breast torn by the conflict between his religious scruples and his artistic longings. As he realized how impossible it was for him to give up the piece of marble, he turned with a moan and sank again before the crucifix. Prayer followed prayer; he scarcely knew what he said. Suddenly he seemed to see before him the statue restored to its full glory. Now it faded away; now it reappeared. It van-

ished,— and Brother Filippo lost consciousness.

When he came to himself he was lying upon the floor, between the crucifix and the head, the faint light from the little window shining in his eyes. As, worn and unrested by his heavy sleep, he gazed at the head, something of its majestic calmness seemed to come to him ; he felt quieted, strengthened. He arose and half-mechanically made ready for matins.

Afterwards it seemed to Brother Filippo that during this day temptation was put in his path. As he was coming out from prime, Father Beppi met him, saying :—

“ Brother Filippo, you will leave your sheep to-day. You know the point in the Tiber? I think you are strong enough now to do some spading in the field opposite.”

Brother Filippo bowed, and went to get his spade from the monk in charge of the gardening tools. He saw plainly the struggle which lay before him. All day he must work alone where he could see the site of the Roman villa. With a spade in his hands he must not use it upon the point.

It proved, indeed, to be a trying day. Though he worked furiously, his reveries came upon him with ever-increasing force. He seemed to have less strength than at any time since his illness, and he felt as if he had no will. Through all his struggling he knew, too, that before the day was over he should be upon the point. The defeat came when, early in the afternoon, he had finished his day's work. He went slowly toward the bridge below the point. Going home he must pass the grove. He knew that he ought not to go into it, yet he felt as if urged on by some all-powerful force. When Brother Filippo reached the trees, he hesitated a moment, and then with a sigh of self-abandonment passed in among them.

Upon the point he examined the ground with a critical eye. One place which lay beyond that which had been cultivated seemed to him to be depressed strangely, and he struck his spade into it. For a half-hour he turned over the soil with quick, nervous strokes. He began to think that he had been wrong in his conjectures about the spot when his spade struck something that gave out a ringing sound. The monk was upon his knees in an instant, brushing away the dirt with his

hands. Something dark and round was imbedded in the ground. Feverishly, breathlessly he worked, and at last drew the object forth. In the fast-waning light the monk saw that it must have been part of a vase of exquisite beauty. He fancied that he stood upon the spot where the costliest belongings of the villa had been kept,—not far away must lie the body of the statue. Brother Filippo felt new life spring up within him ; the blood went surging through his veins. He dug rapidly, getting more and more heated in his excitement. Once or twice he struck against pieces of pottery, and these added to his excitement and his obliviousness. It grew very dark ; but he was not aware of it. He forgot everything except the possibility of finding the missing piece of marble.

Gradually a heavy mist began to arise from the river. Cold and damp, it spread over the lowlands and came up over the field, shrouding everything in a soft, silvery haze. It seemed to Brother Filippo, as he worked, that the chill pierced to his very soul. Suddenly all his life, all his excitement, left him. Cold and shivering, he realized that it was long after the hour for going home ; worse, that again he deserved the censure of the prior.

Afterwards he could remember scarcely anything of the journey home except the knocking at the gate, the surprise of the monk who opened it, and the incredulous look of the Prior, who met him just inside. He recalled one thing else, too,—that devoid of all self-control he had stood before his superior like one awaiting his doom. The face of the prior had an un pitying look as he said,—

“ Brother Filippo, come to the chapter-house to-morrow morning after prime.”

The monk could never remember without pain the night that followed. Distressing, confused thoughts pressed upon him from all sides. He felt, too, as if he should burn up, for the chilliness had left him. In agony of mind and body he lay upon his bed till into the morning, but at last fell into a short, heavy sleep.

He awoke free from fever, but weak. With difficulty he made ready for matins, even now unable to think clearly. All that must happen in the chapter-house seemed something which affected some one else rather than himself. This feeling did not leave him till he entered the bare, cold

hall ; then, as he stood before the Prior and saw the rows of monks seated upon each side, an abused, hunted feeling took possession of him. Every nerve became alert ; he felt as if he could fight to the death. Suddenly he thought of Brother Christoforo. If he was present all the facts about the head must be made clear. As Brother Filippo looked about him anxiously, he heard two monks whispering together. One was just saying : —

“ ‘Tis sad about Brother Christoforo. He is very weak lately. He wished to come to-day, but Father Beppi would not allow it.”

Brother Filippo gave a great sigh of relief. Let them say what they might now, he would not tell them about the head. The rising of Father Beppi interrupted the thoughts of the monk. The Prior began : —

“ Brothers, I have called you together that you may reprimand with me our erring brother. Night before last I found him in the cloister out of hours. He had been to the stable for a breviary which he had left there. I censured him for his wilful conduct, and tried to show him his sinfulness toward our Order and toward God, but in spite of my words, yesterday he again flagrantly broke one of our laws : he remained outside the monastery till long after vespers.”

The stern monks looked amazed at this disregard for the laws of the monastery. Father Beppi now turned to the young monk, saying, —

“ Brother, why were you late? Have you any excuse to offer?”

Brother Filippo hesitated a moment, and then said slowly : —

“ Father, after I finished my work, I went over to the point in the Tiber. In turning over the soil there, I found some traces of the past. In my interest I forgot everything but these relics. For this reason I was late.”

“ What did you find upon the point?” asked the Prior.

“ A piece of a broken vase, Father,” answered Brother Filippo.

“ Why did you go to the point?”

“ Because once when I was there I fancied that a Roman villa had stood upon the spot, and I wished to see if there were still any traces of it.”

Incredulity was upon the faces of the monks. Could any one be so foolish as

this young man? Forget his vespers to dream about the days of the Pagans! Such a one deserved no pity. Father Beppi eyed Brother Filippo keenly for a moment, and then said, —

“ Brother, do you swear that what you have said is true?”

The young monk met the gaze of the prior firmly and said : “ Yes.”

The look was too honest to be doubted. Father Beppi hesitated a moment, and then said impatiently : —

“ Brother Filippo twice you have sinned against your Order and your God. Two nights ago you broke the rules of the monastery. Yesterday you neglected your duties to dream of Pagans and of days abominable in the sight of God. Sin once more and you will be in danger of the severest punishment. To-day, go work in the field again. It is best that you should fight against the sin where it most tempts you. Come to me to-night able to say before your God that you have not trifled with these relics. Pray God to help you, as we shall pray to him for you.”

As the Prior finished, a low, chorus-like “ Amen ” went up from the rows of standing monks ; then they filed slowly from the room. As the last monk disappeared, Brother Filippo sank on his knees with a low cry of pain. The baffled feeling had left him ; again he felt like a man struggling in heavy bonds. He could not go back to the field and watch all day the place where the statue must be. He should fail again. O God, he was stained forever with sin, he who had tried so hard to live the ideal life ! Why was it, why, that everything seemed wrong?

Aroused by the sound of a step in the ambulatory, he drew himself up wearily and went for his tools. Once or twice he passed a brother monk, but he avoided the stern gaze always turned upon him. He felt like a criminal, and yet the impression grew ever stronger with him that he was not really responsible, that some great power which he could not withstand was forcing him on.

The day in the field was one of greater pain than any he had known. As he worked hard, he wrestled with his longings, and the prayers which he said as terce, sext, and none went by gave him no comfort. Finally, when night came, he went far out of his way rather than pass by

the grove. Yet, though he had won in his contest, he realized that it was but a temporary victory ; the struggle would be just as hard for him if he had to return to the field.

As Brother Filippo came out from vespers, Father Beppi came to him saying,—

“ Well, Brother Filippo ? ”

“ Father, I have prayed and worked ; I have not sinned again.”

The stern face of the Prior softened a little, and he said : —

“ It is well. Brother Filippo, only by this mortification of ourselves can we rise to the holiness of our Master. Your sin is strange, yet I know that each man has his own temptations. You will come out of this ordeal better, purer. To-morrow I go to Arezzo. Till I return, I think it best that you should work in the field, for only by repeated struggle can you hope to overcome your sinfulness. Pray God for help, and sin not.”

Brother Filippo turned and went to his cell silently. Going in, he threw himself hopelessly at the foot of the crucifix. If the contest of this day must be repeated again and again, he knew what it meant, — failure and disgrace. The monk felt too full of despair to think ; he could scarcely pray. Rising after a time, he went to his bed, where he tossed to and fro until he fell into the heavy, unrestful sleep which had come to him during the past few nights.

The next day Brother Filippo succeeded in conquering his thoughts till afternoon came ; then the spading brought him to the brink of the Tiber, opposite the point. As he glanced across the river he seemed again to see the old Roman villa. Now, however, it looked different in one way,— the great courtyard seemed to him to run far out upon the point, and he saw that he had dug too far to the east to find the body of the statue. At last he knew the very spot in which the figure of Jupiter must have stood. Leaning upon his spade he dreamed, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the point. The more he thought, the weaker grew his power of resistance. Let come what might, he must go over to the point.

In a few minutes he was spading about the spot where he supposed the piece of marble must lie. He worked, as he always did when in this field, breathlessly, but

nothing appeared to repay him for his labor. The sun sank lower and lower until, as Brother Filippo looked up, he saw that he must go home. He was sorely disappointed, but, strangely enough, his defeat in his mental struggle did not trouble him. More and more he believed in the fancy that his fate rested, not in his own hands, but with some great power which was using him to accomplish its ends. This night for the first time in many days he fell asleep without a struggle with his thoughts.

The week which followed was but a repetition of the day described. A sense of duty which steadily grew weaker kept him working for a time in the field across the Tiber, but he spent more and more time upon the point. Mechanically he went through his prayers, his monastery duties, even his work upon the point. He hardly thought. It was a blank, cold life after the exciting days which had been crowded with tumultuous thoughts.

One afternoon, near the hour for returning to the monastery, Brother Filippo was working on the point. Discouraged by his fruitless work, he thrust his spade deep into the earth with a gesture of disgust. It struck something hard. Again, as when he had found the vase, Brother Filippo was wild with hope. When he finally succeeded in removing the earth from around the object, deeply imbedded in the soil and hard to free, he saw that it was a heavy piece of marble. Brother Filippo knew that it was the pedestal of a statue, — of that of Jupiter, he fancied. Now he was certain that to find the missing statue was only a question of time. If Father Beppi would stay away only a little longer, then all would be well. Suddenly Brother Filippo heard from behind him those familiar, low, stern tones saying : —

“ Brother Filippo, come with me. I feared this. May God in His infinite mercy pardon your sinfulness.”

For a moment Brother Filippo turned his horror-stricken, tell-tale face toward the Prior, and then sank trembling upon the block of stone. Dazed, he felt the hand of Father Beppi upon his arm and heard the well-known voice saying, “ Come.”

Brother Filippo never knew how he reached home. His recollections broke off with the scene at the point and began again with that in the chapter-house in

the morning. Between the two scenes he could remember nothing but hours full of misery.

It was early when the monks assembled in the chapter-house. Every seat was filled, for no such grave misdemeanor as this of Brother Filippo had been committed in the history of the monastery. There was an ominous hush in the room. Brother Filippo looked again for Brother Christoforo, and once more the old hunted feeling seized him as he saw the old man sitting among his brothers, his eyes fixed sternly and wonderingly upon Brother Filippo. The youth felt that he stood alone against these men. They could not understand what he had suffered, and he must take his punishment, whatever it might be, without explanation of his fault. One thing, however, was settled in his mind: while he lived they should not have the head.

His reverie was broken by the voice of Father Beppi. Evidently this strange and mysterious trouble in the monastery troubled the prior sorely. His voice had a ring of suppressed bitterness in it that called up sympathetic looks in the faces of his hearers as he said: —

“Brothers, God has sent to this monastery a great trial. This erring brother, whom we punished before I left you, is again guilty. Last night, after the hour for coming home, I found him dreaming among his Pagan relics upon the point in the Tiber. Thrice, now, has he been guilty of breaking our laws. Twice have I dealt gently with him, urged him to prayer and to penitence. Each time he has failed again, and quickly. Brothers, I do not understand this matter. Our brother was faithful, upright, obedient, till lately. Now, for the sake of a few Pagan relics as he says, his soul is in peril. I cannot believe him. I pray God that I may not be wrong, but I cannot believe our brother. Can any one here tell me anything about this matter?”

There was a moment's pause. Then Brother Filippo heard the gentle voice of Brother Christoforo asking for permission to speak. The old monk gave his testimony with some unwillingness, — even Brother Filippo felt that; still he recounted clearly and minutely his interview with Brother Filippo about the head of Jupiter. The ardor of the young

monk, and his interest in the river point, were made plain. As Brother Christoforo told his story, some things in the conduct of Brother Filippo which he had not understood became clear to him. The horror which the youth had shown at the mention of the name of the Prior he told with a new appreciation of its meaning. As he sat down, a murmur of wonder and of awe ran through the assembled monks. Many thought Brother Filippo bewitched by the Devil; no sane man could care so much as he for a useless piece of stone.

Father Beppi now arose again. During the speech of Brother Christoforo his face had grown very stern. In tones full of restrained scorn he said, —

“Brothers, the words of Brother Christoforo have made clear to me much which I did not understand.”

The Prior now carefully recounted his meeting with Brother Filippo in the cloister passage. He pointed out the strong probability, that at the time of the interview the monk had been to the stable for the head; that he had just removed it from the danger of discovery. As Father Beppi recalled the scene, and the false position taken by Brother Filippo, his voice rang out in righteous scorn. The monks moved uneasily to and fro, and a deep murmur of disapproval ran around the room. Here was a fearful scandal revealing itself in the monastery. As Father Beppi finished his testimony, he turned quickly to Brother Filippo, saying, —

“Brother, can you deny that when I met you in the cloister you had just removed the head from the stable; that you were returning from secreting it?”

It seemed to Brother Filippo that he could not speak. At last, however, he managed to say, “I cannot.”

“Do you deny that at the point you were searching for the rest of the statue?”

The words once more came hoarsely: “I do not.”

A rustle and a deep murmur of horror greeted each of the answers of Brother Filippo. As he looked up at the last question, he saw that some of the monks had fallen upon their knees, and were praying earnestly. Again Father Beppi asked, his voice vibrant with suppressed feeling, —

"Have you any explanation of this sinful conduct to offer?"

For a moment Brother Filippo felt an impulse to tell all, to strive to make his hearers understand the overpowering influences of his childhood; but in the eyes of those about him he saw the hopelessness of the attempt. No; he would stand alone. Drawing himself up, he said firmly, "No." His self-reliant movement destroyed his last chance for pity.

Father Beppi now put one more question to the young monk: "Will you tell us what you did with the head?"

The hot blood mounted to the temples of the monk. Never, never, should they know this from him. He looked up into the face of Father Beppi and said calmly, "No."

A solemn stillness fell upon the room. For a moment all watched the guilty man; then several fell upon their knees. Father Beppi bowed his head an instant, as if in silent prayer, and then said: —

"Brothers, we are facing the worst trouble in the history of our monastery. Our brother has sinned grievously, as you see. He does not deny it, but, hardened in his wrong-doing, refuses to give up that which has bewitched him. Brothers, we have given this man every chance to repent, to confess his full guilt, but he refuses: the laws of our Order must now take their course."

Here the Prior turned more directly toward the young monk.

"Brother Filippo, you will go to your cell, to spend your time in fasting and prayer. Pray that the evil spirit which possesses you may, by the grace of God, be taken from you. Until you shall confess where the head is concealed, you shall hold communication with no one but myself. The marble which you found shall be broken into pieces; so, too, shall the head, if it can be discovered. If in a fortnight you have not confessed its hiding-place, nor shown penitence for your sins, you will be expelled from the Order. Beware! think before you let your folly force us to this step! An outcast, forsaken by God and by man, lower in the sight of your Maker than the beasts of the field, you will wander homeless, the curse of your God and of your Church upon you. Now, go! Pray, pray, Brother, that

God in his mercy may show pity to you and open your heart! Amen."

Moved and stirred by the passion of the thoroughly aroused Prior, his hearers often interrupted him with low amens; and, as he ceased to speak, half-audible words from the praying monks could be heard. There was a moment's hush, and then Brother Filippo went slowly toward the door. No one else moved. All eyes were upon him, and none in pity, though his step was weak, his carriage weary. As he reached the door he turned and cast one questioning look about him, as if in wonder that there was not one sympathetic soul among the throng. His search was vain. An instant and he was gone. Father Beppi raised his hands, and moved by a common impulse, the monks sank in silent prayer.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JUPITER.

"Peace, peace, . . .  
He hath awakened from the dream of life."

—SHELLEY.

WHEN Brother Filippo reached his cell he sank down before the crucifix. At first he was too much overwhelmed by the scene through which he had just passed to be able to think. Slowly, however, he grew calmer and stronger. Then the first feeling that came to him was an overwhelming joy that the monks did not suspect that the marble was in his cell. Filled with strange exultation, Brother Filippo turned and flung himself beside the great head.

As he lay resting his face against the marble, the words of the Prior came back to him. "Expelled from the Order," "an outcast," he, Francesco Brunelli! Ah, he had always sought peace and quietness, and always had failed to find it. O God, what had he done that he should suffer as he did? He had but followed the promptings of his higher nature, and yet he was involved in constant misery. What did it mean? Why did God make the world beautiful, why did he give a man the genius to create this statue, if beauty is displeasing to him? Torn with anguish, the monk threw himself at the foot of the crucifix, praying for forgiveness and help. In a weary movement he caught sight of the great head for a moment. It seemed to

him that it had never looked so divinely tender as now. He fancied that it gazed upon him as He might to whom he had just cried for help. "Give up this head," thought the monk; "never!" With a despairing cry he threw his arms about it. A chilliness came over him; he trembled violently and grew dizzy. With great difficulty he raised himself and reached his bed. As he threw himself upon it, the room reeled around him and he lost consciousness.

For hours he knew nothing. Once he seemed to hear a deep, familiar voice asking him some question, but he could not answer. Later the sound came again, forming itself into the words,—

"Brother Filippo, have you anything to say to me?"

The mouth of the monk felt parched and dry; he seemed to be burning up with fever, yet he managed to answer faintly,—

"No, nothing."

He heard a baffled sigh, and then footsteps dying away in the distance. Again for hours he lay unconscious. When at last he came to himself, he fancied that some one was knocking at his door. He strove to answer, but could not. Then he realized that the knocking was really thunder, that a fearful storm was raging outside. With difficulty he raised himself and looked out of the window. Water was everywhere. The fields were flooded, and a myriad little streams were running down from the hills to the Tiber. A cloud must have burst. Falling back upon the bed, the monk lay in that contented, unthinking mood which comes to the convalescent as yet unburdened with the usual cares of life. He wished to see no one, and so when he heard the voice of his dreams saying at the door, "Brother Filippo, are you ready to confess?" he unhesitatingly answered, "No."

The voice of Father Beppi replied: "May God soften your heart, Brother. Three days are over. But a few more and you must leave this monastery."

All this seemed far away to the monk, something that did not concern him. With this fancy he fell asleep.

At night he awoke. The storm had ceased. There was a little light in the cell, which varied as the clouds passed to and fro outside. Far away Brother Filippo could hear the rushing of the swollen Tiber.

He drew himself up and looked out of the window again. A startled exclamation burst from him. All the valley was gullied. How queer it looked down by the point! Why, a quarter of the grove was gone! Suddenly an idea that brought him to his feet in wild excitement flashed upon Brother Filippo. Once more yielding to an overpowering impulse, he tore the covering from his bed and with it swung himself from his window to the ground. He felt alert, eager, as he stood outside. Quickly he ran down the valley, leaping a gully here, climbing one there, until he came out upon the farther side of the grove. Here all was chaos. The river was running close up to the spot where he had been digging. The hole was washed and gullied. As Brother Filippo came up to it, the clouds passed from before the moon and he saw something white sticking out from the side of the hole. Running to the spot, he threw aside the earth with his hands. Yes, yes, it was the body of a statue! The flowing robe, the commanding figure, told the monk that the body belonged to the head of Jupiter. He threw himself upon it with a great cry of joy. It chilled him through and through. The river faded from his sight; he seemed to be in the court-yard of the old villa. On all sides were the white walls of the building. A fountain splashed musically. Far off the monk heard sweet voices and the song of birds. Grand, commanding, the statue towered high above him.

A party of monks came down to the river in the morning to see the devastation. Amazed, they found Brother Filippo beside the statue, tossing in the wildest delirium. His days of fever had worn him so much that the monks hardly knew him.

When Father Beppi was called to meet the sad party, he ordered the monks to put Brother Filippo down in the outer court, and sent for Brother Christoforo, the best nurse in the monastery. The old man and Father Beppi bore the young monk to his cell. They said nothing as they put the young man into his bed, though their eyes met as they saw the head of the statue resting in the corner of the cell. The glance was veiled upon both sides. When they had done all that they could for the sufferer, Father Beppi turned to Brother Christoforo, saying:—

"Brother, this is no ordinary case of

sin. We two will watch Brother Filippo. Until we solve the question of his wrongdoing, let nothing be said about our brother."

Brother Christoforo assented wonderingly. He could not know that in the mind of his superior a great doubt had been struggling for days. It filled just Father Beppi with remorse to think that, perhaps, through a misunderstanding of the nature of the young monk, he had been needlessly cruel.

During the next few days the situation became clear to both men. In his delirium Brother Filippo lived over all his past life, dwelling upon his troubles. The ravings of the young monk seemed to affect the Prior strangely as from time to time he came into the cell. In his worry Father Beppi seemed to have forgotten both the statue and the head. The monks wondered that he did not order them to break up the marble found beside the river, but no such orders came. Gentle Brother Christoforo, too, felt all his bigotry melting away as he realized the awful struggle which had gone on in the mind of the young monk. A great tenderness and pity for the guideless, striving youth filled the heart of the old man. Slowly a plan requiring what would be for him great courage was forming in the mind of Brother Christoforo.

Thus the days went by for a week with the three: Brother Filippo struggling in his delirium; Father Beppi lost in troubled self-communion; Brother Christoforo busy with his nursing and his plan for the sufferer. As the two monks went toward the bed, late one evening, ten days after the finding of Brother Filippo, the young man seemed to be sleeping more quietly than usual. Brother Christoforo, as he glanced at the youth, turned away with a sob, for he saw upon the face of Brother Filippo a change the meaning of which he knew but too well. But Father Beppi, as he saw the different look upon the face of the young monk, uttered a low, heartfelt, "O Father, I thank thee." Brother Christoforo turned around in wonder.

"Brother," said Father Beppi, joyfully, "I think God will spare him to us. We shall yet win him back to the path from which he has strayed."

Brother Christoforo hesitated a moment, and then said sadly: —

"Father, it cannot be. This is the rest that comes before that which lasts forever. To-morrow, our brother will need you. Now we can do nothing for him; nor after to-morrow can anything mortal please or hurt him."

The old monk paused for an instant, and then the thought which had been in his mind for days found voice.

"Father," he cried softly, "forgive me if I know not what I ask; I must speak. Brother Filippo will know us for a few minutes to-morrow. O Father, Father, will it be wrong to let him see his statue before he dies?"

The old monk was upon his knees now, the tears streaming from his eyes. What was his wonder when Father Beppi bent over him, saying in tones as gentle and as tender as his own: —

"Rise, Brother Christoforo. Let us thank God for our lesson, as I thank you for strengthening me to do my duty. It shall be as you wish."

For a moment the two men grasped each other by the hand; and then Father Beppi turned toward the door, saying,

"Call me when he comes to himself."

All night Brother Christoforo sat watching by Brother Filippo. When Father Beppi came into the cell about five o'clock, the two men did not speak, but the cordial handgrasp told the strong feeling welling up in the heart of each. Father Beppi sat down by the bed; Brother Christoforo sank before the crucifix in prayer. Suddenly he heard a low, joyful exclamation from Father Beppi. Turning quickly, he saw that Brother Filippo was awake, his eyes fixed upon his fellow-monk. Brother Christoforo, his face beaming with happiness, went over to the bed, and softly took one of the frail hands and pressed it. Brother Filippo answered the pressure with a smile. With a kindly nod the old monk turned and left the room.

No one ever knew what was said in the interview between the Prior and Brother Filippo; but when Father Beppi at last came into the ambulatory, where Brother Christoforo was waiting for him, his face had a gentle, tender look which amazed the old monk. "Go in," whispered Father Beppi. "He is sleeping now. God pity him; the power that influenced him was too great to withstand. God have mercy upon us who have been too severe with

him! Go to him, Brother. I will send the statue."

Brother Christoforo went into the cell and sat down beside the bed. Brother Filippo, tired by his talk with the Prior, was sleeping now as gently as a child. Suddenly the door opened and some monks, with wondering faces, brought in clumsily but quietly the body of the statue. They placed it near the bed, and then at a sign from Brother Christoforo left the cell. Almost immediately Father Beppi came in. The two monks went silently to the corner where the head was standing. Lifting it, they set it gently upon the massive shoulders of the statue. Both men fell back in wonder at the effect produced. Jupiter, his body wrapped in a flowing robe, stood erect in all his divinity and majesty. One hand hung at his side; the other was outstretched in a gesture, half of command, half of blessing. The whole figure was grand, superb, a masterpiece. It did not dwarf the little room; rather it seemed to make it larger, to brighten it by its presence.

When their work was finished, the two monks sat down to wait. Far away sounded the chanting of the monks who were praying for the passing soul of their brother. Borne by the wind came the softly repeated words, "In manus tuas, Domine."

Suddenly, as the two monks watched, they saw that the eyes of Brother Filippo were open. He was gazing at the statue. A joy, too great at first for words, was glowing upon his countenance. Slowly he raised himself and gazed at the great figure with one long, breathless look. Then murmuring softly, "I thank thee, O my God, I thank thee," he sank back, and closed his eyes as quietly as a babe.

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To-day a statue stands in the outer court of the monastery of San Serpolo. The great majestic figure, the head crowned with waving hair, the body wrapped in a flowing robe, is the first thing which strikes the eye of the stranger as he enters the gate of the court. If, impressed by the subtle mingling in the figure of majestic power and of tenderness, he asks one of the monks about the statue, he will be told that it is Jupiter. Probably, too, the monk will add that underneath it lies buried a youth who, filled with all the tendencies and the aspirations which gave us the literature and the art of to-day, came to San Serpolo from Florence, and here in this old monastery fought to the death the battle between ignorant mysticism and the longings within him. The monk will tell the stranger the story of Brother Filippo.

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## THE NEW SOUTH.

*By Henry W. Grady.*

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1886.

"**T**HREE was a South of secession and slavery,—that South is dead.

There is a South of union and freedom,—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the lips of Benjamin H. Hill, in Tammany Hall, in 1866, make my text for to-night. Mr. President and gentlemen, let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I felt that if, when I raised my provincial voice in

this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in

turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am somewhat indifferent to those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruption as the landings afforded, into the basement, and while picking himself up had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out, "John, did you break the pitcher?" — "No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't!" So while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to a judgment upon what I shall say.

There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was" — then turning the page — "one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on this continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully, and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me important for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium. With the Cavalier once established as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold

no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of their first revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both, and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned in wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men free government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic, — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "the New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, are the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can the foot-sore soldier who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken,

testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find, let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice,—what does he find when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders; crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence,—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fits women always as a garment gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said, "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work"; or the soldier, returning home after defeat, and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South, if you want to, but I am going to Sanderville, kiss my wife,

and raise a crop; and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I will whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summing up the free negro counts up more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sown towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent, and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latch-string out to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his own wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us, as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton-seed, against any "down-easter" that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved, in these "piping times of peace," a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win

in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had a part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the up-lifting and up-building of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity towards its solution? Let the record speak to this point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school-fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the charge of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who made slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend nor the sword maintain in the light of advancing civilization. Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and hum-

ble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South with the North protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered,—I don't say when Johnson surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle,"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnson quit, the South became, and has been since, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in a toad's head. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old *régime* the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less

splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling, sir, with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands full-

plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England from Plymouth Rock all the way would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking



Henry W. Grady.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. MATES OF ATLANTA.

statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. I should be unjust to the South if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a

from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller reason than his or mine; and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to

you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but staunch witnesses in its rich desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking and eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his

heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat or delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster delivered to this very society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that, in my judgment, —

"Those opposed eyes  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way."

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## CHAUTAUQUA AS A NEW FACTOR IN AMERICAN LIFE.

*By Frederic Perry Noble.*



**I**N Utopia, stout Raphael Hythloday told Sir Thomas More, "all in their childhood be instruct in learning. The better part of the people, both men and women, throughout their whole life bestow in learning those spare hours which they have vacant from bodily labor. They be taught learning in their own native tongue, which is for the utterance of a man's mind very perfect and sure. In the exercise and study of the mind they be never weary. Whereas in outlands most block-headed asses be set to learning but most pregnant wits corrupt with pleasures, in the Utopians is a wonderful aptness to learning, and the most part are fine and

chosen wits and of ripe age, which not only of their own free and voluntary will but also by the commandment of the council undertake to learn. No man sitteth idle; but every one applieth his own craft with earnest diligence, yet not to be wearied from early in the morning to late at eve with continual work, like laboring and toiling beasts. It is a solemn custom to have lectures daily early in the morning, where go a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, as every one's nature is inclined."

What inspiring faith in the blessings of education is here — what earnest desire that every man, woman, and child should partake of them! How the Commonwealth keeps continually in view the object of shortening the hours of toil to the greatest degree compatible with wisdom and the



Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D.

still nobler object of withdrawing her citizens to the liberty of the mind and to its adorning ! Utopia was prophecy ; Chautauqua is a fulfilment.

It was more than a century from the discovery of Utopia to the planting of Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers at least ran a boundary line from No Man's Land and annexed Utopia to Plymouth Rock. Their Puritan brothers, "by commandment of the council," adopted the compulsory feature of Utopian education. But not until Chautauqua Lake lay well within the boundaries of Utopia did early morning lectures become a daily custom and the modern Utopians have leisure, like their ancestors, to take interest in the study of good literature.

The large fact called Chautauqua has its root in some sort amidst the German forests and in the days of Hermann. Our Teuton forefathers held their folk-mote as open-air gatherings under the trees. The

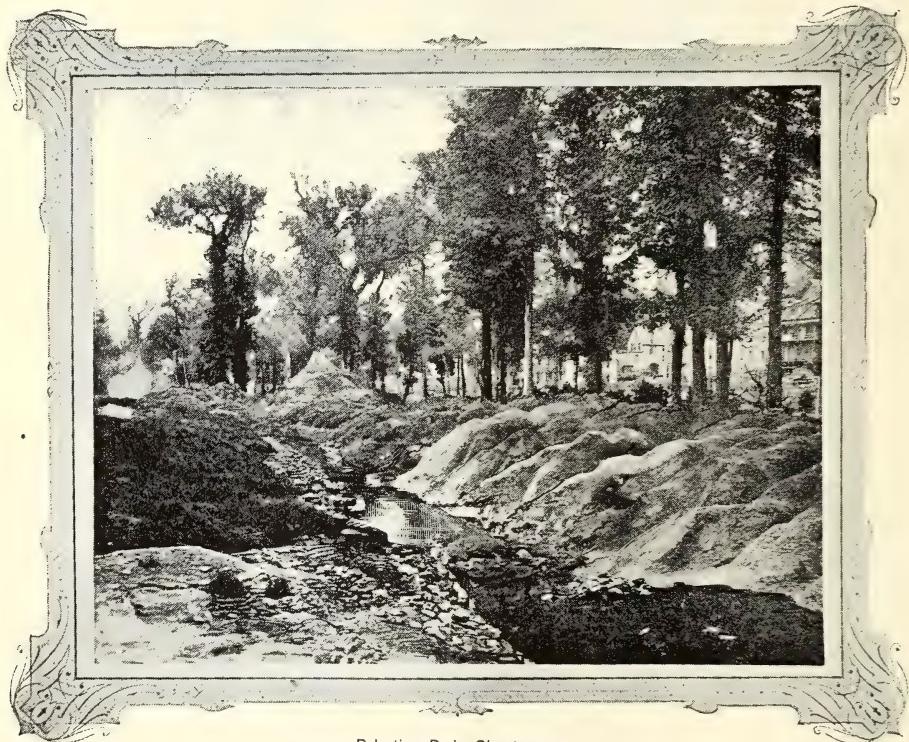
institution was both political and religious in its character, and emigrated to England and to New England. The "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts was a democratic folk-mote ; the "General Camp-Meeting" of Kentucky was a religious folk-mote. In the religious democracy of the Bay State popular education was born ; in the Ohio Valley was conceived the idea of utilizing the camp-meeting for the needs of an educational democracy. The inventor who revolutionized farming machinery, Lewis Miller, early cherished the belief that Bible-teaching ought to be shot through and through with knowledge, and that the camp-meeting furnished the means for accomplishing this object. A village pastor in New Jersey, now famous as Chancellor and as Bishop Vincent, had, about 1862, become possessed by the thought that power for daily life could be gained by bringing sacred and secular learning into generous alliance. At length

these complementary men, great-hearted and large-brained, were able to lock hands, and in 1874 Chautauqua the idea became Chautauqua the reality. The seed then planted has grown into a vine whose branches girdle the globe. The first Chautauqua Assembly was the germ of the present great organism; there is scarcely a department or branch of work in the full-orbed Chautauqua University of to-day, which cannot be traced to some provision of those old-time assemblies.

Dr. Vincent, as has recently been said by another, "is a born leader. His vigor and suavity, quick comprehension and inventiveness, executive power and gifts of

man who felt the need strongly. Bishop Vincent has a strong hold on the affections of hosts of young people; he is in continual contact with the best and most practical minds in all departments of thought and progress; he is in such official relations with the Church at large as to bring his genius for organization and his experience in practical details into constant play. His leadership therefore extends beyond denominational lines. He is at the head of a movement whose influence upon his Church it is in his power to make most potent."

As the first school for increased knowledge was the church school, so the growth



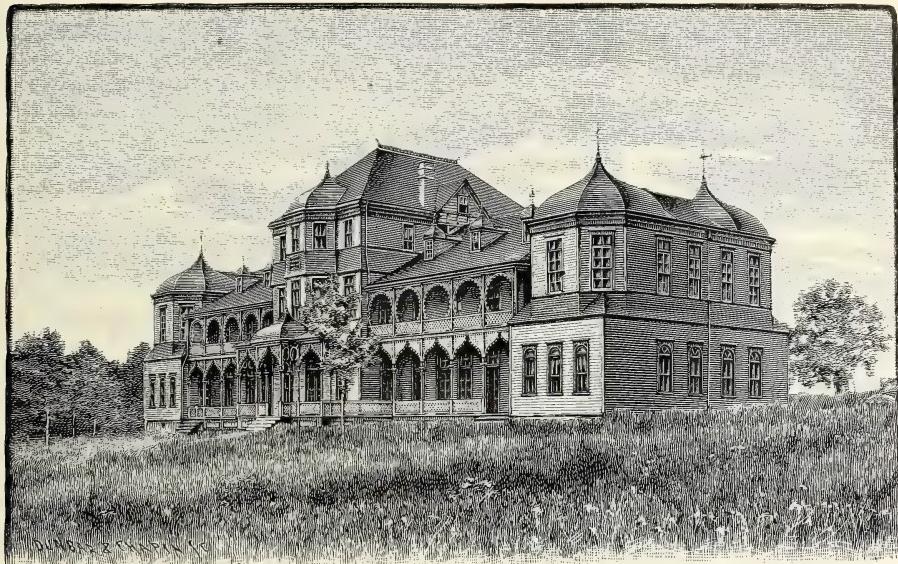
Palestine Park, Chautauqua.

organization, wholesome good sense, and sympathy with the needs of the masses, have determined for him a place in the century's progress which it is not easy to over-estimate. He is himself the Chautauqua movement. In it he has simply objectized his own experience of needs and methods. Whatever that is doing for the solution of social and educational problems may be set to the credit of the

has proceeded along the two lines of instructing Sunday-school teachers in everything which might equip them for their daily work, and of advancing Christian culture and higher education among the masses, especially among parents and the teachers in the schools. The founders of Chautauqua felt that the fathers and mothers must be gained. There were many facts which impelled them. The

eagerness of the common people for the latest results of scientific research proves them ripe as never before for such culture. An intellectual hunger is abroad in the land. Self-culture is a duty of the highest character, and what any man knows every man has a right to know. Daily life may have disciplinary value as truly as the school.

reached out to the limitless class which hungers for sympathy, knowledge, and growth, and demands a better culture. It invited them to enroll themselves in a university of self-education with Hugh Miller and Faraday and Lincoln and Spencer and Greeley and Howells and scores of others, who were never college boys, and yet



The College of Liberal Arts.

In mature life the intellect is at its best for acquirement and production,—a fact so much overlooked that philosophies and sciences fit for intellectual maturity have often been thrust upon children,—and the power and desire of the many fallow minds need direction or assistance. It was recognized, to use the language of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, that the essence of the intellectual life does not reside in the extent of knowledge or the perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and that this may be the habit of a mind without any great amount of information.

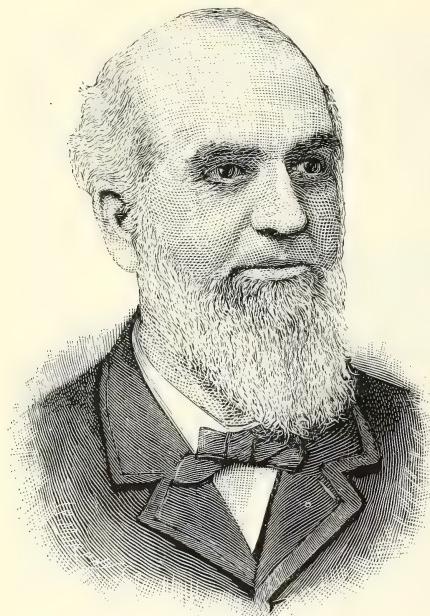
In 1878, accordingly, the step was taken which has made the Home a College, and transformed shops and markets and streets and prisons and fields and forests into studies and recitation rooms. From the comparatively limited class who were interested in normal study and could satisfy themselves with such work, Chautauqua

wrought out such masterhood of their circumstances as made them masters of their kind.

As an institution of learning, Chautauqua combined domestic, industrial, educational, and religious agencies as never before, imparted culture to all the faculties, while inspiring that culture by religion, and presenting educational advantages in the light of religious opportunity. Through these characteristics the "home-college" has become a permanent force in society, a world university, in whose efficiencies every sunrise finds new believers, a vast brotherhood whose purpose is education. Nothing of the kind has got so close to the many since Socrates and the Sophists crossed swords in the crowd at the street corners.

Go into the average well-organized American town. Pick out the intelligent people. Many of them have gone no further than the grammar school. They

acquired knowledge enough to carry them along in trade, and entered business at an early age. In after life they have acquired property and social standing. They find themselves among those who have improved early educational advantages and are at home in social life. They feel their



Lewis Miller.

deficiencies keenly and are willing to make effort to overcome them. To these people Chautauqua brings the college man's outlook upon life and affords his opportunity of knowing the world of thought. Its courses offer, with the omission of languages and mathematics, the principal subjects of university study. It is not attempted to make trained scholars or to subject to rigid mental drill; but those who wish to have their intellects clad with something ampler than a few fig-leaves of knowledge, something more worthy of refined society than corduroy and cowhide, find it in the literature, science, philosophy, art, history and social economy, in which Chautauqua leads other students.

The average college student can spend only eight out of his twenty-four hours of study each week on the subjects named above; our average Chautauquan, it is found by experience, reads for ten hours. Nor does the omission of the languages

prove to be such a total loss as it appeared at first sight. Every ancient classic which the boy at college is reading in Greek or Latin, his old father at home is enabled by Chautauqua to read in the speech of Shakespeare and Lincoln, in works produced by classical experts. So, too, with modern languages. Again, while Wellesley and Vassar, while Yale and Amherst and Ann Arbor, are veritable factories of power, scores of their students had to be sent instead of going freely, and scores of the remainder are so young and raw that many of their studies merely stuff the memory and fail to make the intellect grow. Every Chautauqua student, on the contrary, enters of his own choice, is old enough to be pained by his ignorance, and craves knowledge. The capital of Chautauqua lies in its being the supply for a demand. Before its birth no existing agency or institution reached this intelligent class, and there was no provision for them; now, Chautauqua makes special provision and secures personal, interested, year-long work at home.

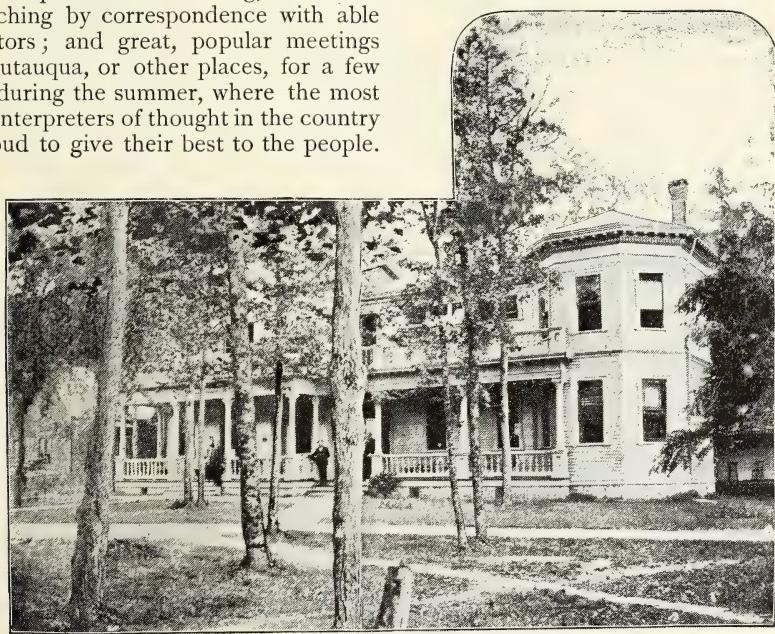
The ramifications of Chautauqua would stagger belief, did we not know how steam and electricity have dwarfed the world into the round table of these later days and with their weaver's shuttle laced together the thoughts of men. Chautauqua is a marvelous illustration of the law that "often great social and economic forces flow with a tidal sweep over communities only half conscious of them." Its one hundred thousand registered students, half of whom are between thirty and forty years of age, and its practically endless courses of study make this home-college the realization of a world university, the summer assembly being its visible centre. About one in every thousand of the people of the United States owns the shibboleth, Chautauqua, while more than one in every hundred visits its yearly gatherings. It exists in every state and territory. Its circles have rolled from Chautauqua Lake to Canada, Mexico, Central America, Chili, Great Britain, France, Russia, Bulgaria, Syria, Cape Colony, Persia, India, Australia, China, Japan, the isles of the sea, Hawaii, Alaska. If the one touch of nature has power to make the whole world kin, what may not the many common intellectual pursuits of great masses of men, living in every quarter of the globe, effect in swelling the stream of tendency toward the poet's parliament of man?

A surprising number of college graduates are Chautauquans. The ratio of women to men in its classes is on the average about five to one. The perseverance of its students is unconquerable. In Japan *jinrikisha* men waiting for customers study with dictionary and *Chautauquan* in hand. Night-watchmen read as on their night rounds they come to the lights. Ship-captains think out their studies as they pace the deck with only the silent stars for companionship. Seamstresses studying under the auspices of Chautauqua transformed a dressmaker's shop into quite a Socratic school. A pioneer woman in the far West accomplished her "stint" of reading as she drove the horse to furnish power to the irrigating pumps.

The methods or instrumentalities through which the Chautauqua idea projects itself are of three classes: voluntary home-reading during the year, reported at the headquarters, Buffalo, New York; scholarly study and professional training, with faithful teaching by correspondence with able instructors; and great, popular meetings at Chautauqua, or other places, for a few weeks during the summer, where the most skilful interpreters of thought in the country are proud to give their best to the people.

united bodies, separate in name, but one in organization. Chautauqua University is the general title under which the various departments are made one. Chautauqua Assembly is the legal corporation under which all the work of the system is performed. Side by side with the Assembly stand Chautauqua University proper, holding a charter from the Empire State, and its sturdy branches, the College of Liberal Arts and the School of Theology, a third chartered institution. The titular university consists of (1) The Summer Meetings, (2) The Literary and Scientific Circle, (3) The College of Liberal Arts, (4) The School of Theology, and (5) The Chautauqua Press. Each of these great departments includes numerous subdivisions.

(1) The Summer Meetings comprise a Teachers' Retreat for secular instructors who wish to burnish their arms during the breathing-spell; Schools of Language,



The Methodist Club House.

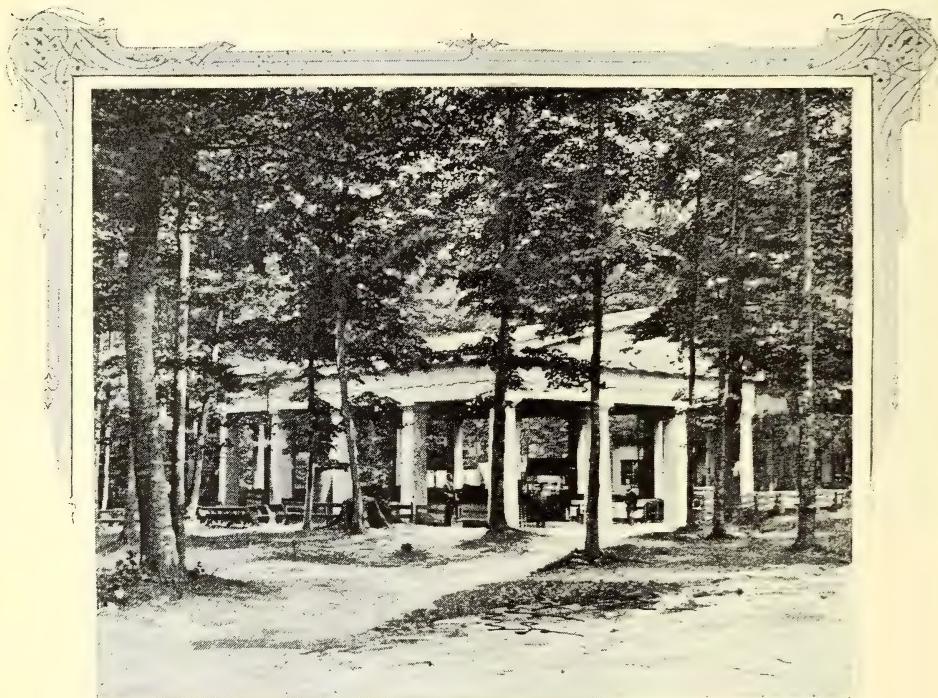
Chautauqua may be compared with the banyan, whose earthward-bending branches strike root in the soil and become individual trees with life of their own and yet remain in vital union with the parent trunk. The various institutions form individual but

employing the natural method; Assembly proper; the Ideal Tours of Europe; and classes of every possible variety for men, women, and children. This Chautauqua is a "summer university" in the woods. Within its bounds they that increase knowl-

edge run to and fro, and give to that knowledge impulse to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

(2) The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the largest, the most complete, and the most characteristic out-branching of the Chautauqua idea. It embraces the Four-Year Course of home-reading ; an After-course for graduates ; a

Circle for the day-school teacher, and the application of his study to his profession. It co-operates with the state unions, is under general direction through correspondence with a central secretary, provides a regular three years' course of pedagogics, offers to teachers in active work special advantages for equipping themselves successfully, and is heartily indorsed



The Hall in the Grove.

Musical Reading Circle, which equips practical students with scientific knowledge of the theory of music, or offers to others who are lovers of music a course in the literature of their art ; a Book-a-Month Reading Circle, whose work is somewhat more recreative and popular than that of the regular Four-Year Course, and extends over three years only ; a Teachers' Reading Union ; the Society of Fine Arts ; and the Town and Country Club. Before examining the working of the Literary and Scientific Circle in detail, let us notice some of these lesser associations.

The Teachers' Reading Union is the extension of the summer Teachers' Retreat into the home, the specialization of the

by such leading educators as Dr. W. T. Harris. The Society of Fine Arts teaches by correspondence and home study the decorative and ornamental branches and also applied art ; those who are far away from art centres receive the advantages of study according to the most advanced methods and under the best instructors. The Town and Country Club is a garden school whose teachers are a farmer, a gardener, a florist, a herdsman, a shepherd, and a dairy-maid, not to mention others acquainted with every plant and useful creature on a farm. It trains to observe and to record natural phenomena. The novelty and variety of its work are a constant surprise. One member takes weather

observations in Maine, another raises wheat in Dakota, a third cultivates oranges in Florida, a fourth is raisin-making in California. To read the reports of the members is an education in farm and garden topics.

The Literary and Scientific Circle does not expect or aim to produce professional scholars; but it promotes the habit of daily reading on system, and develops power to do what Emerson called the hardest thing in the world,—the power to think,—and knits into the gray threads of daily routine the radiant threads of history, science, and literature. The work of each year is complete in itself, for the course of study is not arranged in any rigid connection with what precedes or follows. Each year is thus, for new pupils, the freshman year. These features involve some disadvantages, but the system acquires flexibility. In localities where there would be too few to form separate classes when newcomers are added to former students, all can go in and work together, on account of the fact that the studies, say, of 1889–1890 are the same for all. The four classes study simultaneously, but one is to graduate in a year, and another is not to graduate for four years.

The Chautauquan may perform his study either alone or in companies. He reads when and where he can, generally devoting to the "required reading" an hour a day for ten months. He uses handbooks and compendiums for the mastery of outlines in history and literature, and such scientific works as give the fundamental principles; but in *The Chautauquan* he finds the branches of the higher education handled lucidly by such authorities as W. T. Harris, Henry Calderwood, J. M. Buckley, Charles Barnard, or Clarence Cook. Upon the inauguration of the movement, such was the difficulty of selecting books suitable for home study by the Chautauqua neophyte, that it became necessary to prepare a number of special text-books for him; this has led to the production of quite an extensive literature, having a Chautauqua stamp of directness, clearness, and simplicity. In addition to the "required reading" in book and magazine, which is the least amount that will win the diploma, a much wider range in the work of the year is afforded, and suggestions and instructions upon it are offered. Examination papers on the "required reading" are

furnished early in the year, the regular "memoranda" consisting of four pages, although there are twelve-page papers for those who prefer thorough review. The questions are to be answered without help as soon as each book is read; and they would "flunk" a large proportion of the collegians. While it is not absolutely required that these questions be answered, it is expected that they will be answered; and to answer correctly eighty per cent of the questions in the twelve-page "memoranda" deserves the special recognition it receives. But the practice of having the questions upon the readings answered before the thoughts have been digested, tends toward superficiality, as does also the custom of the students referring to their books when memory plays them false, and giving the answers in their own words. Another objection is that difficulty is cast in the way of rating Chautauqua scholarship at its true value. The number reporting at the end of four years is about a quarter of those registered at the beginning, but probably three-quarters finish the course, who either never registered or never apply for the diploma. When more than the minimum has been read, diplomas with seals for the extra courses affixed are awarded. Almost universally the graduates are inclined to go further—a fact to prove that Chautauqua is no "device by the devil of democracy to propagate sciolism," but keeps its students marching upward;—and to meet their requirements there are adjunct schools and classes.

(3) The College of Liberal Arts is the apex of the pyramid. Its foundations are the desire of the graduates from the various reading circles to move on to higher levels, and chiefly the resolve of hundreds of young people and adults to begin with college study instead of reading, even if circumstances bar them from the doors of Harvard or Cornell. William R. Harper, the successful teacher of Hebrew, is the principal. To the prescribed studies of the academic course he has applied the principle of instruction by correspondence, written reports and examinations, at least once a month, which had previously been used in the study of Hebrew. It is designed only for those who otherwise could obtain no help whatever to study, and without this system would make no progress. Careful study of the pros and cons affords

convincing evidence that with students of such purpose as this college instructs, the advantages of this system decidedly outweigh the disadvantages. Press and post become a loom in which threads are woven between master and learner. There are seventeen departments, twenty-five professors, and about four hundred students. The courses of study are thorough, the examinations rigid, the honors meritorious. Few Seniors in the third division of an average college class could win from Chautauqua College the bachelor's degree. Besides the branches studied in the modern university, the college offers instruction in pedagogy, journalism, commercial studies, photography, and agriculture.

(4) The School of Theology is a seminary without a local habitation. Its scholars are ministers in the active pastorate, and pursue their studies at home, on the correspondence plan. Students who can attend some local seminary are advised to attend that. This Chautauqua School of the Prophets aims to give to those clergymen who have been crowded past the doors of seminary and college into the pulpit as complete training as other seminaries afford. It comprises the school proper, the "Jerusalem Chamber," named in commemoration of the famous apartment in Westminster Abbey, and a museum of sacred archaeology. The roll of instructors bears such names as William R. Harper, Philip Schaff, A. A. Wright, and L. T. Townsend. The majority of students enter one department only, though the work of two or even three may be pushed on at one time. If numbers afford any criterion, this undenominational institution has come to high success, for nearly six hundred names are at this writing on the register. From its nature and purpose it has features not to be found in other seminaries. Students of various denominations have their peculiar views presented by their respective representatives. This practice encourages comparison between the views of differing schools of religious thought, and the habit of weighing evidence. Scientific study of human nature, both in life and in literature, is insisted on; the laws of physical and mental interaction receive attention; an open eye is turned upon natural science; the modern criticisms of Christianity are treated; the relation of education to the pastoral functions is handled.

(5) The Chautauqua Press is the last of these five departments, but is not of less importance. It publishes or supplies the books for the "required reading" and for the special or extra courses. Its chief representative is *The Chautauquan*, the official organ of the Literary and Scientific Circle. The facts leading to the origin of this magazine make a pathetic passage in the annals of Chautauqua. It was found soon after the beginning of the movement that to spend even the seven or eight dollars required to purchase books for the year pinched the lean purse of poverty. If this stone of stumbling were not taken from the path, Chautauqua and her would-be student could not meet. A monthly magazine appeared to be the solution of the problem; hence *The Chautauquan*. It contains most of the required readings in serial form, and selections of value from current or standard literature. The educational folk-mote in the woods also boasts its *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, a journal of the intellectual life, giving the lectures of the summer meetings.

In addition to performing at home during the year their regular work, the students in the various schools of the College of Liberal Arts and of the School of Theology are offered the opportunity of receiving the same instruction orally by means of summer sessions. Their very reason for being is to establish personal contact between teacher and pupil. Practically, these summer schools overlap certain classes of the readers or the student-readers, and merge with them. This instruction, much of it given by college professors, ranges over a wide field in the higher learning, and can usually be obtained only at the college. Men and women eminent in their special spheres of knowledge, or peculiarly gifted in communicating their learning and in spurring thought, bestow their services; and the popularity of this new method of education proves how real was the need for it.

Chautauqua has not worked along the intellectual and religious lines alone. It has kept its eye always upon the fact that men are social animals. The club-able temper and the college spirit of good fellowship are fostered. Songs, vesper services, guilds, orders, round tables, societies, clans, mottoes, gatherings and re-unions, camp-fires, seals, badges, and memorial

days are agencies that lend a touch of sentiment. The memorial days are days set apart for the purpose of commemorating the birthdays of authors chiefly, and to further the objects of the movement. On each day fitting selections are read. The great names kept in loving remembrance are such as Milton and Shakespeare, Bryant and Longfellow. October first is Opening Day; and at noon, then and on other memorial days, the great Bryant bell at Chautauqua rings the call to another year of activity. It is a pleasant fiction that Chautauquans in every corner of the earth hear the echoes. There are also four special Sundays and a College Day, a Founder's Day (which will in future time become St. Vincent's Day), an Inauguration Day, the anniversary at Chautauqua of the organization there of the Literary and Scientific Circle, St. Paul's Day, in commemoration of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove, and Recognition or Commencement Day. When we remember what forces of sentiment lie underneath the hard and sometimes sluggish American common sense, we are not surprised to find that the employment of this force has contributed in no slight measure to the success of Chautauqua. The association in study by groups of Chautauquans is another element of social and intellectual power. These groups constitute the famous "circles," some of which, by paradox, are "duos" or "triangles," while others number their hundreds, and still others unite in local unions. A glimpse at this social side reveals how Chautauqua, both in home, college, and more especially in summer school, while giving to "many-headed Demos" the largess of whatever may be taught, also provides for his recreation a royal pleasure-ground, where "sport goes hand in hand with science."

The influence of Chautauqua goes out upon great bodies of men, in many sections of the country; and the effects of the work must be considered in their great extent. These effects are intellectual, social, and religious; and the line of Chautauqua that starts from the individual runs out through household, neighborhood, and nation. The Chautauqua idea is the homestead law of intellectual democracy. It has enabled one hundred and fifty thousand people to "take up claims" in realms of knowledge that had been before sparsely

settled. It has rendered those who were uneducated appreciative of things scholarly and scientific. It has enabled them to take that general survey of learning, although it be merely of the lay of the land, without which no man can perceive the point where lie for him the possibilities of power. Such an outlook is a schoolmaster, leading, as Chautauqua does lead, to study and discipline. What hosts it has brought into communion with the master-minds of the centuries! It was lately proposed to Congress to construct immense reservoirs among the head-waters of the Missouri, for the purpose of utilizing the bounty of nature, instead of permitting it to be lost. Chautauqua is an intellectual reservoir. From it flow streams of thought to fertilize the life of the people. The Chautauquan becomes a witness for the truth that life has nobler aims than pleasure or wealth. Upon homes of poverty has descended an atmosphere of cultivation. By its thousand-fold multiplication of readers, Chautauqua creates intellectual demand, encourages writers to supply it, and to produce their best, and thus bears more and more strongly upon current literary activity. Against the spirit of commercialism which has robbed college and culture of an undue share of the best youth of our land, and has bred the American Philistine, Chautauqua enters effective protest. It makes head among the very masses against the drift from classic knowledge, by accentuating strongly in its work the civilization and culture of Greece. To the college graduate it is incentive and means to avoid the all-too-common suspension of mental activity after the diploma is gained.

Chautauqua is a power in the upbuilding of that real democracy wherein character and culture shall be ranked above the wealth and pride of blood and social forms that warp even this republic. It strikes against all false partitions between "the classes" and "the masses." Bringing people together, putting the more scholarly in touch with the less scholarly, enlarging for the community its stock of ideas and common sympathies, Chautauqua leads all sorts and conditions of men into some understanding of each other. As organized feeling, Chautauqua is a social force from whose reserves humanitarian and reformatory movements may draw supplies of power.

Chautauqua says: Education did not end when the school-door closed for the last time behind the boy and girl; nay! the whole of life is a school-term. The hundred thousand Chautauquans who have projected this thought into action have lifted society toward higher levels. The home where the Chautauqua idea is present has enhanced value to the state as a centre of civilization. Chautauqua by its preparation of the masses to receive sound information on social and economic subjects becomes a sapper of the ignorance and moral degradation under which so many of the working-people suffer. Those miners, mill-hands, mechanics, and farmers who are Chautauquans get such knowledge of political science as will avail more in preventing the mistakes or in remedying the wrongs of labor than the resolutions of many federations and brotherhoods. This new force advances civilization along another line: it teaches the laborer new wants and replaces wants of a lower by wants of a higher kind. As one of the social forces that move the community, Chautauqua is a co-worker with schools of political science in dethroning the demagogue. Columbia and Johns Hopkins train political scholars and public men; Chautauqua prepares for them a constituency.

Chautauqua is Americanizing America. It is a potency in the growth of the consciousness of nationality, a large factor in producing a homogeneous American life. Every one in its thirty thousand local reading circles has some measure of influence. Many are teachers or lawyers or clergymen or editors, who impress themselves upon their hundreds. The condition of the country, then, must be affected for good at just so many points, and be affected quite materially. When one hundred and fifty thousand people, since 1878, have read the same books and sung the same songs and thought along the same lines and consecrated time to the same spiritual life, the national effect cannot be slight. Where a public sentiment favorable to the institutions of higher learning does not exist, Chautauqua plants the germ; where that sentiment already exists, Chautauqua reinforces it. It scatters broadcast the seeds of the intellectual life. It helps to create an atmosphere hospitable to new ideas. It supplements the work of the

public schools, in forming and training masses of men and women who can be reached by no other existing institution, and so helping to give the magnificent superstructure of American scholarship in the highest departments of research a broader and better base. In matters vital to the national welfare, the problems as to the saloon-power in politics, the management of the great municipalities, socialism, the relations between capital and labor, the status of woman—Chautauqua is doing its share of instruction and equipment. On its platform men of affairs, scholars, scientists, churchmen and statesmen discuss in the spirit of truth the best thought of the time and of all times. To the fundamental problem, what disposition shall be made of leisure, Chautauqua works out answer by opening fields of thought, developing largeness of mind and bringing in nobler modes of life. No sign of the times is more encouraging than these arrangements of mature men and women for study; the greater the success of the movement, the greater reason we have for confidence as to the future of the republic.

For nineteen Christian centuries humanity has endeavored to settle the Protean question: What shall be the relations of culture and Christianity? It has realized that the forces of Christianity and the forces of culture, when parted or opposed, work infinite mischief. It has learned that a cultureless Christianity is weak, while an irreligious culture is baneful and blasting. Chautauqua has a place to fill in this matter. The nature and methods of Chautauqua education render the movement one which helps to bind together culture and Christianity. This uplifts the Chautauqua idea from the plane of an educational agency to that of a religious force. The intellect cultivated by Chautauqua is avowedly cultivated for the God of infinite thought and reason. The relation between culture and service to God and man is enforced. The close dependence of spiritual power and grace upon increase in knowledge is insisted upon. Chautauqua democratizes the thought that God is immanent in nature, that His Spirit is in literature, that the Invisible Presence is in daily life. Under its guidance the Christian masses are accustoming themselves to reason as to the grounds of their faith, to hold opposite truths with firm and

even hand, and no longer to mistake divergence for opposition. Chautauqua counteracts the influence of the cheap and popular forms of scepticism. It proclaims that in reality true science is the handmaid of religion. It raises the value and effectiveness of the pulpit by levelling up the pew, and by making it possible for the pastor to give his best thought in his best way. Its catholicity and its freedom from denominational bias or sectarian temper are disciplinary, and are sure to tell in preparing for the united church of America. The American church is scarcely aware what resources of strength for herself lie at hand in the Chautauqua idea.

It is in Japan, however, that the possibilities of religious influence, wrapped up within the Chautauqua movement, are most significant. The Sunrise Kingdom is at this moment "wax to receive" the stamp and moulding which it will hereafter be "marble to retain." Her young men, whose intellects are sensitive plates to preserve the impress of Occidental civilization,

are stretching eager hands toward the tree of knowledge transplanted from the West, covet the prize of a "diploma from America," and press by hundreds into Chautauqua circles of their own. Many are reached by Chautauqua the educator who would have been inaccessible to missionary effort or impervious to avowedly Christian teaching. Chautauqua is no mean agency in helping to decide what the Japanese civilization of to-morrow shall be. The Chautauqua literary and scientific circles of Japan comprise thirty thousand native members. The rapid increase of numbers in five years would indicate that an educational organization of such character as the Chautauqua circles possesses special adaptation to the needs of the quick-witted "Frenchmen of the East," who have to advance beyond their native culture and be shown the way to the wisdom of the West. This remarkable influence of Chautauqua in the new life of Japan awakens us to a new and enlarged appreciation of its importance as a factor in our own national life.

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## THE INFLUENCE OF JOHN CALVIN ON THE NEW ENGLAND TOWN-MEETING.

*By Arthur May Mowry.*

FROM the first Confederacy of 1643, through all the French wars, up to the Declaration of Independence, in everything that concerned the American colonies, the importance of the New England town is to be seen. To the town and town-meeting is clearly due the fact that more than half of the troops of the Revolution were furnished by these Eastern States. But even more clear is the influence of the New England town upon the Revolution in its earliest days, and in the years before any blood was shed. New England held the most advanced ground in all the opposition to the king and his Parliament. It was New England that most vigorously resisted the Navigation Acts and the Writs of Assistance; it was New England that devised the rallying cry, "No taxation without representation"; it was Massachusetts that urged the Stamp-

Act Congress; it was Boston that threw the tea into the harbor; and it was Boston town-meeting that was behind all this desire for liberty and personal rights. While it is true that the General Court of the colony of Massachusetts Bay was the body that directly opposed the tyrannical acts of King George and his ministers, it is also true that in this opposition is perceived the influence of the town. The representatives to the General Court were in actual fact delegates rather than representatives. Each member of the court that so stubbornly resisted Governor Gage was sent to that assembly as a delegate from his own town-meeting. In the meeting at which he was chosen, much of the time was spent in discussing the affairs of the whole colony and in giving him instructions as to what the town wished its representatives to do.

While New England led the other colo-

nies during the years preceding the armed resistance first made at the old North Bridge at Salem, and Massachusetts led New England, Boston led Massachusetts, and more than any other man, Sam Adams led the town of Boston. The great historian of the English colonies in America, George Bancroft, says of Sam Adams, that he was "the type and representative of the New England town-meeting." He was thoroughly in sympathy with the democratic idea which made such a meeting possible. "He obtains," wrote Hutchinson, "his chief dependence from the Boston town-meeting, where he originates the measures which are followed by the rest of the towns, and, of course, are adopted or justified by his assembly." He was a typical New Englander, and his influence shows on all sides. He is even responsible for our caucus, which has of late seemed to be awakening from its lethargic state. It is not difficult to trace the connection between his company of ship-builders, or *calkers*, on the docks of Boston, and the *caucus*, which seems to us so time-honored. But he was only a true son of the town, and such true sons are even now to be found, not only here in old New England, but also in all the new New Englands that are rapidly obtaining the balance of power in our West and Northwest.

Although the Northwest has adopted to a great extent, in its local government, the system of the town, it has added to what it obtained from New England some features that it has taken from the Middle States. At the present time it is only in New England that anything like the town of the seventeenth century can be found. A writer of the time of the Revolution says: "Every town is an incorporated republic. The selectmen, by their own authority, or upon the application of a certain number of townsmen, issue a warrant for the calling of a town-meeting. The warrant mentions the business to be engaged in, and no other can be legally executed. The inhabitants are warned to attend; and they that are present, though not a quarter or a tenth of the whole, have a right to proceed. They choose a president by the name of moderator, who regulates the proceedings of the meeting. Each individual has an equal liberty of delivering his opinion, and is not liable to be silenced or brow-beaten by a richer or greater townsmen than him-

self. Every freeman, or freeholder, gives his own vote or not, and for or against, as he pleases; and each vote weighs equally, whether that of the highest or lowest inhabitant. . . . All the New England towns are on the same plan in general."

With this short *résumé* of the distinctive features of the town and its assembly, we come now to the question of its origin. The Rev. George Batchelor, in this connection, states that "the town, town-meeting, common holding of lands, pasture under herdsmen of the goats, swine, and neat cattle, etc., were simply survivals of English and German habits, dating back sometimes a thousand years;" while Bryce, in his remarkable treatise on the American Commonwealth, says: "Although they [the towns] owed much to the conditions which surrounded the early colonists, forcing them to develop a civic patriotism resembling that of the republics of ancient Greece and Italy, they owed something also to those Teutonic traditions of semi-independent local communities, owning common property, and governing themselves by a primary assembly of all free inhabitants, which the English had brought with them from the Elbe and the Weser, and which had been perpetuated in the practice of many parts of England down till the days of the Stuart kings." There can be no reasonable doubt that the town-meeting found only in New England is the legitimate descendant of the Germanic folk-mote, "the fixed, frequent, accessible meeting of the individual freemen for discussing and deciding upon public matters." And yet this folk-mote reappeared in the New England town-meeting, after many years of decay and almost actual disappearance in England. The lack of patriotism and of nationality, together with the all-powerful sway of the clergy, and the succeeding political tyranny of the Tudor rulers of England, had nearly blotted out of existence this democratic form of government. How and why the Puritan Fathers revived this old institution cannot fail to interest any student either of religion, history, or civics.

The history of the Reformation begins with the fall of Constantinople. To the Christian of the fifteenth century this victory of the Turks seemed to be almost the severest blow possible to Christendom. The Protestant Christian of the nineteenth

century sees that Christianity gained as well as lost in this year 1453. Though important territory was taken from the followers of Christ, in one respect at least the approach of the Turks proved a blessing. The flight of the Greek scholars to the west of Europe was the first factor in the work of spiritual reform. The darkness of the Middle Ages was to be lightened by the Florence Renaissance. The new learning of Colet, Erasmus, and More prepared the way in England for the religious contests of Henry the Eighth and his children. Sir Thomas More is well known to us because of his *Utopia*. He ought also to be known by us as one of the first seekers after religious reformation without revolt against the unity of the Church. The name of Erasmus has come down to us because of his translation of the New Testament. And yet it is less understood than it ought to be, that his reason for translating the Testament was to "recall men from the teachings of Christian theologians to the teachings of the Founder of Christianity." The modern Russian reformer is but repeating the work of Erasmus, though reaching somewhat different conclusions. Although Erasmus and More are famous, their colleague, more worthy of renown, is less celebrated. The Italian Renaissance found its first and greatest English exponent in John Colet. He learned Greek in order to become acquainted with the Gospel itself. He was the first to address the Convocation of the Clergy, urging that reform of the bishops and other clergy must precede the moral reform of the people. He first pressed upon the preachers the necessity of forsaking the court and laboring at home. He went to the root of the evil, and was ably seconded by Erasmus and More. Yet they undertook what has proved to be an impossibility. They wished, as did the later Non-conformists, to reform the Church within the Church. It was moral reform that they were after, and not a change of ecclesiastical habits and customs. "The temper of the Renaissance," observes Green, "was more antagonistic to the temper of Luther than that of Rome itself." The New Learning and the Reformed Church were entirely at variance. The Puritans of the seventeenth century obtained none of their democracy from this source. Protestantism, though greatly

aided at first by the exponents of the New Learning, soon passed by them and left them far behind. The work of reform as it progressed on the Continent had its influence upon the religion of England, but at first English scholars and thinkers held aloof; the men that gladly received the new light of the German Protestants were those who were affected by emotion rather than by intellect. The learned men of England retarded rather than aided the cause of reform in church government. More and Erasmus were willing enough that Henry should break with Rome, if in any way that would bring about moral reform, and then the English Church would readily return to the one fold. But when the English Church, little by little, drifted farther away from the old Church, they began to use their power to stem the tide that was urging the bishops and people both to a greater distance from Rome. But the tide could not be stemmed; they had set in motion that which could not be stopped by any mortal power. Though they had Henry on their side, and though persecution was employed, the number of Lutherans grew. Henry often showed his sympathy for the New Learning, and in no way more certainly than in the education he gave his children. Henry imbibed the spirit of the New Learning, was mistrusted by the German Protestants, showed no sympathy with the radical ideas in his own country, and at length issued an edict against them. This was followed, a few years later, by the famous Statute of the Six Articles, which practically reaffirmed the principles of the Roman doctrine, and laid heavy penalties upon those who failed to adhere to them. Any denying the doctrine of transubstantiation was punishable by confiscation of estates, and death by burning, and any speaking against the other articles was punishable in the same way at the second offence. The immediate result of this statute was the exile of many of the leading men who protested against the doctrines of the Church. This was the first in the persecutions of the extremists, which finally gave to us New England. The great interest to us is the question as to where these exiles went. But few places were open to them and those were for the most part under two quite widely differing conditions. In some the Lutheran doctrines

were predominant ; in others, the Calvinistic system of church government.

Calvin, as he chose to have his name called, according to the prevailing love of Latin, was born in France, July 10, 1509. Nearly a generation later than Luther, he came on the stage at a time when the continent was torn from end to end by the vigorous fight between Luther and Leo the Tenth. Calvin was twenty-seven years of age when he placed himself in the front rank of the religious thinkers of his time by publishing his treatise entitled *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*. Compelled to exile himself from France, he went to Geneva. Like Roger Williams, he temporarily left his chosen home only to be unanimously recalled. Unlike the Salem preacher, after his recall he was permitted to remain as long as he lived. Following to a great extent in the footsteps of Luther, he soon found himself accepting more nearly the views of Zwingli. In no respect, perhaps, did Luther and Calvin differ more utterly than in the question of church government. Calvin's nearness to the scene of Zwingli's labors must have had its effect upon him. It was Zwingli's influence that, in 1524, in the canton of Berne, caused that "all the ceremonies and services of the Romish Church were abolished," and that too "without the slightest disorder."

Says Guizot : "Calvin demanded for the Reformed Church, in matters of faith and discipline, the independence and special authority which had been possessed by the primitive Church." Says Froude : "Calvinism, in Geneva, was an attempt to make the will of God, as revealed in the Bible, an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction." Says Green : "What was really original in the work was Calvin's doctrine of the organization of the Church and its relation to the State. The base of the Christian republic was with him the Christian man, elected and called of God, preserved from the power of sin by his grace, predestinate to eternal life. Every such Christian man is in himself a priest, and every group of such men is a church, self-governing, independent of all save God, supreme in authority over all matters ecclesiastical and spiritual."

The Lutheran doctrines soon had the control, or at least were greatly gaining in importance, in many parts of Europe.

Scandinavia and Northern Germany were the hot-beds of Lutheranism. Old Prussia, on the east of the empire, was falling into line. In Poland a majority of the nobles had accepted this new faith. "Hungary seemed drifting to heresy." In Transylvania, the Diet had confiscated all the Church lands. In Central Germany, Austria, and many Bavarian towns in Southern Germany, Lutheran doctrines were spreading. A study of the map of Europe would easily show that these localities were principally in the eastern part of the Christendom of the time. In Western Europe, Calvinism was gaining the more rapidly. With its headquarters at Geneva, which from 1641 became the centre of the Protestant world, the growth west and northwest was very remarkable. "Every province of France is said to have had Calvinistic churches." The Calvinistic Huguenots had become a great religious and political party. "The Rhineland was losing its hold on Catholicism." In the Netherlands, Calvinism was winning state after state. Scotland even was accepting the faith of Geneva.

Under these circumstances is it wonderful that the Calvinistic influences told heavily in England? that English reformers were drawn the rather to the progressive church of the Rhineland and the Netherlands? that the exiles went to the Calvinistic and not so much to the Lutheran churches? It is known that many of the clergy went to Geneva and to Zürich. History states that many of those who fled from England under Henry VIII. found a resting-place among the Huguenots of France. One of the cities to which many of the exiles went was Frankfort; and here an important incident in the growth of Puritanism took place. Under Whittingham, the exiles there reformed the church worship and discipline after the model of Geneva. They thanked God "that had given them such a church in a strange land, wherein they might hear God's holy Word preached, the sacraments rightly administered and discipline used, which in their own country could never be obtained." It happened here, however, that many Lutherans found their way in, and a remarkable contest ensued. The Scottish Knox and Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, opposed each other vigorously. At length the Lutherans were able to outvote the others, and the Calvinists found refuge in Basle and Geneva. It

was here at Frankfort that the Church of the Purity was first spoken of,—the origin probably of the word *Puritans*.

Many fled from England to these seats of the religion of Calvin during the reign of Henry VIII. Under Edward VI. most of them returned, carrying their new-found doctrines back with them. When the Marian persecution broke out, the number that fled from England was much larger than the number of exiles of Henry's reign. One writer says that "each step in her persecution had been marked by a fresh flight of preachers, merchants, and gentry across the seas." In the one year 1553 more than eight hundred went to the Continent. Among these there were leaders of thought; for this number included at least five bishops, five deans, four archdeacons, and fifty doctors of divinity and famous preachers. Some went to France, some to Flanders, and some to the high countries of Europe. Calvin welcomed them at Geneva, the Lords of Berne allowed them at Aaran. Some might have been found at Zürich, at Frankfort, and at Strassburg. Most of them, as well as those exiled under Henry, went among the Calvinists.

What did these exiles from England find in the Calvinistic centres to which they went? A study of Calvinism, as put in working operation at Geneva, will best answer the question. The refugees from France, the Netherlands, and England found there "an exact, formal doctrine, a form of church worship, a rigid discipline of manners and faith, and a system of government, all stripped of the last remnants of the superstitions of the past."

The influence of the doctrine of Calvin upon the Puritans of England and New England needs not to be mentioned here. In like manner, the form of church worship does not claim our attention. The discipline of the church and the system of government are so closely interlocked that it is impossible to separate them, and at the same time make a reasonable explanation of them. At the head of each church was the minister, whose business it was to preach the Word and direct the religious instructions; it was the duty of the body of ministers to interpret Scripture and decide doctrine. The administration of discipline and the supervision of the moral conduct of professing Christians, the admonition of the erring, and the excom-

munication and exclusion of unbelievers and those entirely unworthy, belonged to the consistory. This consistory was a joint assembly of ministers and elders. It will thus be seen that all questions came either before the ministers, as a body, or before the joint assembly of ministers and the laymen called elders. This gave to the pastors and elders an almost despotic power, but there was a sufficient remedy for this. They were the creation of the whole congregation. Their judgment might be adopted or might be set aside by it. The constitution of such a church must be democratic in form. The church—and by that is meant the congregation—elected its lay elders and lay deacons. With the approval and consent of the church, the elders and deacons, with the existing pastors, elected new ministers. Thus the congregation took into its own hands that which the bishop had held before. Calvinism was a "vast and consecrated democracy, in utter contrast with the social and political framework" of all the rest of Europe. Luther's church was based on the power of a prince. The Church of England recognized the king or queen as supreme head of the church. Calvin based his church on the congregation. He ignored all national independence, all pretension to the rights of states to create their own system. All doctrine or government was laid down in the Bible. In the Old Testament he found a divine example of national government. To the discipline of the church, princes and common men were alike subject. From the very nature of things, it will be seen that Calvinists everywhere must be democratic in spirit, and that the Puritans of England must have drawn in democracy with their Calvinism.

The exiles from England were allowed to come back when Elizabeth came to the throne. In her, more than in her brother or sister, we find Henry VIII. repeated. She had no religious emotion or enthusiasm. She had no aversion to Papist or Puritan *per se*. At her accession, religious persecution for the time ceased. Perfect liberty of opinion was allowed, though not of public worship. This was not to be expected. In fact, no one asked for it; not Calvin or the Pope, Knox or the Bishop of Ely, Luther or Zwingle; no one had any idea of permitting that.

In spite of her leaders, England drifted

into Protestantism. In 1550 the beginning of Puritanism as an element in church politics was made, when John Hooper, appointed Bishop of Gloucester, declined promotion rather than put on the ecclesiastical robes. In 1563 the beginning of Non-conformity was marked by the refusal of Bishop Coverdale and others to subscribe to the liturgy and other ceremonials. In 1567 the beginning of Separatism might be seen in the fact that several deprived ministers, as we learn in Strype's *Life of Parker*, "seeing they could not have the Word freely preached and the sacraments administered without idolatrous gear, . . . concluded to break off from the public churches and separate in private houses."

The *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth those who had been exiled because of their Separatism. The *Mayflower* landed at Salem those who exiled themselves because they were Non-conformists, and were unable to revise the doctrines and ceremonies of the church from within. But the Separatists and Non-conformists were alike Puritans and Calvinists. Whether by establishing the church anew, as would John Robinson, or by reforming the old church to the new basis, as would John Winthrop, in either case they were seeking after the Church of the Purity; and behind all these Puritans looms up Calvin and his Genevan state.

As has been said, Elizabeth had no dislike for the Puritans because of their religious belief, in itself. She was no enthusiast in behalf of any religion. But, far-sighted as she was, she could not help seeing wherein lay the danger of Calvinism to her. When Cartwright, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, did not keep silent, but, fanatical in his faith in Calvin and his system of church government, spoke against the idolatrous relics of the old ritual, Elizabeth was at once afraid of his scheme of ecclesiastic government which placed the State beneath the feet of the Church. No king or queen could ever be made to see the truth in such a democratic view of civil and religious matters. It was wholly on the ground of political necessity that the Virgin Queen persecuted the Puritans. Calvinism in England came into conflict with the principle of nationality, with the ecclesiastical and civil subjection to the prince. While Elizabeth saw the danger, it was only in her last years that it became very important, and

then she left as legacy to James I. a hatred of the democratic spirit of Calvinism, as shown in England. This policy of uniformity, that Elizabeth exercised during the latter part of her reign, was ostentatiously adopted by her successor. Both Non-conformist and Separatist hoped for better things from the Presbyterian king of Scotland, but they failed to realize how impossible it would be for any king of England to decline the power offered him as Head of the Church. The doctrine of conformity was the one that appealed to him. The idea that the government of the church should be in the hands of the congregation, and that the king himself should be as subject to the discipline of the church as any private citizen, must have been repugnant to him. He could see the democracy of it, the danger to the throne itself, much more easily than could the Puritans themselves. It is not probable that they as yet saw to any great extent that their system of church government was antagonistic to a monarchy. In fact, they had no intimate acquaintance with either a republic or a democracy.

Under James some Independents fled to Leyden, and at length the final embarking from Plymouth, in England, took place. On this famous voyage do we find the first full putting into practice, by any set of English Puritans, of the real principles of Calvin's system. When they left Leyden, one of the plain results of the democracy in their church government revealed itself. It was the minority that went, the majority that stayed, and so Pastor Robinson must stay with them; but the "governing elder," a layman, must be "apt to teach," and Brewster was the pastor's representative.

The learned Robinson said to them in his farewell letter, that they must devise some form of civil government. Here was pure democracy. On finding that the land they so gladly saw was not that to which they expected to come, the Mayflower Compact was drawn up. Here was the first town-meeting on this continent. No business was transacted except that for which they had come together. No such assembling of all the people and agreement to abide by the will of the majority took place among the Episcopalian settlers of Virginia. In fact, they had all the organization for government prepared before leaving England. Only among English

Puritans, believers in the theories of Calvin, is it likely that such a compact could have been formed. Without quoting the whole of this, the sometimes, though improperly, called first written constitution in the world, the following will be enough to illustrate the fact that it was a renewal of the old folk-mote : "We . . . do solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation ; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws . . . as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience." Though this was the basis of the government of a colony, it had similar features to those of the town government, as may be seen in the fact of the pure democracy, the assembling together of all the people to make the compact. The colony of Plymouth grew, and soon a distinction grew up between the colony of New Plymouth, as it came to be called, and the town of Plymouth ; for in less than twenty years eight other towns in the colony were founded, containing in all twenty-five hundred people. So little is known of the earlier doings of the town of Plymouth, that it will be necessary to come to the towns of the rival colony for the required data. We might add that but few laws and few officials were necessary ; that in the book of laws, begun in 1623, three pages were all that were needed for recording the laws of the next six years.

The settlers at Plymouth were Separatists, but those of the Massachusetts Bay were not. They had not at any time separated themselves from the Church of England. They were Puritans as well as were the Separatists of Plymouth, but they were simply Non-conformists. What effect did the transfer to America have upon their church system and their ideas of government in general? One of Salem's revered townsmen, the Rev. E. B. Wilson, answers thus : "Puritanism became a larger element in the life of the settlers of New England after their removal than it had been before, in that here they led a life of narrowed and simplified conditions. It had a more undivided supremacy. It had deeply colored and characterized their life and history before they came ; now it was

the very life of their life." The settlement at Cape Ann, in 1623, the arrival there of Roger Conant, in 1625, the failure of that settlement, and the removal to Naumkeag, in 1626, and the arrival of Endicott, in 1628, all preceded the beginning of the history of the town of Salem, and are to be mentioned here only as showing that the neighborhood of the Calvinists at Plymouth had had opportunity to exert its influence upon some of the first settlers of Salem. When, in 1629, with the three hundred men of the second immigration, the four preachers that had been sent out by the company arrived, the spirit of Calvinism both in church doctrine and in government showed itself. Whether it had been so intended by the leaders of the company in England is not now known. Whether the ministers at their arrival wished for such an action is not known. How much influence Governor Bradford and his Congregational church at Plymouth, which had been brought over bodily from Leyden, had upon Governor Endicott before the arrival of the ministers, cannot now be told. Yet it must be clear that the influence that Calvin had exerted showed itself on the twentieth of July, 1629, when in accordance with the appointment by Endicott of that day to be "a solemn day of humiliation for the choice of a pastor and teacher," the inhabitants of Salem exercised "the highest functions of a corporate body." On that day began the government of the first Protestant church formed in America, by the simple process of choosing these two officers by ballot, each person writing his choice upon a separate slip of paper. For many years the same community was regarded both as a church and a state. So here in this public assembly may be said to be the first town-meeting in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. These four ministers had been ordained after the manner of the Church of England, and therefore a striking instance of the democratic spirit, which Calvin had revived in these descendants of the old Saxons, is to be found in what followed the election. "The church," says Mr. Wilson, "then and there proceeded to set apart the pastor and teacher-elect, with solemn and formal ceremony of official investment." The whole procedure must have been extremely pleasing to Governor Bradford of Plymouth, and also

the repetition of the laying on of hands, on August 6, when the covenant was presented and the members enrolled, Governor Bradford himself being present.

Doubtless Endicott was fully prepared, before the vessels reached Salem, for his ecclesiastical organization, and he must have been aware of the danger of such a course. Calvinism, democracy, the Saxon ancestry, and the long-disused folk-mote of Teutonic origin, showed themselves in this free-handed proceeding. Here started the church, and here started the town. What difference was there between them? At the same meetings, church and town officers were elected. For instance, the church of Salem was in the habit of electing one of its men to be neat-herd, *i.e.* to attend to the neat cattle belonging to the town and pastured on the town common. Church and town records were identical for some time. Surely the two were instituted on the same day, and Calvin's hand was apparent in each,—in restoring the church to the simplicity of its early days, and in reviving the Saxon "tun" from its long stupor.

The lack of records of the town of Salem before 1636, and the same lack in the town of Boston, compel us to turn for our further investigation to the town of Dorchester. Perhaps it is fortunate for our purpose that it is Dorchester that has records farther back than those of any other town, for that town may be said to have patterned after the Mayflower Compact in forming its town compact at least a year before any of the other towns. Records are extant there as early as the 16th of January, 1633, N.S., and it is also known that previous to the spring of 1631 affairs were controlled by the clergymen. From that time until October, 1633, every order was voted on by the freemen, and no special town government was organized, except the appointment of a committee to sign land-grants, consisting of the two ministers and the two deacons.

Monday, October 8th, 1633, may be said to be the legal birthday of the New England town. The town of Dorchester on that day passed the following order: "*Imprimis*: It is ordered, that for the general good and well-ordering of the affairs of the plantation there shall be every Monday before the court, by eight o'clock A.M. and presently by the beating of the drum, a

general meeting of the inhabitants of the plantation, at the meeting-house, there to settle and set down such orders as may tend to the general good as aforesaid, and every man to be bound thereby, without gainsaying or resistance. It is also agreed that there shall be twelve men selected out of the company, that may or the greatest part of them, meet as aforesaid, to determine as aforesaid; yet so far as it is desired that the most of the plantation will keep the meeting constantly, and all that are there, though not of the twelve, shall have a free voice as any of the twelve, and that the greater vote both of the twelve and the other shall be of force and efficacy as aforesaid. And it is likewise ordered that all things concluded as aforesaid shall stand in force and be obeyed until the next monthly meeting and afterwards if it be not contradicted and otherwise ordered, at said monthly meeting, by the greatest vote of those present as aforesaid."

This formal document will answer for a constitution. Dorchester took the lead, and her action was followed during the next year by other settlements. Two years later, in 1636, the General Court passed a bill defining the powers of the town, and it was not until three years later still that the colony of Plymouth passed a similar law. The church was at the head of the affairs of the town before these dates. Nay, rather, the church was the town. At this time it laid aside the management of the plantation, and organized the town which should take up the duties. No such town existed in England, and thus it seems evident that the church is to be held responsible for the town as constituted; and the church received its democratic spirit and the awakening of the Teutonic love of liberty and self-government from the doctrines of Calvin.

Having discussed the beginnings of these three representative towns, the New England town in general claims a few words. If the compact of the town of Dorchester was the first to state that the town should be, the General Court was the first to decide the legal functions of such town. March 3d, 1636, N.S., the General Court ordered that as "particular towns had many things which concerned only themselves and the ordering their own affairs and disposing of business in their own town, . . . the freemen of every town, or

a major portion of them, . . . make such laws and constitutions as concern the welfare of their town, . . . not of a criminal but of a prudential nature, . . . and that their penalties not exceed 20 shillings for one offence, and that they be not repugnant to the public orders and laws of the country." Each town was allowed to choose yearly, or for less time, "a convenient number of fit men, to order the prudential affairs of the town, according to instructions given to them in writing, they doing nothing contrary to the laws and orders of the country; and the number of the selectmen to be not above nine."

It may be suggested that the town was affected by the previously granted charter to the colony, and that under other circumstances it might have been different. During these years the town was planted under other conditions. Inhabitants of Dorchester, Watertown, and Newtown, becoming dissatisfied for one reason or another, removed from the vicinity of Boston to the valley of the Connecticut. For a time there, in the towns now called Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield, the inhabitants seemed to consider themselves to be under the government of Massachusetts Bay. Finding that they were not within the limits of that colony, they organized a General Court and, a more important fact, formed a constitution. This was, with the exception of the Magna Charta, the first written constitution in the world, and, excepting nothing, "the first written known to history that created a government." John Fiske, in his *Beginnings of New England*, adds, "It marked the beginnings of American democracy." Here, more plainly than anywhere else, the town in its strongest form is seen; and behind this constitution is Thomas Hooker, Calvinist.

What is the present condition of the town and the town-meeting? What is to be its future? The growth of the towns and the necessity of making them into

cities is one cause of change. The increase of foreigners, *i.e.* of those who are not of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and have not as yet imbibed fully the principles that lie back of a proper conducting of town and town-meeting, furnishes another cause of change. The town-meeting of the seventeenth century has been declared to be most precious by such men as John Stuart Mill, De Tocqueville, John Adams, Samuel Adams, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the words of Ex-Governor Long, "I believe in our towns. I believe in their decency and simple ways. I believe in their politics, in their form and administration of government, in their school and church influences, in their democratic society, in their temperance organizations, in their neighborly charities, in their proud lineage and history, and in the opportunities they offer. I know that our fathers who founded them and put their money and labor and their hopes into the institutions and character of these towns, did not mean that they should decay, that they should be abandoned, that any native born in them should turn his back upon them, or be prouder of a home elsewhere than in them. Their worth is not more in the things that are seen than in the things that are not seen; not more in the farm and shop and academy and railroad than in the mellow, pious, soft, refining influences of character which pervade them like an atmosphere, and exhibit to you, in humble cottages, men and women plain in manner and dress, but of rare intelligence and refinement; men who think and read, and are scholars and gentlemen, however humble their occupation; women who are poets and sisters of charities. Where else do you find the like?" As a fitting close for a biography of Samuel Adams, we find Professor Hosmer writing, "Cetainly it is well to hold the town-meeting in memory; to give it new life if possible wherever it exists, and to reproduce some semblance of it, however faint, in the regions to which it is unknown."

## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

*By Edward E. Hale, D.D.*

### V.

**L**ET us go to Providence.

*Miss Reader.* I should like to go to Providence ever so much, Mr. Hale; but it is so far off, and the fare — well, it would be a great deal.

*The Traveller.* Where are you, Miss Reader?

*Miss Reader.* Oh, yes. I beg your pardon; I thought you knew. It was a liberty I took, you know. I am in Kodiak in Alaska. I am the first assistant, in the charge of second room in the third graded school.

*The Traveller.* And what do you know of Providence, Miss Reader?

*Miss Reader* (takes the school geography from her table and reads). "PROVIDENCE, at the head of Narragansett Bay, is the largest city in Rhode Island.

2. "It is one of the richest cities in the world.

3. "Its inhabitants are principally devoted to manufacture, The Gorham Silver Ware and The Weybosset Worsted Goods being well known over the world.

4. "It is the seat of Brown University, a richly endowed institution with many learned and accomplished teachers.

5. "It is distinguished as the only city of its size where you can make a call at nine in the morning and find the people glad to see you."

*The Traveller.* What book is that you are reading from?

*Miss Reader* (turns to the title-page). This is the "comprehensive abridged epitome of geography, prepared by the State Board of Education of Alaska for the third grade of schools in that state."

*The Traveller.* It is a very good geography and very sensible. I should think you would like to go and see Providence. And you shall go with me. The fare will be nothing, for the conductor will not see you, and I have an old red ticket for myself which was paid for long ago, and has two punches still good.

I suppose you do not know why we are going.

*Miss Reader.* I thought we were going because I wanted to.

*The Traveller.* You are going because you want to, and I am going because I want to. But the reason we go on this particular day is that I am to give one of the lectures in the Old South Historical Course. And as you have not founded these courses in Alaska, I must tell you about them.

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MRS. HEMENWAY of Boston has arranged for course after course of familiar and interesting historical lectures in the Old South Meeting House. This is the historical church from which the people went to throw the tea overboard in 1773. On every important historical anniversary there is an address in the Old South for children and young people, with music appropriate for the celebration of the day. The public schools are permitted to furnish each a quota of the attendance, and you meet there one of the finest audiences you can meet anywhere, — perhaps a thousand intelligent young people of all ages, from eleven or twelve upward, who are interested in the history of the city or of the country, and who have made considerable progress in it. The singing in the Boston schools is good, and at the Old South Lectures they always have a good musical accompaniment of young people able to sing national songs, or indeed other songs, so that any one of these occasions is an interesting, even a brilliant ceremony. All of us in Boston who know or think we know anything about history are thus learning to speak to children better and better; — for one, I am not so much afraid of them as I was when I delivered my first lectures in the Old South Course. And thus we have added to the system of public education and amusement one series of gatherings which is both entertaining and instructive.

Well, this name, "Old South Lectures," is going over the country to express popular lectures on historical points, and our excellent friends in Providence, who are

not apt to be five minutes behindhand in adapting for their own use anything which is really pleasant and profitable, have inaugurated an Old South Course this year. It is some ladies' society which has taken it up, and a very good programme they have made. I was selected to speak on the year 1789,—on the whole, I suppose, the “*Annus Mirabilis*” of the last century, if you take into account the French Revolution and the birth of the nation which is known as the United States of America.

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PROVIDENCE is a lovely city. They are always chaffing us Massachusetts people for having driven Roger Williams into exile, and they imply that we were not particularly cordial nor hospitable in our treatment of him. I do not propose to dig up an old quarrel, but I have always said that if Roger Williams had had the better of it, and had exiled my Puritan fathers to Providence, I would have been very much obliged to him. You have your south wind off the water, which is the first point in climate; spring comes on three or four weeks earlier than it does in Boston, and winter comes on three or four weeks later; you are much more sure of your bluefish than we are; you are quite sure of your mayflower; in the summer you have Newport just beyond you, and always a friend's yacht to take you down to Newport. In short and in general, the physical advantages of Narragansett Bay are superior to those of Boston Bay. In that case of the exile of Roger Williams, it was a very lucky thing for him that he was exiled, and it is quite clear that his life after his exile was much happier than it was before.

The Alaska geography has referred to the social pre-eminence of Providence. It is a place where they are glad to see you, not merely a place where they pretend to be glad. I said to one of the saints there that I had rather live in a workshop than in a tradeshop. I have never forgotten how pleasantly she received the suggestion, herself directing I do not know how many thousands of people as they went about their daily business; but she said, “Oh, we do a little in subduing the world here.” And so they do. They would say themselves, as the Alaskan geography says, and it is quite true, that it is one of the

richest cities in the world. They have the knack of having a little more leisure than most busy cities do. It did them no harm, I fancy, that they had a college right in the heart of their city. I find that everybody takes an interest in something outside the mere affairs of his workshop, and the friends I have had there, in their workshops, never lost sight of the Idea. The late Mr. Farnum, one of their leading lawyers, had collected one of the most curious and valuable libraries. The John Carter Brown Library, collected by one of their millionnaires, is so perfect in its Americana that no man has a right to publish a book on American history without going there, and examining the tracts of the period of which he writes, to make sure that he has passed nothing by.

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THIS Mr. John Carter Brown, one of the merchant princes of Providence, wrote a letter one day which I happened to see when it arrived, which deserves to go into history. Like most New Englanders of large fortune, Mr. Brown was careful and conservative when the abolition convulsions came on. But his eyes were open, and he knew what was the difference between freedom and slavery. The last year before the war he reprinted one of the antislavery documents of the earlier days of Virginia, and so terrified was the whole book-trade of that day that he could not find a publisher, in Boston or New York, who was willing to give his imprint to a pamphlet which had been published in Virginia thirty years before. So Mr. Brown was fain to be his own publisher, and circulate his pamphlet as he could. He was not what we call a Garrisonian or an abolitionist; he was on the side of property and on the side of the Union. But when, in 1854, the real moment for action came,—which was when the Southern party, crazy with their own success in the election of Frank Pierce, made the fatal step of trying to possess themselves of the territories,—then John Carter Brown knew his place. The New England Emigrant Aid Company was formed by Eli Thayer, and it asked the people of New England for a hundred thousand dollars, with which to settle instantly the newly opened territories. Of this amount John Carter Brown subscribed ten thousand dollars. It was

the largest subscription the company received at its birth, and he was chosen president. He always attended the quarterly meetings of the society, and never lost his interest in it. At the end of five years it had done its active work. Kansas was settled, and it was clear it would be a free state, and Mr. Brown, who had a right to a discharge, wrote a letter to ask that his name might be withdrawn at the next meeting of the society. He had not lost his interest in it, but he did not wish to act longer as president. This was in the summer of 1859. But on the 16th of October of that year John Brown of Ossawatomie, with fourteen white men and four negroes, took possession of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry. The whole country was convulsed; the people of the North were only too eager to show that, whatever else they meant to do about slavery, they did not mean to capture United States arsenals. For an instant, the Southern wave seemed to regain its power, as people of sense and discretion went to such places as Faneuil Hall, to protest that they had nothing to do with negro insurrections.

It was at this precise moment that John Carter Brown, the millionaire prince, the richest man in Rhode Island, perhaps in New England, wrote to the secretary of the New England Emigrant Aid Society that he would like to withdraw the letter in which he declined the nomination as its president. "It is not at a moment like this that any man who is honored with the name of John Brown would wish to disown his obligations to the cause of freedom." I think he remained president of the company till he died.

We cannot visit that library to-day. But the house, with its courteous hospitality, the library, absolutely unique, I think, are better worth a visit than most of the sights which they make you spend a forenoon upon in Genoa or in Munich. Mr. Brown took endless pains, and expended no man knows how much money, to secure the one complete set of Debry's publications on America. Indeed, for years, and I think to the present time, no great sale of books has escaped his agents or his sons. They try to make the history of the country good till the end of the last century, and, as I have said, that purpose has been well-nigh attained.

I DO not pretend to say that Providence is physically the pleasantest place in the world. But, oddly enough, I happened to hear in conversation here what the pleasantest place in the world is. They had had a visit from that accomplished traveller whom, for our purposes, I will call the Prince d'Anjou. He had been around the world three or four times since he had been in these parts, and so Mrs. Halidon said to him, "Tell me, Prince, what have you seen pleasanter than the West Indies?"

"Nothing, my dear Mrs. Halidon, nothing. There is nothing in the world equal to forty yards of Trinidad,—unless, indeed, it be some spots in the interior of Java."

When that inhabitant of the planet Mars, whom I am always hoping for, comes to make us a visit, after he has touched for a moment at the Hub of the Universe, so that he may adjust his ordinates and his abscissas, we will take him to Trinidad and show him those forty yards, wherever they may be, that he may have a favorable impression of the world which he visits.

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AND here is Music Hall. Yes, it is the same place we were in when they had the school convention which I remember two or three years ago. And here is our audience,—mostly, as you see, from the Providence schools.

I must tell you a good story about what they call the Fort Point School. The master, Mr. Sawin, a man of excellent sense, was in the habit, when the boys had done well of a morning, of letting them shut up their books while he read aloud to them something which would interest them. This is the sort of prize to offer to boys. And on the particular morning when this story begins, he read them something which was very attractive. He had the tact of Scheherezade, and left off just where the story was the most intense, but said to them that if they worked well the next morning, he would read to them again. Accordingly, the school was at its best the next morning; everything ran smoothly, recitations were rapidly disposed of, and the hour for reading came. Mr. Sawin bade them put away their books, and took out a dime novel which he had confiscated a few days before, from some boy who was reading it at the wrong hour. He began to read from the dime novel. The school

naturally expressed its indignation ; this was not what they wanted ; they wanted the end of the other story. "No," said Mr. Sawin, "this is your own book ; this is the book which such a boy had brought to school and was reading behind the desk. If this is what you want, you shall have it," and to the indignation of the others the dime novel was read until school was done. I will not swear that Mr. Sawin read it with his best elocution ; that, as the English lady said, was a matter between him and his God. What is certain is that the school was indignant at the substitution. Then Mr. Sawin addressed them seriously. He said, "I am always telling you that you read very poor books when you choose them for yourselves. You see that I know what is interesting reading better than you do." And beginning on this text he made those boys join in a union, which was bound for a certain period of time to read what he suggested, and to read nothing else. Perhaps I can get him to write a letter to the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to tell what has been the result of this union and how far it has gone.

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WHILE we are waiting for that letter, look at this little programme. If anybody has any doubt of what can be done in a working public school, I wish he would examine these results. It is from the Doyle Avenue School, named after our old friend Thomas Doyle, who ruled Providence for five and twenty years. They had the sensible habit there of choosing the same mayor, since they found he understood his business, and he kept the city well up in its municipal life. Mr. Hall, the master of this school, had a series of school exercises on the constitution of the United States. From day to day, as the exercises went on, he examined the boys on what they had gone over. He did this by writing questions on the blackboard, to each of which they furnished the answers. He has now been kind enough to lend to me a compilation of the best answers made to these questions. They are not all by the same boy, but he has selected what he thought the best answer to each question, and the result is a little digest of constitutional law, prepared by school-boys of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen years of age. I wish you would read a few of the passages under different sections.

"*1. A Constitution.*—A constitution is the foundation of the laws by which any organized body of people is governed.

"The constitution of a society is the foundation of the laws by which that society is governed, or it is an agreement between its members that the society shall make certain laws and that they will obey those laws.

"The constitution of a state is the fundamental law of that state, or it is an agreement between the citizens of that state that the state legislature may enact certain laws and that the inhabitants of the state must obey those laws.

"The constitution of the United States is the foundation upon which the laws of the nation are based, or it is an agreement between the governments of the different states that Congress may make certain laws and that the people shall obey those laws.

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"*5. The Senate.*—The Senate is the upper house of Congress, and consists of two members from each state, who are chosen by the different state legislatures for a term of six years. Every senator must be at least thirty years of age, must have been a citizen of the United States at least nine years, and must be a citizen of the state which sends him to Congress. If a senator should die or resign while the legislature of his state is in session, the legislature would immediately elect a new senator for the remainder of the six years. If the state legislature is not in session, the governor may appoint some one to serve until the legislature meets, and then the legislature would elect some one for the rest of the term. The Vice-President of the United States is the presiding officer of the Senate, and he can vote only when there is a 'tie.' The senators also choose one of their own number to preside in the absence of the Vice-President, and he is called the 'President of the Senate.'

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"*9. Some of the Eighteen Powers of Congress.*—Some of the most important of the eighteen powers which the federal constitution gives to Congress are,—  
 1. To lay and collect taxes and duties for the purpose of paying the expenses of the national government.  
 2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.  
 3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations.  
 4. To coin money and fix the standard of weights and measures.  
 5. To make all laws relating to the post-offices and mails.  
 6. To declare war and to provide for raising and maintaining an army and navy.  
 7. To make laws in regard to naturalization.

"It was thought best to give these powers to Congress in order that the laws in regard to these matters might be the same in every part of the nation."

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You can sit by me here on the platform, dear Miss Reader, and see what a good audience it is. The ladies have come themselves and are scattered about, as you see, and there is Mr. Slicer, there is Mr. Manchester, there is Mr. Gill,—but, as I told you it would be, five-sixths of the audience are these school boys and girls.

Many of them, as you see, have brought their pencils for their notes. Now we will tell them, as well as we can, what happened a hundred years ago. You must not read to any such audience ; they want you to talk to them. You must watch them and see whether they understand and whether they are interested or not. If they are not interested, it is your fault, and you must see that they are. If there appears to be a hitch, you must explain ; keep them up to the mark of taking notes, and where there is any difficulty about their taking notes, stop and help them, even to the spelling of words if it is necessary. They will soon see whether you love them or not, by which I mean whether you are trying to show yourself off or to help them, and once you are in pleasant relations with them, all will go well.

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YES, we will walk up on the hill and see the college. They are proud of it, as well they may be. Dr. Robinson has just left them, after a long and faithful administration. That ran back to Dr. Sears's ; he left to administer the Peabody fund at the South. And before him was President Wayland, never to be forgotten. I wish anybody would tell me who had the wit to place Francis Wayland at the head of this college, when he was a young man of thirty-two years of age. He won his spurs by one sermon,—I think it was on missions,—which attracted and interested the whole Baptist Church, and so they made him president of this college, and here he proved himself one of the great educators of America,—perhaps the great educator. You remember what Mr. Lowell had the courage to tell them at Cambridge, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their college ? “ Great teachers are almost rarer than great poets. We can lay claim to none such,—I must not speak of the living,—unless it be Agassiz, whom we adopted. But we have had many devoted, and some eminent.” Taking the word *teacher* in the sense in which Mr. Lowell uses it, I do not remember any great teacher, among those not now living, in the American colleges, excepting Francis Wayland. But here was a man who quickened the life, apparently, of everybody with whom he had to do. He was a man who was always remembered afterward by those who had been in the college

with a sort of veneration intermingled with their gratitude. The little text-book of moral philosophy which he wrote, held its place by a sort of spell, even after his death, in the higher schools. Well, no one who knew him personally wonders at this. He was in every sort a large man, and he could carry his sympathies to every one who was in need. I never saw him to more advantage than in the great tournament which we had in Boston in the year 1846, which was repeated in the year 1847, when Samuel Gridley Howe and Charles Sumner, both of them young knights who had but recently gone forth in the great battle for God, put their lances in rest and rushed at the Prison Discipline Society. This was an old-fogy society, which had been in existence from John Howard's time. It had done a good deal of good work in the city, but had come out, as such societies will, with an excellent secretary to whom they paid a salary, and pledged absolutely to the maintenance of one particular prison system, almost indifferent to all the more recent studies on the subject of crime. Utterly to the surprise of the people who were managing it, Howe and Sumner walked into the annual meeting, and before the large audience of worthy anniversary comers who were present, informed the directors, the secretary, the president, and mankind, that the whole thing was wrong, and that the society was of no use at all. That was a good glove to throw down. There were plenty of people to pick it up, and for one week, and again the next year for another week, the anniversary week of old times shone as an anniversary week should shine. On this occasion, by great good fortune, Francis Wayland was the president of the society. I do not know on which side his convictions were, but I do know that he was absolutely true to both sides in his rulings and in his administration. I think it was the first time I ever saw him. I know that my earliest portrait of him is that which I drew sitting on the platform that day ; and I shall always, in my own mind, think of him as the faithful judge, administering the eternal law rightly, in the midst of what became the heated conflict of the tournament.

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HERE are the new buildings which their rich friends are enabling them to put up.

One is a memorial hall, one is a technology hall, I think ; and Mr. Guild tells me that, at a meeting they had in New York last week, they have nearly made up the fund necessary for their new gymnasium. We had better come into the library — Mr. Guild is the librarian. You see it is on the true principle,—a central octagon hall with radiating wings. That gives you your administration in the middle, where it should be, and diminishes the number of steps which the runners have to take. Architects are very apt to build libraries for the benefit of the people in the streets, but in the twentieth century we shall build them for the benefit of the people who use them. In this instance, the architect, whoever he was, seems to have forgotten that light is necessary if you are to read books.

But I shall never forget how Dr. Wayland insisted upon it that books were for the readers, and not for the owners. He would throw this library open to all the students, and he once told me, with a good deal of pride, that—I think he said in years—they never lost anything but one or two volumes of a set of Shakespeare. “Even if we had lost some books,” he would say, “what education is there equal to that of browsing in a library?” And he was never more pleased than when, on a Saturday, he found his young men were using their time in that way. You remember Mr. Emerson says what is the same thing in his paper on books. He says that there ought to be a professor of books in every college. I do not now know just where the plan broke down, which was well forward, that he might be appointed to just that position in our own Harvard College. I remember that I thought it was certain that that appointment was to be made.

After Brooks knocked Charles Sumner in the head in the older Southern fashion, the doctors did not like to have him remain long at Washington at one time. I was one day in the Astor Library, and I met him there. He said that the doctors did not like to have him in the Senate Chamber. “Wilson telegraphs me when he wants my vote, and I run over there; but meanwhile I am reading through this library.” I laughed, and asked him how far he had gone. He said : “Oh, you see I am nearly half through,” pointing to the

alcoves through which he had ranged, “and I have all the nice part before me now.” I asked what the nice part was, to be told that it was biography and history. Then he went on, quite at length, to explain his method. It was like Sumner, and I do not know that it is to be recommended to everybody. He said: “You know you hear of many a book that you have never seen,—you like to know what a book is. I just walk along, and if I never saw a book before, I take it down and open it. I look along through it, to see whether it looks entertaining or not, to see how the man does his work, and what the general make-up of the thing is; and then I put it back again.” In this way he had passed through a third of the Astor Library as it was then, in about ten days.

I do not know whether it is quite fair if I should add to this another story of Sumner, which is in part a story of myself. Among the few rare volumes in this workroom where I am dictating, is a copy of Hugo Grotius’s *De Bello ac Pace*. I found it in rummaging among my father’s books. I had it rebound, and was rather proud of it. One day in my early life I was reading a speech of Sumner’s, and I found in it a very telling paragraph from this book of Hugo Grotius. I felt a good deal mortified that I should own a crack copy of Hugo Grotius, that I should have spent money upon the binding, and that I should not have read it ;—in short, that Sumner knew more about Hugo Grotius than I did. So, on the first leisure evening, I took the book down, that I might at least know as much as he did of it.

My dear Miss Reader, the quotation which he had made was the first sentence in the book ! I read it through ; I put the book upon the shelf, and it has remained there from that day to this. For, as you see, these shelves of mine are so arranged that when you move from house to house, they can be carried without deranging the order of the books.

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WELL, Miss Reader, is not Providence a pleasant place? Are not these charming people with whom you have been talking? We will not write down what they say, but we will come and see them again. Now the Shore Line comes through from New York just on time. Here is Frederick, who

has seen all about the poor people while you and I have been in the library. We will get into the train with him, the conductor shall make the last punch in our red ticket, and so we will come home.

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TO-DAY we will go to Berlin. It seems that it is forty-seven years since I went to Berlin. This is not the Berlin of Bismarck or of Frederick the Great; neither is it the Berlin of Berlin Falls, where now the paper-stock of half the newspapers in the country is made by the destruction of the forests of the White Mountains. Nor is it the Berlin in Connecticut, nor the Berlin in Sangamon County, nor the Berlin in Worcester County in Maryland. It is the Berlin of Worcester County in Massachusetts,—one of twenty-five Berlins in the United States. This is the oldest Berlin of them all; the others were named by stanch Democrats in the days before the last war with England, when Napoleon's Berlin and Milan Decrees were expected to work evil to the commerce of England. Berlin and Milan, if you will recollect, used to be hard by each other in New Hampshire,—probably are now. But this Berlin is older; it was "set off" from Bolton, in Worcester County, on the 13th of April, 1778; and on the 16th of March, 1784, it was "erected into a district," by the name of Berlin. I do not know, but I think that this was out of respect to Frederick the Great, and I think he ought to have sent a bell or a library or a communion service to the church;—but he was not so much in that line, old toothless lion!

In this precinct a church was embodied under an ecclesiastical council, by a covenant bearing date of April 7, 1779, and on September 28, 1781, while we were waiting in the lines before Yorktown, Reverend Reuben Puffer was "ordained to the pastoral care thereof."

I am old enough to remember some of the anecdotes of Mr. Reuben Puffer, who was afterward Dr. Puffer, and of whose Dudley lecture I will tell something in another place. He ruled the moral destinies of Berlin with the mild hand of an old-fashioned Arminian until he died. This was in the year 1829. After he died, Berlin did not fare so well in its ecclesiastical life; and it happened that in the year 1842 there were two rival congregations

there, the Unitarian parish, and what we call in Massachusetts the "Orthodox" parish, each of which was holding a religious service in a town of six hundred people. They had separated some twenty years before. "The Unitarian parish retained the house; and the Orthodox worshipped in private houses, and had Dr. Puffer's manuscript sermons read to them."

Now it so happened that, at the end of 1842, I had just been licensed to preach such gospel as I had received to anybody who would ask me. That is the commission which Harvard College gives to its Masters of Arts.<sup>1</sup> It is a deftly worded commission, which implies, what the feudal system of church government forgot, that there must be hearers as well as speakers. It is the privilege of lecturing or preaching as often as anybody asks you to do so. It dimly foreshadows, what is known so well now to the secretaries of Young Men's Associations and lecture bureaus, that it is much harder to get an audience than it is to get a speaker. Well, I was authorized to speak as often as anybody asked me to do so; and a classmate of mine, Mr. Augustus Russell Pope, had agreed to preach to the Unitarian church in this town at Berlin. He had, I think, preached there one or two Sundays. On the first Sunday of November, 1842, he wanted to go somewhere else, or to do something else, and he asked me to go to Berlin for him. It was the first time I had ever exercised my new function in the state of Massachusetts. I wanted to go somewhere where nobody had ever seen me or heard of me, and I gladly accepted his proposal. There was a railroad to Worcester in those days, but there were no branches north or south of it. So I appeared in Berlin of a raw November Saturday afternoon, in the stage-coach, and made my *début* in my profession, so far as my own countrymen were concerned, in the Unitarian meeting-house, which was the old meeting-house of the town, the next day. The day after was the town-meeting; and I was asked to open the meeting with prayer, and did so. We stayed at the town-meeting, to see what the vote might be; and then the stage was made ready, and we came home, through West Sudbury, Sudbury, Wayland,—which was then East Sudbury,—Waltham, and

<sup>1</sup> "Quotiescunque ad hoc munus evocatus eris."

Watertown, collecting the votes from the different town-meetings, as we came, for the newspapers of Tuesday morning. For me, I was not old enough to vote. But I brought in my string of returns to the office of the *Daily Advertiser*; and I dare say I sat up all night, adding up returns with the rest of the staff of that journal.

So I have always had an interest in this inland town of Berlin. It is an unhappy confession to have to make; but after my two sermons of that Sunday, the congregation resolved to shut up the church, and it was shut up for some time till the town, which owned it, granted it to the Orthodox congregation. This congregation remodelled it for their own purposes, and worship in it to this day. It has always been one of the questions, whether the religious doctrine which I conveyed in the two sermons of that day was so good as to answer the purposes of the congregation to which it was addressed for half of the next generation, or whether, on the other hand, the whole thing "petered out" with me, and they were so discouraged that half a generation had to pass before they could begin again. Take it just as you please; I do not pretend to decide. What I know is, that now there is a very pretty Unitarian church built there, much better fitted for the purposes of a congregation than was the old meeting-house I preached in, and that here is an active and intelligent congregation gathered, who have just now called to their ministry my young friend, Rev. George Pratt, who has removed to Berlin to live; and you and I, reader, are going to his installation to-day.

Things have changed a good deal in forty-eight years. There is no longer any stage line from Boston to Berlin. We shall have to satisfy ourselves with an express train to South Framingham, and there we must take the Old Colony line on its way to Fitchburg. We shall not be more than an hour in going, and here is a perfect winter morning.

WHEN M. Laugel, the man of business of the Orleans princes, was in this country some twenty years ago, I tried to persuade him to go down with me one winter morning to Brewster, that he might see a congregational ordination. I said to him, what I say to all travellers from Europe,

that all cities are the same, and he was merely seeing in Boston and New York a reproduction of what he had seen at home; but that, if he would go down into the Old Colony, he would see a government of the people, by the people, for the people, showing itself in the ecclesiastical forms, and that here was a chance for him to see the simplicity of American life, instead of seeing it in its imitations of Europe. He said he would join me at the station if he could; but something prevented, and he never went and never saw what I saw. What happened then was that we were met at the station by our host of the day, in an elegant carriage with four beautiful horses; we were driven across to one of the most comfortable houses in the world, where, as it happened, after our first reception, with the absolute cordiality of the Old Colony and the princely arrangements of that household, we fell into the most recendite musical criticism of the time, finding ourselves in the midst of a party of accomplished musicians; and I recollect that, before lunch, we heard some of the best music of the day, exquisitely played on a grand piano, to which the Abbé Liszt would have paid a compliment. And this was what I had been promising M. Laugel as a specimen of the simplicity of Old Colony life.

My memory has been running back to this since our installation service was over. Here is this pretty church, not failing in a single appointment which good sense could ask for; here I have been sitting, delighted though I was shedding tears, as the well-trained choir sang from Mendelssohn, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring us good tidings"; and here has been the dignified old ritual of the Puritan church, with its right hand of fellowship, its charge to the new minister, and its address to the people, followed out in all its solemnity. Here, from a town of eight or nine hundred people, have gathered half that number of men and women in a serious service which has occupied them from ten in the morning to three or four o'clock in the afternoon, all carried through with that sense of its importance which belongs to a community, where the people really believe that we are all priests and kings, and that every one has some part of the responsibility for Church or for State. When you look on such an assembly of the

pure New England blood, you understand as you cannot do without looking at it, how it was that these towns in their town-meetings threw down the glove and defied

George III.; you understand Lexington and Concord; how the Fugitive Slave law went to pieces; and how the issue of the Civil War was what it was.

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## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BETTER than any article that we could print about Mr. Grady at this time, when New England has been sending her representatives to his city to pay tribute to his memory and express again her interest in that New South for which he stood, is his own address before the New England Society in New York three years ago, which first drew to him the attention of New England and the country. We think that every reader will thank us for deviating from customary magazine procedure and giving opportunity for another reading of this stirring speech.

Mr. Grady had made considerable progress in his understanding of New England feeling in the three years between the delivery of this speech and his recent visit to Boston. The words at the close of the speech, implying that New England was not as ready to reach a warm hand to the South as the South herself was to accept in frankness and sincerity the results of the war would, we think, have been impossible to Mr. Grady after the three years. Nothing, of course, could be more untrue. There is no assumption and no boldness in saying that in no section of the nation is there less sectional feeling or stronger national feeling, stronger or more natural disposition to consider what is for the interest of the whole, what is just and right and good alike in Maine and Texas and Oregon, than in New England. Justice and political equality New England does everywhere demand; that is what she stands for in this Union, and that it is to be trusted she will unchangeably stand for. At the ballot box, before the law,—that is her primal gospel,—must be no Jew nor Gentile, patrician nor plebeian, white nor black. She feels that Mr. Grady was too easy and optimistic about the existing situation at the South. She fears it is not wholly true that even in Atlanta there is "not one single ignoble prejudice" with reference to what was involved in the war. What was the result and meaning of the war? Not simply that in the nation the national authority is supreme, but that throughout the nation's length and breadth a man is a man. If it is true that Georgia has "planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to black and white," it is not true in the same way that it is true of those whom Mr. Grady was addressing; and the schoolhouse has been planted along with legislation about black and white in schools, of which even Mr. Grady, with all his local patriotism, could surely not be proud, and with popular attempts at yet more discreditable legislation. Would even Mr. Grady have declared, or could he have believed, that the great body of those who, in the legislature of his own state, voted but a very few years ago for the infamous Glenn

bill, are to-day heartily ashamed of it? It does not help the interests of true reform to assume too easily that we are near what we ought to reach. We speak with Mr. Grady's own frankness, in the spirit in which alone one section of the country can really help another section. "The negro in the South," says Mr. Grady in this speech of three years ago, "has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice." We do not enter upon any discussion of the extent to which the facts of Southern society and politics to-day are true to the general principle thus put by Mr. Grady; and we do not wonder in the least, with the teachings of history before us, that they are not truer than they are. We wish here to applaud the principle and to say that just to the extent to which it is recognized and applied in Southern politics in what concerns the negro, to that extent New England is willing that the matter—which is a national matter, concerning those who are citizens of the nation as well as denizens of a precinct—shall be "left to those among whom his lot is cast."

This speech of three years ago is characterized by the same eloquence and warmth which distinguished the speech in Boston just before the talented speaker's death. To read it again is to realize anew how great the loss which the country has sustained in his death. To rise into its spirit, however true or untrue its estimate of certain facts in the present political situation, is for the New South to be moved in a way that shall lead to justice, to breadth, and to prosperity.

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THE recent welcome of the representatives of the North by the merchants of Atlanta is pronounced by the press of the country the most notable affair of the kind which ever took place in the South. Around the tables at the banquet sat leading merchants and politicians from Boston, Providence, New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Denver, and many other cities. Among the speeches which followed the warm greetings from the governor of Georgia and the mayor of Atlanta, that which has attracted chief attention was the speech of Hon. William E. Russell of Massachusetts. He spoke "for a younger generation that, loyal to all that has been, yet dwells not in the past, but in a progressive spirit steps forward to meet the 'new occasions and new duties,' unhampered by prejudices that obstruct, and impatient of the spirit that would 'attempt

the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key.' " He spoke feelingly of Mr. Grady and of the obligations to him of North and South alike. Mr. Grady "loved the South, but spoke for all. With matchless eloquence and the manly frankness of a noble soul he proclaimed the undying loyalty of 70,000,000 people to our common country, to all her institutions, and to all her laws; and then he asked forbearance, sympathy, and aid while the new South adjusted the past to the present, and solved those momentous problems vital to her, vital to all; and gave his life in the discharge of this patriotic duty."

Mr. Russell spoke at length of the remarkable industrial development of the South since the war. "A revolution of ideas followed a revolution in institutions. With wonderful courage and energy she entered upon her new life. How well she has lived it, how much—vastly much—she has accomplished, you, gentlemen of Atlanta, from the experience of this great and growing city, can tell better than any words of mine. It has been told from the lips of your eloquent orator in language that caught the ear and won the applause of an admiring country. Many and great industries have been established, your railway system has been vastly extended, wealth locked up in your forests and in the depths of the earth has been brought to the use of man. Education has advanced with ever-increasing strides, and with equal pace, justice, thrift, morality, and respect to law—and last, but not least, free labor and personal liberty have been demonstrated to be the key to industrial and commercial prosperity. Upon those principles North and South stand now thoroughly reunited, believing in them not only because they are right, in harmony with the theory of our government and the purpose of its founders, but also because they are vital to the welfare, progress, and prosperity of every community."

Addressing himself to more strictly political questions and to the reforms now before the country, Mr. Russell's most salutary word was upon the fundamental importance of intelligent, independent, and unhindered voting. The first of the great political reforms vital to the welfare and permanence of our institutions he declared to be "ballot reform,—to correct evils that exist at the very source of political power. It is founded on the democratic principle of the right of every man to cast his ballot independently, conscientiously, intelligently, free from all corrupt or undue influence. It throws about him the protection of law to guard him against evils that exist and have been felt throughout the country, and which, if unchecked, threaten the stability of our institutions." The patriotic and serious citizen of Atlanta must applaud this word as warmly as the citizen of Boston. It is well that it should be spoken in the South, on so representative an occasion, by so intelligent a representative of that political party from which, rightly or wrongly, the leading men of the South for the most part expect most sympathy and patience. But in a matter so fundamental in a democracy as that of a free and honest suffrage, no party should be known. The best men of the South, cognizant of the abuses of the ballot which have prevailed in these twenty years in great sections of their states, and well aware that these abuses have been the chief frighteners away of enterprise

and the things that make for progress, are becoming as alive as their Northern friends to the fact that "A free vote and a fair count" are words which they cannot utter too often nor too loud. The hour has struck when, in the Northern city and on the Southern plain, this watchword must be sounded by every loyal American until every intimidation of a voter and every tampering with a vote have vanished from the Republic.

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If the problem of the suffrage is a serious problem in the South, so is it serious in the North, and especially in the great cities. We believe that the Australian ballot system, which has been adopted and so successfully tested in Massachusetts, will do much, as it is gradually taken up through the country, as it is quite sure to be, to make the corruption of voters difficult, and to stop it. But are bribery and cunning combinations at the polls the greatest dangers in our politics to-day? We believe that the abuses of the caucus are responsible for far more numerous miscarriages and defeats of the people's will. So notorious is it that nominations have been effectually fixed by certain potent coteries before the caucus is held, and that the caucus amounts to little more than the formal ratification of these pre-primary decrees, hurrying through the nomination of men of half of whom it is impossible that the average voter should know anything, that the respectable citizen has often, in a feeling of sheer helplessness, given up the caucus altogether, abandoning the entire control of the primary wheels of our electoral machinery to selfish schemers. But the redemption of the caucus, like the redemption of everything else, is always in the power of those who have wit enough and energy enough to attend to it. Such wit and energy have recently manifested themselves among some of the Republicans of Ward 11 of Boston. We venture to pronounce the reform of the caucus undertaken in this Boston ward the beginning of a movement more important than the movement to establish the Australian system of voting. What are the essential features of this reform? The first is that the caucus shall not be a half-hour's hurry and hubbub, but that the ward-room shall be open for voting for six hours of the afternoon and evening, thus giving convenient opportunity for every man to vote. The second is that the ward-committee shall itself submit no ticket to the caucus, but that it shall print every ticket recommended by a certain small number of voters, and among these various tickets the voter may freely and deliberately decide, or he may, of course, prepare a ticket for himself. Perfect freedom and adequate opportunity for deliberation seem thus to be secured. The methods in this Boston ward can very likely be improved upon in some degree; but if, with what is effected by a reform like this, the majority of voters in a party allow their desires to be thwarted, they have only themselves to blame. We sincerely hope that this matter of caucus reform will be taken up in earnest in every city in the country.

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THE Old South lectures at Madison, Wis., for the present season, beginning March 4, the programme of which is just issued, bear the course title of "Crossing the Alleghanies," being devoted

to the general subject of the opening of the West. The several lectures are to be as follows: "The Land and the People," by Prof. Frederick J. Turner; "Kentucky Pioneers," by Prof. James D. Butler; "George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest," by Reuben G. Thwaites; "East Tennessee and King's Mountain," by Prof. A. O. Wright; "Robertson and Sevier as Commonwealth Builders," by David E. Spencer. As in the case of the Franklin lectures, a prize is offered by the directors of the work at Madison to the young person submitting the best report of the lectures at the end of the course.

The fifth annual course of lectures at Indianapolis is now in successful progress. The Indianapolis lectures are given on Friday afternoons at half-past four. The lectures this year are as follows: "Historic Boston," by Rev. H. A. Cleveland; "Father Marquette," by John L. Griffiths; "Lewis and Clark's Expedition," by Miss Mary E. Nicholson; "The Spanish in New Mexico," by W. P. Fishback; "Some Reminiscences of Frontier Service," by Maj. W. P. Gould; "Personal Impressions of Lincoln," by Hon. R. W. Thompson.

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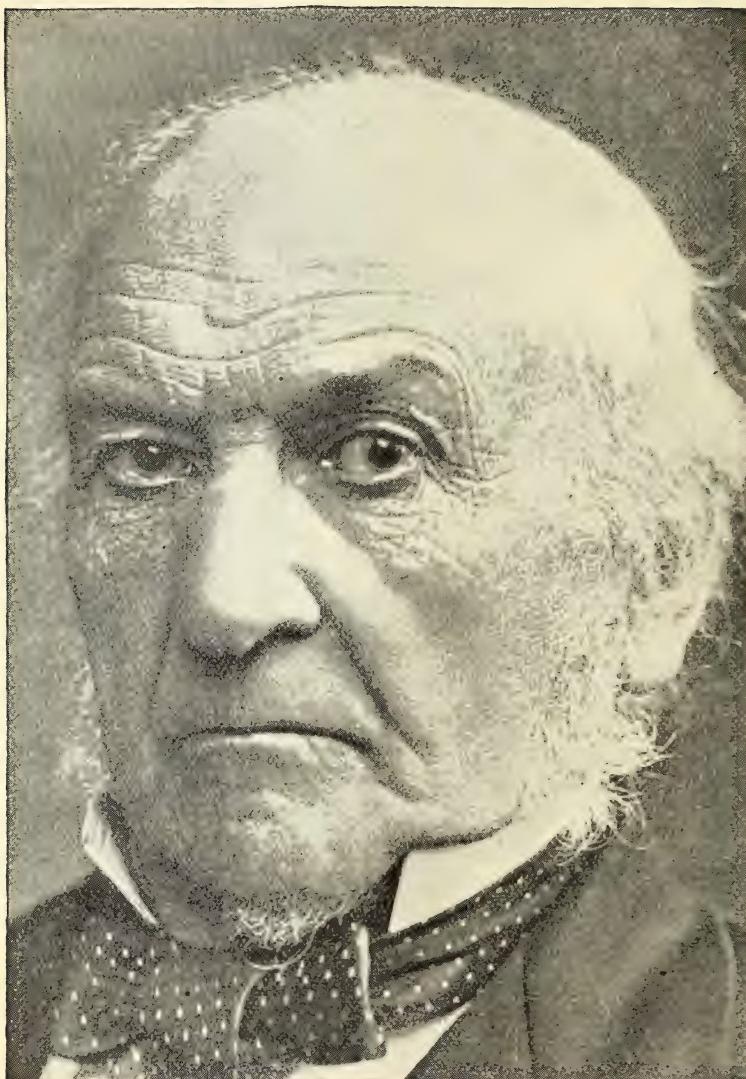
THE celebration of Washington's birthday is always one of the most stirring occasions of the year at the Old South Meeting-House. The meeting-house was not large enough to accommodate all the young people who wished to attend the recent celebration, applications for nearly two thousand tickets having to be refused. The speaker this year was Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, who has done so much for the cause of patriotism among the young people of that historic town. There was singing by a large chorus from the Boston public schools. The Old South prizes for the year were awarded, and brief selections

from Washington's writings were read by one of the prize essayists. The leaflet for the day, given to all the young people present, was one of the prize essays of the year, by Miss Caroline Christine Stecker, on the subject of "Washington's Interest in the Cause of Education, with Special Reference to his Project of a National University." The essay showed most careful study and remarkable strength of thought for so young a writer. It has been printed as an illustration of the excellent work to which the pupils of the Boston schools are being incited by the Old South prizes. The directors of the Old South Studies will gladly send a copy of this leaflet to any person writing for it. It is worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the promotion of historical studies among the young people.

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THE directors of the Old South Studies in History have just added to their general series of Old South Leaflets a translation of the constitution of Switzerland by Prof. Albert B. Hart of Harvard University, with careful historical and bibliographical notes. It will be of use to those both inside and outside of our colleges, who are engaged in the comparative study of politics. Equally interesting to many, at a time when several new states in the Union are just adopting constitutions, will be the constitution of Ohio, which has also recently been added to this series of leaflets. It is the purpose of the directors of the Old South Studies to follow up these with several similar leaflets, enabling every student to possess for a few cents good copies of the constitutions of leading European nations as well as of representative states in the Union. Our young people are very seldom familiar with the constitution of their own state. It is too often because they cannot easily get at it.





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOPTIC COMPANY.

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## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

*By William Clarke.*

**M**R. GLADSTONE is a well-worn subject, and I know not if there be anything new to say. I cannot write as a partisan. Many people in England lose their heads the very instant Mr. Gladstone's name is pronounced. The other day an Anglican clergyman had the kind politeness to suggest that the devil would release Judas Iscariot from his quarters in the infernal regions in order to make room for the venerable Liberal statesman; and this generous sentiment the reverend gentleman embodied in some doggerel, which he recited to a Conservative meeting. On the other hand, the average Liberal speaks of his leader as a demigod. The very phrase, "grand old man," has caused the gradual evolution of a mythical hero quite removed from the real man, but devoutly believed in by many good Gladstonians. There was never in English history any instance of so much feeling being stirred by the personality of one man. Such a man, capable of inspiring such contradictory feelings, must necessarily be at least a very striking character. I think I can understand both sets of feeling. That Mr. Gladstone should be intensely admired is not strange. That admiration is felt by many of his opponents scarcely less than by his friends. Disraeli felt it, if we may believe many of the stories told, as did Macaulay fifty years ago, when he described young Gladstone as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." Mr. Gladstone's personality is the most interesting and charming of any English statesman since Charles James Fox. His presence is stately and dignified. The leonine head, the flashing, dark eyes, the firm mouth, the

expressive, mobile countenance, the upright figure, almost as erect at eighty as it ever was, fascinate and compel homage. The long experience, the immense stores of knowledge, the marvellous industry, the varied skill in administration, in speech, in management of men, are esteemed only less than the generous nature, the quick sympathy, the moral feeling, the humanitarian aims, which have endeared him to the multitude more than mere mental gifts. Others admire the gradual development of his mind, the almost imperceptible but sure expanse of his nature, broadening like freedom, according to Tennyson, "from precedent to precedent." There are many persons to whom a sudden change in opinion, as in institutions, is distasteful and suspicious. The French revolutionary method of upsetting a throne in the morning, and drawing up a brand-new constitution in the afternoon, does not commend itself to their sentiment or their judgment. They may approve the end, but they dislike the means. Such persons will admire the steady but gradual change of Mr. Gladstone's mind in working from the old Toryism to the point at which he has arrived to-day.

On the other hand, there are persons who, quite apart from opinion, dislike altogether the quality of Mr. Gladstone's mind. It is too subtle and too intellectually comprehensive for them. In England people of plain, simple natures and of strong but narrow minds are very numerous; and such persons instinctively dislike the Gladstonian order of mind. I remember talking at the time of the general election of 1880 with a very distinguished writer with a mind somewhat of this cast.



Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY, JULY 25, 1889, BY BARRAUD OF LONDON.

"Much as I disapprove of Lord Hartington's general politics," said he, "I think I should prefer him to Gladstone as prime minister, for you never know what Gladstone will do next." This, I think, expresses a widespread feeling. "He has a great power of persuading himself," said the late Mr. Forster concerning his former chief. And people do not know what Mr. Gladstone may not persuade himself to do next. His mind is so active and so subtle, he sees so many things that others do not see by reason of their limited range, that all the hard matter-of-fact, unimaginative people naturally distrust him.

Sometimes they have reason for it. Statesmanship is after all a matter not of dialectical subtlety, but of practical judgment. The *de facto* state, especially the *de facto* British Empire, is no ideal, but a very clumsy practical contrivance, and is not to be administered by the kind of person who can out-argue the schoolmen in determining how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. I do not say that Mr. Gladstone is that kind of person, but he certainly has some of its essential elements in his character. One day, for instance, he was asked a very simple question in the House of Commons, a question

which might have been answered in a dozen words. His reply took twenty minutes. In the lobby afterwards the inquiry went round, "What the deuce does he mean?" Member asked member, but no one could say; and the conundrum had to be given up. Mr. Gladstone had spoken twenty minutes, and no one had the ghost of an idea what he had meant by it. Compare such a subtle balancing of words with the blunt utterances of Palmerston or the simple, direct language of Bright. The cloud of words was not, however, in the least due to dishonesty or any conscious wish to deceive. It marked the inevitable process through which an extremely subtle and argumentative mind was going. Mr. Gladstone was simply arguing with himself aloud.

This habit of mind has, however, been both to Mr. Gladstone and his party a source of disaster. Here is the ground of the opposition to him from plain people. The characteristic illustration of this is in Mr. Gladstone's conduct of the Egyptian and Soudanese expeditions, in his second premiership. This is undoubtedly the great blot on his fame, whether one approves or disapproves of British intervention in Egypt. If British intervention was morally and politically wrong, then every step the Gladstone government took from first to last was utterly unjustifiable. If, on the other hand, such intervention was necessary and just, then the dilatory and hesitating methods adopted by Mr. Gladstone must be severely condemned. This was manifest from the first to plain, simple people who never approved of what was done in Egypt and the Soudan, and some of whom have not yet forgiven Mr. Gladstone for his tergiversation, real or apparent.

I happened to be at the House of Commons on the night when the vote for the foolish and abortive Souakim-Berber railway was taken—a vote, I have been told, for which we may thank the obstinacy of Lord Hartington. The state of affairs was critical. Radical after Radical rose to condemn this new outlay, and to express his desire that the country were well out of its Soudanese pickle. The government bench was evidently ill at ease, the vote was defended in a very half-hearted manner, and things generally were looking ugly. Happening to go to the public counter for refreshment, I found my path blocked

by two tall figures, whom I was obliged to follow slowly as there was not room in the corridor to pass them. I saw that one was a well-known cabinet minister, and I could not help hearing the conversation. They were talking of Gladstone's attitude towards the unhappy Soudan war. "What is his idea to-day?" asked the friend of the minister. "Well," replied the latter, "he is for getting out of the Soudan to-day; but no one knows what he will think tomorrow." That one sentence, thus accidentally overheard, indicates in a word the source of the undoubted failure and mudle of the second Gladstone ministry. Its chief could not make up his mind to any definite policy.

Mr. Gladstone could not only, as Mr. Foster said, persuade himself; he has possessed a rare power of persuading other people. He would have made a capital physician, and would have induced his patients to believe themselves worse or better according as he wished. I have seen him quell an incipient mutiny among his Radical followers with the most charming ease. During Mr. Gladstone's two first premierships, there were constantly Radical rebellions, for he always leaned towards the Whig faction when actually in office, although he relied on the Radicals to get him in. Rumors of some Radical émeute would be noised abroad. The malcontents would come down to the House looking very determined; it seemed as though there must be a split. But the Grand Old Man would rise, pour forth a flood of words, turn to his Radical friends and treat them to some timely flattery, wave his hand deprecatingly, smile his sweetest (and his smile is very charming), modulate his voice, appeal for party unity—and the trick was done. Serious opposition had literally been charmed away.

Mr. Gladstone's remarkable success in life has been due in no small degree to his health, his capacity for work, and his prodigious memory. When one sees him now one sees a venerable figure bearing the marks of age. The outer skin of the face is almost like parchment, so pale is it and finely lined. But twenty years ago when I first saw him he was a splendid-looking man, the very picture of health. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh or fat on his body; all well-preserved and in perfect condition. From his earliest days his health

has been marvellous. He could sleep at any moment, casting aside easily the weight of public cares, and slumbering as softly as a little child. Like Sir Walter Raleigh, he could "toil terribly"; and like all first-rate statesmen, he has been endowed with a good memory. A friend told me that at a dinner-party a few years ago at Oxford, at which Mr. Gladstone was present, the conversation happened to turn upon some obscure matter connected with the incomes of some of the Oxford colleges, about which none but an expert could be expected to know. The experts present, however, knew nothing, while Mr. Gladstone came out with the desired information. The same informant told me that a friend happened to call in on Mr. Gladstone two or three days after the Revised Version of the New Testament came out. Mr. Gladstone had been through the new version, comparing it critically with the original Greek text, and spoke learnedly on the subject. Yet he was then in his sixty-third or sixty-fourth year, and held the double office of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was holding the threads of debate in the House of Commons every night. Even now he can repeat much of Homer and Dante by heart. He has recently given a French speech in Paris and several Italian speeches in Italy, and in every case without previous preparation. For a leisured man to do this at all is not easy. For a busy man with the affairs of the great globe in his mind, a man arrived at fourscore years, to do it well, is little short of the marvellous.

Mr. Gladstone was asked some time ago to name the writers or thinkers who had most influenced him. He named four: Aristotle, Augustine, Dante, and Butler. Certainly the man who chose these as his principal guides did not choose badly. The "master of those who know," "leader of all the philosophic train," has always dominated Oxford culture; and Mr. Gladstone can never have forgotten the debt he owed to the "Ethics" and "Politics" which he studied as a youth at Oxford. From Augustine he derived probably his almost too powerful conception of the great fabric of Catholic theology and of ecclesiastical authority, which many of his admirers think his chief weakness. Dante, the voice of the mediæval world and the great poet of the mystery of the soul of man, with his art

and history and philosophy and political thought, has had an immense fascination over Mr. Gladstone's mind. And from Butler, inferior to the others and yet greatest of modern Anglican divines, Mr. Gladstone probably learned clearness of thought. Had not Mr. Gladstone been a great statesman, what an admirable professor in his own beloved University would he have made! I believe some learned scholars do not think very much of his Homeric criticism. But I will undertake to say his lecture-rooms would have been more crowded than all the others put together.

Mr. Gladstone has been frequently charged with being imperious in his cabinet. The history of the Soudan policy in 1884-85 would seem to indicate that, so far as that series of unhappy incidents was concerned, Mr. Gladstone was not imperious enough. The truth probably is that Mr. Gladstone is somewhat imperious in matters in which he takes a profound interest. Foreign affairs have never had much fascination for him, and he has been accustomed to leave them largely in the hands of specialists. Where he feels at home is in preparing a great measure of domestic policy, like his budget of 1853, his Reform Bill of 1866, his Irish Church Bill of 1869, or his Home Rule Bill of 1886. Especially in the last case there is little doubt that he wished to settle a very complicated question almost by himself, with as little outside assistance or interference as possible. He had the same feeling, probably, that animated Clive, who determined to risk the battle of Plassey against the advice of his council of war and on his own judgment.

Turning from Mr. Gladstone's personality to his political career, let us ask, What is it he has done? Wherein has his action been of significance, and to what has it tended? Professor Tyndall, who is as egregious a charlatan in politics as he is eminent in physics, and who seems to have been born to illustrate the maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, recently told a meeting of Orangemen and landlords in Belfast that, "judged objectively" (whatever that may mean), Mr. Gladstone was "the wickedest man of his day and generation." I must apologize for referring to such nonsense as this, but it shows the animus against the Liberal leader. Now, if instead of repeating these absurd charges stimulated by hatred on the one hand, and the meaning-

less flattery of Liberal clubs and associations on the other hand, we try to find out what it is that Mr. Gladstone has been and accomplished, we may find it useful.

I have been told that, in a private conversation with a distinguished business man in the north of England, Mr. Gladstone said several years ago, "Mr. ——, I am essentially a commercial statesman." In this I believe Mr. Gladstone to have taken a sound estimate of himself and his achievements. The expansion of English commerce and capital has been the main fact of English history during the last sixty years, *i.e.* during the period, roughly speaking, of Mr. Gladstone's public life. He started in public life as a follower of Peel, and he changed with his leader. Just as Peel's mind became convinced by the arguments of Cobden and his associates, so did Gladstone's. When Peel flung overboard protection, his disciple did so too. And when the small Peelite group finally went over to the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone naturally went with them; and being by far the ablest man in the group, he naturally rose to be, next to Palmerston, the most important figure in the House of Commons on the Liberal side.

Now so much nonsense has been talked on both sides about free trade, that it is necessary to say just why England adopted it. To hear some enthusiasts, you might think it was a great act of philanthropy; to hear others, you might think England had been seriously injured by it. Both notions are absurdly fallacious. England has without question benefited enormously by free trade. She cannot maintain her position without it, and any serious revival of protection is impossible, although probably half the Tory party in England is still protectionist at heart. But free trade was not adopted because Lancashire weavers and Irish peasants were starving. They had starved many times without anything being done for them. Statesmen are not usually philanthropists; and when they pose as such they are usually simply talking cant to catch votes. A statesman is one who obeys the most powerful social force acting in his country at the time. Now for the last two centuries in England the most powerful social force has been that of the wealthy middle class. Not the aristocracy: the mere fact that titled people carried on the government blinds

superficial persons to the essence of that government. The rising moneyed class allowed the Whig and Tory factions to hold the offices of state, and sometimes they allied themselves with the aristocratic houses by marriage. But the aristocracy were merely the agents of the moneyed class.

In the last century this new-rich class was protectionist. It strangled Irish manufactures, it thwarted colonial trade, and it invented the huge and elaborate commercial code. The struggle between England and her American colonies grew out of attempts by the English commercial class to restrict American trade. The English manufacturers adopted this protectionist policy because it suited their interests then; and under it they built up a vast system of manufacturing industry whose growth was aided by the new markets obtained by war and by the backward industrial condition of the Continent. Down to the first quarter of the present century, the manufacturing class believed this protectionist system to be for their advantage, just as the iron-masters of Pennsylvania uphold, in their own interests, the American tariff at the present time.

But when the English manufacturing class had become so firmly established as to have no serious rivals, they proposed to fling away the tariff, just as the convalescent flings away his crutch. They began to see that cheap food and abundant raw material were necessary to maintain the position they had acquired. And just as they had previously supported a tariff for business reasons, so now they proposed to do without one for the same reasons. Again it was not a matter of sentiment, but of solid material interest. And the foresight of the English capitalists has been justified by the results.

With the great movement for free trade are associated the names of Huskisson, Cobden, Bright, Peel, Villiers, and Gladstone; and the greatest of these undoubtedly is the last. For it was Mr. Gladstone who, in his budget of 1853, as it were, summed up the results of tariff abolition and laid the foundations of the modern English financial system. That work Mr. Gladstone properly regards as among the most important achievements of his life; and, taken in conjunction with his budget of 1860 and his subsequent financial meas-

ures, it may almost count as the most important. Mr. Gladstone has been since so intimately associated with the Eastern and Irish questions that we are apt to forget that it is as England's greatest finance minister of modern times that history will take special note of him.

In the next place, Mr. Gladstone is a great administrator, and herein presents a strong contrast to most of the younger English public men. He had the advantage of entering public life younger than most men can to-day, and he held important office at a comparatively early age. Since that time Mr. Gladstone has held office after office under different administrations, and has so gained a wonderful mastery of the complex details of many public departments. Nowadays a man is lucky if he becomes a cabinet minister very much before fifty, and he has not time to make himself familiar with a department before he is forced out of office. But Mr. Gladstone, like Pitt and Fox, like Grey and Canning, like Russell and Palmerston, knows all about the British administrative system, and can feel "the very pulse of the machine." When Mr. Gladstone speaks, therefore, in Parliament or to the country, he speaks with a vast weight of experience, due not merely to age, but to exceptional opportunity.

Mr. Gladstone is also a great Parliamentary leader—one of the greatest of our time. When Palmerston was told of some one that he would always support him when right, the old man broke forth with an oath, "I want men who will support me when I am wrong." I will not go into the delicate ethical question of party allegiance; but its test is what Palmerston here indicated. Judged by this test, Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly a great party leader. It is nothing to say that he was occasionally deserted and defeated by his followers. So were Palmerston, Thiers, Gambetta, and yet no one doubts their pre-eminence as party leaders. The wonder really is, not that he was two or three times deserted, but that he should have compelled so many of his followers to swallow so much that was distasteful to them. In 1876 and 1877, spite of the opposition of many leading Liberals, Mr. Gladstone obliged his own party to abandon the traditional policy of upholding the Turkish Empire. On the other hand, when the dispute about the

franchise question agitated the public mind in 1884, and when the House of Lords appeared to set itself in opposition to the popular will, all the active Radicals on whom Mr. Gladstone depended for support desired that the opportunity should be taken for striking a blow at the hereditary chamber. The time was propitious, the Lords had no friends outside, the Radicals were clamorous for action, and yet Mr. Gladstone held back and kept his party back too.

Some persons may imagine that Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure of 1886 is conclusive proof of his incapacity for leading a great party. It cannot be denied that the Liberal leader did not go the happiest way to work in his method of dealing with the crisis that had arisen. He flung himself too suddenly, too palpably, into the arms of the Irish party. He should have disarmed any Liberal opposition by attempting to carry some English domestic reforms, particularly in the interests of the agricultural laborers who had helped him into office; whereas, by his precipitate action, he conveyed the impression of caring less for English laborers than for the Irish vote, and thus furnished his enemies with a handle that was effectually used against him. Then he should have proceeded on the Irish question first by resolution rather than by bill, as he did on the Irish Church question in 1868. And then, thirdly, he should never have weighted Home Rule with the enormous bribe to the Irish landlords, guaranteed out of British public funds. It was this last proposal which really did more than anything else to secure his defeat.

And yet, admitting all this and more, do the facts really indicate such poor leadership on Mr. Gladstone's part? This question cannot be answered till it is understood that Home Rule was the occasion, not the cause, of the Liberal split. That split had already shown itself in the 1885 elections, and indeed long before. It was a split between Whigs and Radicals, whom the same house could no longer hold. Had there been no Irish question, the split would have occurred just the same. Supposing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's so-called "unauthorized programme" of 1885 had been adopted by Mr. Gladstone at the behest of that shallow egotist, what would have happened? The Liberal party, in that case,

would not merely have been split ; it would have been utterly smashed beyond possibility of repair. No one acquainted with the inner movements of that critical period but will wonder that Mr. Gladstone carried so many of his followers with him as he actually did. The result was really a triumphant testimony to Mr. Gladstone's art as a Parliamentary leader.

As Mr. Gladstone is a great Parliamentary leader, so is he a powerful popular tribune. It is safe to say that no man in our century has exercised such an influence over the public mind in Great Britain as he. The only approach to it has been the influence of the late Mr. John Bright. It is absurd, however, to compare the two men, except in the one matter of oratory. It would take a hundred Brights to make a Gladstone. Mr. Bright was merely an average Englishman, endowed in a singular degree with the gift of speech. His culture, his habit of mind, his intellectual limitations, his essentially commonplace ideals, were all of the great Philistine middle class to which he belonged. There are hundreds of business men in the north of England, who, except for their lack of eloquence, are Mr. Bright's equals in every respect. But Mr. Gladstone, like Lassalle, is equipped with all the culture of his time. He knows the best that has been thought and felt by the human mind in all ages. He is equally at home in Greek poetry and Catholic theology, in the Shakespearian drama as in modern politics. And in all his studies he brings the same comprehensive intellect to bear. And while it is true that the average English people know little or nothing of all this mass of learning, they feel the immense spiritual superiority of the man before them ; they recognize that he is a great man, cast in a mightier mould than the ordinary run of politicians. In short, his greater manhood tells on the public mind, his genius attracts and fascinates, as did the genius of Chatham and of Webster. What has been called personal magnetism never has been and never can be a *quantité négligeable* in politics, and of this quality Mr. Gladstone possesses a most unusual share.

Mr. Gladstone's admirers claim for him, among his other endowments, the highest oratorical power. Having heard him speak probably fifty times during the last twenty years, I differ entirely from this verdict.

In my humble judgment, Mr. Gladstone can scarcely be called a true orator at all, certainly not an orator of the highest rank. I fully admit the power of many of his speeches, and the art of nearly all. I admit that he is a great master of the English vocabulary, and that no man can express the different shades of meaning more nicely than he ; but if you search through all the greatest oratory, ancient or modern, you will not find in it the characteristic qualities of Mr. Gladstone's manner of speaking. Milton declares that great poetry must be simple, sensuous, and impassioned ; and I venture to say that great oratory which is an art should present similar features. The really great orators have been terse, epigrammatic, simple in construction, impassioned in spirit. A good example of this is Lincoln's famous speech on the field of Gettysburg. How simple, yet how deeply affecting ! Its art is that it has no art. It came perfect in form out of the deep, brooding mind of the speaker. Or read the sharp, vehement, passionate declamation of Charles James Fox in his speeches on the peace proposals of 1803, or on the Westminster scrutiny. Or turn over the volumes of Gambetta's speeches, and read his denunciations of the MacMahon régime, or his withering scorn of the second empire. Or turn to Mr. Bright's speeches on the Crimean War or the American Civil War, and note the ease, the lucidity, the fervor, the rhythmic roll of the sentences. From these turn to any speech of Mr. Gladstone, and mark the contrast. Long, involved sentences, constant saving clauses, and formidable reservations, an utter absence of simplicity, picturesque imagery, or *abandon*. You think that you have before you a piece of very fine special pleading, a monument of political ingenuity, a skilful word-structure ; but you have not oratory. Of course Mr. Gladstone's very fine and striking presence counts for much in the actual delivery. But though I never saw Charles James Fox, yet after the lapse of a century, I can read his speeches with the same kind—I do not say the same degree—of pleasure that I can read the poetry of his epoch. But with Mr. Gladstone's speech of yesterday, though dealing with the topic of the hour, it is not so. Its wordiness and artificiality tire me. There is nothing in it which arouses, inspires, appeals ; nothing which

either kindles ardor or compels me to action. It is rather elaborate essay writing or thinking aloud or a kind of elaborate or ingenious casuistry than oratory. I allow for occasional instances where the speaker permitted himself to be carried away for a moment by the spirit. In such few cases, his memorable utterances will be found ; but for the rest, I feel certain that posterity will not spend very much time over the speeches of Mr. Gladstone.

I pass now to consider what is the nature of the influence which Mr. Gladstone has exerted in English politics. Spite of the judgment of the distinguished man quoted above, that you never could tell what Mr. Gladstone would do next, I maintain that he has been a great conservative force in politics. If I wanted an illustration of the short-sighted and superficial character of the English Conservative party, I should be inclined to cite its treatment of Mr. Gladstone. The difference between his Conservatism and that of the ordinary Tory is, that one is intelligent, the other not. The intelligent Conservative is surely he who has discovered that the world cannot possibly stand still, and that no political system is immutable and eternal, and who, seeing this, is prepared at the right moment to yield a little, in order to preserve a great deal. The so-called Conservative is often a very stupid and clumsy agent of revolution by his obstinate adhesion to something that has become untenable.

From this point of view, Eldon and Sidmouth were stupid Conservatives when they tried to maintain the old tottering edifice of privilege and corruption against the attacks of the early Radicals. Wellington and Peel, on the other hand, were intelligent Conservatives, when, to avert civil war, they conceded the claims of the Irish Catholics. Peel relapsed into stupidity in his opposition to Parliamentary reform, but showed that he had recovered his intelligence when he capitulated to the Anti-Corn Law League. Had he resisted, he would have brought the whole British social fabric about his ears. One of the most striking instances of stupid Conservatism in modern times was MacMahon's attempt to deliver France over to the clericals. He did not perceive that the evolution of France had reached a point at which any such enterprise was hopeless. Much more dangerous was the Boulangist

attempt on the French Republic, because based on a profession of progressist principles. Another signal instance of folly was the jingo policy of Lord Beaconsfield, because determined by an entirely false estimate of the actual social and moral forces at work in contemporary England. We must not be misled by names.

On the other hand, the widespread belief that Mr. Gladstone is a really advanced and even Radical politician does not say very much for the intelligence of the English Liberal party. The average Gladstonian conjures up a vision of an ideal Gladstone, which he persists in cherishing, spite of the accumulated mass of evidence against him. Such a person will applaud Mr. Labouchere when that clever and sparkling personage is laying down democratic doctrines to which Mr. Gladstone would not only not adhere, but against which he would vote in Parliament. And yet when Mr. Labouchere in the same breath talks about "our great leader," the Gladstonian will applaud as loudly as he did before. It is not that he is in the least degree dishonest ; it is merely that his intelligence is very imperfectly developed, as the brilliant Mr. Labouchere knows perfectly well.

If we follow Mr. Gladstone's career with attention, we shall see that he generally managed to discover just the right time when some question was ripe for practical settlement. He has nearly always worked along the line of least resistance. He leaves to other men the disagreeable work of initiating new movements ; he has generally opposed such men, but opposed them in such a way as to leave for himself a loophole of escape if he finds his position untenable. Then, when the hour has struck, when the mind of the average party man has been sufficiently developed, when it is safe, or at least not very risky to make the plunge, he comes forward as the leader of the hosts of reform and carries the sentiment of the country with him. He has shown a marvellous faculty for estimating just how much real force there is behind any movement, and reckoning with it accordingly. It is a faculty similar to that which Lincoln displayed in his conduct of affairs during the Civil War. I take it that Lincoln, while himself sympathizing with the cause of abolition, saw that the dominant sentiment in the North was the preservation of the Union ; and therefore he

never allowed himself to be governed by the feeling which actuated such a pure idealist as Wendell Phillips, to whom the maintenance of the Union was a small matter as compared with the destruction of slavery.

Mr. Gladstone has never had entrusted to him such a mighty task as that of Lincoln,—a task such as is given to few in history. But his principle of action has been essentially similar. He has estimated aright in the main the resultant of popular forces. I do not mean by this the counting of heads. The mass of people have no opinions worth listening to, and never will, until leisure, education, and opportunity are the lot of all. What I mean is the estimate of those forces which really move the great inert mass—forces moral, intellectual, emotional, economic. He who can do this may not be the highest type of humanity, but most assuredly he must be a pretty high type, with large knowledge, powerful imagination, wide sympathies, practical judgment, skill, and resource. Personally, I admire a pure idealist more than I do this kind of man. All the arts of management and the resources of statecraft are not, in my humble judgment, to be weighed for an instant against the lightest breath of moral idealism. But so long as the political state exists, so long will the politician be a necessity, and indeed a great moral factor in a nation's life.

Now the statesman, in the sense in which I have used the word, will always be intelligently conservative. He is distinguished from the stupid conservative by seeing that to conserve it is often necessary to destroy or to largely modify. Conservative stupidity exclaims against this as revolutionary. It is exactly the opposite, thoroughly conservative. And in this sense I claim for Peel and Gladstone that they have been pre-eminently the two intelligently conservative English statesmen of the century.

Let us look at Mr. Gladstone's actual performances, and we shall see how really conservative he has been, and how utterly fallacious are the estimates of him made both by too ardent friends and too bitter foes. In 1866 Mr. Gladstone perceived that the development of the English people had rendered the constitutional settlement of 1832 obsolete, and that the suffrage must be extended. A really advanced

and democratic politician would at once have gone for registered manhood suffrage, or at least for such household suffrage as England now possesses. Not so the Russell-Gladstone administration. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the working-classes as being "our own flesh and blood," used the language of democracy, but introduced a trumpery little bill that conceded just enough to prevent an explosion and just as little as was consistent with the integrity of the semi-aristocratic fabric of government. It was Disraeli who, by declaring definitely for household suffrage and flinging aside the petty Whig compromises, proclaimed himself a very much more revolutionary politician than was his great rival.

In 1869 Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church, not because it was theoretically an indispensable institution, but in order to remove a real Irish grievance, and so to strengthen the forces of content and conservatism in Ireland. And he did his work in such a way as to make the best terms he possibly could for the disestablished church,—terms scandalously unjust to Ireland and lenient to the Irish state clergy. His English education policy of the following year was similar. It was a patchwork of compromise. Given the need of compulsory education and of a public elementary school system, and this was the kind of measure which accomplished that result with the least injury and at the least cost to sectarian schools. I do not mean to say that the Education Act of 1870 was not an important and essentially democratic measure: no such act could possibly help being that. I merely mean that, like all the Gladstonian legislation, it was as little democratic and as thoroughly conservative as any such policy could well be. The Anglican clergy have made good use of it for their own purposes.

Mr. Gladstone was perhaps seen at his worst at the elections of 1874. He had offended and alienated his Radical allies, and he came before the country practically as a pure Conservative, with one of the lamest and most halting manifestoes ever issued. The truth is, the temper of the country had become conservative, and Mr. Gladstone knew it, so sensitive is he to the public moods. For two years nearly he was comparatively quiet, absorbed in ecclesiastical questions. Then, in the autumn of

1876, he blazed out on the Bulgarian atrocities, and in the next year he executed his new departure by denouncing the old Anglo-Turkish alliance. Many people whose own heads were not very securely fastened thought he had lost his. I heard at the time serious discussions as to his sanity. But he was really the European political barometer ; he saw that the Turkish Empire must go, that it was condemned politically and morally, and that England must be saved any participation in its crimes and disasters. Who will say to-day that he was not right? While purblind clubmen in Pall Mall were questioning his sanity and predicting his annihilation, he was sweeping all before him throughout the country.

When the Irish Land League rose in 1880 to formidable proportions, Mr. Gladstone saw that an agrarian crisis had arisen in Ireland. His act of 1881 was designed to aid the tenants at the smallest expense to the landlords. It was no democratic measure in any sense. It was hand-to-mouth legislation. It was designed not to settle the land question, but to give the Irish landlords a further chance, to prop up landlordism.

I have alluded to the franchise crisis of 1884, and the attack to which the House of Lords laid itself open. Any real democratic leader would have welcomed that opportunity to crush the House of Lords. The people were ready, or at any rate very good judges thought so ; certainly the effective fighting force of the Radical party was ready. The only possible explanation of Mr. Gladstone's refusal to challenge the peers to combat was that he is not a democrat, and has no wish to see the House of Lords destroyed. This is confirmed by two facts : (1) He has persistently refused to vote for the successive resolutions moved by Mr. Labouchere against hereditary legislation. (2) He has created more peers than any other premier of our time, and has thereby done all he could to buttress and fortify the House of Lords.

Some critics would admit all the foregoing instances, but would contend that when he took up the Home Rule cause Mr. Gladstone ceased to be conservative, and became for once revolutionary. Now let us consider this, for I am of opinion that Mr. Gladstone's essential conservatism never stood out more clearly than when he

determined to do what he could to put an end to the Anglo-Irish quarrel. The case probably presented itself to his mind somewhat in this way : The Act of Union has been tried for eighty-five years, and has been a failure. The two countries are as wide apart as ever, and exceptional laws must constantly be enacted for Ireland. The Irish people have no effective control over their own country. The longer this state of things goes on, the more difficult will be the settlement. The elections in Ireland have shown what is the real feeling there. In Mr. Parnell we have to deal with the most conservative Irish leader we are ever likely to see ; can we not make terms with him ? Parliament is burdened with Irish work, and its efficiency is threatened by the existence there of a large Irish party thoroughly disaffected, and offering permanent opposition to every successive English ministry. There is dead-lock ahead, and it must be prevented. That can only be done by satisfying the reasonable demands of Ireland for the restoration, under new conditions, of its national legislative body. This is how Mr. Gladstone, with his vast experience and keen insight, may have argued.

Some superficial people come forward with trite objections which they seem to suppose never occurred to Mr. Gladstone's mind. It is only rational to suppose that he turned over objection after objection in his mind, weighed each and disposed of it. There is no conceivable political scheme against which you may not bring objections. Take some of those Mr. Gladstone dealt with. The bogey of foreign invasion : An Irish Parliament may make Ireland a base of operations for a possible French invasion of England. True, she may. But, contends Mr. Gladstone, Ireland could not be a greater source of danger under Home Rule than she is now, especially since, as under the bill of 1886, the Irish Parliament has no military or naval force at its disposal. At present, if England and France went to war, the first thing the English government would be compelled to do would be to double the English army in Ireland. How can you speak of that as a condition of security ? The real danger exists now ; while there is the possibility (to use no stronger term) that genuine confidence in the Irish democracy would be repaid by cheerful and



Mr. Gladstone and his Grandchild.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON.

cordial alliance. The policy of suspicion and hate has done little: why not try the opposite policy of conciliation and respect? You cannot lose much by it; you may gain vastly.

But the Irish are not fit for self-government. Will they ever be fit, Mr. Gladstone may be conceived as replying, till they have fitted themselves by actual use? It is the old argument that you should never go into the water till you have learnt

to swim. To make the Irish leaders responsible for their own country's order will render them conservative and order-loving as nothing else can. But under a Home Rule Parliament the Catholics will persecute the Protestants. To this Mr. Gladstone can reply, out of the abundant evidence at his disposal, that the facts are all the other way. These are some of the considerations, all, be it noted, of a purely conservative character, that may

have suggested themselves to Mr. Gladstone's mind.

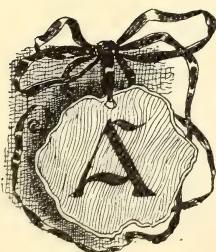
The actual bill of 1886 was a most able piece of constructive statesmanship, to which justice has never been done. And if Home Rule in any form is to be carried, it will be carried on the main lines of the rejected bill, unless the movement for converting the United Kingdom into a federal union assumes more solid character. In especial the conservative character of the bill has never been fully recognized. It provided for a legislative body dominated over by property — by the gentry and rich people of Ireland. It is true that the course of events would have turned this body into a democratic one, but the obvious intention of those who framed it was to hand over the government of Ireland to the Irish landlords and their friends. And the accompanying land bill proposed to give £150,000,000 on British guarantee to this landlord class! And these were the measures which the Irish landlords rejected! I venture to assert that greater folly was never displayed by any class than by those stupid conservatives who deliberately rejected such an offer. It will certainly never be repeated, and conservatism of the stupid sort will long have cause to regret that it did not close with the bargain.

Mr. Gladstone's inherent conservatism came out very clearly in his attitude towards the royal grants, when he voted with the

Tories against his own followers and proclaimed himself with singular unction a devoted servant of the monarchy. It came out also as clearly when, in a recent speech at Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to eulogize the present system of English land tenure in a passage which must have caused to many of his Radical supporters no little disgust. And it comes out most sharply in his attitude to the New Radicalism, as it is called, *i.e.* quasi-socialism. Not only does Mr. Gladstone not sympathize with the new movement, he evidently does not even understand it. To him the mere freedom of trade achieved forty or fifty years ago marked finality in the relations of labor to the state. He is obviously not a little pained and puzzled by the enormous aggregations of wealth on the one hand and the poverty and struggle for bare existence on the other. Were he twenty years younger, his mind might open to the new ideas concerning land and labor. But as it is, there is no chance. Trained in the old, decaying political economy, essentially a man of the old school, wedded to the commercial idea of half a century ago, it would be idle to expect him to share in the new ideas which have taken hold of nearly all the younger men in the party of which he is rather the nominal than the actual leader. He has had a great career, and he may fairly repose on his laurels now.

## THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

*By William Wallace Johnson.*



S the season most fraught with danger and disasters at sea advances, and the heartrending tales of suffering and shipwreck are flashed over the wires, — tales of good ships driven on a lea-shore or lost in mid-ocean with all on board, — it may prove interesting and useful to look into the means which our government em-

ploys to make the tracks of the mariner more safe and, so far as lies within human power, to alleviate his sufferings.

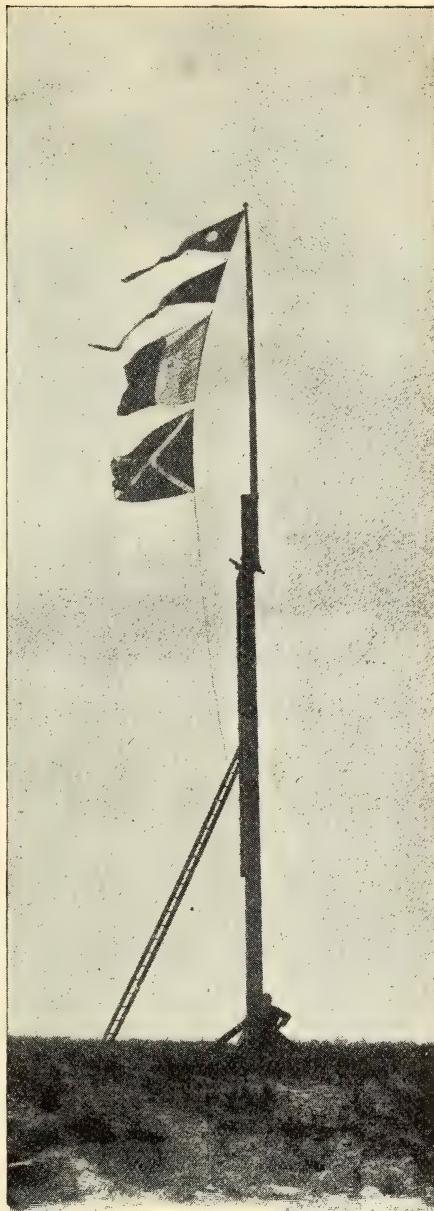
In the year 1807 the Massachusetts Humane Society erected, near Cohasset, a station fitted with a life-boat. Previous to this time there were along the shores of the Great Lakes and the coast of the United States no houses fitted even with most crude apparatus for the saving of life. The only refuge offered the shipwrecked sailor was, here and there, a small, rudely constructed hut erected by some humane and

thoughtful person; but even these, except possibly the six huts of refuge along the Massachusetts coast, erected in the year 1792 by the Humane Society, were so few and insignificant that, beyond the immediate vicinity in which they were located, they were unknown. Brave men for years, upon the approach of a storm, walked the sandy shores of Cape Cod, with no hope of pecuniary reward, but actuated by the nobler motive of affording aid to any vessel which might founder on its hidden bars.

The Massachusetts Humane Society, a benevolent organization, founded in the year 1785 and chartered under the laws of the state of Massachusetts in the year 1791, at first receiving its funds from the annual subscriptions of its members, but later on being assisted by the government and by legacies from various benefactors, at the close of the year 1845 had erected along the shores of its state eighteen stations and huts of refuge, which the castaway might luckily see and in them find shelter, warmth, and dry clothing. This society also placed at the several stations, in charge of trusty men, life-boats and life-saving apparatus, on many occasions, crude though they were, proving of great service. The crews in each case were volunteers from the hardy sailors who lived in the vicinity, with no compensation for their work, except for some most heroic and daring deed the presentation of a medal from the Society. These men, reared on old ocean's bosom, would have scorned the very thought of being hired to make an attempt at rescuing their fellow-men.

The establishing of the present Life-Saving Service of the United States has necessarily limited the Humane Society's field of noble work, as wherever the government has built a station near one of those formerly erected by the Society, the latter station has been discontinued; but the Society still continues to do much good, and in its work expends annually the income received from invested endowments.

Congress, in the year 1837, passed a law authorizing the sending out of revenue cutters to cruise along the coasts in stormy weather, and in the year 1848 voted ten thousand dollars, to be expended in the building of eight stations along the New Jersey coast. In the year 1871 Congress voted "that the Secretary of the Treasury may establish such stations on the coasts of



The Day Signal.

Long Island and New Jersey for affording aid to shipwrecked vessels thereon, and furnish such apparatus and supplies as may in his judgment be best adapted to the preservation of life and property from such shipwrecked vessels."

From this time dates the beginning of

the present Life-Saving Service of the United States. The service was now, through the influence of Hon. S. I. Kimball and Hon. S. S. Cox, thoroughly organized, and the stations manned and officered by those best fitted for this perilous work. Men, strong, able-bodied, and accustomed

In the year 1874 the service was divided into eleven districts, since increased to twelve. Each district has its superintendent and an assistant inspector, who are subject to the orders of the general superintendent and inspector of stations. There is also a board on life-saving appliances,



*Sumner I. Kimball*

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

to the sea, were appointed, regardless of their political views. Thus the little seed sown by these men of Cape Cod, fostered by the Massachusetts Humane Society and by the National Government, has continued to grow, until it has developed into this grand and noble work, extending as it does along the coasts washed by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and the shores of the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The total number of stations in commission for the year ending June 30, 1889, was 225,—173 on the Atlantic seaboard and Gulf Coast, 7 on the Pacific slopes, 44 on the borders of the Great Lakes, and 1 at the Falls of the Ohio River at Louisville, Kentucky.

its object being to assist the general superintendent in investigating all plans, devices, and inventions which may be an improvement on the apparatus already in use.

The estimated number of lives rescued, and amount of property saved, during the years from November 1st, 1871, to June 30th, 1889, inclusive, was : total number of persons rescued, 42,359 ; total number lost, 505 ; total value of property saved, \$60,352,092. During the year ending June 30th, 1889, from a total of 3384 lives involved, 3068 were saved. The total value of property saved by the service for this same length of time was \$5,054,440. What a grand showing of a most humane work ! The saving of property is commendable,

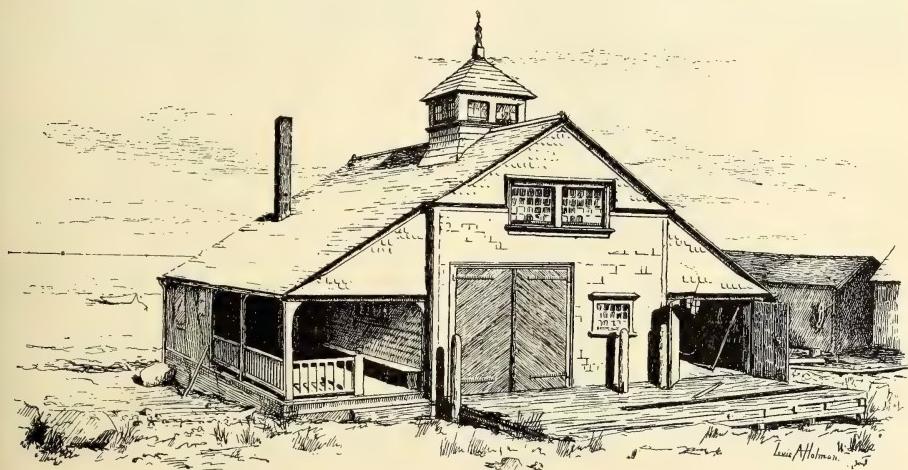
but that sinks into insignificance and is lost sight of when compared with the rescuing of human life. This record shows plainly the almost perfect discipline and management of those in charge of this department of the government, as well as testifies to the heroism and fidelity of the keepers and crews of the several stations in the scenes of peril through which they must necessarily have passed.

At first all the stations were built on the same plan, and were rather rudely put together, the wind and even snow finding an easy entrance into them. But now all is changed. The old houses have been remodelled and built as substantially and comfortably as possible, while the new ones, from their exteriors, present the appearance of the homes of well-to-do mechanics. As each station is constructed according to its own peculiar adaptation to the locality in which it is situated, it would be impossible to give a description which would apply to all of them. Perhaps a plan of the station at "Peaked Hill Bars," one of the most dangerous points on the Atlantic coast, situated on Cape Cod, two and one-half miles from Provincetown village, may

The writer is indebted to Keeper Fisher and the crew of the "Peaked Hill Bars" station for favors shown him; and he is indebted to General Superintendent Kimball for statistics.

The building faces the northeast, and is forty-five feet long and forty feet wide. The distance from the sill to the ridgepole is twenty-four feet, while that from the sill to the eaves is but seven feet. The building is shingled, and on the long sloping roof is a cupola or look-out, from which on a clear day, by the aid of the mariner's glass, objects far away over the expanse of waters can be plainly discerned.

At the northeast corner, in a small projection facing the ocean, is the keeper's sleeping-room, in which is kept the library, together with the journal of the station,—a daily record of the number of passing vessels, surfmen on duty, state of weather, and whatever of interest may take place during the day or night. The writing of this journal is compulsory. At right-angles to the keeper's room and of the same width, extending the length of the building, is a veranda, which affords a good look-out for passing vessels. In the rear



The Peaked Hill Bars Life-Saving Station, near Provincetown, Mass.

be of interest to the reader, and afford him some idea of how the apparatus is kept and how the men live who are appointed by the government to warn the sailor as his ship approaches too near the shoals, and to be watchful and ready in the saving of life and property along its shores.

of this veranda and keeper's room, separated by a partition, are the mess and boat rooms, the latter thirty feet in length and twenty feet in width, with its wide doors opening towards the southwest.

Here is kept the life-boat, supplied with oars, ropes, and all the necessary imple-

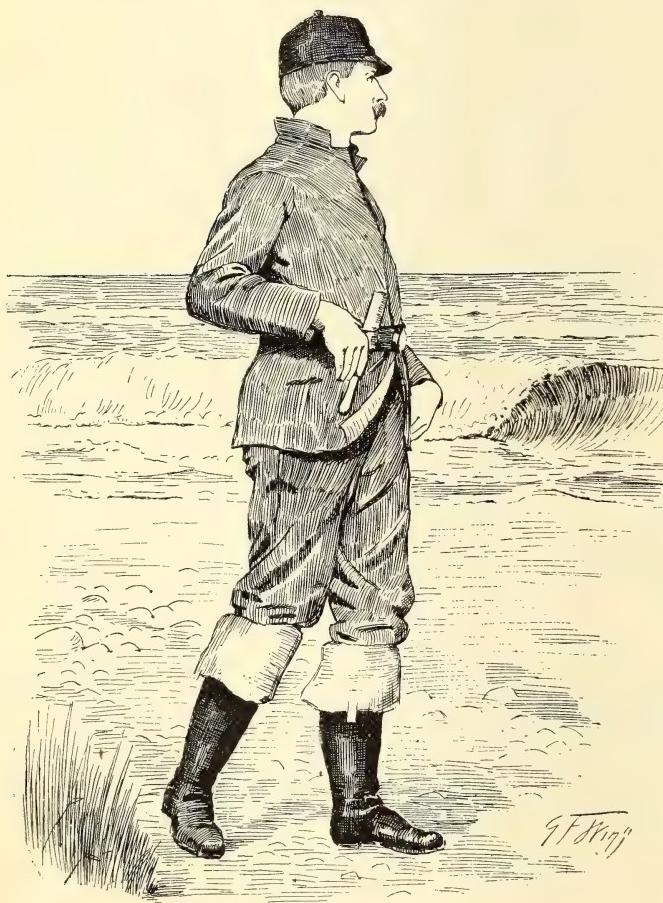
ments, mounted on its carriage ready for use at any moment. On the walls of the room hang life-lines, belts, patrol-lanterns, working lines, blocks, and tackles, and here and there on the floor, each in its proper place, are seen the life-car, raft, shovels, shot-lines, faking-boxes, guns, mortars, the beach wagon loaded with apparatus, and all the equipments connected with wreck ordnance. In the rear of these rooms, extending the length of the building, also separated by a partition, are a kitchen and spare room, in which are kept the clothing,

veranda on the north side, and the other through the spare room on the south side. Through these entrances we must pass, as no one is allowed to enter the boat-room unless attended by one of the crew.

Above the main floor are two rooms, the one used as a dormitory, with its seven small beds, and the other as a store and supply room, in which are kept ropes, signals, Coston lights, rockets, powder, medicine-chests, clothing, and the numerous articles which are useful in the saving of life and caring for the sick.

The rooms are kept scrupulously clean, and the building is well lighted and ventilated and as thoroughly built as possible. Still the bleak wind oftentimes finds its way in, and the action of the sand driven against the window-panes soon renders it impossible to see through them any object, however near it may be. Near to the house is a shed used as a storeroom for fuel and as a stable. This is one of the few stations where horses are employed to draw the heavy life-boat and wagon loaded with beach-apparatus over the sands. Where no such provision is made, the crew have this work to do, which is very slow and fatiguing, the beach-wagon loaded alone weighing over sixteen hundred pounds.

The force at the station consists of a keeper with six surf-men from September 1st to November 30th, and one additional surf-



A Patrolman.

oil-skins, and heavy boots worn by the crew in case of shipwreck or inclement weather.

There are but two entrances to the house, except by the doors opening into the boat-room, the one being from the

man from December 1st to April 30th. This is termed the "active season," and during these months regularly appointed crews man all the stations along the Atlantic coast excepting Florida, where houses of refuge fitted with apparatus are estab-

lished and volunteer service is employed. On the Lakes the "active season" is from the opening until the closing of navigation by ice; while on the Pacific slope, with the exception of two stations, the crews are employed the entire year. At first the active season on the Atlantic coast was but three months, beginning December 1st. The number of regular surfmen employed

can be employed, paid by the one whose place he takes. The surfmen are numbered; and in case the keeper is sick or away, Number One takes his place. Each position in the boat-drilling exercise and in the handling of the beach-wagon and apparatus is designated by a number, which corresponds to the one given the surfman at his station.



Launching the Life-Boat.

at the several stations varies from one to eight, the largest as well as the smallest being on the Lakes.

Each member of the crew, before being accepted by the government, has to present a certificate from a surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, showing that he is physically sound and is between twenty-one and forty-five years of age. The keeper, in addition to these requirements, must have an ordinary education and some experience in the managing of surf-boats.

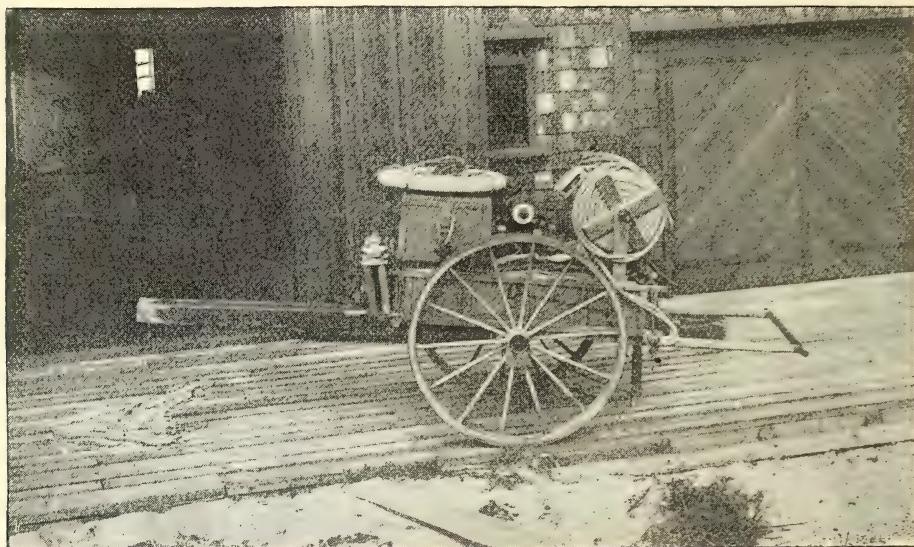
The keeper of a station is on duty the entire year, but is expected to be at his station only from sunset to sunrise during the time not included in the "active season." During the "active season" he may be absent one day in each week from sunrise to sunset, provided it is pleasant weather, and may allow each of his crew the same privilege, being careful that only one man is away at a time. In cases of sickness or leave of absence, a substitute

keepers of volunteer stations are required to live in the stations or in their immediate vicinity, while those in charge of houses of refuge reside in the houses the entire year. Formerly the pay of keepers was two hundred dollars for the "active season." It has since been increased to a sum not to exceed eight hundred dollars per year. This sum is paid only to those in charge of the most perilous stations. The majority of keepers receive but seven hundred dollars per year. The wages of the surfmen have been increased from thirty dollars per month to fifty dollars per month for the time included in the "active season." The salaries of the district superintendents vary from twelve to eighteen hundred dollars each per year, and that of the general superintendent is four thousand dollars. The keepers and crew have to pay their expenses of living while on duty, the government furnishing only fuel, lights, and

cooking-utensils. For the work performed and the perils and hardships through which they pass, these men are poorly paid; but as the service is gradually perfected, we believe their compensation will be increased. Well-indorsed petitions from all the districts, approved by the general superintendent, have been forwarded, asking that Congress, at its present session, will pass a

day each, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Most of the life-saving stations are provided with the International Code of Signals, by means of which communication can be had with passing vessels, their exact localities and weather probabilities given them, names and destinations learned, and in case of their being disabled, assist-



Beach-Wagon Loaded and Ready for Use.

law authorizing an increase of the pay of the surfmen.

In case the keeper or one of the crew is injured while attending to his duties, and is thereby unable to perform his work, he receives from the government his regular salary for a period of not more than two years. In case of death resulting from these injuries, if he leaves a widow or children under sixteen years of age, each receives, in equal portions, for this same length of time, the salary which he was receiving while alive. Should the widow marry within this time, or the children attain the age of sixteen, their parts are paid to the remaining children.

Volunteer crews are subject to the rules and regulations of the service, but have no regular salary, other than a sum not to exceed eight dollars each on every occasion of actual help in case of shipwreck, and in the saving and protecting of property a sum not to exceed three dollars per

ance sent to them. By means of these signals communication can be had between the stations in the daytime; at night the rockets are used for this purpose. Several of the stations on the Lakes, as well as those on the New Jersey coast, have been connected with each other by telephone, which has proved itself so valuable to the efficiency of the service that it is only a question of a very short time when the majority of the stations will be thus connected. Already the stations on the Atlantic coast of Long Island are to have telephone communication with each other, and those isolated from the mainland are to be connected by telephone or telegraph with the nearest villages.

The surfmen patrol the beach from two to four miles each side of their houses four times between sunset and sunrise. In foggy weather the patrol is continued throughout the day. To patrol the beach is oftentimes a very difficult task, and at-

tended with more or less danger. The patrolman is expected to walk the whole distance of his route, no matter how deep and blinding the snow, or how cutting the shifting sands, for along the beach tons of sand are moved with every gale. If the tide is out, he walks near to the water's edge, as he has better footing, and, partly sheltered, escapes the full force of the wind; but this is dangerous, as he is liable, unless on his guard at every step, to be surrounded by the water, drawn back by the undertow, and thrown by the succeeding wave a lifeless corpse upon the shore, or carried by the current out to sea, and buried in its fathomless depths. If he walks along the high bank, as is necessary when the tide is well in, he then has the unobstructed fury of the gale, and, not able to proceed forward against such a wind, he turns and walks, as best he can, backwards.

The landmarks, when they can be seen, by which these men know exactly where they are, are the slightest,—a barrel or bucket on a pole sunk into the sand at a certain spot, a keel or stern of some half-buried vessel, a mound or hollow,—these tell the midnight traveller where he is. Sometimes he is bewildered, and, after walking around, he knows not how long or where, is fortunate enough to get back into his station, or to be discovered and rescued

ceeds to the right of his house; and each continues on his lonely way until the end of the beat is reached. The boundary mark is generally a post or small hut, a shelter from the cutting winds. In some cases, at the meeting-places, there are small cabins, half-buried in the sand; and inside are stoves, in which the patrolman who first arrives builds a fire, which is kept burning throughout the night,—each one meeting at these half-way houses, so called, bringing with him a small quantity of fuel. Here the patrolmen from the adjacent stations meet, and after a short chat and an exchange of checks given them by their respective keepers before starting out, return to their stations, their watches having expired, bringing the checks received, showing that they have gone over their whole distance, and that all is well along shore. The check is a small square piece of brass, pierced with a hole; and on it is stamped the name of the station and the number corresponding to the surfman's number at his station. The checks collected during the night, those of each station being kept separately, are returned by the first watch the following night to the stations from which they were sent by the patrolmen whom they meet from these several stations, who, in addition to the transferring of the checks belonging to



Rescue by the Breeches Buoy.

from his perilous position by those sent out to succor him.

In pleasant weather a day watch is kept from the station between the morning and evening patrols, each man taking his regular turn on all watches and patrols. Two men start out from each station; one walks the beach to the left, while the other pro-

ceeds to the right of his house; and each continues on his lonely way until the end of the beat is reached. The boundary mark is generally a post or small hut, a shelter from the cutting winds. In some cases, at the meeting-places, there are small cabins, half-buried in the sand; and inside are stoves, in which the patrolman who first arrives builds a fire, which is kept burning throughout the night,—each one meeting at these half-way houses, so called, bringing with him a small quantity of fuel. Here the patrolmen from the adjacent stations meet, and after a short chat and an exchange of checks given them by their respective keepers before starting out, return to their stations, their watches having expired, bringing the checks received, showing that they have gone over their whole distance, and that all is well along shore. The check is a small square piece of brass, pierced with a hole; and on it is stamped the name of the station and the number corresponding to the surfman's number at his station. The checks collected during the night, those of each station being kept separately, are returned by the first watch the following night to the stations from which they were sent by the patrolmen whom they meet from these several stations, who, in addition to the transferring of the checks belonging to

the stations, exchange their individual checks. This method is kept up during the entire "active season."

At isolated stations a patrol clock is used, which registers the time when the end of the route is reached. The solitary traveller starts out, taking with him the clock fastened to his person by a strap.

At the end of his patrol, placed either in a hole dug for the purpose or on a post, is a small iron box, to the inside of which is attached a key that winds the clock. With the key brought from the station he opens this box, and by means of the one found inside winds the clock. A small hole is made in the dial, showing the time when he arrived. After replacing the key and locking the box, he returns, bringing the clock and key which he took with him upon starting out. At twelve o'clock at night the keeper takes out the old dial and in its place puts a new one. The old dials are sent with the daily report of the station to the district superintendent.

If after waiting at the meeting-place a suitable length of time the watch from the adjacent station fails to appear, the one already there proceeds towards the station to meet him, lest, bewildered, he may have lost his way and perished on the beach, or perhaps have discovered some shipwrecked vessel. A patrolman carries with him oftentimes a beach-lantern, but always Coston signals, which he instantly lights upon noticing a vessel too near the shore, to warn those on board of their danger, and in case of shipwrecks to give them courage by assuring them that they are seen and that assistance is not far away. This light continues to burn for two minutes, sending up a bright red flame which can be seen at a long distance. In case a keeper of one station wishes to notify the neighboring station of a wreck, and that aid is wanted, he burns a red rocket; the patrolman seeing this answers with the Coston signal and makes known the fact to his keeper, who answers with a white rocket. After showing his red light to a stranded vessel, the patrolman with all speed hurries back to the house and arouses its inmates.

Immediately, upon the cry of "Ship ashore!" each man is ready for duty. The crews are regularly drilled in the use of the beach-apparatus, as well as in the handling of the life-boat, so that there is no misunderstanding of what should be done or who should do it. Each man has his particular work to do and does it readily, thereby saving time when it is most needed.

The crews are also instructed in the restoring of the apparently drowned and in the treatment of frost-bites. Some stations have besides the life-boat a surf-boat. If

it is expedient to use the large life-boat, it is soon at the water's edge, ready to be pushed off and rowed by strong arms to the scene of disaster. If the surf-boat can be of service, it is drawn as quickly as possible over the beach towards the ill-fated vessel, and launched from the most available point.

The life-boats are built especially for the localities in which they are to be used, some being made much lighter and less complicated than others, and very few being built on the same model. As new ones are built, improvements are made; and though the perfect life-boat has never yet been constructed, still each year we see the approach towards that perfection. The boat used at the station I have described is twenty-four feet long, two and one-half feet deep, and five and one-half feet wide at midships, double-ended and of good sheer, and fitted with air-tight compartments at each end. Five oarsmen row the boat, the keeper guiding her by a long oar extending far out over the stern. The others of the crew remain on the beach to assist those coming ashore in safely landing, each man having fastened about his waist a wide life-belt made of cork.

The boats in general use on the New Jersey coast are of about the same size as the one described, but flat-bottomed, and the stern not as sharp as the stem. Some are fitted with air-chambers, while others are fitted with air-tight copper tanks at each end. The boats used on the Great Lakes and Pacific coast are larger and more complicated in their build, double-ended and deep, and supplied with two masts. They are, by their peculiar construction, self-bailing and self-righting—the former power obtained by a heavy false iron keel; and the latter by the inside arrangement of the boat, which consists of air-chambers placed along the sides and ends, relieving tubes and ballast, consisting of water-tight cases packed with cork placed at midships, and a scuttle at each end to admit a free current of air under the water-tight deck. Along the outside of all life-boats, attached to the gunwale, is a large roll of cork, to make the boat buoyant. In many cases to this roll of cork are fastened life-lines looped up in festoons, to which a person in the water can cling. Some of the festoons are made

so long that one overboard can easily step into them, and unaided crawl into the boat.

If when approaching the shore the boat is moving too fast and there is danger of its being upset, a drag is thrown over to check its headway. This drag is a conical bag, made of duck stretched over an iron frame, with an opening at the larger end, across which are four short lines fastened together at the centre, to which is tied a long rope held by those in the boat.

The surf-boat is built more like the ordinary row-boat, and is used principally in drilling-exercises and in boarding vessels during moderate weather.

At times, when the boats cannot be used, the wreck-gun and beach-apparatus, together with the breeches-buoy or life-car, are brought into service. The life-car is eight and one-half feet long, one and one-half feet deep, and three and one-half feet wide at midships, gradually tapering to each end. It is oval-shaped, made of heavy zinc or tin, completely covered, the only opening, except a few very small holes for the letting in of air, being a small hatch on the top. Around its sides are festooned large rolls of cork. The breeches-buoy, being much lighter and more easily handled than the life-car, is more often used. It is made of heavy duck, and resembles a pair of knee pants, having two openings, through which the legs are extended, and around the upper part, or waist-band, is fastened a large piece of cork, which serves as a buoy. When the breeches-buoy is used, the survivor thrusts both legs through the openings made for that purpose, and clings to the ropes attached to the buoy and leading from a traveller-block suspended from the hawser.

In case the life-car is sent to a vessel, the hatch covering is pushed aside, and, after taking in all it can hold, it is drawn back and securely fastened by an inside hatch-bar. The capacity of the life-car is from four to six persons, while that of the breeches-buoy is at best but two.

The manner in which a line or hawser is sent to a vessel in distress is as follows: From the beach-gun a shot weighing eighteen pounds, with a small line attached, is fired over her; this line is immediately drawn in by those on board until the tail-block, so called, with a whip or endless line run through it, is reached. The line is made fast to some elevated stationary

object, generally the mast. The shot-line is cast off, those on board giving the signal. The crew on the shore tie on to the whip a hawser and draw it off to the vessel, and this is made fast a few feet above the line previously secured. This being done, the whip is cast off from the hawser, and the signal again given. The crew on shore now draw taut the hawser, which in the mean time they have made fast to a sand-anchor and elevated by placing it in the jaws of a wooden crotch set near to the edge of the beach.

All is now ready for the sending along the hawser back and forth from the shore to the vessel, the breeches-buoy suspended from a traveller-block, or the life-car from rings running on it. Fastened to the tail-block and to the hawser sent from the shore, is a piece of wood with instructions printed on one side in English, and on the other side in French.

When, as is sometimes the case, it is impossible to send off a hawser, and the endless rope has been shot to the vessel, the breeches-buoy or life-car is sent off by the shot-line or hauled off by the whip, and drawn back ashore through the surf.

The gun most commonly used is the "Lyle," a small brass cannon twenty-two inches long and two and a half-inch bore, which shoots a shot weighing eighteen pounds. Tied to this shot is the small shot-line, to the end of which is fastened the whip, wound around a reel mounted on the front of the beach-wagon. In shooting the line, the wagon is placed a few feet to the windward of the gun.

Recently the "Hunt" gun and projectiles, patented June, 1887, have been introduced. In the projectile is coiled a small line, to which is tied the shore shot-line. The guns are of about the same size and are similarly loaded and fired, the one shooting a shot, and the other the projectile. A friction primer is placed in the vent, and the drawing taut of a line fastened to the primer causes the explosion. The guns can be raised or lowered to any desired angle. The particular advantage claimed by the Hunt projectiles over the old-style guns is that the shot-line, a small line of linen, is simply uncoiled and left behind in its flight, while the other guns, in shooting, have to drag the line through the air. In case the shot-line on the projectile should not work favorably, a sec-

ond line, on a reel, is placed near the gun, the ends of this second line and the shot-line having been tied together before the gun is fired.

The McLellan cart is of somewhat recent introduction, but on account of its weight is useless on sandy beaches except where horses are employed. It consists of two parts, each part having one large wheel on either side. The first part is fitted with a pair of shafts, and on its sides are placed the axes, picks, crotch, and poles for displaying signals. Underneath are the shovels and sand-anchor, and on the axle, wound around a reel, is the hawser with block attached. Above all are placed a faking-box with line carefully coiled and a box for holding the cartridges, primers, signals, and smaller articles which may be of use. On either side of the driver's seat are lanterns and small iron standards, on which the poles for displaying the signals are set. The second part of this cart resembles, very much, a hose-carriage; instead of having shafts it has a tongue, and it is easily unfastened from the axle of the first part and placed wherever desired. On the axle of this part, wound about two reels, is the whip with block attached, and between these reels is securely fastened the gun from which the shot-line is fired. By means of an iron screw underneath, the gun can be raised or lowered as desired. The faking-boxes, with shot-lines, are placed on top, and near by, on the front, the breeches-buoy and its apparatus are stowed.

The beach-wagon, when ready for use, is packed in the following manner: The axes, picks, and shovels are placed on the sides, the hawser, with tally-board and block attached, is coiled carefully in the centre, the whip is wound around the reel in the front, and its block and tally-board also set in the cart; the breeches-buoy, crotch, faking-boxes, sand-anchor, and

tackle are placed near by, and above all is set the gun which, in firing, always rests on the beach.

Located at the Falls of the Ohio River, near Louisville, Kentucky, is the only river crew in the Life-Saving Service of the United States. Its duty is to render needed assistance to the many boats, barges, and steamers which ply up and down the river past this dangerous point.

Destitute seamen are supplied with food



The Life-Boat.

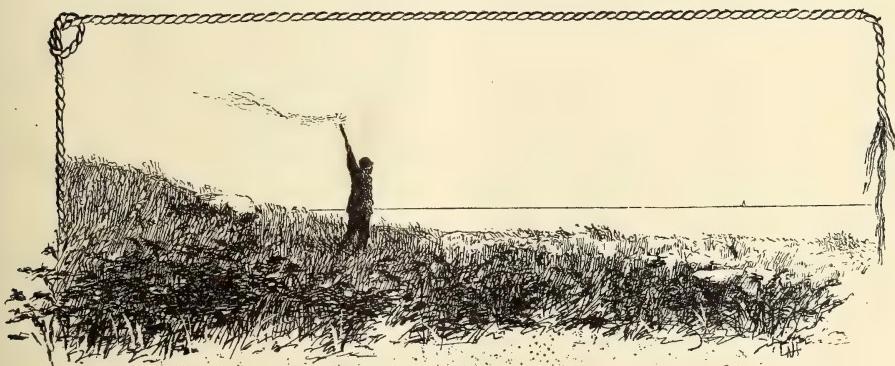
and shelter at the stations, at the expense of the government, as long as they are detained by the circumstances of the ship-wreck.

In instances of daring heroism displayed in the saving of life, the government still continues to award the gold and silver medals. The silver medal is presented in cases not sufficiently distinguished to deserve the first or gold medal.

In the year 1879 a society known as the "Woman's National Relief Association" was organized, its aim being to assist needy seamen with clothing and money for their transportation home, and also to care for those sick from exposure or injured by accident. There have also been established in many places local organizations bearing different names, but whose object is the same: namely, the caring for the sick and destitute sailor. They are ever on the alert to render needed assistance, and do a vast amount of worthy and unselfish work.

Volumes could be written reciting the deeds done and heroism displayed by the life-savers, even in the face of death. I will relate a most pitiful disaster which caused the death of Keeper Atkins and Surfmen Taylor and Mayo, of "Peaked Hill Bars" Station. On the morning of November 30th, 1880, the sloop *Trumbull* was discovered by the patrol on the inner bar. The life-boat was quickly manned by Keeper Atkins and Surfmen Taylor, Mayo, Kelly, Young, and Fisher, and rowed to the helpless craft. The crew, excepting two who positively refused assistance and remained on board the vessel, were safely landed on shore. The gale continued to increase in fury. The sea was now running high, and Keeper Atkins, realizing the danger that threatened those who had refused assistance, again started out with his brave band, to save them from what seemed certain death. The darkness was intense, and in their attempt to get near the sloop the life-boat was caught by a swinging boom and capsized. The same sea that caused this calamity struck the vessel, and she floated from the bar and sailed away. The men clung for a while to the overturned boat, but finally attempted to swim to the shore, as their only chance for life. Surfmen Young, Kelly, and Fisher,

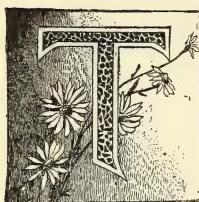
apparently more dead than alive, were rescued by Surfman Cole, who remained on the beach, and were cared for by him while one of the sloop's crew was sent to the town for medical aid. The remainder of the boat's crew, including Keeper Atkins, Surfmen Taylor and Mayo, though excellent swimmers, were fighting for life against fearful odds. Their dying cries, mingling with the shrieking winds, were soon silenced, and they were swept by the waves beyond the reach of help and swallowed by the angry sea. Eager, watchful ones patrolled the shore, hoping, praying that, though dead, their bodies might be recovered. After many weary hours of watching, as if to make amends for its cruel work, old Ocean gave back each lifeless form and laid it gently on the frozen beach. The whole village turned out to do these brave men honor, and when they were carried from the church to their last resting-places few eyes were dry. Small mounds of earth and marble slabs now mark the places where they sleep. What more suitable epitaph could be carved than the words telling that they died in saving others,—what more eloquent eulogy pronounced than that in time of great danger they were not found wanting in the performance of their duty?



Showing Coston Light to a Vessel in Danger.

## PLAIN WORDS ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

*By Elaine Goodale.*



THE new method of dealing with the Indian, not as an Indian, but as a man, is better understood in the form of a general proposition than as applied to the details of administration. Our national policy in this regard, as recently formulated in the President's message and in the Report of the Secretary of the Interior, must now be familiar to every intelligent citizen, even though he had overlooked the declarations of the two strong Indian associations, the statements of thoughtful missionaries, and the platform of the famous Mohawk Conference. We have undertaken, as a nation, to put every Indian child in school, and every Indian family on a homestead; to abrogate all "Indian rights," and to invest the red man with all the rights and the privileges of an American citizen.

It is unfortunate that the avowed policy of the government does not, in this case, strictly govern its official action. It is my purpose to call attention to the actual dangers of a timid and conservative administration of Indian affairs, of course including Indian legislation. These dangers are chiefly connected with reservations and Indian agents.

The Indian Reservation is a part of the superannuated segregation policy, which was long pursued by our government with deplorable results. The Reservations were originally set apart for a perpetual heritage for the Indians, and I suppose that the men who made the first treaties really believed that we should never need those vast tracts of wilderness, or perhaps that the aborigines would conveniently "die out" before we did need them. It is quite possible that they promised in good faith to feed and clothe and protect the savage from the encroachments of the white man to the end of time, and that they honestly saw no other practicable method of securing peace. The event has proved their un-wisdom, although not their insincerity. The rapid growth of our great country has com-

elled us to tamper with their solemn obligations,—it has apparently necessitated a succession of frauds, cruelties, and deceptions. In the meantime this race of involuntary prisoners and paupers has become as demoralized as we should expect from the conditions, and has lost to a great degree its pristine courage, patriotism, independence, and honor. This is the saddest result of the Reservation system.

These facts are admitted to-day, not only by advanced thinkers, but by the rank and file of citizens. It is surprising that these admissions could not have prevented the passage of such a retrogressive measure as the recent act to divide the Sioux Reservation, and throw open 11,000,000 acres to settlement,—an act which, under the cloak of a progressive piece of legislation, endorsed by the "friends of the Indians," creates six separate reservations for the six subdivisions of the Sioux tribe, and solemnly pledges the government anew to the old policy of setting apart and letting alone. At the very moment when everybody is condemning this Reservation policy, when nobody believes in it or wants it, a commission appointed by the President of the United States is concluding a fresh treaty of precisely the same nature as those which have been systematically broken, and had better never have been made,—is gravely promising never to disturb the Indians upon their newly created reservations, and never to allot their lands to them in severalty without their formal consent. And this piece of policy is supposed to have been committed "for the benefit of the Indians," because, forsooth, it contains a few compromises in the shape of appropriations for education, already promised in former treaties, and provision for voluntary acceptance of allotments, already better provided for in the general Land in Severalty bill, passed nearly three years ago! This Sioux bill was *not* passed "in the interest of the Indians," but in the supposed interest of the whites and it is not to the real advantage of anybody. It is a temporary makeshift, unworthy of our national Indian policy.

We have committed ourselves anew to the recognized mistakes of the past.

I have next to say that, in my opinion, the Indian agent is at the present moment the greatest single obstacle to Indian civilization and citizenship. This is not saying that there are not good agents, who are trying to "civilize" the Indians. The proposition is wholly independent of the question, whether a specified agent is a good or a bad man. He is in either case an obstacle to progress, *because he is an Indian agent*; in other words, because he is a despotic ruler.

It is not easy for the average American to realize that a United States Agency is an absolute monarchy on a small scale,—a little Russia in the midst of republican America! Let him live in an Agency for a few years, as I have done, and he will realize it only too clearly! It may or may not be brought home to him personally in an unpleasant way — that depends entirely upon whether or no he makes himself obnoxious to the agent, and it is in any case a minor consideration. But he will see, if he have eyes, that the one-man power is in its way supreme, and held in check only by entirely inadequate government inspection, and somewhat, of late, by the possibility of outside criticism. He will see that justice is practically administered or set aside at the will of the agent; for although criminal cases *may* be brought before state or territorial courts, it usually depends upon the agent whether this is done — and it seldom is done; and although so-called "Courts of Indian Offences," with a bench of Indian judges, are organized in many instances, not only does the agent appoint the judges, but he sets aside their decisions at his pleasure! I will not recount the miscarriages of justice which I have witnessed under these circumstances, for it is my object merely to point out the anomalies of the system, which speaks for itself.

The schools are equally at the mercy of the agent, who largely controls the appointment of teachers, the issue of school supplies, and the business of supervision. It is easy to see that by the discreet use of his unlimited power to issue or not to issue supplies, tools, horses, etc., to individuals, and to notice or refrain from noticing particular misdemeanors and crimes, the Indian agent can largely influence any ex-

pression of opinion or concentrated action among several thousand human beings. It is also obvious that all white men living upon an Indian reservation, as subordinate employés of government, missionaries, teachers, etc., or any who are travelling through it for purposes of observation and study, may not displease the agent on any account, at the risk of losing their positions, or their influence, or of finding the situation intolerable in one way or another, — and this without being able to fix the responsibility or obtain redress.

Lastly and chiefly, it is a vital mistake to place the difficult task of leading the Indians up and on to a plane of self-support and citizenship in the hands of a man who has a personal stake in the existing order of things. Of course, it is official suicide in an agent to admit that the Indians are able to do without him, — it is to his interest to defer as long as possible the final withdrawal of rations and annuities, or their payment in money, or any step towards complete independence of his sway.

I trust I have made it plain that there exists in our country one notable exception to republican rule, and that the Indian agent, be he the best and ablest of men, is an anomaly in free America, and an almost insuperable obstacle to Indian progress. The best agent is perhaps really the worst, because he does not lead people to look too closely into a system which may appear to work well enough. He may be, for the present, a necessary evil; but the wise statesman will use every right means to define and limit and curtail his absolute power, especially in the true lines of administration of criminal law and control of the school system. United States courts should be at once extended over all the reservations, — and the Indian schools should be conducted by a body of teachers and superintendents responsible directly to the Indian bureau, and thus removed wholly from the sphere of Agency affairs. They would then be, not local, disconnected, almost personal concerns, but the correlated parts of a great system.

I have a final protest to make on behalf of the natural right of the Indian parent to have his child educated at home. One of the strongest advocates of the theory that the Indian is at bottom a man like other men, and is to be treated accord-

ingly, is the veteran Indian educator, Captain Pratt. He says all this in one breath, and in the next breath he adds that the way to educate Indians is to place half the continent between them and their homes, to bring them up in a climate and a country entirely unlike their own, and then *to keep them there!* He seriously proposes to us to break up families wholesale, to leave the old people to die childless and forsaken, and to compel the younger generation to enter the highly organized society and compete with the oversupplied labor markets of the East, instead of "growing up" with the great West, as they would easily and naturally do, as soon as the barriers of the Reservation are broken down. Would any class of American citizens submit to such treatment as this? Has not every parent in the country a right to elementary instruction for his children at primary schools near his own home,—at *day* schools, in a word, which the child can attend and still remain at home? It is right that the Indian father should be given the opportunity which is not denied to other fathers, of sending a capable, ambitious child away from home for the "higher education," for the benefits of travel, and the advantages of a great school or university. It is *not* right that he should be required to do this, or given the alternative of district schools, or none.

It is unnecessary to waste words upon the chimerical scheme of permanently disrupting the family tie by obliging those young men and women who have been educated in the East to find a home and earn a livelihood there. It cannot be done; and if it could, it ought not to be, for the reasons already suggested. On the other hand, the establishment of a primary day-school system, on a large scale and under competent direction, is an urgent practical need. This is no menace to the really fine training-schools already in existence, of which none stands higher than Carlisle. Far better than another Carlisle, however, would be the application of Carlisle methods to a vast series of elementary schools scattered all over the Indian country, ready to become, at the earliest possible moment, an integral part of our common school system.

These, then, are some of the obstructive fragments of the old which threaten our new Indian policy, — the reservation-making treaty under the specious guise of a progressive act of Congress; the Indian agent, invested with autocratic powers, and expected to "civilize the Indians"; and the great boarding-school as a substitute for — not a supplement to — the primary home day-school. The people should be on their guard against these illegitimate offsprings of anomalous conditions and a progressive theory.

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## THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

*By Frederick K. Saunders, Librarian.*



PUBLIC libraries exert a potent influence upon the intellectual development of society, not only in their immediate vicinity, but throughout the land. It has been well said that "moral and intellectual light is all-pervading: it cannot be diffused among one class of society without its influence being felt by the whole community." The public library is destined to prove, in our country, the great educator of the popular mind. In

a republic of such free political institutions as ours, intellectual and moral culture is a necessity, for it is the palladium and guarantee of our national greatness, if not of our existence. Public libraries present many claims upon our grateful regard, since they not only educate and elevate society, but also conserve and perpetuate the intellectual wealth of past ages. It is one of the ennobling characteristics of our age that so many endowed institutions of learning deck our broad domain. The founders of such beneficent establishments, whether they be colleges, universities, or

free libraries, secure to themselves a more enviable and illustrious immortality than that of the conquerors of states and empires. The great states of Europe derive no insignificant portion of their national renown and glory from their time-honored institutions of learning and public libraries.

Thackeray was at one time a frequent

knew well how to prize the vast collections of the great institution of London, on one occasion referred to the library under review in these emphatic words: "I range daily in the alcoves of the Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a *Decameron*." These enthusiastic utterances from one so com-



The Astor Library.

visitor to the British Museum Library, and he has told us what his estimate of it was in these words: "I have seen all sorts of domes, of Peter's and Paul's, Sophia and Pantheon, and have been struck by none so much as by the catholic dome in Bloomsbury. What happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and for me, are here spread out! It seems to me we cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked Heaven for this, my English birth-right, thus freely to partake of those bountiful books." It seems almost superfluous to adduce such testimony to the benefits accruing from such institutions, so patent are they to every reflective mind. As we have, however, cited one from an eminent British authority, we may refer to another, — which is quite in point, — from an American of note. Charles Sumner, who also

petent to speak on the subject are not, therefore, to be regarded as the rhapsody of a bibliomaniac. They may with equal propriety be adopted by all who know how to feed upon "the dainties that are bred in a book." In most human lives there are odd intervals of leisure and some spare half-hours; and where could they be spent to greater advantage than in the companionship of books or in these great treasure-stores of learning? Would it not, indeed, be a sad self-neglect to suffer these multitudinous oracles of wisdom to remain dumb to us, when simply by our appeal we may make them vocal? Who may compute the high benefits that are often conferred by such institutions as a panacea for life's disappointments and trials? The alchemy of a good book makes us oblivious to all save its own sweet enchantment.

The principal libraries amongst us are those known as lending or circulating libra-

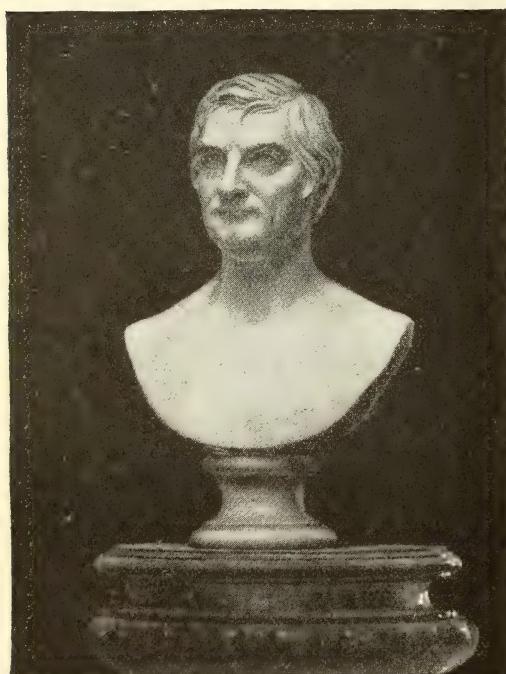


Vestibule of the Astor Library

ries and those called reference libraries. There are broad distinctions between them. In the former may be found a liberal supply of the literature of fiction and works of passing or popular interest, but in the other, works of permanent reference and

accredited value in the various departments of art, science, history, and general literature. To this order the Astor Library belongs, and it is generally conceded to occupy among its class a very prominent position. In a cosmopolitan collection like that of the Astor Library,—comprising not only very many of the best obtainable authorities of past times in all branches of human learning and among them many a curious "antique tome of long-forgotten lore," but most of the representative modern works in literature, science, and art, of both the Old World and the New. It is not venturing too high an estimate, therefore, to designate it by the term cosmopolitan. Although bearing the name of the family of its founders, it has also been claimed to be the most national collection of books in America. Considering its age,—about forty years,—it presents the foundation of a great future library, and it may therefore fairly merit that distinction.

In preferring such high claims for this institution,—the scholars' library,—it should not be forgotten that the mission of the lending or circulating library is a no less important one, and that, like the public school, its influence has become almost ubiquitous. Each has its appointed sphere of beneficent service; the one con-



John Jacob Astor.  
THE BUST IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

tributes to the education of our youth, while the other perfects the intellectual culture of our manhood. They both deserve our highest regard, because both thus conserve and minister to our intellectual, social, and political welfare as a nation. Not merely as an intellectual pastime-resort, however, is a public library to be prized, but rather as a literary laboratory, where are engendered many of those mental forces that push forward the intellectual achievements of the age,—where may be seen many an earnest worker, who,

*"With calm, enquiring looks,  
Has culled the ore of wisdom from his books,  
Cleared it, sublimed it, till it flowed refined  
From his alembic crucible of mind."*

In thus referring to the Astor Library, it is fitting that a few brief words of introduction should be devoted to its founder,—John Jacob Astor. Shortly after the close of the War of Independence, Mr. Astor came from Waldorf, near Heidelberg, Germany, to seek a fortune in the New World; and by thrift, integrity, energy, and untiring industry, he at length secured the object of his ambition, having ultimately become the wealthiest merchant of his time in the United States. Grateful for his brilliant success, he did not forget, among his benefactions abroad, this, the city of his adoption. After conferring with his friends, Washington Irving and J. G. Cogswell, he devised, in August, 1836, the munificent sum (for that day) of four hundred thousand dollars, for the founding and endowment of a free public library, to be located in Lafayette Place, New York. Mr. Astor also designated Washington Irving, J. G. Cogswell, and William B. Astor,

his son, as constituent members of its board of trustees. These gentlemen subsequently became its executive officers,—Mr. Irving its president, Mr. W. B. Astor his successor in that office, Mr. Daniel Lord its treasurer, and Mr. Cogswell its librarian, or superintendent. The act of the state legislature, incorporating the institution, took effect January, 1849; and the first library building was opened to the public January, 1854. During the erection of this edifice the librarian was commissioned to visit the leading book-marts of Europe,—London, Paris, Berlin, and Brussels. His visit was most opportune, since several great literary collections were then brought to auction, among them the



William B. Astor.

celebrated Stow library. He also visited on subsequent occasions other prominent literary centres, from Rome in the south to Stockholm in the north; and his selec-

tions were again of the first importance, comprising a fine collection of Oriental and Scandinavian literature and history, and the Transactions of the learned societies of Europe,—departments in which the library is well endowed. It may not be inappropriate here to cite the testimony of an eminent British writer, who, referring to the subject, remarks:<sup>1</sup> “In the Astorian library the selections of books have been



Washington Irving.

made with great judgment; and after the boundaries of the common crowded markets were passed, and individual rarities had to be stalked in distant hunting-grounds, innate literary value was still held an object more important than mere abstract rarity.” The numerical extent of the Astor collections had now reached about eighty thousand volumes, comprising for the most part works of accredited value in the whole range of knowledge; and such was the estimation with which it was then regarded abroad, that even Humboldt, Lepsius, and Bunsen referred to the institution as “one in which the world at large was interested.” It was designed by its founder from the beginning to establish a reference library which should be distinctly different from the popular lending libraries, and which should furnish

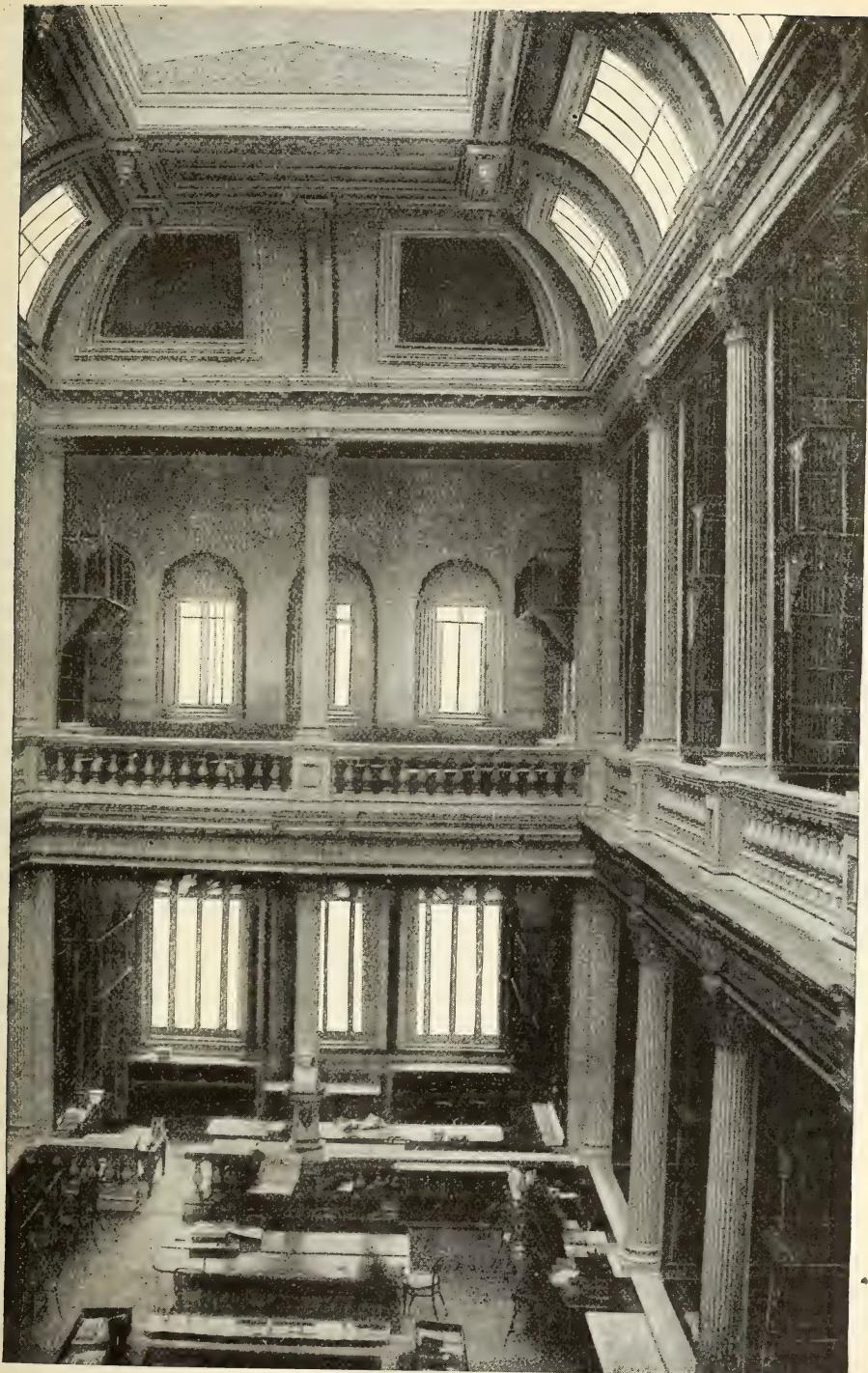
works of the highest authority and value for students and advanced scholars.

Passing on, the year 1859 was a year memorable in the annals of the library, partly because it was the time of its enlargement by the erection of its second hall, and also on account of the loss the institution sustained, in common with the world of letters, by the death of Washington Irving, its honored president. It was eminently fitting that an author of such deserved celebrity should have presided over such an institution, since to no other writer of his day had American literature been under greater obligations.

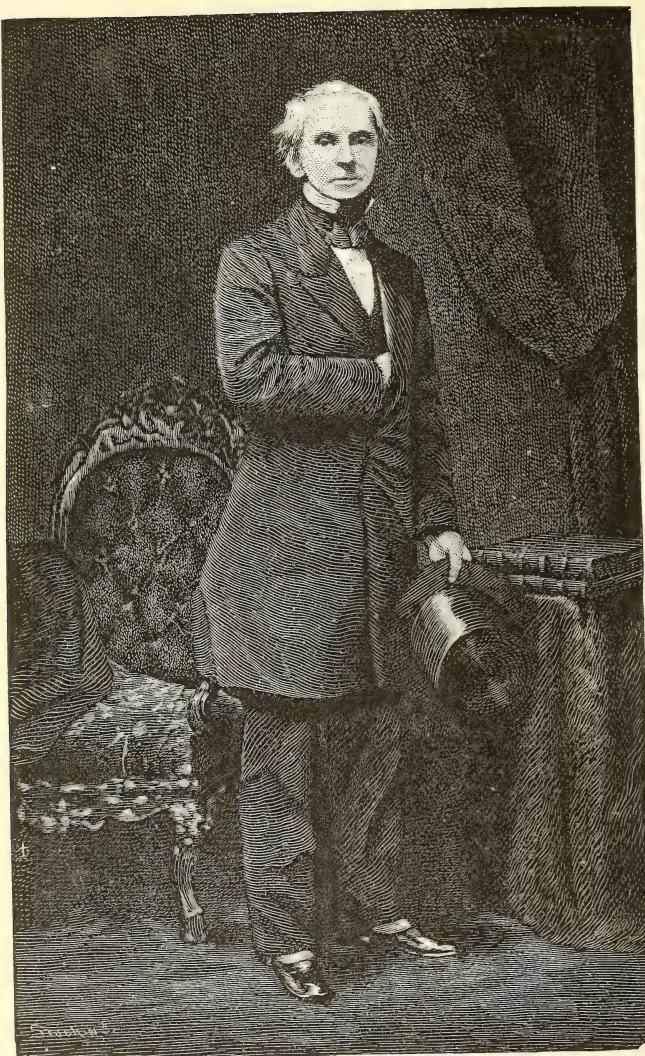
The new extension, with the ground on which it stands, was the gift of Mr. William B. Astor, who added five hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the estate of the institution. In the year 1881 the library was again enlarged by the erection of a third hall, uniform in style with the two preceding buildings. This, with the ground upon which it stands, was the gift of the late John Jacob Astor, Esq., the grandson of the founder. In addition to this, he caused other important improvements to be made, by a new central entrance to the library through a broad vestibule with frescoed walls and ceiling, and an elegant apartment known as the Trustees’ room. The vestibule is adorned with twenty-four classic busts by a Florentine sculptor, the gift of Mrs. Delano, a sister of the late Mr. Astor.

Two vacancies have recently been caused in the membership of the board of trustees by the lamented death of Alexander Hamilton, Esq., the president, and John Jacob Astor, Esq., the treasurer of the institution. By the will of the latter, the sum of four hundred thousand dollars has been bequeathed to the trustees, the income of which is to be applied to the purchase of books, the whole amount of his benefactions to the library being upwards of \$850,000. The present representative of the family is the Hon. William Waldorf Astor, recently United States Minister to Italy, and author of various well-known works. The following is a list of the gentlemen who still hold official relations in the board of trustees: the mayor of the city of New York (*ex officio*); Hon. Hamilton Fish, acting president; Thomas Masters Markoe, M.D.; Prof. Henry Drisler, LL.D., secretary; John Lambert Cadwalader, Esq.; Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D.;

<sup>1</sup> Burton’s *Book Hunter*.



MIDDLE HALL.



J. G. Cogswell,

THE FIRST LIBRARIAN OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger, Esq.; Robbins Little, Esq., superintendent; and Stephen Henry Olin, Esq.

It has been estimated that the entire properties of the institution—its buildings, books, and invested estate—may be stated at two millions of dollars. It should not be forgotten, however, that the library contains many rare books that increase in value with their age. A notable instance of this may be cited in the case of the first letter of Columbus, in four small leaves, printed at Rome in 1493, which over a score of

years since was bought for about six hundred dollars, a copy of which has recently been sold for nearly three thousand dollars. This is, of course, an exceptional case; but there are numerous great national and art productions in the library that are becoming every year more valuable, because more difficult to find.

The library edifice, which now extends two hundred feet front by one hundred in depth, with its three halls and various other apartments, could accommodate five hundred thousand volumes, which is about double the number of its present collection. The main central entrance is through the richly frescoed vestibule, which is adorned by groupings of classic statuary, the library proper being reached by a flight of marble steps. The desk from which the books are obtainable by the reader is at the east end of the middle hall. To the north is the hall of history and philosophy; while to the south are literature, the fine arts, and science.

The routine service of the library, which is under the direction of the board of trustees, is divided

into the following departments: the general distribution of the books to students and readers; the cataloguing of the books, as they are added to the collection; their classification and shelving; and their selection and purchase. These several divisions of labor are in charge of their appointed officers and assistants under the supervision of the superintendent and the librarian, who have adjoining office-rooms at the rear of the middle hall.

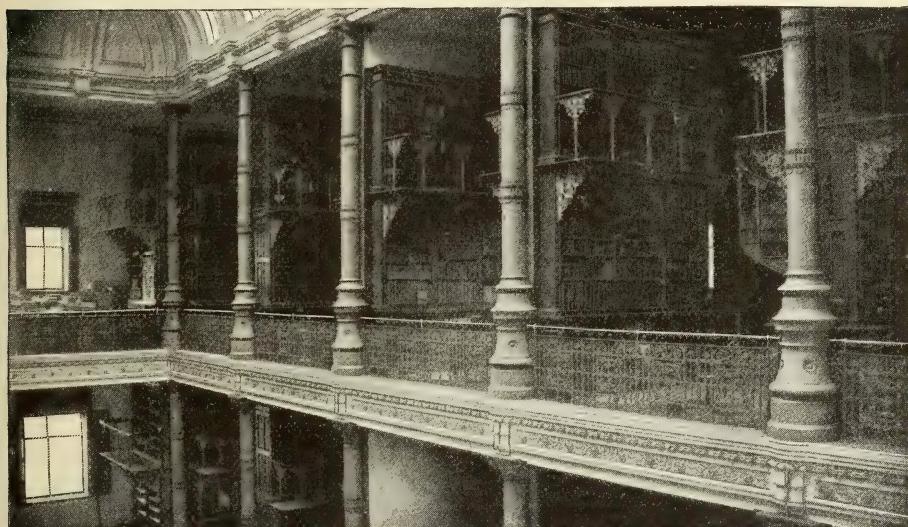
Although this library is inferior in its number of books to a few other American

libraries, its value is to be estimated rather by the intrinsic character of its collections than in its numbers, since it seldom has any duplicates; and its selections are controlled by a careful discrimination, its books being books of research rather than of entertainment. The last Report (December, 1889) shows that the whole number of volumes in the library then was 231,984, exclusive of pamphlets, of which there are believed to be something like 12,000. The same authority states the number of readers during the year at 64,210, and visitors admitted, by accredited letters of introduction, to the alcoves, at 10,226; while the volumes consulted were 170,547. The endowment fund has been increased from \$1,430,112.23 to \$1,498,409.61. This increase results from the cost of the catalogue, nearly \$40,000, contributed by Mr. J. J. Astor, and an additional large lot of land, also his gift, on the south side of the library, fronting on Lafayette Place.

To an observant eye a public library

merly more frequently visited by these "eccentricities of genius" than it has been of late years. Yet, like other free public institutions, it has its share of a class towards whom its relations have been rather charitable than literary. Some persons, prompted by a desire to read the latest and lightest work of fiction, and not finding it, would go away in great indignation, complaining of the utter inutility of the institution. By the scholar, however, it has been regarded as an intellectual Valhalla.

At the west end of the Middle Hall are tables for ladies; and beyond is the department of patents, American, British, French, German, Belgian, Australian, etc. These important documents form a no inconsiderable library of themselves,—numbering about nine thousand volumes,—and the visitors who constantly consult them are correspondingly numerous. The alcoves of the Historical or North Hall are so arranged that they represent different nations

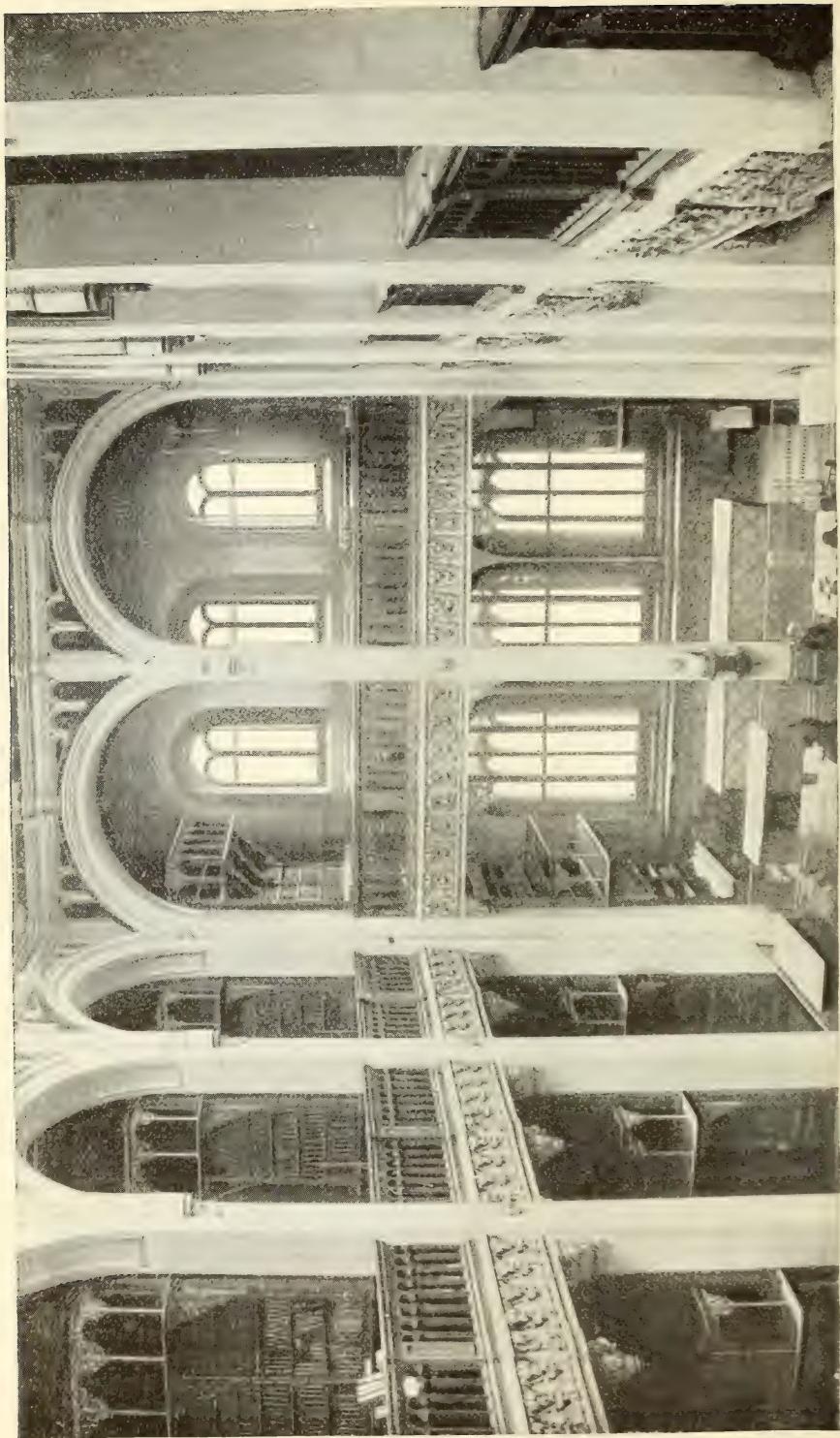


North Hall.

presents many strange types of character among its motley groups, a curious conglomeration of the wise and otherwise, the rude and refined,—all seeming to frequent the halls of learning with equal interest. Some of these eccentric characters occasionally provoke a smile from their benevolent, and sometimes a sarcasm from their satirical neighbors. The library was for-

and states, that hall also containing works in political economy, law, theology, etc.; and the alcoves of the South or Scientific Hall, in like manner, the various branches of science and industry, art and literature. These large halls are furnished with tables and chairs, and are freely accessible to the public. Persons desiring the privilege of entrée to the alcoves for extensive research

SOUTH HALL.



are admitted on presentation of an accredited letter of introduction.

It may seem to savor of ostentation to refer to any of the numerous testimonials of editors or acknowledgments that have appeared in the introductory pages of authors who have made use of the library in writing their books; but as the subjoined extracts represent the two classes, they are appended. The first is from a recent issue of the *New York Tribune*, and thus reads: "The Astor is the one completely available working library in the great city of New York, and is constantly used by the literary men of other cities, as well as by her own residents. It is conducted on a scholarly plan and with a notable helpfulness and courtesy on the part of officers and attendants. It is an institution to which the literary guild owe profound gratitude."

The following is from the preface of a recent work:<sup>1</sup> "I have been greatly aided in writing this book by the facilities for study which I have enjoyed in the Astor Library of New York. Often have I felt deeply grateful to the Astor family, as I have thought of the magnificent treasure-house of books that they have thrown open to the public. Although I have, while collecting material for this book, been shown kindly courtesy in the British Museum, and have visited I hardly know how many collections of books in State capitols and in universities, I have, I think, seldom, if ever, visited a better managed library than is the one founded by the Astors." One other instance is that of Dr. Austin Flint, the well-known American authority on physiology, who thus writes: "I could never have written my work on physiology with-

out the aid of the Astor Library. That work is now completed, after nearly eleven years of labor. As a token of appreciation of the aid rendered me, I send to the library the original edition, of 1628, of Harvey's immortal work, in which the circulation of the blood was first described, as well as the original edition (1647) of his work on generation. This edition of the book on the circulation is unique in this country, and is found in but few European libraries. I value it more than any work I ever pos-



Fac-Simile of Page from Book of Hours, A.D. 1350. In the Astor Library.

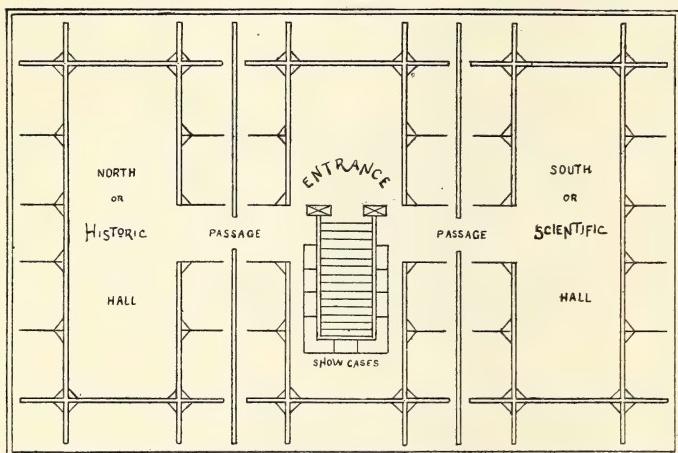
sessed. It is the greatest, and one of the rarest works in physiological literature." This rare donation to the library is regarded as one of the most decisive of testimonials as to its great value to the professional writer that could be rendered.

This sketch of the Astor Library would be incomplete without some slight tribute

<sup>1</sup> *Jefferson on Public Education*, by J. C. Henderson.

to the memory of its *genius loci*,—Dr. Cogswell, to whose eminent scholarship, assiduous devotion, and bibliographical skill the institution has been so largely indebted. His frequent visits to Europe and its great literary centres afforded him rare facilities for seeking, selecting, and securing an assemblage of rare and intrinsically valuable works essential to the foundation of the library. To his sag-

In closing this description of the Astor Library, it might be expected that some reference should be made to the more noteworthy and rare productions that enrich its galleries; but any attempt adequately to describe the most conspicuous even among the rare and costly art works that are here enshrined would be impossible within the prescribed limits of this paper. The lover of literature and the connoisseur in classic or curious art productions may be interested to learn that in the glass cases which surround the head of the stairs leading to the library may be seen a galaxy of antique tomes of mediæval handiwork. Among these rare and beautiful relics of the olden time, two or three only can be named. Here is one of the very few extant copies of Wyckliff's Translation of the New Testament, in manuscript, so



GROUND-PLAN OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

cious forethought and discriminating ability the enterprise may ascribe much of its success. In addition to his onerous duties as superintendent, Dr. Cogswell made the first catalogue of the collection, when its numerical extent was one hundred thousand volumes. This work was itself an herculean task, forming four large octavo volumes; and a supplementary one followed. The whole contents of the library to the end of 1880 have subsequently been represented by the publication of a second catalogue, forming four additional volumes, double the size of the first catalogue, with some modern improvements. This new catalogue has been presented by the Trustees to many of the most prominent public libraries and universities abroad and throughout the United States. The cost of its production (thirty-seven thousand dollars) was assumed by the late Mr. Astor. All additions to the library made since the close of 1880 are recorded on cards; so that every new work, as soon as it reaches the library, is incorporated in its proper alphabetical order in the card catalogue.

closely resembling black-letter type as almost to deceive even a practiced eye. It is enriched with illuminated capitals, and its supposed date is 1390. It is said to have been once the property of Duke Humphrey. There is an Ethiopic manuscript on vellum, the service-book of an Abyssinian convent at Jerusalem. There are two richly illuminated Persian manuscripts on vellum, which once belonged to the library of the Mogul emperors of Delhi; also two exquisitely illuminated missals or books of Hours, the gift of the late Mr. J. J. Astor. One of the glories of the collection is the splendid *Salisbury Missal*, written with wonderful skill, and profusely emblazoned with burnished gold. Here also may be found the second printed Bible, on vellum, folio, 1462, which cost nine thousand dollars. Numerous other specimens of early typography are here, too numerous, however, to be enumerated. A very valuable collection of autographs of eminent historic characters, the gift of the late Mrs. Astor, is here. But the naming of one more choice example of antique art, for

which the library is also indebted to the family of the founder, must close this summary of the collection. A magnificent manuscript, written with liquid gold, on purple vellum, entitled *Evangelistarum*, is not only of almost unrivalled beauty, but no less remarkable for its great age, the date being A.D. 870. This is probably the oldest book

in America. These beautiful products of mediæval and monastic skill serve as object-lessons, and take us back through the haze of the centuries to those long-forgotten times when the secluded student and the patient scribe of the cloister devoted their lifetime to the transcribing and conservation of our sacred books and classics.

## JONATHAN EDWARDS: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

*By Rev. Joseph H. Crooker.*

**S**OON after the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, certain people of Dorchester, "hereing of ye fame of Conightecute River, had a hankering mind after it,"<sup>1</sup> and in October, 1635, braving the dangers of the wilderness, they travelled a hundred miles southwest to the "Great River," and there on its west bank they founded Windsor, a place of great importance in the civil and ecclesiastical history of Connecticut. On the east side of the river were rich farming lands; and there, as trouble with the Indians ceased, a settlement grew up which stretched along the Connecticut for about six miles, called "Windsor Farmes." For forty years these sturdy farmers crossed the "Great River" in rude boats in summer and over treacherous ice in winter, to attend divine service in Windsor. But as the years passed, the proprietors of Windsor Farmes grew rich and stiff-necked, and finding such church-going a burden, they petitioned the General Court to be allowed to form themselves into a church and settle a minister. For fourteen years their requests were denied. For a division was opposed by the old Windsor church, which did not wish to lose so much strength as such a movement would take from it. But May 10, 1694, their petition was granted, and the people of Windsor Farmes began to look for a pastor. They sought with care and deliberation, for the dissensions of the mother church made them anxious to settle a man who would unite them and keep them at peace. Their choice fell upon

Timothy Edwards, the son of a successful merchant in the neighboring town of Hartford, a graduate of Harvard College, "the first student to bear away from those classic shades, upon his graduating day, the honorable degrees of A.B. and A.M., both conferred, the one in the forenoon<sup>\*</sup> and the other in the afternoon of that memorable occasion."<sup>1</sup> At the time of his going to Windsor Farmes, Timothy Edwards was twenty-five years old and had just married Esther, daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, pastor at Northampton for sixty-four years, a man "eminent and renowned, both for his gifts and graces."<sup>2</sup> After preaching three years, the "inhabytance" voted "that Mr. Edwards should be called to offis as soon as conveyiantly may be."<sup>3</sup> Yet it was not until May 28, 1698, about a year later, that he was finally ordained; — with such deliberation did our forefathers act.

At his ordination a donation was given him, and some things in the list of gifts are calculated to surprise this degenerate age. John Loomis gave half a bushel of malt; Matthew Grant, two quarts of rum; and John Stoughton, a sum of wine money. On the evening of the day when he was called to office, "An Ordination Ball" was given at the pastor's house, the invitations to which were written by Rev. Timothy Edwards himself.<sup>4</sup> And those were the days of Puritan austerity!

Some other facts in his life serve to

<sup>1</sup> Stoughton, *Windsor Farmes*, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Trumbull, *Hist. Conn.*, Vol. II, p. 135.

<sup>3</sup> Stoughton, *Windsor Farmes*, p. 25.

<sup>4</sup> *Id.*, pp. 50-53.

bring the habits of the time vividly before us. Mr. Edwards, like many of his brethren, was a slave-owner, having one slave who was valued at ninety pounds. In his sermons he rebuked the people for not removing their hats on meeting him; he insisted on his right to veto any measure proposed by the church, being in this respect more of a Presbyterian than a Congregationalist; and his arbitrary spirit in church affairs kept Windsor Farms in a constant ferment, though he was a powerful preacher, widely respected for his culture.<sup>1</sup> A single fact will illustrate the quality of the man and the character of the times in which he lived. In 1738 Joseph Diggins, a young man of good repute, who had married a daughter of William Stoughton without the parents' consent, was debarred the privilege of owning the covenant and having his child baptized, because Mr. Edwards condemned his marriage as a "scandalous offence." When the church sided with Mr. Diggins and requested their pastor to grant his petition, Mr. Edwards very plainly told them that he was the head of the church, clothed with supreme authority. This led to great tumult and scandal, which lasted for over three years, during which several councils were called, but all the time Mr. Edwards refused to have the sacrament served until his authority was respected. And all this trouble because the pastor looked upon the marriage of two respectable young people without the parents' consent as a "scandalous offence."

Timothy Edwards made his house a high school where he fitted many young men for college, some of whom became famous. He adopted co-education, and taught his daughters the classics along with the young men; and we read that they were extraordinary scholars. And though Mr. Edwards gave himself with great zeal to the work of education, yet he did some other things which would hardly be considered proper for pastor or pedagogue to do to-day. In his own account book we find such records as this: "Bought of Joshua Loomis seventy-nine and one-half barrels of cider"; which, in the shape of brandy, he sold to his own parishioners the next year,<sup>2</sup>—a pretty good quantity, indeed, being about a bar-

rel and a half to every family from their minister alone! And yet Timothy Edwards was a diligent and earnest pastor, who preached the terrors of hell with great power.

At the parsonage of Windsor Farms, Jonathan Edwards was born, October 5, 1703,—the only son and fifth child of Timothy and Esther Edwards. Thus this remarkable man was the child of a family of extraordinary culture: his father, Harvard's brightest student; his mother, a woman of unusual education and refinement; his sisters, capable of preparing young men for college. He was born into a home where the strictest Calvinism prevailed and where the most extreme notions of ministerial importance and authority held sway. He was born also into a parish composed of sturdy, thrifty farmers, whose self-will his father could not break, and whose stolidity under a very intense and fiery preaching was ever placed before the child's mind as an evidence of man's depravity and the devil's activity. And yet the ancestors of notable American families lived in Windsor Farms; and the boy Jonathan had the flower of New England for companions. There resided the family from which General Grant sprang. The boy's playmates were the ancestral Wolcotts and Stoughtons. His young comrade was Isaac Stiles, the father of Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, and great-grandfather of Dr. Gannett of Unitarian fame.

It is important, if we would understand his character, to notice still further the environment which surrounded this lad, and served to educate him. Esther Edwards was a gracious and tender mother, whose features and spirit are reflected in the portraits of her son, Jonathan, in whose face shines an "immortal beauty, borrowed from the regions of spiritualized thought and hallowed affections";<sup>1</sup> a face which we find it hard to associate with such "damnable things" as he preached. It is easy to see that it was from his mother that Jonathan Edwards inherited those delicate feelings and tender sympathies which contradicted the horrible dogmas which he hurled from the pulpit. And if he had been trained by his mother solely, in a less gloomy and more cosmopolitan atmosphere, Jonathan Edwards would per-

<sup>1</sup> Stiles, *Ancient Windsor*, pp. 238-241.

<sup>2</sup> Stoughton, *Windsor Farms*, p. III.

<sup>1</sup> Stoughton, *Windsor Farms*, p. 76.

haps have outranked every other American, either as a philanthropist or as a poet.

But another influence was present. His father, Timothy Edwards, as we have seen, was a scholarly, but also a rigid and arbitrary, Calvinistic minister. He insisted upon an ideal of life quite unattainable, because contrary to human nature itself; and as a result, Calvinism in Windsor Farmses was a comparative failure as a rule of conduct. As the pastor could not get the people to live as he wished them to live, he emphasized the woes of hell more forcibly, and tried to use his authority with greater severity. But this only made the older people more headstrong and the younger people more indifferent. There was a good deal of parish turbulence, even in the earlier years of his ministry; some disrespect for religion, and much lack of what a Calvinist then called piety. All this made Timothy Edwards groan bitterly, and magnify his conception of the power of Satan in the world. The very results of his ministry tended to create in his mind the most gloomy views of society and the most mournful views of human nature. The more he emphasized Calvinism, the sadder became the condition of Windsor Farmses, judging the people by his standard. What other result could follow but an exaggeration in his mind of the notion of total depravity?

Thus we see how Jonathan Edwards was taught by his father to look upon men as naturally very wicked. The lad saw the opposition to his father; he heard the many quarrels in the surrounding churches discussed; he beheld the sensuality and drunkenness of the town; while he noted the comparatively slight moral effects of his father's fiery preaching; and naturally he came to think the world a very wicked place and the natural man a very fiend. In that parsonage-home, where total depravity was used to explain all actual and imaginary sins, where the comparative failure of a gloomy theology was attributed to the native wickedness of the heart, what could such a lad think except that men are indeed by nature vile and miserable wretches? And this gloom of Calvinism which shadowed Jonathan Edwards's boyhood was intensified by the prevailing mood of feverish superstition, fostered by the monotony and hardships of that pioneer life and by the constant fear of the

Indians, whose ravages Windsor Farmses felt for many years. There is no richer soil for the growth of superstitions than the constant dread of the cruel redskins, under which those early settlers lived,—a fact which has been too little taken into account in treating of the delusions of New England; a fact also which only those who have had experience in a similar situation can fully appreciate.

That was, indeed, a curious world in which people then lived; and we must take account of its vanished conditions, if we would understand the types of character then produced. In those days, when a bright meteor flashed across the sky, all worldly conversation ceased, and some fit person engaged the family in fervent prayer. When some screech-owl on a neighboring tree mocked the merriment of the children by his dolorous cry, a shiver ran through every heart; and, intimating that the devil was close by, the father improved the awful silence by relating how Satan in the form of bears destroyed the children who jeered at Elisha.<sup>1</sup> One has only to read the pages of Increase Mather's *Providences in New England* to see how childish were the superstitions of the age in which Timothy Edwards lived, and how deep was the gloom which rested upon the popular mind. He relates<sup>2</sup> how a poor girl, most certainly a maniac, was held by six men, while others pulled her tongue, which was very dumb and contrary, out of her mouth "to an extraordinary length"; but in that condition the demon possessing her "belched forth most horrid and *nefandous* blasphemies!" From what a far-away world this sentence seems to come: "When the devil has before him the vapors and materials out of which the thunder and lightning are generated, his art is such that he can bring them forth. If chymists can make their *aurum fulminans*, what strange things may the infernal chymist effect?"<sup>3</sup> When a soldier at New Haven, contrary to our general idea of the solemnity of church service in those days, threw a lump of lime at another, and brought on a frolic at meeting, during which "Mrs. Goodyear's boy had his head broke,"<sup>4</sup> the people quaked with fear for

<sup>1</sup> Hollister, *Hist. Conn.*, Vol. I. p. 430.

<sup>2</sup> Mather's *Providences*, p. 100.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.*, p. 88.

<sup>4</sup> Levermore, *Republic of New Haven*, p. 54.

days lest the rod of divine vengeance should be laid upon them. Such was the atmosphere of superstition which surrounded Jonathan Edwards in his boyhood.

Here, then, we have in Jonathan Edwards a lad of surpassing mental activity and excessively delicate sensibilities, nurtured in a stern Calvinistic home that was stocked with exciting superstitions, with morbid views of life, and with constant lamentations over the depravity of man. Now, what character will spiritual chemistry build out of these remarkable elements? Out of that soil and climate, what manhood will unfold? It is interesting to trace the development of Edwards's religious life under these circumstances, for in those early experiences we find an explanation of his character and his teachings. He has given us a description of his first religious awakening, when hardly ten years old,— “I was then very much affected for many months . . . about my soul's salvation. . . . I used to pray five times a day in secret, and to spend much time in religious talk with other boys. . . . I with some of my schoolmates joined together and built a booth in a swamp, in a very retired spot, for a place of prayer. And besides, I had particular secret places of my own in the woods, where I used to retire by myself; and was from time to time much affected.”<sup>1</sup> That, surely, was a very unwholesome and unnatural life for a lad ten years old; and no wonder that, as he tells us, “my convictions and affections wore off,” a result, however, that he attributed to the devil. Yet when about sixteen years old, in his senior year at Yale, these feelings returned during a severe illness: “When it pleased God to seize me with a pleurisy, in which he brought me nigh to the grave, and shook me over the pit of hell.” Terrified by the prospect of death, he resolved to be a Christian. “I had great and violent inward struggles, till, after many conflicts with wicked inclinations, repeated resolutions, and bonds that I laid myself under by a kind of vow to God, I was brought wholly to break off all former wicked ways, and all ways of known outward sin, and apply myself to seek sal-

vation.” What could be more morbid and dangerous than such a state of mind as that for a boy still in his teens! And yet his diary goes on to state: “My concern now wrought more by inward struggles and conflicts and self-reflection. I made seeking my salvation the main business of my life.” Note the selfishness of that sentence: “*I made seeking my salvation the main business of my life.*” But the lad of seventeen did not realize how subtly selfish this spirit really was.

And yet he seems to have had a great struggle over the dogma of God's sovereignty, as stated by Calvinism. The notion that God creates some men on purpose to be everlasting tormented in hell, he tells us, “used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me.” The native and unperverted sense of justice in the child's heart condemned the dogma. And the child's heart was right. But he brooded in morbid self-examination over the imagined sins of his own heart until human nature seemed diabolical; and so the obstacle in the way of “God's sovereignty” was removed, as he thought. What he found as he examined himself was this: “When I look into my heart, and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deeper than hell.” But while feeling thus contrite and repentant, he was even then oppressed with the conviction that “bottomless, infinite depths of wickedness, pride, hypocrisy, deceit” were still left in his heart.

Now, as a matter of fact, young Jonathan Edwards at that time had no such “depth of wickedness” in his heart; he was doubtless a pure-minded youth, who had done nothing to require repentance. What he took for sins were the shadows flung across his soul by the fictions of dogmatic theology. In those moments he was living in a phantom world, created by an overwrought imagination. Such experiences mark the incipient stages of mental disorder. That poignant gloom and distress over purely fictitious sins is the evidence of delusional monomania. A boy to-day with such symptoms would be put under the care of a skilful neurologist.

As, however, he viewed himself in this light, no wonder that when he looked upon the world he confessed: “I see that serpent rising, and putting forth its head continually, everywhere, all around me.” And

<sup>1</sup> The following quotations respecting his early religious experiences are taken from Dwight's *Life of Jonathan Edwards*, prefixed to the Worcester edition of his *Works*.

while he mused upon this awful sinfulness of man, the objections raised by his native sense of justice to the dogma that God purposely created the majority of the race for the torments of hell wore away,—not because these objections were answered, but because his thought was diverted. At length he fixed his mind upon the “sovereignty of God,” and that divine attribute expanded and glowed before him, until he fell into ecstasies and even trances,—“sometimes a kind of vision or fixed idea and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains or some solitary wilderness far from mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God.” And this is what might be expected of a moody, sensitive boy, who, by his associations, was turned to studying his own heart in the light of a cruel theology, when he ought to have been engaged in healthy sports or mental pursuits that would have given a different direction to his thoughts.

But as a matter of fact he brooded over the dogma of God’s absolute “sovereignty,” until it paralyzed his native instincts and induced, through sheer exhaustion, an ecstatic condition, which he referred to supernatural agency, for he relates: “Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, I had a view that was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, which continued about an hour, and which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud.” Such ecstatic visions prove an exhausted body and a morbid mental condition. And they seem to have been of frequent occurrence, not only in his youth, but in later life: “Another Saturday night I had such a sense, how sweet and blessed a thing it was to do the holy mind of God, that it caused me to break forth into a kind of loud weeping, which held me some time, so that I was forced to shut myself up and fasten the doors.”

It was during such an experience or season of ecstatic trance, Jonathan Edwards tells us, that he became reconciled to the dogma of “God’s sovereignty.” He never could give an exact account of the experience or of the means by which he was convinced; but the dogma appeared at last “exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet.” However, he adds here the significant remark, “But my first conviction was not so.”

The simple truth was doubtless this, that his mind, inheriting a morbid taint and made unnaturally active by long-continued brooding over the problem, was so thoroughly exhausted by his effort to reconcile the notion that God delights in damning his own creatures with his native sense of justice, that he fell into one of his customary ecstatic moods, “the sweet glory” of which he associated with that dogma. The idea of “Divine sovereignty” became transfigured by his ecstatic vision until it fixed itself in his spiritual life as an authoritative fact,—a not infrequent phenomenon of delusional insanity, within the very borders of which Jonathan Edwards, according to his own testimony, was at that time walking. His belief in God’s “absolute sovereignty,” associated with the notion of total depravity, but repellent to his native sense of goodness, was reached by pursuing phantoms of an excited and morbid imagination, until tired nature gave out and the induced ecstatic dreaminess brought on a pleasurable sensation, which he associated with the notion uppermost in his mind. This is how the “sovereignty” of God, which at first seemed a horrible dogma to him, came to be a “delightful conviction”; and yet poor human nature asserted itself at times, for in describing his joy over the dogma he added this qualifying phrase: “At least it is so at times.”

These ecstatic moods, which played so large a part in Jonathan Edwards’ religious life, and which go far to explain the genesis and quality of his theological spirit and teachings, were what might have been expected of a boy of “tender constitution” with “low animal spirits,” who lived a secluded life, on a meagre diet, in the midst of feverish superstitions, and under the shadow of an intense Calvinistic gloom,—a boy too of marvellously acute and restless mind united with a morbid conscientiousness.

The analytical power of Edwards’ mind was immense, and that power he displayed in its supreme effort in his work on the *Freedom of the Will*, which gave him a European reputation and a permanent place in the history of philosophy. When he sat down to maintain a thesis, he would analyze it in all its smallest particulars with remarkable thoroughness and acumen; but the result, so imposing and vast, was simply a logical manufacture which he had evolved

out of his own mind. His thought was in its way both intense and comprehensive ; that is, he handled a problem with great vigor, and he paid great attention to details ; but his power was speculative and discursive rather than presentative and interpretative. He had no hold upon the external world, and his logic deals with verbal distinctions rather than with observed facts. His mind had no objectivity. He brought nothing to the test of experience ; while he marshalled reasons for his positions, they were reasons obtained by speculative analysis rather than from observation and induction. And the taste for scientific study, which he showed as a lad in observing the habits of spiders, was repressed as he grew older, and no trace of it was manifest during his manhood — a result similar to that which often overtakes youthful prodigies in mathematics, whose genius easily evaporates.<sup>1</sup> As he passed through, when a mere child, that morbid religious experience just described, which vitiated his feelings and clouded his judgment, it is not surprising to find his pages pervaded with a credulity which otherwise would have seemed strange in so acute a writer ; and we also find his arguments loaded with assumptions of the most stupendous character which rendered his efforts fruitless of enduring results.

Edwards has been called the most "original and acute thinker yet produced in America,"<sup>2</sup> and his latest biographer, the accomplished Professor Allen, joins heartily in the world-wide chorus of eulogy, calling him "the peer of his predecessors in any age of the Church in intellectual power and acumen."<sup>3</sup> But for anything besides purely abstract analysis he had, it seems to me, no remarkable ability. His mind was mechanical and unscientific. He could draw fine and curious inferences from any proposition, and support them by many ingenious arguments ; but he had as a mature man no power to observe, to investigate, to verify,—so that his completed structure was simply the product of his own consciousness, over which a colossal delusion presided ; hence the products of his pen have little or no connection with

reality. To whatever part of his writings we turn, we find acute analysis and an ingenious use of formal logic, but the whole performance hangs in the air ; the most credulous spirit exists everywhere, while nowhere is there any broad comprehension of the essential facts of life, or any disposition to test results by an appeal to experience. His mind worked wholly within its own resources, and never corrected its conclusions by an appeal to external realities ; and it worked also under the stress of a peculiarly irrational dogma.

The nobility of his personal character and the vast activity of his mind in certain directions ought always to be acknowledged ; but I cannot see how a calm estimate of his powers can set him down as a great theologian, much less a great philosopher. He was not the originator of a system of thought, but the expounder of a scheme of theology which came ready made to his hands ; and his distinction as an expounder of Calvinism lies not in any large and luminous illustration of its principles, nor in any forcible application of that system to the affairs of human life, but rather in the grim and drastic loyalty which he displayed to all those repulsive implications of dogmas from which more timid disciples shrank. Edwards, however conspicuous, cannot be called either a true or a wise interpreter even of Calvinism. Its dogmas were not set forth by him with any largeness of view, and they certainly were not tempered with any humanity of feeling. And he contributed absolutely nothing to the philosophy of history, to the interpretation of nature, to the science of the human soul, or to the methods of social progress. He showed marvellous industry and remarkable acuteness ; but he originated nothing of permanent importance, and not one of his sentences contains a theory that the modern mind cares to preserve as a precious possession. His pages are now dreary reading, not simply because they relate to an outgrown view of life, but because they are monotonous, repetitious, and devoid of humaneness. The thought is too finespun and artificial ; the endless recurrence of the same topics is tiresome ; the argument is abstruse and artificial in quality. He was not a fertilizing thinker, nor an inspiring character ; his ideas have not been essential factors in the evolution of America's master-minds ;

<sup>1</sup> This was true of so marked a man as Bishop Whately.

<sup>2</sup> Tyler, *History of American Literature*, Vol. II. p. 177.

<sup>3</sup> Allen, *Jonathan Edwards*, p. 43.

and he did not train up apostles, nor commission men with divine enthusiasm. He rose to a conspicuous position, but his influence has not been as wide as his reputation. His intellectual ability has been much exaggerated.

It is obvious that Jonathan Edwards was incapacitated by the atmosphere of his home, by his ecstatic moods, by his mental tendencies, and by his personal habits, from teaching any true ideas of human nature or human life. He lived a recluse, apart from the world, ignorant of men and affairs, buried in abstract contemplation ; he became a man while yet a boy, and entered into ecstatic mysticism while he was yet a mere lad ; he had never travelled nor seen anything of the world ; he knew nothing of his own household affairs ; he very seldom visited people ; he had no companions ; for recreation he rode in lonely and gloomy places ; he read none but theological books ; his stock of facts was small ; his contact with public affairs and his knowledge of men were slight ; while abstract theological speculation was his one inordinate passion. Jonathan Edwards therefore stands before us, not only as a man of remarkable analytical power and of deep moral earnestness, but also as a theological monomaniac. He shut himself up within his own overwrought and ecstatic mind to expound a system which he had adopted in a period of religious delirium. These facts enable us more clearly to understand his character, while they also enable us to put a proper estimate upon his teachings.

And some of his surprising teachings we will now give, though they are doubtless familiar to most readers. It is necessary to refresh our minds respecting them, however unpleasant the task, in order that the position taken in this essay may be illustrated. The following quotations represent his view of human nature.<sup>1</sup> "There is in every natural man a seed of malice against God ; yea, there is such a seed of this rooted in the heart of man naturally." What could be more mournful than this triplet of sentences : "A natural man has a heart like the heart of a devil."—"The heart of a natural man is as destitute of love to God as a dead, stiff, cold corpse is of vital heat."—"The nature of man is

wholly infected with this enmity against God." What could be more untrue than this : "A natural man is as full of enmity against God as any viper, or any venomous beast is full of poison." And even the children are not spared : "As innocent as children seem to be to us, yet, if they are out of Christ, they are not so in God's sight, but are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers." Dr. Holmes may well wonder whether mothers then liked to have their darlings called "hateful vipers" ; and he wonders also whether Edwards changed the saying of Jesus so as to make it read, "Suffer little vipers to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Edwards dwelt much on eternal damnation : "The wrath of God will be poured out like fire ; he will execute wrath with power so as to show what his wrath is. The soul will be utterly crushed ; the wrath will be wholly intolerable." This passage is from a sermon on the eternity of hell torments : "How dismal will it be, when you are under these racking torments, to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them ; to have no hope ; when you shall wish that you might be turned into a toad or a serpent, but shall have no hope of it . . . when after you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered. . . . Your bodies, which shall have been burning and roasting all this while in these glowing flames, yet shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through an eternity yet, which will not have been at all shortened by what shall have been past !" His contention that hell torments must be infinite because sin is the violation of an infinite law,—a position taken in this connection,—is an example of the artificial and purely verbal character of his logic ; for by turning the problem about, you get the opposite result : a *finite* creature cannot commit an *infinite* sin!<sup>2</sup> But Edwards went on to assert that all these horrors of hell will be visible from heaven, and the sight of them will rejoice the saints there gathered : "The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardor of the love and gratitude of the saints in heaven. The

<sup>1</sup> These quotations are taken chiefly from his sermons.

<sup>2</sup> *Sketches of the Radical Club*, p. 369.

<sup>2</sup> See *Christian Examiner*, Vol. XLIII. p. 384.

sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. . . . When they see others who were of the same nature, plunged in such misery, and they so distinguished, O it will make them sensible how happy they themselves are !”

It is not too strong to say, with Leslie Stephen, that these are indeed most “blasphemous sentiments.”<sup>1</sup> When Mr. Edwards spoke of God, it seems, as Benjamin Peirce remarked, “as if the devil must have been at his ear.”<sup>2</sup> Listen, for instance, to this : “God intends to show his wrath, and make his power known upon you. He intends to magnify himself exceedingly in sinking you down in hell. . . . God will before all these get himself honor in your destruction.” Edwards’s picture of God makes the heart ache : “If you cry to God to pity you,”—referring to those who reject the Calvinistic scheme of salvation,—“he will crush you under his feet without mercy ; he will crush out your blood and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment. He will not only hate you, but he will have you in the utmost contempt ; no place shall be thought fit for you but under his feet to be trodden down as mire in the street.” He banished Jesus’ loving Father and enthroned a monster of hate : “God is whetting his glittering sword, and bending his bow, and making ready his arrows on the string against wicked men, and lifting his hand to heaven and swearing, that he will render vengeance to his enemies, and reward them that hate him, and make his arrows drunk with their blood, and that his sword shall devour their flesh.” What indeed is this but pagan blasphemy, and very pagan at that ! Well may Dr. Holmes say that it is better to deify protoplasm than to diabolize God !<sup>3</sup>

Here is the celebrated passage from that celebrated sermon, *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*: “The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. His wrath towards you burns like fire ; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire ; he is of purer

eyes than to bear to have you in his sight ; you are ten thousand times so abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours.” When Edwards preached this sermon, “there was such a breathing of distress and weeping that the preacher had to speak to the people and desire silence, that he might be heard.”<sup>1</sup> No wonder ! Yet this monotone respecting God’s wrath runs all through the four large volumes of his collected writings, with the exception of one short treatise, which would make a small book of two hundred pages, — *The Nature of True Virtue*. The fundamental philosophy is far from perfect, but the spirit is tender and sweet, and man is recognized as a human being. It is his only writing uncorrupted by the poison of rigid dogma. It was written in 1755, near the close of his life, doubtless in some “lucid interval,” when the sinfulness of man was not pressed upon him by the irritations of daily duties. It stands like a tower of beauty in the arid desert of his theological dogmatism, the one product of his pen which brings him near to us as a man.

It is true, as Dr. Allen has pointed out, that Edwards applies to God terms and phrases which imply the most exalted notions of God’s justice, holiness, and tenderness. The claim that God is infinite love is repeatedly made. The enigma is that he should have combined language respecting God that a spiritualized mystic might have used with phrases such as only savages could reasonably be expected to utter. There is perhaps no easy explanation of this glaring contradiction, but the impression left on the mind after reading his pages is that he used these terms of moral excellence *without any reference to their human meanings*. His mind was so prepossessed by that delusional mania respecting the “sovereignty of God,” that when he called God good he did not mean what is meant when we say our neighbor is good. How else can we explain his language when he asserted that God is holy, and also at the same time that he hates man with vindictive wrath ?

The passages which have just been quoted show us that Edwards’s was a frightfully one-sided view of human life. How could it be otherwise ? He found it easy to condemn all men, because he judged

<sup>1</sup> “ Jonathan Edwards,” *Fraser’s Magazine*, Vol. LXXXVIII. p. 542.

<sup>2</sup> *Sketches of the Radical Club*, p. 370.

<sup>3</sup> “ Jonathan Edwards,” *International Review*, Vol. IX. p. 27.

<sup>1</sup> Trumbull, *Hist. Conn.*, Vol. II. p. 145.

them by a false and unnatural standard. He had no practical appreciation of the nobler and tender elements of human nature. The best in the human heart he called unholy and brutish. He was color blind to everything but the sin of man and the "sovereignty" of God. He put the worst interpretation upon all human acts. He imagined evil where none existed, and he called the nobilities of man iniquities. He took a morbid delight in describing wickedness. With untiring energy he made the longest possible catalogue of crimes in order to prove man's infinite turpitude. He dwelt upon human depravity until his own imagination became diseased and man really seemed to him a fiend. And he took delight in thinking of the sinners' misery. There was no place for pity or compassion in his view of Providence.

Jonathan Edwards raked out of the Bible all of the expressions of hate to be found in it; he turned its poetry into prose; he gave universal application to its condemnation of particular men; he attributed to God the cruel utterances of Israel's savage kings; and he verily made it by his use the most hateful of books. While he could quote its texts from beginning to end, he was totally ignorant of its real origin and true spirit, and his use of it was as fanciful and childish as anything to be found in the history of the Church,—whether we look among early Latin Fathers or mediaeval scholastics. His analytic mind could pick out and put together the wrathful phrases which the Bible contains, but he was destitute of the faculty of literary interpretation. His use of the Bible was purely mechanical and his knowledge of it superficial. He had no eye for the tenderness of many of the psalms; he saw not the broad humanities of the greater prophecies; he very seldom quoted from the Gospels; he heard not the strains of pity and compassion ever sounding from the New Testament; he took Paul at his worst and misunderstood him at that; while he never seems to have known Jesus of Nazareth. Men often obtain from the Bible only what they bring to it, and Jonathan Edwards went to it for illustrations of human depravity and divine wrath,—and he bore nothing else away.

Edwards had an unbounded reverence for God and a passionate desire to do God's will as he understood it; he was sincere, earnest, and devout to the very

limit of mystical and ecstatic devotion, and yet no pagan picture of the devil is more repulsive than his picture of God. What could be more inhuman than his description of God's delight in damning his own creatures, whose hearts he had made corruptible and whose wills he himself had framed? His pages are enough to make one long for a godless universe. What could be more horrible than his representation of God turning with malignant rage upon men who asked for mercy, after having suffered in hell for a million million years?

And yet this man who saw something fiendish in all men, who rejoiced in the thought of God's pitiless hate, who pictured the saints as finding pleasure in the sight of their neighbors' misery in hell,—this man was himself kind, loving, and forgiving. He delighted in showing all manner of kindnesses to the poor and distressed; the humblest and wickedest person claimed his attention and received his tenderness; he was compassionate in the presence of pain, and all sufferers received his sympathy; he himself had no malice and chided every man who showed revenge or wrath. Among the solemn resolutions of his early manhood we find one in which he pledged himself to do nothing out of revenge, and another in which he pledged himself to be forgiving, benevolent, and compassionate. Never was there a greater contradiction than that between Edwards's teaching and his own character; he would have cut his right hand off rather than do what he represented God as doing. Edwards himself was a man of rare sweetness and tenderness; his God was an infinite and implacable vengeance.

Now, how can we explain the fact that such a man taught such things? The problem seems dark until we call to mind the trances and ecstasies of which we have spoken, and the dogma that was raised to authority through them. Breaking contact with reality and retiring within his own mind, he used a keen logic and a vivid fancy to expound a dogma of which he had become enamored in a season of religious delirium. We find our explanation then in the fact that Jonathan Edwards was a theological monomaniac. He was afflicted with a species of delusional insanity, which took possession of him in his

early youth, and which had its centre in the dogma of "Divine sovereignty." When his mind turned to that subject, his faculties were preternaturally active, but this activity was as morbid as that of many a disordered mind. Those ecstatic moods point to this conclusion; the contradictions between his teaching and his character contribute evidence in the same line; the fact that he inherited from his grandmother a strain of insanity which became in his notorious son, Pierpont Edwards, and his more notorious grandson, Aaron Burr, an erotic passion, gives strong support to this position.<sup>1</sup> In such cases a person will belie all the traits of his ordinary character when the subject of his delusion is approached. He will carry over into that region of delusions all his mental acumen, but it will be used without any reference to reality and in disregard of the very plainest facts. And that was the manner of Jonathan Edwards. He was possessed by an uncontrollable theological passion; he viewed everything through the distorting medium of a theological delusion; his very pages read like the writings of a man who wrote in an ecstatic mood. He had no sense of humor, else he would have seen how ridiculous was his paragraph which represents God as holding man like a spider over the flames of hell; he had no wholesome experience of life, else he would have indulged in no such morbid views; he had no scientific faculty, else he would have stopped amidst his tremendous assertions to examine the facts and test his work by experience. But all this could not be expected of a theological monomaniac, a man who thought in trance and lived in an unreal world of his own making. A careful study of his life and character in the light of modern knowledge leads us to look upon Jonathan Edwards as subject to a theological delusion which placed him within the limit of monomania.

In reply to this, it may be said that the ideas of Jonathan Edwards were simply those of his time. This in a sense is true, and yet the great names associated with his, Augustine and Calvin, represent nothing so extremely inhuman as his apparent delight in God's merciless vengeance. But delusional monomania, as a matter of fact, usually assumes the characteristics of its environment, so that the

similarity between his general doctrine and the creed of his age proves nothing against the position here taken, but rather illustrates it. What, however, is peculiar in Edwards is his intense devotion to the dogma of "Divine sovereignty" in its most extreme form, to the neglect or contradiction of everything else. It absorbed his thought and energy; it ruled his life and distorted his judgment; in short, it became the centre of a delusional monomania. Others believed in depravity, hell torments, and God's wrath; but where else such fondness for details of future misery, such passionate assertion of "Divine sovereignty," such delight over facts of human depravity, such oblivion to everything humane; and where else such abandonment of one's self to a theological notion up to the point of insane absorption in it?

Jonathan Edwards became at the age of twenty-four the colleague of his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, and the active pastor of the church at Northampton, a town that Judge Sewall of witchcraft fame called, in 1698, "a very Paradise," on account of its natural beauty. It then, in Edwards's day, seemed far inland to those living on the coast about Boston; and if people had to travel the road to it now as people then travelled to and from it, they would think so too. But it had in those days clear-headed and stout-hearted folk; and in our generation it has sent forth noble sons, among whom we may mention Chauncey Wright, Professor William D. Whitney, Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., and Professor Josiah D. Whitney. A few facts will help to show the primitive conditions which existed there for some years after Jonathan Edwards's settlement. There were no carpets, no painted houses, and no school-books but the catechism and the Bible. Men were fined for taking tobacco on the open streets, and the first tea, an article soon to create such a disturbance, was brought to town in 1746,—and it was all steeped at once, a quarter of a pound, and pronounced a disgusting drink! But they were church-goers in those days; for out of a population of less than two thousand people, nearly fifteen hundred were often counted in the roomy but cold and barren meeting-house.<sup>1</sup> And there Jonathan Edwards settled in the very dawn of manhood.

<sup>1</sup> Stoughton, *Windsor Farms*, pp. 67-69.

<sup>1</sup> Clark, *Northampton Antiquities*, pp. 16-33.

Edwards found Northampton in what he called a state of "extraordinary dulness in religion," and he asserted that there was a great deal of licentiousness among the young people. But it is necessary to be careful in reading his language, lest we obtain a false idea of the morals of the town at that time. We must remember that what seemed to him impiety and wickedness may have been simply that more natural and joyous manner of life which we would commend. Before accepting his testimony, we must take account of the standard by which he judged. When he called the young people licentious, he did not have in mind what we to-day would call positive sensuality; for when he went on to make specifications, we find that the things that he complained of were these: "It was their manner very frequently to get together in conventions of both sexes for mirth and jollity, which they called frolics."<sup>1</sup> Doubtless about what passes to-day for a church sociable, but to Mr. Edwards such levity was positively evil. How ascetic and morbidly melancholy his mind was may be judged from the fact that he set down with great joy, as an evidence of the good effects of the Great Awakening, the circumstance that at weddings which followed that revival all mirth was put aside, and nothing was talked of but religion! Surely, a man with that view of life would be likely to call people sinful who were only happy and agreeable. His judgments upon the state of religion in general would be equally at fault. The community might be growing more rational, humane, and intelligent,—which was doubtless the case; but if the signs of what he called piety were absent,—a gloomy spirit, much talk of God's sovereignty, and wailings over one's depravity,—then he would call that a time of "dulness in religion." And writers do that age injustice when they carelessly assert the moral and religious decline of the people, simply because preachers like Jonathan Edwards, using a false standard, condemned those years as exceedingly sinful. The third and fourth generations of New England people were not, perhaps, on the whole as pure and high-minded as the first and second. But society could not have been alarmingly depraved in the second quarter of the eighteenth century

throughout that North Atlantic settlement, for then were born and bred the men who made the Revolution possible; and the leaders in that struggle were in no sense indebted to the Great Awakening for their nobility, for in hardly a case can any connection be traced between that excitement and the training in virtue and patriotism of any one of the great actors in that grand drama. And if there did then exist an unusual indifference in religious matters, it is wrong to refer it, as Dr. Dexter does, to the Half-Way Covenant and the more inclusive policy of church government.<sup>1</sup> The "alarm of the godly," to which he refers, had more reference to decline of interest in dogma than to positive immorality; and where immorality did exist, it was due to changed social conditions, to the incoming of a lower grade of immigrants from the old country, and to the infection brought over from the corruptions of English society. To make the latitudinarian spirit in the Church responsible for whatever evils did exist, though a common, is nevertheless a very irrational, procedure.

But after over five years of preaching at Northampton, Mr. Edwards rejoiced in the evidences, as he called them, of the outpouring of God's spirit. The story of what happened he wrote out, first, in his *Narrative of Surprising Conversions*, and second, in his *Revival of Religion in New England*. These works present a curious combination of acute observation and childish credulity, of practical judgment and blind enthusiasm. He sees clearly the attendant evils in certain respects, and yet he relates as veritable fact stories of the most ridiculous and improbable character. That of Phœbe Bartlett, a child only four years old, is especially unreasonable. He judges correctly respecting certain features of the movement, and yet he does not see the force of the most obvious facts which he relates. Mr. Edwards admitted the incidental evils, and warned the people against going to extremes; and yet he kept piling on the fuel which heated human hearts to the point of excess. This was the criticism which that eminently rational man, Dr. Charles Chauncy, made upon the whole movement. The revivalists, as we would call them to-day, made people wild with animal excitement, and also made them think that such excitement is the

<sup>1</sup> Edwards, *Narrative of Surprising Conversions*.

<sup>1</sup> Dexter, *Congregationalism*, p. 476.

work of God ; and then they expected these frenzied persons to act like rational men.<sup>1</sup> The Great Awakening was an epidemic excitement under the banner of religion. It started in the winter, when the public mind was in an open and receptive condition. The sudden death of some young people, of which much was made by the minister, was the spark which ignited the fuel at hand ; and it spread by contagion, according to the well-known law of such phenomena. There were weeping and wailing, confession of sins and rejoicing over deliverance from eternal miseries, the fiery denunciation of unbelief and the lurid portraiture of hell torments, bodily contortions and cataleptic trances, loud laughter while praying, and grovelling in the dust while singing psalms, agony of soul and convulsions of body, exhorting children and frenzied women,—and this was called “a work of God.” All this seemed exceedingly glorious to Jonathan Edwards. But the sober judgment of Dr. Chauncy was better. “The least spark of true Christian charity is a better evidence of a *work of God in the soul* than the greatest ability to *show signs, and work wonders.*”<sup>2</sup>

The excitement worked on, and many were, in the language of the day, brought to a saving knowledge of the truth ; but what the truth was that they had learned that would be of any practical value in the conduct of their lives as moral beings, it would doubtless have been difficult for them to tell. Several persons became positively insane ; one man committed suicide by cutting his throat, because he despaired of his own salvation ; and to such a pitch of abnormal excitement were the feelings of the people raised that many others, stimulated by his example, came near doing the same thing.<sup>3</sup> Then it was, as Edwards relates, that “It began to be very sensible that the spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us ; and after this time Satan seemed to be more let loose, and raged in a dreadful manner.” The truth was, that the epidemic had run its course ; and it stopped because it had exhausted its material, while its very excesses produced a reaction. It is curious that Edwards should

have noted the precise reasons which naturally brought an end to the excitement, and yet that he should continue to regard it as a miraculous work of grace. He points out that a visit from the governor, a treaty with the Indians, and the building of a new meeting-house “diverted people’s minds” ; but he did not see that these facts themselves show that what he was describing as a miraculous work of God was in reality a purely natural phenomenon.

This religious excitement of 1735 was the first of a series which swept like successive waves over certain parts of New England for about ten years, and which taken as a whole is known as the “Great Awakening.” While other men, like Tenant, Davenport, and Whitefield, were active in this work, Edwards must be set down, not only as the originator, but also as the master-spirit of the movement. He was the only man of intellectual greatness who committed himself fully to the work ; the more cultivated clergy in and about Boston either ignored or opposed it. Even its friends and participants acknowledged the evils which attended this epidemic of religious excitement, and in view of the reaction which soon followed in every community visited by it, all men of dispassionate judgment must conclude that the interests of piety and civilization were on the whole injured rather than benefited, though undoubtedly there were individuals who were permanently helped toward a better life. Mr. Chauncy’s criticism, in his *Seasonable Thoughts*, shows the character and number of evils which flowed from it, one of which he mentioned as “the vilifying of good works” ;<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Edwards’s defence, in his *Revival of Religion in New England*, if read between the lines, seems more like an admission of the charges of its opponents than a triumphant vindication. That work is a mournful example of great talent put to a fruitless task ; the force of the elaborate justification is destroyed by the abundance of evils admitted ; the replies to criticisms are long and pointless ; the conception of man’s duty and God’s demand — the ideal of piety — is narrow and unnatural ; the sum of results achieved, when his own fervid estimate is accepted, is comparatively small ; and even the effects produced were not, as a rule, calculable in terms of civic virtue,

<sup>1</sup> Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion*.

<sup>2</sup> Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, p. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Edwards, *Narrative*, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, p. 274.

rational power or human worth. The Great Awakening made much noise ; it occupies a large place in the history of the time, and much praise has been bestowed upon its promoters ; but the careful student of the moral condition, religious life, and political progress of the generation from 1740 to 1775 will find that it was not in any direction so powerful a factor as has generally been claimed.

The Great Awakening was hardly over, when the mutterings against Mr. Edwards in his own parish began to grow strong. There had been for a long time a growing difference of opinion respecting the policy of the church, between some of the congregation and himself ; they favored a broader administration of its communion, taking the position that the service, if not a means of conversion, as Solomon Stoddard, his grandfather and predecessor, had held, ought certainly to be opened to all baptized persons, while he held that only those should come to the table who had made a profession of faith and showed visible signs of piety. Doubtless, as in such cases usually, personal irritation on both sides tended to exaggerate and emphasize the mere difference of opinion. But the circumstance which brought on an abrupt and decided collision was Edwards's public charge of immorality against the young people of the town, which he demanded should be investigated. The charge touched some of the best families of Northampton, and it is very probable, in view of his morbid and ascetic views of life, and also his marked credulity, that he had given credence to mere reports of what, in itself, might have been no more than youthful sport, or, at the worst, boyish folly. The church refused to investigate the charge made by their pastor, and from this time on until his dismissal in 1750, a very painful state of affairs existed. His hasty action massed together the opposition to him and created intense personal hatred ; the refusal of the church to co-operate with him intensified his belief in the natural wickedness of man, and led him to renew his contention that only converted persons with visible marks of piety ought to be admitted to church membership. And he threw himself into a vigorous discussion of this proposition. This, however, the church did not want to hear, for he made it really a condemnation

of themselves. A council was called to examine into the trouble, and it sustained the church by a majority of one, and then the church decided to dismiss him by a vote of two hundred to twenty ! So that Jonathan Edwards, after a ministry of twenty-three years, while yet in his prime, was thrust out of his parish with violence ; and though he resided some months in the town after this event, the people finally voted that he should not preach, even as a supply, when there was no one else to occupy the pulpit ! They preferred to have no sermon rather than one from the great revivalist, who so often had made them tremble over the mouth of hell. Mr. Edwards certainly deserved better treatment than this, and doubtless a good deal of unreasonable passion was visited upon him. But however viewed, the sad event shows how superficial the Great Awakening had been ; while it also shows how little he had himself done to cultivate in the people the nobler qualities of manhood. If the young people were as bad as he charged, this fact proves that the revival had made no permanent impression, but had been followed by a reaction which had left the morals of the community lower than ever. If the leaders of the church were unjust, this fact proves that the work of grace was not so deep as claimed. The true situation was doubtless this : While mere enmity was present and had its influence, the time had come when outraged human nature rose to make its protest.<sup>1</sup> The people were doubtless tired of so much preaching about the depravity of man and the vengeance of God ; they had already heard their babes called vipers too often. However this may be, the fact is patent that his word of wrath, after a trial of more than a score of years, had no fruits of gentleness, tenderness, or compassion to show. And how could it ? The appeal to fear had been made ; the method of excitement had been tried ; and his pitiless expulsion, if not the direct result, was a part of the outcome of that experiment.

Mr. Edwards was able to make men tremble, but he was not able to make them love virtue ; he was able to excite them about religion, but he was not able to train

<sup>1</sup> Miller, in his biography of Jonathan Edwards, — *Sparks's American Biography*, Vol. VIII., — takes a very superficial view of this event.

them in goodness; he was able to overpower them for the moment, but he was not able to attach people to himself by any ardent and purifying affection. He lacked the highest power of the ministry,—the capacity to impart moral enthusiasm. To inspire men to undertake great enterprises is the test of the minister's greatness,—to raise up men to champion a reform, as did Luther; to equip apostles of humanity, as did Channing; but this gift Edwards did not possess. He has been honored by many as the mighty defender of an ancient creed, but the records of New England do not contain the name of any reformer or philanthropist whose heart he fired, or whose character he fashioned. His terrible picture of God's anger neither sanctified his parish nor imparted any great motive to his age.

And Dr. Allen's remark that "Edwards may be justly called the father of modern Congregationalism"<sup>1</sup> is neither a happy nor a correct characterization of the influence of this remarkable man. John Wise spoke the authoritative word on Congregational policy,<sup>2</sup> a word which touched the character of the Congregational church at a more vital point than anything that Edwards ever said, and a word also which made itself felt in the life of the nation as the word of no other man in the first half of the eighteenth century was felt.<sup>3</sup> In fact, Jonathan Edwards was a Congrega-

<sup>1</sup> Allen, *Jonathan Edwards*, p. 270.

<sup>2</sup> John Wise, *Vindication of New England Churches*.

<sup>3</sup> Crooker, "John Wise, the Forgotten American," *Magazine of Western History*, September, 1888.

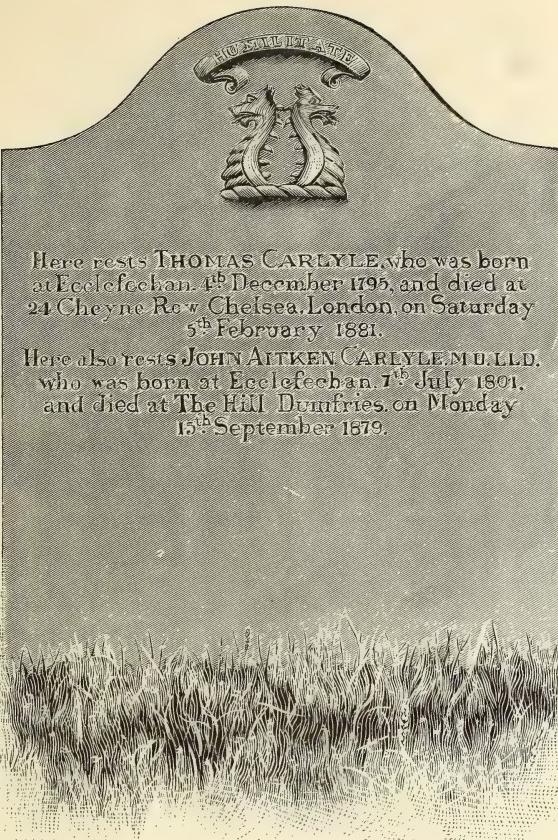
tionalist by accident, his mind being really inclined to Presbyterianism rather than toward Independency, following in the steps of his imperious father. And even the Orthodox branch of the Congregational church has never to any considerable extent accepted his drastic theology. Neither his formula nor his temper has been prominent among its divines. Moreover, in respect to the fate of the Half-Way Covenant, not a supreme factor any way, it is the judgment of Dr. Dexter that he was not the chief cause of its abolition,<sup>1</sup>—and on this point no man has a better right to speak than the learned editor of *The Congregationalist*. It is probable also that Dr. Allen has fallen into error, in claiming so large a place for Edwards in the movement for the separation of Church and State,<sup>2</sup> a problem which he only inferentially touched, and one that was solved not by "chaff-chopping logic," but by the pressure of social and political experience.

Jonathan Edwards stands before us as a melancholy example of a saintly character wasted by false dogma; of large abilities of both head and heart turned to barren uses by a delusion which led him within the very borders of monomania. Seldom has there been a purer, simpler, more earnest, or more diligent life than that of Jonathan Edwards; but his efforts were ineffectual because he raised his arm against human nature itself. Yet his extreme statements of an old creed contributed toward that reaction which gave us a gentler and humamer faith.

<sup>1</sup> Dexter, *Congregationalism*, p. 486.

<sup>2</sup> Allen, *Jonathan Edwards*, p. 256.





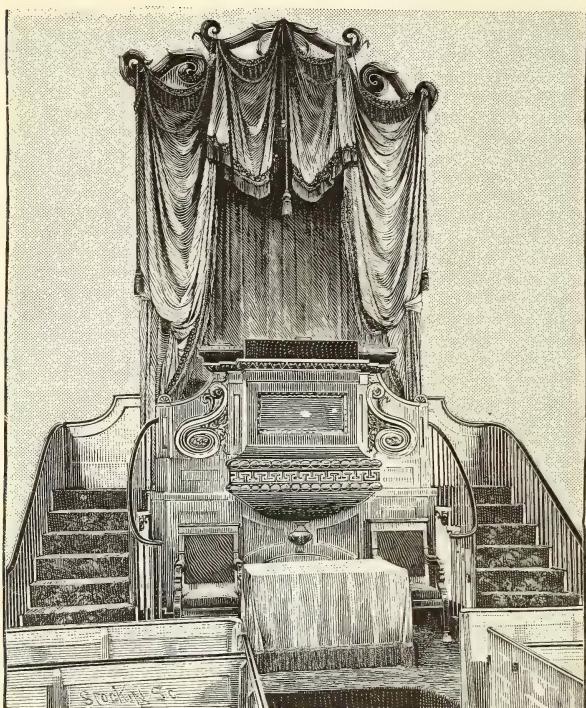
## AT CARLYLE'S GRAVE.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

I STOOD by Carlyle's grave : the speedwell's bloom —  
A gentle, blue-eyed darling fitly named —  
Had struggled thro' the earth, and o'er the famed  
And sacred dust, unfrighted by the gloom  
Of Death, smiled in the face of mortal doom,  
Like eyes in Paradise ; and so, methought,  
That midst the strife this giant Thor hath wrought,  
With hammer high uplifted, crying : " Room  
For Truth," — fierce and relentless to the wrong,  
With thunder crushing out falsehood and sham, —  
The flowers of patient hope and love will grow  
And richly blossom, fair to see and strong  
To comfort fainting hearts that weary go  
On life's rough journey, with a holy calm.

## THE OLD WEST CHURCH.

By Emily Talbot.



FOR eighty years or more, on the rise at the corner of Cambridge and Lynde streets in Boston, there has stood a square, high-shouldered, open-hearted-looking church. There it stands to-day in dignity and repose, the last of the old Protestant churches in that quarter of the city. Its contrasted colors in brick and stone and mortar have been mellowed by the hand of time. A small fountain plays in the open square in front, sheltered under wide-spreading trees. This is the ancient West Church, now, alas ! passed into history.

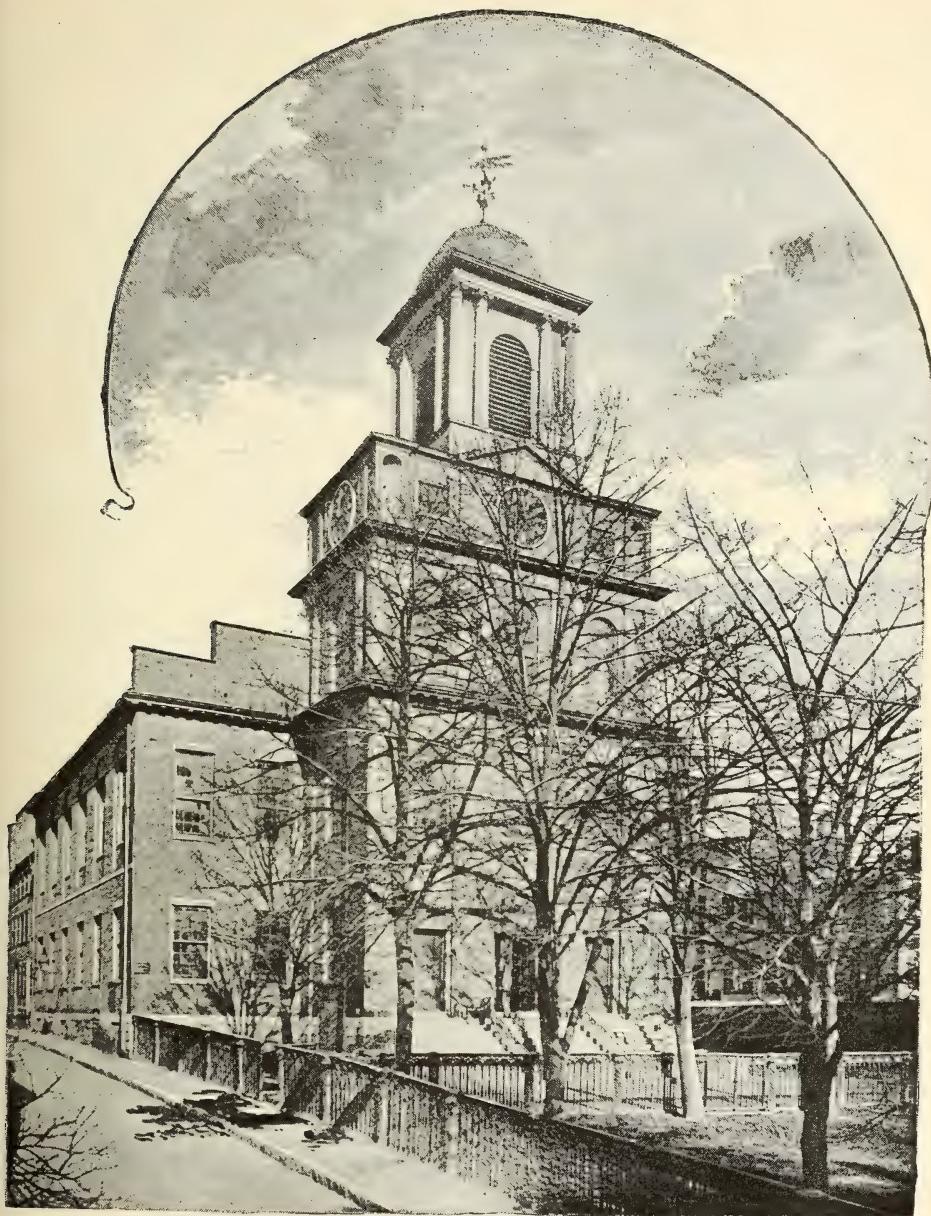
In January, 1737, seventeen persons from six different parishes met together, and with the help of the two preachers, Prince and Foxcroft, organized a new society, the West Boston. They chose as their minister William Hooper, who was ordained on the 18th of the following May. The first meeting-house was a small

wooden structure, which was replaced in 1806 by the present building, considered at that time as elegant as it is now primitive and venerable. But to tell the story of this church is not to tell of its foundation stones and walls, but of how it has, through a succession of independent, fearless, and able ministers, stood for religious and political freedom.

The first minister, Hooper, proved most acceptable to his congregation as a teacher and preacher, but at the end of nine years of faithful service he gave offence in a sermon which he preached before the Association of Congregational Ministers, at the usual Thursday lecture in the First Church, and found his orthodoxy the object of suspicion. This first minister of the West Church appears to have been a man of great nobility and vigor of mind, and he could

not brook interference with his carefully studied theological views. In his answer to the brethren he expresses regret that his sermon gave any uneasiness ; his only intention was "to vindicate the divine character from the false and mean imputations of superstitious men." His letter is one of great modesty, but his nature was independent and self-respecting. To one of his theological correspondents who had cited the trembling of Moses at Mount Sinai, in support of the doctrine of fear, Hooper replied he did not know that the shaking of the prophet "was mentioned to his honor." He chose to withdraw from an atmosphere of spiritual intolerance, as thousands have done since.

Having already listened to an invitation from the proprietors of Trinity Church, he sailed away on a Sunday in 1747, in the man-of-war *Chester*, for England, without giving notice to his parishioners. He re-



The Old West Church.

ceived Episcopal ordination from Bishop Benson, and returned to Boston, and on the 28th of August of the same year became rector of Trinity Church.

One of Hooper's sons, his namesake, a graduate of Harvard University, studied law with James Otis, and as a successful lawyer

in Wilmington, North Carolina, signalized himself by opposition to the arbitrary measures of the government. In 1774 he was a delegate to the General Congress in Philadelphia, and he signed the Declaration of Independence. The life and character of the son illustrate further that really greater

act of the father, who signed with pain and sealed with tears his own spiritual independence.

Jonathan Mayhew, whom the deserted

priest of Martha's Vineyard, who preceded even Eliot in labors for the conversion of the Indians.<sup>1</sup> Many other members of the Mayhew family were teachers of re-



*Jonathan Mayhew<sup>1</sup>*

but brave West Boston Society chose, in June, 1747, to succeed Hooper, was born in Martha's Vineyard in October, 1720. He was the fourth in descent from Thomas Mayhew, the first English settler and pro-

ligion among the Indians on the Vineyard. The father of Jonathan, also a clergyman, exhorted his son to form his opinions from the Bible, and not from fallible men, agreeing with Robinson in his famous word to

his church as it was removing to America, that Protestants too blindly follow Luther and Calvin, when more light was yet to break forth from the Word of God for those who sought. The natural independence of a mind thus instructed early asserted itself in clear and strong opinions. He seems not to have accepted the five points of Calvinistic doctrine as generally understood. For this reason, on the day appointed for his installation over the West Church, but two of the clergymen invited to assist presented themselves, and the services could not proceed. On the second day appointed, eleven out of the fifteen churches invited were represented by their pastors and delegates. These, however, were all from country towns. The clergy of Boston not only remained away, but afterwards sought to excite popular prejudice against Mayhew. There appears to have been no doctrinal examination of the candidate, though that was then considered important. Rev. Mr. Gay of Hingham, in his address to the candidate, used expressive language when he said to him, "I have been pleased to observe your thirst after knowledge and a desire to find truth."

The Boston clergy declining to exchange with him, the young minister devoted himself incessantly to his studies. His success was so great that the seven sermons on the Difference between Right and Wrong, published two years after his ordination, attracted much attention in England, where they were republished, and gained for him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Aberdeen University. Dr. Mayhew was then twenty-nine years of age.

The old Tory party had become actively engaged in asserting the prerogatives of the king, and the 30th of January, the anniversary of the death of Charles I., was observed by them with great interest as a fast. Dr. Mayhew took this occasion, in 1750, to preach a sermon on Unlimited Obedience and Passive Submission. John Adams says of this discourse: "It was seasoned with wit and satire superior even to Swift or Franklin. It was read by everybody — celebrated by friends and abused by enemies. Dr. Mayhew seemed to be raised up to revive all the animosity of the people against tyranny, both in Church and State, and at the same time to destroy their bigotry, fanaticism, and

inconsistency. To draw the character of Mayhew would be to transcribe a dozen volumes. This transcendent genius threw all the weight of his great fame into the scale of his country and maintained it."

A discourse in 1754, on the day of the general election, concerning the Nature and Design of Civil Government added to his reputation as "a master spirit."

Notwithstanding a constantly increasing distinction as an eloquent preacher, powerful writer, and devout Christian, the name of being a heretic hindered and nearly prevented his marriage. After Dr. Mayhew had leave to visit Elizabeth, the daughter of John Clark, Esq., with a view to matrimony, some persons interfered to the prejudice of the minister. The firmness of the young people finally prevailed, and they were joined in wedlock in 1756.



Rev. Charles Lowell.

Mrs. Mayhew was a descendant of Governor Saltonstall and the celebrated Whittingham, and she became by this marriage the grandmother of Bishop Wainwright and, by her subsequent marriage to Dr. Howard, the grandmother of Mrs. Bartol, the wife of the last minister of the West Church, and of Mrs. Wayland, the wife of President Wayland of Brown University. Although Mrs. Mayhew was fourteen years

younger than her husband, the connection was a most happy one. After the death of Dr. Mayhew, Hon. Harrison Gray wrote to Mr. Hollis of London, one of the patrons of Harvard University, "Mrs. Mayhew is a fine accomplished lady, admired and almost adored by the whole society." It is said that Mr. Gray's admiration culminated, at a proper time, in an offer of marriage; but Mrs. Mayhew preferred the estimable Dr. Howard, who succeeded Dr. Mayhew as minister of the West Church, to the distinguished and opulent Mr. Gray, the attached friend of her husband.

In 1704 the bishops and other clergy of the Episcopal Church in England had formed under royal patronage a society for

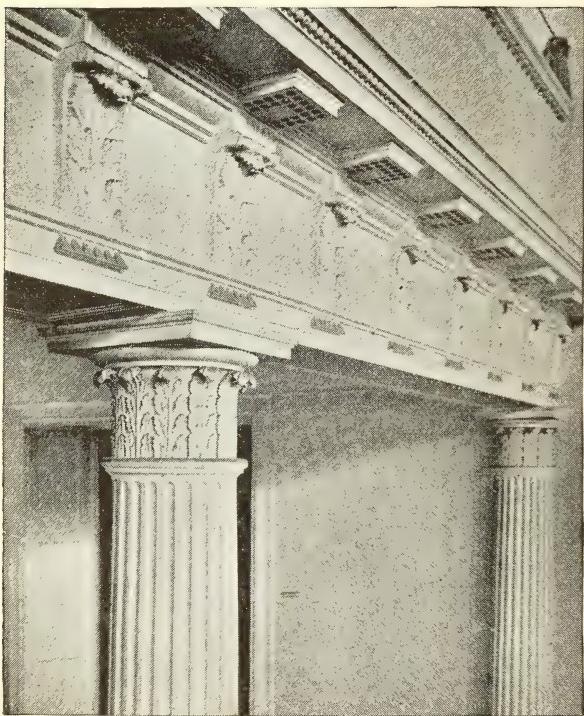
was agreed in wishing to have entire control of the religion of the colonies. The influence of Harvard College was so much distrusted that they endeavored to secure a charter for a new college in Northampton. This, indeed, had been privately granted by Governor Bernard. In this act, however, he was thought to have exceeded his lawful authority. Dr. Mayhew wrote the able remonstrance which was presented by the overseers of Harvard College. It is a paper of great value to any one interested in institutions of learning. "At this time," says John Adams, "the colonists justly apprehended that bishops and dioceses and priests and tithes were to be imposed on them by Parliament." The successful opposition to the advocates of canon and feudal law was ably led by Dr. Mayhew, and had great influence on the ultimate independence of the colonies.

Dr. Mayhew's ardor in behalf of civil liberty was strikingly shown in the vigor of his opposition to the Stamp Act. His letters describing the views of the people and their firm opposition to oppressive acts on the part of Parliament were shown by his friend, Mr. Hollis, to the prime minister of England, and they with other proofs of a like character were among the influences which led to the repeal of the Act.

The federation of the colonies was first suggested by Mayhew. He wrote to James Otis: "You have heard of the communion of churches. I set out to-morrow for Rutland to assist at an ecclesiastical council, not expecting to return this week. While I was thinking of this in my bed, the great use and importance of a com-

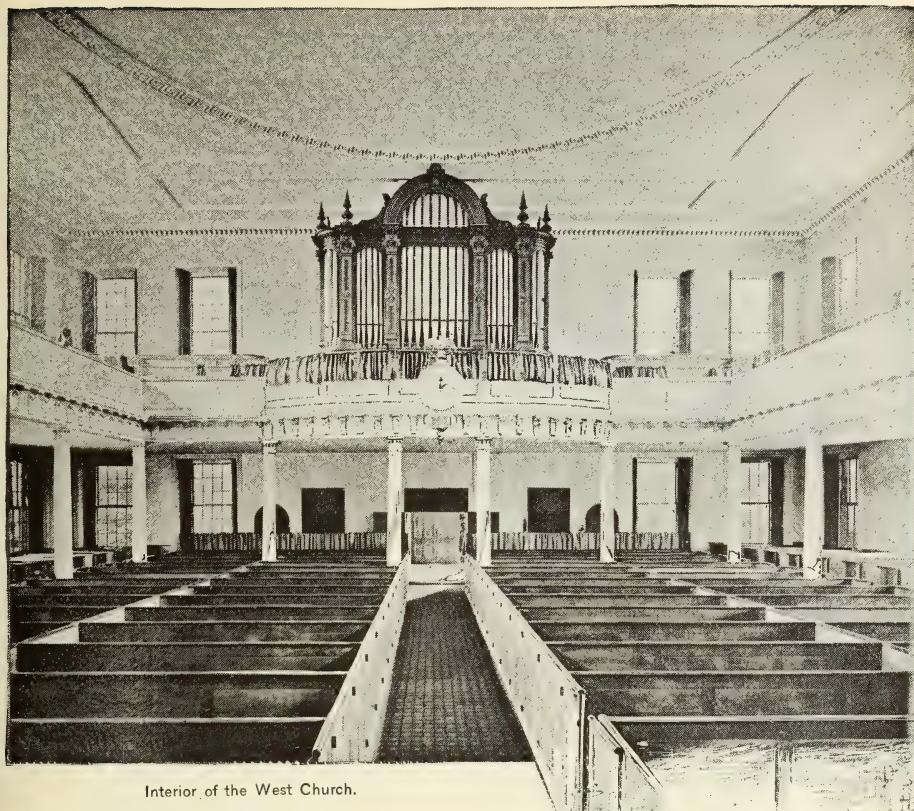
munion of colonies appeared to me in a strong light, which led me immediately to set down this hint to transmit to you."

This journey on horseback to Rutland was very exhausting to Dr. Mayhew and was followed by a fever, which proved fatal on July 9, 1766, when he was in the forty-sixth year of his age. His church was



A Bit of the Gallery.

propagating the Gospel in foreign parts. In 1762 it began to appear that the work of the society had been diverted from the original intention, and "it was really using the money of the English Church not to civilize and Christianize the Indians, but in an attempt to Episcopelize the descendants of the Puritans." This clerical party



Interior of the West Church.

overwhelmed with grief, and the community in general with deep sorrow. Several of the clergy who had kept aloof from him during his public ministry, because of his alleged heresy on some theological points, when he fell ill held a day of prayer that his useful life might be spared; and some of the Episcopal clergy composed special collects on the occasion. Rev. Dr. Sewall, pastor of the Old South Church, visited Dr. Mayhew in his last illness, at the request of some members of his church, with a particular view to learn his sentiments on the Trinity. Dr. Sewall reported that he found their friend in such a resigned and happy frame of mind that he did not think it proper to catechize him about his speculative faith. Dr. Cooper, anxious to learn if Dr. Mayhew still held unwaveringly to his peculiar views, received for answer, "My integrity I hold fast and will not let it go."

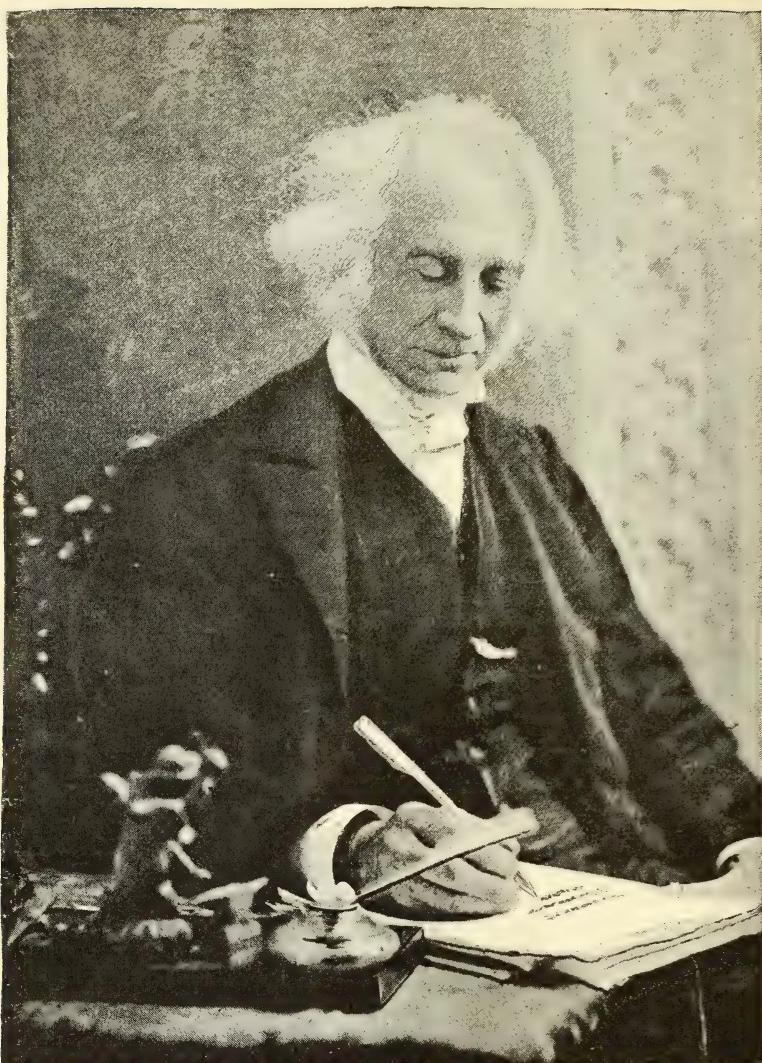
In addition to almost extravagant expressions of grief both in England and in America on the untimely death of Dr.

Mayhew  
full and  
discrimi-

nating memorials were published by his parishioners, Harrison Gray and Edmund Quincy, Jr. Nearly thirty years later, the son of another parishioner, Robert Treat Paine, in a commencement poem at Harvard College spoke these notable words:—

"Then mental freedom first her power display'd,  
And call'd a Mayhew to religion's aid.  
For this great truth, he boldly led the van,  
*That private judgment was a right of man.*  
Mayhew disdained that soul-contracting view  
Of sacred truth, which zealous phrensy drew;  
He sought religion's fountain-head to drink,  
And preached what others only dared to think."

In 1767 the fiery, impassioned genius, the patriot and Christian minister, Mayhew, was succeeded by Simeon Howard, a born priest, calm, gentle, and forbearing, but, like Mayhew, an "audacious lover of liberty." Of him it was said, "his weakness never degenerated into cowardice, his caution could not wear the livery of fear."



Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol.

The British troops, in 1775, suspected that signals had been sent to the Continental soldiers in Cambridge from the steeple of the meeting-house, a few feet from the line where the square belfry now stands. They therefore razed the steeple to the ground, and later converted the building into barracks. Great confusion and distress now fell upon the congregation. The church in Annapolis, Nova Scotia, where Dr. Howard had at one time preached, was now without a minister. To this church the peaceful Howard, and such

of his congregation as could leave their invaded homes, turned and found refuge. On landing, Howard was arrested for having no permit to leave Boston, and taken to Halifax; but upon receipt of a letter of explanation from General Gage was speedily set at liberty. For fifteen months he labored in the pastoral office for the people in Annapolis, securing their love and respect. Returning to Boston, he naturally found but a remnant of his society; but to them he devoted himself with earnestness and enthusiasm, indifferent to any pecun-

iary reward. He was soon able to see their "weakness transformed to strength," and the society eventually became one of the largest and most thriving in Boston.

President Willard of Harvard University said, "None could hear Dr. Howard's discourses and not be edified, unless such as prefer doubtful disputations and strife about words to wholesome doctrines clearly to be understood, and those precepts of Christianity which none can misconstrue, and which inculcate a good life." At the time of Dr. Howard's settlement he was regarded by many of the clergy as heretical in his opinions, and was reputed not to be a believer in the Trinity, predestination, or total depravity. But the conflict of speculative opinions in theology was interrupted at this time by the turmoil of the approaching contest that was to determine the political independence of the colonies.

Dr. Howard showed himself a true patriot, characterized by candor and charity. When called upon to preach on important occasions, he frequently sounded the note of warning or encouragement in behalf of the liberty of his country, and showed the connection between true liberty and sound learning. He presented the claims of the college "to the patronage and assistance of the state, in return for the able men with which she has furnished the public." He chastised the love of his countrymen and countrywomen for show and useless ornaments, and insisted on the importance of an example of piety and virtue in magistrates. A critical observer remarks that the resemblance was striking between Mayhew and Howard in their general views, both in religion and in politics, notwithstanding the fact that they belonged to different types, both in intellect and in temperament.

With the authority of kinship Dr. Bartol states that "besides the pulpit of Mayhew Dr. Howard had also an inheritance of priceless value in Mayhew's surviving partner, a woman of great worth as a lofty and heroic counsellor, in whom outward attractiveness and inward noble-mindedness were so joined as to be one and the same thing, as in rare instances of personal and spiritual beauty we may notice they sometimes are."

Dr. Howard's connection with Harvard University was close. He was not only a graduate, but for a time a tutor, and later served the University with fidelity as an

overseer and fellow of the corporation. In 1798, owing to the illness of President Willard, he presided at the public exercises on Commencement Day, and gave the degrees. He was also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Vice-President of the Humane Society. Universally beloved, this eminently wise and good man died in 1804, in the seventy-second year of his age, and devout men carried him to his burial and made great lamentation over him.

It was on the first day of a new year, 1806, that Charles Lowell, the fourth minister of the West Church, was ordained. Born in Boston in 1782, he graduated from Harvard College in 1800, and began the study of law. He soon turned his attention to theology, and pursued his studies for two years in Edinburgh. On the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement, Dr. Lowell recalled the unanimity of both the parish and the council, as well as the beauty and serenity of the day of his ordination, as an augury of a peaceful and happy union,—an augury, if possible, more than fulfilled.

In sympathy with the thought of his people, Lowell, like his predecessors, insisted upon religious liberty. Hooper had withdrawn from the Association of Congregational Ministers; Mayhew had not joined it. Howard in 1784 was invited by a specially appointed committee, of which Rev. Dr. Eckley was chairman, to become a member, but not until after six years of consideration did he consent. At this time it is said there were not many strict Trinitarians in the Congregational order in Boston. Howard, by way of explaining his act, said, "When I was ordained, I was a heretic; now most of the brethren believe as I do." Thus was the West Church, through its minister Howard, again a member of the Congregational Association. Years rolled on, and again in the ebb and flow of opinions contention was aroused concerning theological dogmas. Lowell would have nothing to do with either party; he would quarrel with no one. He abhorred denominationalism, and exclaimed: "The title of this church is Independent Congregational,—it shall never be Unitarianized or Trinitarianized, so help me God!" He was on such terms of exchange with the Old South Church that Wisner, about to be settled, in 1821,

over the church, begged of him the "right hand of fellowship"; but a rigid sectarianism was again drawing the lines, and in the ordaining council a motion was made to set aside Lowell and override the candidate's wish. Dr. F. H. Hedge recalls a meeting of the Congregational Association, "when after some wrangling on both sides, Dr. Lowell rose and, filled with righteous indignation, said, 'You propose a separation; you would have the Trinitarians go to Park Street, and the Unitarians to Federal Street. Where shall I go? I belong to neither of those bodies, and never will. This society is charged with a sacred charity; the widows and orphans of deceased Congregational ministers are largely dependent on us for their support; they look to our annual contributions for their needful bread. If those contributions fail by reason of our disputes, if any of those widows perish in consequence, their blood shall not be found on the skirts of my garment.'"

Thus one strong, independent spirit stayed the act of separation, and thus the bond still holds that may again be a vital one. The signs of the time are significant. This steadfastness of Dr. Lowell, conspicuous in resisting all schisms, is the characteristic of his ministry upon which interest now centres.

At the end of thirty-one years of pastoral service, Dr. Lowell requested that a colleague be selected, who should relieve him of the more exhausting duties of his office. Choice was made of Cyrus A. Bartol, and the delicate relation of senior and junior pastor was maintained in confidence and harmony during the twenty-five years of life that were still left to Dr. Lowell. Services commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Lowell's ordination were held in the West Church on Sunday, January 13, 1856. In the name of the people, the junior minister, Mr. Bartol, expressed their tender love and respect in a touching tribute. Hymns composed for the occasion by Mr. Bartol, Miss H. S. Ware, and Mrs. C. W. Richards, were sung. After the benediction was pronounced, the aisle was thronged by the old and the young who wished once more to take the hand of their friend and pastor.

The personal appearance of Dr. Lowell was most impressive. One who knew him well says of him: "We have ever in our

eye his aspect, with its deep tints of decision and flowing lines of benignity; we note the flush of a warm temperament, through which beams a peace from within that transpires with mild lustre the keen eye, and seems to lay the whitening locks evermore smooth and even on his placid brow; we feel the atmosphere of ancient hymns and prayers that hangs around him, and is often vocal on his tongue; we hear the ring of his voice in which an iron strength melts into cordial sweetness; we observe the earnest will which in every gesture is turned to motions of unaffected sympathy." Thus is pictured the saintly Lowell, the eloquent preacher, the loving pastor, the sire of an honored family, one of whom, James Russell Lowell, highly distinguished among men of letters, is honored throughout the world.

The settlement of Cyrus A. Bartol as junior minister of the West Church took place on March 1, 1837. The strength of the senior pastor had declined so gradually that when the end came Dr. Bartol was already folded in the hearts of the people by the closest bonds of love and sympathy; their experiences had become his and their needs the absorbing interest of his life. The banner of liberty, religious and civil, was still upheld by the hands of a prophet who knew no master save the King of kings, a prophet who still lives and walks our streets and sits at our firesides, and of whom no adequate description or tribute is yet possible.

Some threads of that character, so closely interwoven in the purposes and life of the West Church, may be here and there briefly noticed, because they give color and meaning to its work, and in that sense already belong to its history. The following condensed abstract of a sermon on Public Causes for Gratitude, preached ten years after his settlement, shows the attitude toward public questions which he has always maintained: —

"The progress in the mechanical arts,—the features of a man drawn with the pencil of the sun's rays, the thoughts of the heart claiming kindred with the lightnings of heaven and spanning the widest distances between kindred and friends; the antidote to pain, the inventive merit of which belongs undoubtedly to a fellow-worshipper; the railroad, the uniter of interests, the material priest that ties the knot of our mutual good will; the living water flowing into the heart of our city; the development of Christian benevolence, moral conscience, and philanthropic reform,—all this pro-

gress is the impulse of His furtherance, and this success the grant of His benediction. But the highest cause for thanksgiving lies in a more harmonious understanding and exposition of religious truth. . . . What are called the liberal Christians have begun to retire from some dangerous extremes, and what are called the Orthodox have shifted their ground from the old untenable forms of many of their dogmas to meet this countermarch of their brethren. One who has never identified himself with either party may be permitted in the pulpit of an *independent* Christian church to state now a fact, which the philosophical historian will hereafter impartially narrate, that the doctrines of total depravity, decrees, election, infant damnation (pardon is needed for uttering that phrase), everlasting torments, with all their affiliated conclusions, are very much withdrawn on the one side, while those of hereditary bias, inward regeneration, the atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit are more positively accepted and as earnestly maintained on the other. I see in vision a new theology embracing the best and strongest minds, which shall in the future be the intellectual body of the very soul of religion, when all sincere believers shall feel that they belong to one Christian commonwealth on earth and are bound to one inheritance in Heaven. And no sect or combination of churches can resist this movement, borne as it is by the same hand that turns the earth on its axis."

These impressive words, uttered forty-three years ago, are in spirit at least so near fulfilment as to seem to be the words of a seer.

Important influences came into Dr. Bartol's life to an unusual extent through personal contact with great minds. Daniel Webster, Theodore Parker, Edward Everett, William Lloyd Garrison, H. W. Bellows, Horace Bushnell, Charles Sumner, Francis Wayland, Wendell Phillips, R. W. Emerson, and Henry W. Longfellow, as his friends, received from his pulpit honest tribute and discriminating eulogy, his intent being not so much to praise the men as to praise the God who made them for instruments of power and light. Intercourse with other noble souls was equally sympathetic. The names of Thackeray, Frederika Bremer, Kemble, Jenny Lind, Ole Bull, and Rubinstein, are suggestive of a play of thought and feeling which, in the experience of the beloved pastor, opened his soul to a wide and free range of interest, which went on broadening as the years of his ministerial life lengthened into decades.

At the end of twenty years of service he could say to his people, "I thank God we have had nothing of the great staple of history, ecclesiastical as well as civil, namely, quarrelling and strife, and no minor details

have been able to divert our attention from general ideas and grand aims."

A discourse preached before the Ministerial Conference in 1859 is, in its object and statements, as true and applicable to-day as then. He said: "The demand upon the churches to make men religious must be met. The key that opens the door of the kingdom must not be mistaken. It is not criticism, or science, or genius, or humanity, or self-culture, but the consciousness of God in the human soul, whose tests and signs shall be in our value for the great Bible and all good words and worshipful days and holy rites, till all speech become love, all expression, aspiration, and life a sacrament. Let the sense of Deity in us so appear and grow as to lift and sanctify all other exercises of our nature."

In the spring of 1861 this church shared in the common agony of watching the advance of the heavy cloud of civil war. Its minister, however, declared "that God had interposed for our rescue, that the trumpet blown from Heaven was the summons to a struggle against our own sins; that it was a time of patriotism, of heroism, of faith in God and faith in each other; that the world never saw a greater day in the issues that are involved." By such stirring words of faith and confidence was the standard of human liberty, which had been planted by Mayhew, upheld by his latest successor.

Soon came the first battle, and the gloom and despair at "the dreadful sacrifice." The pastor of the West Church said, "It is the law of our life that all earthly progress in every good cause starts in sacrifice, lives on sacrifice, and without ever new sacrifice would faint and die." The church had offered her sons, and now some of the noblest had fallen in behalf of their country. The valiant leader did not falter under suffering, but was glad that whatever sacrificial price must be paid by laying upon the altar the manhood from the pews, there was no surrender of justice, freedom, or any human right. He rejoiced that they, the vanished, South as well as North, were together sufferers and redeemers for the common sins of the nation. The atonement by blood had come, and "never was an operation so awfully sublime of the justice and restoring power of God." These few words portray but dimly the sadness and bitterness of the sufferings of the West Church during the long, dark days of the

Civil War, or the courage and heroism inspired by its pastor. But the country was redeemed, and the West Church never lamented her sacrifices.

The story of the West Church cannot be even suggested without calling up visions of Elizabeth Howard Bartol, the saintly wife of its last minister. Frail in body, but with a devotion and zeal long consecrated to the Lord's service, her feet were swift and tireless in seeking out the objects of her solicitude, and her hands never weary in ministering to the needs of the poor and suffering, of the soldiers in camp and field, or the sick and wounded on furlough at home. Up and down the noisy streets, in and out of the houses of rich and poor, in sorrow and joy, in misfortune and poverty, her heart was ever prompt to give comfort and sympathy from overflowing stores.

The years following the close of the Civil War were, in the life of Dr. Bartol, so fruitful in thought and purpose which touched closely the religious needs and

experience of society as well as of the churches, that thenceforth the West Church could not claim him as all her own, but he became an unconscious leader and an acknowledged inspiration in a wider sphere. His printed words were read weekly by thousands, who were thus led to broader thinking and better living. All these recognized the truth of the word spoken to the ministry thirty years before, that men need most not creeds or dogmas, but "the consciousness of God in the soul."

Three years ago that common Christian fellowship which he had foreseen drew men of all creeds to the old West Church to commemorate the half-century of the Christian ministry of Dr. Bartol and the century and a half of the existence of the church. From this venerable and silent edifice has gone forth many a messenger of the Christian religion teaching the liberty wherewith Christ had made it free. Thus has been extended the influence of the West Church: but worship here is ended; its doors are closed.

## MY FAITH.

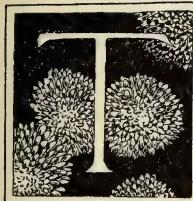
*By Arthur Graves Canfield.*

BE not an anchor, O my faith, to lie  
 On ocean's oozy floor, dim fathoms deep,  
 Where dead, forgotten things forever sleep,  
 And tumult of the waves comes never nigh,  
 And e'en beyond the glimpse of day's great eye,  
 Thy task to clutch and blindly cling and keep  
 My boat at rest,—in front the self-same sweep  
 Of well-known coast, o'erhead the self-same sky.

Nay, rather, when the mighty winds are free,  
 Be thou the needle loyal to thy North,  
 To bid my bark the utmost isles explore.  
 Better go down amid the tempest's roar  
 Than rot in land-locked bays and put not forth  
 At hearing of the loud-entreating sea.

## BEYOND THE BRIDGE.

*By Dora Read Goodale.*



HE night was over, but day had not yet appeared. A sort of pale transparency shone everywhere on the horizon; only in the south the sky was still of a dusky blue. The baying of dogs had ceased, but everywhere the long *diminuendo* of cock-crow struck musically on the ear. The surface of the millpond lay like a tarnished mirror, and as the dawn grew brighter a cloud of milky vapor rose and waved wraith-like over the water. Earth itself seemed to exhale a breath to meet the coming day.

In the forest all was yet dark. Broad-winged bats flitted above the openings of the tree-tops, through which the morning star shone with a heavenly brightness, and the chirping of innumerable birds went up in a drowsy ecstasy. The short cascades of the mountain brook flashed indistinctly between its banks; the leaves of the poplar hung motionless; that chill which precedes the dawn was in the air. Suddenly a thrush started from her nest in the thicket, and was followed by another, and another. A flush of red light mounted to the zenith; the sheep began to bleat in the pasture and the cows to low at the gate; the village whistle sounded; carts rumbled over the stony road, and a hum of newly wakened life announced that the round of labor had begun.

The scattered cottages beyond the bridge were not more backward than their neighbors in paying tribute to the morning sun. From even the humblest chimney rose a few puffs of blackish smoke, followed by the thread of blue which shows that the fire is burning merrily beneath. Old women came out in flannel shawls, their aprons swelling with corn; gypsy-hued children were sent to the pile for chips, and made themselves carts of the rusty pans they carried. A young workman presently appeared at one of the doors and crossed the yard at a rapid stride,—a handsome, straight-limbed fel-

low he was, his suit of russet jeans and mechanic's cap setting off the sunburnt, olive cheek, dark hair, and full gray eye. In his hand he carried a hammer and saw and a square wooden tray of nails, and as he stepped out into the glowing air, he looked no unapt type of the man who still goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening. The bridge, to which he directed his steps, lay across a deep and rocky channel which bore witness to the first strength of the torrent which had since dwindled to a loitering stream. The passage over this ravine had been guarded by posts and rails at the lower side, and these were newly surmounted by a round and heavy oak stick, one end of which was riveted to an enormous boulder by iron nuts and bolts, while the other was spiked to the trunk of a massive beech, whose huge gnarled roots seemed to grapple with the soil as its straight shaft rose like granite toward mid-air; thus nature bulwarked the bridge on either side. Other additions had lately been made, and the repairing was not quite finished, for here the workman threw down his box and fell to adjusting the braces, bending his powerful hand to the blows that fixed the great nails in place.

Just as he was putting the final strokes to his work, a young girl came tripping up the high-road with a basket on her arm. She wore a pink cotton frock, and her dark brown locks escaped from under the capacious eaves of a stiff pink sun-bonnet.

"Good morning, Ellen," he exclaimed, pushing his visor back as she drew near. "What takes you out so early?"

"I'm going up to North Hill for berries before the sun grows hot," answered the girl, pausing on the bridge with a rather unwilling air. "But you've finished your work already," she added in a moment.

"Yes, I have to be at the shop at seven — this is an extra job," said the young mechanic, who had now laid aside his tools and was absently notching his initials into the bark of the high oak rail; "I get paid by the Road Commissioners."

"That's where we used to go troutng

together—don't you ever come here any more?" asked the girl meditatively, leaning over the side of the bridge so that their faces were reflected for a moment side by side in the brown pool beneath.

"No—at least, not often; I don't have time. I'm thinking of going away, Ellen,—quitting the state. I have other things besides fishing to think of now."

Ellen started, and a slight flush rose to her face. "Yes, indeed," she replied, from some prompting of maidenly pride. "I have other things to think of, too: I'm to take the district school in the fall. David has got me the place. And your father?" she added, looking up after a pause.

Oh, of course he was saddled with a half-witted, helpless old man—it was kind of Ellen to remind him of that. And then that demon of taciturnity entered in, which visits every son of Calvin. "Of course he'll come too; we must sell off the farm," he answered, hardening his lip. "It's a chance in a foundry in York State—the right sort of man. I shall be bettering myself. I shall get better pay. And you're going to teach in the school-house! That's a grand sort of life. Not that it's any concern of mine." No concern of his! Very well, wasn't that what she wanted? "I shan't ever come back, 'tisn't likely."

The brook prattled dreamily on while these words were exchanged, and the breath that had formed them dispersed on the sunny air. Ellen called up all her pride and still talked of her prospects: how her sister had gone to the town as a milliner's 'prentice, and what kind things David had said of her reading before the School Board. Her family stood above his,—that made the sting sharper,—divided by one of those barely perceptible lines nowhere more jealously preserved than in rural society. The young man responded at random, still cursing himself; and with every word that was spoken certainty entered more deeply into his soul. She! why should she care for him? he thought, as she left him at last—she, with her learning and books and her eyes that went to your soul? (Poor Ellen, it was but a primitive thing, this learning of hers, which made such an impression on the machinist, with his large, clumsy hands!) She knew how he loved her—no matter, let her call him a fool! To-morrow he was to give his decision. Well, the answer

was ready. He would go away and never return; and besides, there was David.

The hours went by and the sun grew warm in the heavens. A delicious blue haze rested above the pond, withdrawing the farther shore into an illimitable distance. It was that high-tide of midsummer, when Earth opens her hand with bounty, scatters with prodigality. The hedgerows were full of berries which glistened like gems, black-stemmed and red-stemmed, crimson, orange, and blue, wholesome and poisoned ripening together. The wild grape spread an impenetrable canopy of leaves, green above, but beneath of the palest russet. Milkweed blossoms and thistles yielded their heavy scent in the marsh, where innumerable grasses were maturing their knots of seed, and acres of gold thread lifted their straggling fringes. Nor was Nature less lavish in sustaining her living forms, those armies of creatures that ran, crawled, flew, swam, dived, burrowed, and glided. All these flourished, grew, and were fed, and in death returned to her crucible.

Beside the bridge the morning slipped drowsily by to the ceaselessplash of the water. Charcoal-burners drove past in their high smutted carts; now and then a weasel was seen on the bank, or a muskrat dived in the pool; and then for hours there was silence broken only by the droning of insects. It was almost noon when a bare-legged, six-year-old child came slowly down the course of the brook, singing shrilly to herself, hat pushed back on her neck, straight locks hanging about her ears, and arms weighed down with the bright rose-purple of thimble-berry flowers. This was Nannie, the Widow Carnegie's grandchild; an orphan, for her mother was dead; a nameless child, it was said, with a soldier's blood in her veins—but that, it was shame to think of. An elfin creature she looked, with her restless eyes and her naked, sun-browned feet, almost as expressive as hands, clinging to the wet, mossy stones like the feet of some mud-delving animal.

"And never, never see him any more," sang the little one, rocking to and fro and half closing her eyes, with a curious flitting expression of physical delight when she felt the cool thread of the water under her foot. Over her shoulder the falls seemed

to rise like pale fire ; this was a wonderful place, this bed of the waters. In the hobble bush yonder was a catbird's nest, five young birds with their red-gray bodies tufted with blackish down and their heads never raised except at the coming of worms. Down there were other worms in stone cases, which could only be dragged out by force ; down in the shadow of the bridge there were timbers with jutting ends, set thick with dark green ferns, and cold in the broadest noonday. So she stood, weaving back and forth and peering into the glassy basin beyond, when suddenly her foot slipped on the weedy stones, she lost her balance and was thrown, face downward, into the shallow current. This current swung round under the bridge by a shelving rock, worn to a narrow arch beneath, its dank sides beaded with eternal moisture. The child was dazed or blinded by the fall ; one feeble, convulsive struggle darkened the stream ; one feeble, terrified cry went up and was drowned by the angry fluting of the catbird : then she was swept with stunning force against the face of the rock, her body plunged and was lost in the pool, and only the purple flowers rode tranquilly down the stream.

Who knows what flash of violent consciousness lighted for a moment that busy and curious soul ? Who knows what intolerable longing surged through the awful chambers of thought, which a chance word may have broken in and unsealed before their time ? The little life had gone out unobserved as it came uncherished into the world ; and the brook flowed on in the silence, and gave no sign.

Again the long bright hours went by, and the sun declined in the west ; it was not until late in the afternoon that the report was generally spread that the Widow Carnegie's grandchild had strayed away and was missing. Messages went to and fro ; old experiences were revived ; a party was organized, heads were shaken, and the word "judgment" was heard.

"O, come, hasten up now a bit !" exhorted old Reuben, pursing up his comfortable, weather-beaten face as he stood at the widow's door with a small knot of men. "You're thinkin' of the time when you was young and the mountings was likely full of painters and wolves, but, Lord bless ye ! that child is asleep in the lee of a haystack, as safe as if she was to

hum in her bed. W'y, I'll wager my supper she is ! Yes, yes, I run away often and was lost times out o' mind, but it didn't never do me no hurt. Mebbe you think some pedler has stole her, with her boots kicked off and her bunnit halfway down her back !" and Reuben broke into a hearty guffaw at this laughable supposition. "There now, Mis' Carnegie, don't you be troubled a mite, and we'll hev her back here — eh, boys ?"

And so the widow sat down by the hearth, and turned up her dress and dried the few painful tears that come only to glaze the sunken eyes of the old.

"She couldn't have fallen into the brook and been drowned ?" said one of the younger men as they went outside.

"The brook ? W'y, there ain't water enough there to drown a sizable chipmunk. There's the pond — but I don't think, though, she'd hev gone so fur."

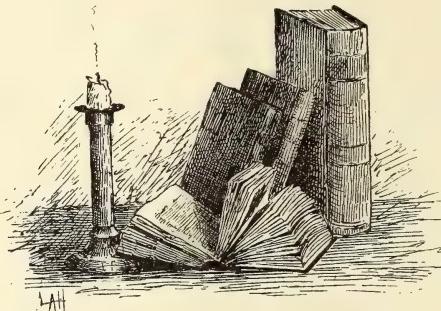
Darkness descended and the moon would not rise until late. The party of men set out then with dogs and lanterns, scouring the woods, beating the brush, and calling her name aloud. Will, the young mechanic, was among them, and when at eleven o'clock they returned, to be followed by a relay, he stopped at the widow's cottage with two or three others, to let her know that their search had been, so far, unsuccessful. As they came up the path he caught a glimpse of the girl that he loved through the half-open door, and her image burnt itself into his mind like the picture of Mercy in an old book that he had once handled in childhood. Will drew a hard breath and turned off to throw himself down in the dense shade of a chestnut, whose rounded leafy head rose heavy with flowers. She would have to go back by this way, and at least he could watch her, for the moon had risen now and was bathing the fields in light.

A few moments later Ellen stole from the cottage and glided up the road toward her home. As she came to the bridge, she paused, and a violent fluttering seized her heart. She pressed both hands against her side, and looked up and down the solitary road, in which no living thing appeared. Then suddenly she fell on her knees and pressed her cheek and her breast to her lover's name, and again and again she kissed it, in that ecstasy of half maternal feeling that sweeps over a young

girl's soul when she first acknowledges her love. Almost beneath her, its little face turned partly up to the moonlighted surface of the water, lay the child who had never stretched out its hands to a mother's bosom — whom earth's dark shadows clouded in its birth, and whose last cry went up unheeded.

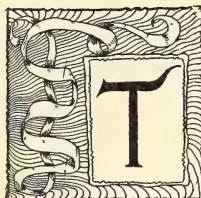
But the prophet lips of nature kept their secret. The young girl rose and vanished through the woods; the young man left

his tarrying-place and turned him to his dreams; for Love is not less unconscious than is Death of the other's solemn nearness. The old woman dozed in her chair under the feeble rays of the lamp which still burned dimly at the cottage window; the halloos of the men grew faint in the distance, as more than one lay sleeping on the cushions of the forest; and the white highway still rolled down in the moonlight like a path for happy love.



## THOMAS B. REED.

*By W. H. Brownson.*



HE present Speaker of the National House of Representatives has certainly excited the interest of the whole country by his position in a contest the most spirited that has occurred in Congress for more than a quarter of a century. His political opponents criticise his official acts, but all acknowledge his skill and his ability.

Thomas Brackett Reed was born in Portland, Me., October 18, 1839. His father, Captain Thomas B. Reed, was also a native of Portland, born on Peak's Island, now a fashionable summer resort, in Portland Harbor. His mother, who is still living at the age of eighty years, was Matilda Prince Mitchell of North Yarmouth. Captain Reed was master at different times of various small coasting vessels. He was a man rather below the average size, but active, and noted for his great physical strength. He was a man of moderate, pleasant disposition, and not a ready talker. Speaker Reed greatly resembles

his mother in many respects. In feature he is much like her, and he largely inherits from her his ready wit and sarcasm. He also gets his large figure from his mother's side of the family.

The old Sumner house, so called, in which Mr. Reed was born, still stands on Hancock Street in Portland. It is the next house but one to the birthplace of the poet Longfellow. Fifty years ago that part of Portland was occupied by the thirstiest families of the city, but its prestige has long since departed. This locality escaped the great fire of 1866, and many old-fashioned dwellings may still be seen there under the shadows of the ancient elms. Mr. Reed was less than three years of age when the family moved to Brackett Street, where they resided until Captain Reed's death, not long ago. Speaker Reed's mother now lives with his only sister, Mrs. Elisha W. Conley, on Bramhall Street.

Mr. Reed's boyhood was not eventful. He attended the city schools, and fitted for college in the Boys' High School, under Master Moses Lyford. As a youth, he was quiet and studious, a good scholar,



SPEAKER OF THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

and able to grasp ideas rather more readily than his mates. He was fond of boyish sports, and was always a favorite with his young comrades. He was nearly seventeen years old when he entered Bowdoin College; and he graduated in 1860, just before he had attained his majority. Towards his college expenses his father was able to give him very little help, and he consequently had to rely almost wholly on his own resources. His classmates in college speak of him as always an original fellow, with ideas of his own, and by no

means slow to impart them to others. In college, on several occasions, he showed the qualities of a leader in a marked degree. He was prominent in the meetings of his class and in the debates of the literary societies. During the first years of his college course he paid less attention to the regular studies than to general reading, devouring whatever came in his way. In the last two years that he was at Brunswick he changed considerably, devoting himself entirely to his studies, and almost invariably being ready with a perfect reci-

tation. He showed no special aptitude for mathematics or the sciences, but evinced a strong liking for literature, philosophy, and the languages. Among his classmates who have attained distinction are Hon. W. W. Thomas, at present United States Minister to Sweden and Norway, Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, late associate justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, General John M. Brown of Portland, Hon. L. G. Downes of Calais, Hon. H. H. Burbank of Saco, and Amos L. Allen, now his private secretary.

Directly after his graduation from college, Mr. Reed obtained the position of an assistant teacher in the Boys' High School in Portland. He performed the duties capably, but at the end of a year resigned, having never intended to devote himself to teaching permanently. He entered, in September, 1861, the law office of Howard & Strout in Portland, of which firm S. C. Strout, Esq., is still in active practice. He devoted himself to his law studies for nearly two years. He was a diligent and painstaking student. Occasionally he was required to examine a question of law for submission to the law court; and it was observed that not only did he show a complete comprehension of the points at issue, but he always went to the very bottom of the matter. In all his investigations he displayed a great deal of logical power. Before he had completed his legal studies, he determined to try his fortune in the West. On account of his lack of means, he took a steerage passage in a sailing vessel for California, and had a tedious and uncomfortable voyage round the Horn. He taught school for a short time in Stockton, and later resumed the study of law in San José. California did not please him so much as he expected, and he determined to go back to his native state. Returning to Portland, he obtained, in 1864, an appointment as Acting Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, serving in that position for about a year.

In 1865 Mr. Reed was admitted to the bar in Portland, and opened a law office. He was successful from the start, and in three years he had worked his way to the front. He was chosen to represent his native city in the lower branch of the state legislature in 1868, though he had a sharp contest in the caucuses because he was so little acquainted in political circles. That

was the beginning of a career of public service which has never been broken by a defeat. He served in the legislature with ability, and was re-elected the following year. It was during his second term that the very animated contest occurred between Hannibal Hamlin and Lot M. Morrill for election to the United States Senate. Mr. Reed was a conspicuous supporter of Mr. Morrill, and in his behalf made a powerful speech, which is described as both fiery and brilliant, and which attracted universal attention to himself. It is worthy of note that, although Mr. Reed opposed Mr. Hamlin then to the extent of his ability, they afterwards, when serving together in Congress, the one in the Senate and the other in the House, became fast friends; and that friendship has been maintained up to the present day.

In 1870 three important events of Mr. Reed's life took place,—he served in the state Senate, became Attorney General of Maine, and was married. In the upper branch of the legislature he took a prominent part in every important debate, making more than one speech which turned all eyes toward him. While the legislature was still in session, he was chosen Attorney General, to succeed Hon. William P. Frye; but he did not take the oath of office until after adjournment. As Attorney General he was able and brilliant in every respect. He presented his cases in clear and concise terms, readily marshalling the strong points of his own side, and seizing the weak parts of his opponent's argument. He had many important trials while he was Attorney General, among them being State *vs.* Cleveland, for murder; State *vs.* Kingsbury, for arson; State *vs.* Peck, a bond case, involving many intricate legal points; State *vs.* the Grand Trunk Railway, for carelessly killing a man; State *vs.* Leach, a case in which a Register of Deeds was charged with giving a false certificate; State *vs.* the Maine Central Railroad, for causing the death of a person by negligence; and others. So much legal ability did he display in all these cases, that many of his friends advised him to let politics alone and devote himself to his profession; but he had an inclination for public life, and when the opportunity presented itself, he determined to follow his natural bent. In 1872 he retired from the office of Attorney General, and for

two years devoted himself to his private practice. In 1874 and for two years thereafter, he was elected Solicitor of the city of Portland, an office of less importance than that of Attorney General, which he filled with great acceptance and with his then recognized ability.

In 1876 Mr. Reed entered the field as a candidate for election to represent the first Maine district in the Forty-fifth Congress. Hon. John H. Burleigh, the sitting member, was opposed to him and was a strong candidate, especially in the southern portion of the district where he resided. The contest in the caucuses was spirited everywhere

him as a matter of course. The first district has always been considered doubtful and close. In 1876 Mr. Reed was elected by a vote of 16,235 to 15,143 for Goodwin, the Democratic candidate. In 1878 Mr. Reed stood up for honest money, and it was only by the division of the opposition that he saved a defeat. The vote stood: Reed, 13,483; Anderson, Democrat, 9,333; Gove, Greenbacker, 6,348. In 1880 the Democrats and Greenbackers combined, or "fused," against him, and came very near defeating him. The vote was, Reed, 16,920, Anderson, 16,803. There were threats of contesting his seat



Mr. Reed's Birthplace, Hancock Street, Portland.

throughout the district. In Portland Mr. Reed was honored by the largest vote that has ever been cast for a candidate before the city caucuses. As a matter of fact Mr. Reed has habitually run ahead of his ticket in Portland, and has always been loyally supported by his native city. In the race for the nomination Burleigh was defeated in the Republican district convention, but by a very small margin. Since that time no one has contested the nomination against Mr. Reed, it being conceded to

in Congress, but they were not carried out. In 1882 all the Congressmen were elected on one ticket by the state at large. In 1884 Reed had 17,594 votes, against 16,679 for Cleaves, Democrat. In 1886 Reed defeated Clifford, Democrat, by a vote of 15,625 to 14,299. In 1888 the first district was practically taken out of the doubtful class, Reed receiving 18,288 votes, against 15,855 for Emery, Democrat.

Mr. Reed had not long been in Congress before his ability was recognized by his

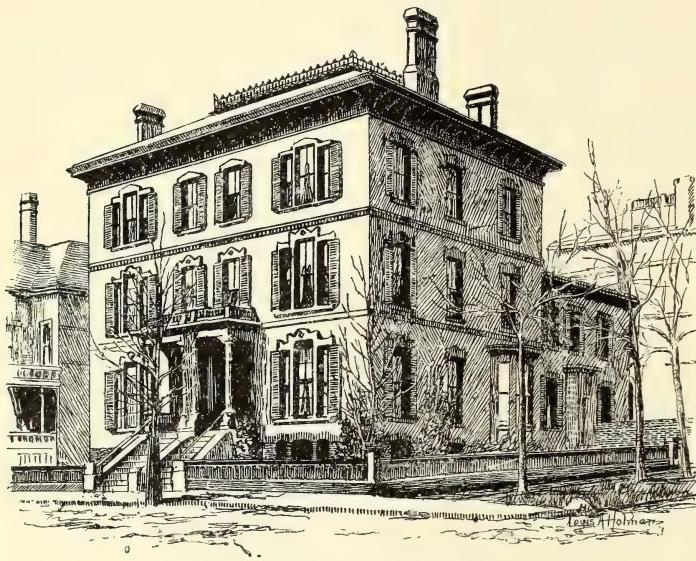
colleagues, and his readiness in debate was a source of discomfort to the opposition. In the Forty-fifth Congress he served on the Committee on Territories, Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, and the select committee on alleged frauds in the presidential election. In the Forty-sixth Congress he was placed on the

Mr. Reed was the Republican candidate for Speaker. There are few who do not remember his triumphant nomination and consequent election as Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress.

Mr. Reed's great work in Congress has been his persistent opposition to the practice of filibustering. He has always contended strongly for

the right of the majority to transact the business of the country, unhindered by the dilatory tactics of the minority. His long experience on the Committee on Rules has fortified him at every point for the position in which he is now placed. He has contributed to the *Century* and *North American Review* several admirable articles on the Rules of Congress.

Mr. Reed's first speech of importance in the House of Representatives



Mr. Reed's Residence, Deering Street, Portland.

Judiciary Committee, and in the Forty-seventh Congress was chairman of that committee. In the same Congress he served on the Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department and was a member of the Committee on Rules. He has been on the Committee on Rules ever since, through five consecutive Congresses, and is now chairman *ex officio* of that committee. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses. When he had served two terms in Congress he was an acknowledged leader. At the opening of the Forty-seventh Congress Mr. Reed was a prominent candidate for Speaker before the Republican caucus. It took sixteen ballots to effect a choice. Mr. Keifer was the nominee of the caucus and was elected Speaker, the Republicans then having the preponderance. The Forty-eighth Congress was Democratic, and Mr. Keifer received the complimentary vote of his party for Speaker. In the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, both Democratic,

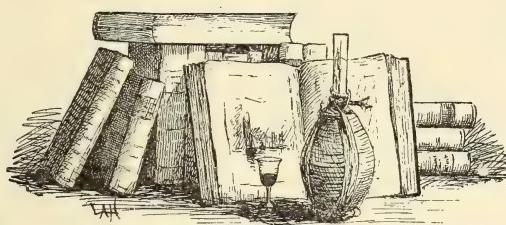
was in the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress, a powerful presentation of the arguments against the bill to reimburse the college of William and Mary, in Virginia, for property destroyed during the war. Early in his congressional career he had come in contact with the ablest debaters in the House, and had invariably vanquished them in ready repartee. His manner of saying things, as much as the very wit of them, made them irresistibly laughable. His witticisms are frequently quoted in the newspapers and laughed at by men of both parties. An apt metaphor, in the course of a debate, is remembered to this day, though often misquoted. In 1880, Davis of North Carolina made an earnest speech on the resolution with reference to the electoral count. Reed made a witty and convincing reply. He was several times interrupted by different members of the opposition, and finally Finley of Ohio persisted in asking him a question. Reed, having in a few words disposed of it so completely that the questioner was

greatly discomfited, added, "Now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my discourse, I wish to proceed," which he was allowed to do, amid shouts of laughter from both sides of the House. Mr. Reed has always taken a prominent part in the debates on the tariff question; and in fact there have been very few important measures before Congress on which he has not had something to say. For a number of years he has been the acknowledged leader of the Republican side of the House, and his elevation to the Speaker's chair was a just recognition of his previous services. The solid qualities of the man are recognized alike by Republicans and Democrats, North and South.

Mr. Reed was married in 1870 to Mrs. Susan P. Jones, daughter of Rev. S. H. Merrill, the honored chaplain of the First Maine Cavalry. Dr. Merrill was an able, sensible man, and Mrs. Reed has many of

his best qualities. They have one daughter, Catharine, who is about fourteen years of age. Their present residence in Portland is on the corner of Deering and State streets, a substantial, square brick house, surrounded by elegant dwellings. Mrs. Reed is much liked in Washington society, and sustains her marked position as wife of the Speaker with tact and grace.

Speaker Reed owes his success wholly to his eminent ability, not to any aptness for political manœuvring. He has few of the characteristics of a politician. He is outspoken, and has therefore plenty of enemies, even in his own party, but in the light of his success they are doubtless growing fewer. When asked lately if he thought his party would at some future day run him for the presidency, he is said to have made the characteristic reply, "They might do worse, and I think they will."



## COMPENSATION.

*By Richard E. Burton.*

WITHIN the desert, cowled and vigil-worn,  
The eremite in prayer and fasting bides;  
All world delights his holy thinkings scorn:  
The Book, the crucifix, his only guides.

But on a morn when flamed the rising sun  
And scared the panther from the open plain,  
The eremite, his night-time watching done,  
Broke bread, and would his missal con again.

Then came a thought and slunk into his mind,  
Compounded half of lust and half of hate;  
And for an hour his soul was sick and blind,  
And he a worldling moaning at his fate.

While in a city's most unholy place,  
There came unto a knave, a tippling clod,  
A thought as tender as a child's small face,  
And white as is the vestiture of God.

## AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

*By Sallie Joy White.*



T was worth while being a girl twenty-five years ago, if only for the pleasure of reading *Barbara's History* when it was first given to the world. It is rarely that a book brings so much real delight as did that to the young people at the time it was published. It was so fascinating from the very first line to the very last; it was so sweet and pure; just the record of a girl's life, who wasn't a wonderful girl in any way, but was just the every-day sort of girl, such as we know scores of. It was the humanity in the book that made it so attractive; that gave it the power which all understood, but none could explain. No other novel has ever been to me quite what this was. *Charles Auchester* and a sweet English story, *St. Olave's*, came the nearest to sharing my regard with it, but, much as I liked these books, they were not the first in my regard. That place of honor was given to *Barbara's History*. I have wondered quite recently whether the woman would echo the opinion of the child, and I have been intending to try the experiment, by reading the story again with my own young daughter, who is just the age that I was when I first became acquainted with Miss Amelia B. Edwards through her book, and gave her the warm devotion which girls so often give to the women who write books for them. From that time I treasured everything that came to me of or by Miss Edwards. Looking over a book of quotations which I kept about the time I read *Barbara's History*, I find scraps of poetry, by Miss Edwards, gathered from the English papers, which friends from across the water were in the habit of sending to my mother.

There was one in particular in which I delighted. There was a thread of pathetic sadness running through it, and a healthy, hearty, rosy girl of fifteen dearly loves this sad and hopeless kind of poems. This one was called "Deserted." I think it must have been written to set to music, at the time when Miss Edwards was making a special study of this art, for there is a

musical flow, a perfectness of rhythm, that suggests melody. It is essentially a singing poem, and that is a quality which so few verses possess. I will give one stanza as an illustration of what I mean. See if the lines do not fairly sing themselves.

"As the river flowed then, the river flows still,  
In ripple and foam and spray,  
On by the church and round by the hill,  
And under the sluice of the old burnt mill,  
And out to the fading day.  
But I love it no more; for delight grows cold  
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,  
And the heart is given away!"

I dare say Miss Edwards herself has written finer poetry than this, but nothing more musical.

Long before she came among us, Miss Edwards was our friend. She must have felt the sympathy and affection that went over the ocean from all our hearts to her when we knew her only as the writer of verses. But she has proven herself so genuine a friend to us in the most valuable way. I have before me, as I write, a letter written by her to the Rev. William C. Winslow, of Boston, in reply to one he had written her about America getting her "fair share" of antiquities found. It is full of the generous spirit which she has so openly expressed ever since she has been in the country, and this letter was written even before she thought of coming.

"Now, first of all," she says, "let me say that you have no need to press for a 'fair' share of the results. You have always had that—and more. You have the gem of *all* our discoveries in the Colossus. We have kept nothing in England to compare with that piece,—and thus you will, I feel confident, have not only the best, but all the best, we have got. I have sent up a full statement of the American claim,—not merely on the score of dollars, but labor,—setting forth your immense exertions, and reminding the Committee of the 250 articles, reviews, etc., which you wrote on the Fund in 1885. I feel sure you will not have anything to complain of. And next year, I imagine, our results will be very good indeed."

How the promise was kept may be readily seen from the description given in this magazine by Dr. Winslow, on the Egyptian collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Miss Edwards's biography has been so often given since her arrival in this country, that a repetition of it may seem superfluous, and yet, as it may have escaped the notice of some persons, it may be well to give a slight *résumé* of the principal events of her life. To any one who knows her brilliancy of intellect, and her keen, quick wit, the announcement that she is descended on her mother's side from the

celebrated Walpole family, of which Horace Walpole was a member, brings no surprise. It is only a perfectly natural way of accounting for her vigorous mentality. Her father was an eminent officer in the Peninsular Campaign, and from him she inherited her practical executive force. She was born in London in 1831, and very early in life gave signs of a remarkable intellect. She wrote stories and poems from the age of four, and at seven years of age had the pleasure of seeing herself in print, a weekly paper printing a poem which she had written, entitled "The Knights of Old." She had a strong musi-

on of Perse's Chipings example,  
or a Cok's bad column from  
Spirius's Duke-Master - & saying  
that proportion the totes capital  
bars to the shaft. In this  
way you could estimate, from  
the size of your Boston Capital  
the length of the shaft.

Hector is undoubtedly  
correct.  is Ha - not  
a.

cal taste and a fine voice, and she received a superior musical education, intending to make this a profession. But she turned again to her pen. A short story which she wrote and sent to *Chambers's Journal* was accepted and paid for. That decided her in the choice of a profession, and music was dropped for letters. In 1855 she published her first novel, *My Brother's Wife*; and that was followed by her others, *The Ladder of Life, Hand and Glove, Barbara's History, Half a Million of Money, Miss Carew, Debenham's Son, Monsieur Maurice, In the Days of my Youth, and Lord Brackenbury*. Of these the last is undoubtedly the strongest, while *Barbara's History*, which was her first great success, is the greatest favorite.

But it is in her works of travels that Miss Edwards is at her best. She brings such a spirit of enthusiastic enjoyment to this work that she fascinates her readers and holds them spellbound by the beauty of her description and the rich results of her research. Many of her books are illustrated by herself, and a story told of her when she was a girl of fourteen is of decided interest, as showing the many-sidedness of her genius. At this time she sent a short story to *The Omnibus*, a periodical edited by the celebrated caricaturist, the late George Cruikshank. On the back of her manuscript she had drawn caricatures of her principal characters, which showed a cleverness that so delighted the great humorist that he called at once to see his unknown contributor. Fancy his surprise on being presented to a child. Recovering from his astonishment he offered to train her in his special work, but she declined his offer. Later on, for her own satisfaction, and as a recreation from her literary work, she studied art under the best masters. The advantage of this training she has reaped in being able to make her own illustrations of her books.

It is as an Egyptologist and a lecturer that America has been called to give her special welcome; and it has given it royally. Her lectures have been well attended, and she has charmed her audiences, just as she has the individuals with whom she has come in contact. As a woman she is simple and earnest in her manner; free from anything like affectation, cordial and kind, and entertaining to the point of fascination. All this she carries into her lec-

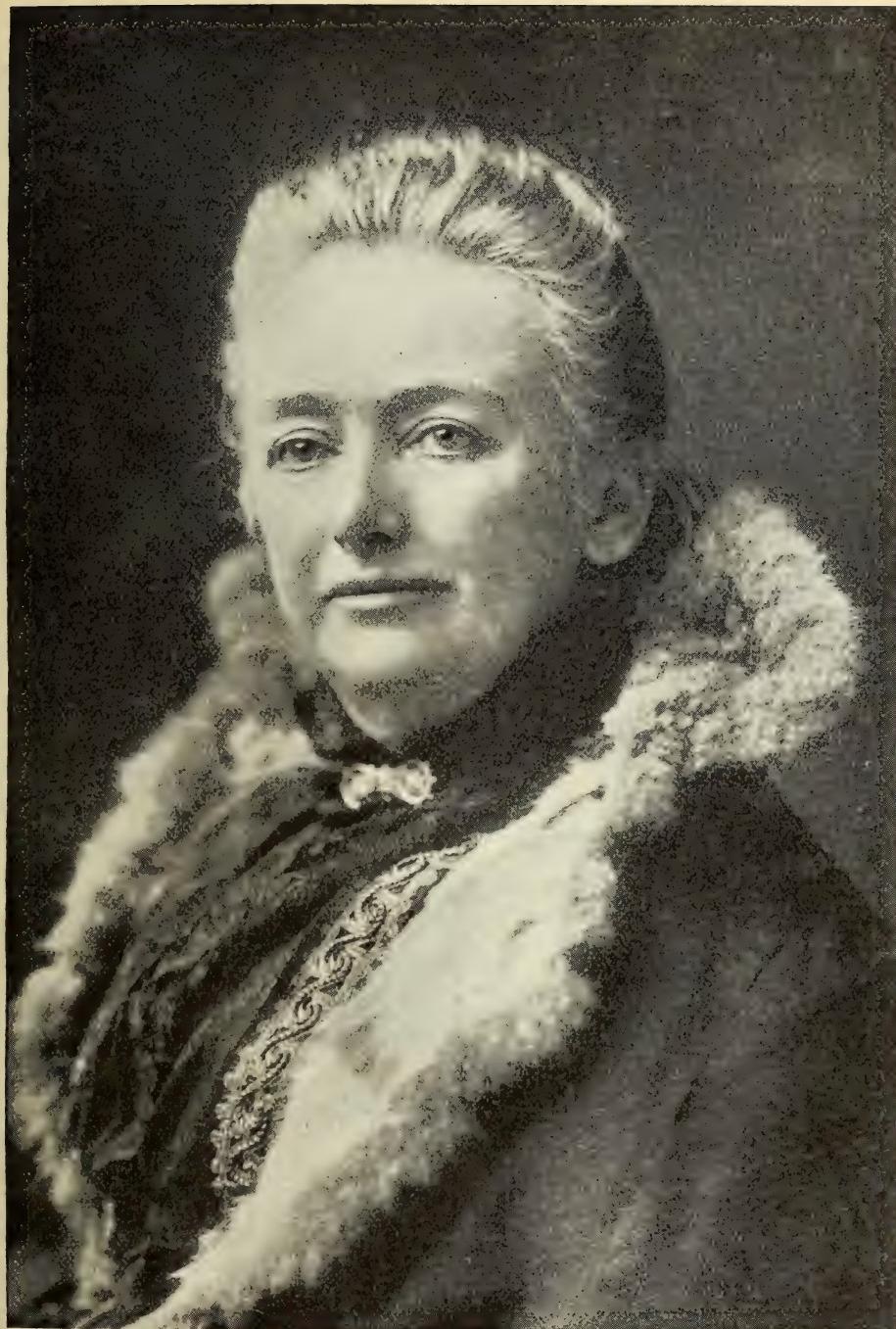
tures, and a fresh charm is given by her voice, which is music itself. It is not hard, nor is it pitched high, but it is beautifully clear, and has a carrying quality, which makes it possible for every one in her audience to hear distinctly any word she utters. She speaks with deliberation, but without the suggestion of slowness. This deliberation is quite marked, after the haste and impetuosity of American speakers. Her articulation is fine, and her enunciation simply perfect. Not a word, not a syllable is lost. Every sentence stands out crystal clear, sparkling in all its luminousness. She indulges neither in rhetorical flourishes nor in gesture; her manner is high-bred and exquisitely quiet, but her beautifully modulated voice expresses perfectly every emotion. It is a delight to listen to her, and there is real regret when she ceases talking. Her lecture tour through the country has been one triumphal journey. She returns to the East to say good-bye to her American friends, which they all hope from their hearts she will make *au revoir*.

One of the most striking features of her visit has been the loving way in which she has been welcomed by women. Her own sex has risen to do her honor. Led off by the New England Woman's Press Association in their breakfast to her at the Parker House, in November, when the men and women most eminent in learning and letters were bidden to meet her, other associations of women have made her their special guest, and given receptions for her. At Detroit, in addition to the reception given her at the Art Museum, a committee, representing the leading ladies of that city, sent her a magnificent basket of flowers with the following verses, written by one of their number: —

“How shall we greet the scholar, when she brings  
The mystic learning of the ancient Nile,  
Or tells the story of those mighty kings  
Whose statues o'er the vanished centuries  
smile?

“Will she who reads the hieroglyphs of time  
Regard the brief thoughts of our little day,  
Or, steeped in sunshine of that rainbow clime,  
Care for our Northern winter, cold and gray?

“Well may we ask, and yet take heart of grace.  
‘Tis not alone the scholar whom we meet;  
With equal skill her pen or brush can trace  
Nature's fair scenes or fancy's visions sweet.



FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY OF NEW YORK.

Ambia B. Edwards

"Though now she offers us the lotus bloom,  
The scent of England's roses still is there;  
May not the Western blossoms, too, find room  
In the bright wreath fame weaves for her to  
wear?"

This recognition by the women of the country has been specially grateful to Miss Edwards, and she carries away with her the kindest feeling towards the women of America.

In personal appearance Miss Edwards is a tall, fine-looking woman, with silvery hair brushed straight back from her forehead, kindly gray eyes, a fresh complexion, and a clear-cut, very expressive mouth. She has a most genial, winning, and cordial manner, and is a charming conversationalist. Something of this may be seen in her picture; but the radiant face, as it is lighted up with a smile, can never be caught by the photographer. A humorous description given of herself to a friend and admirer who had never seen her, must close this short and inadequate paper on the most wonderful and most lovable woman that the century has seen. She writes: —

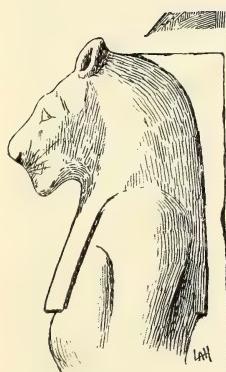
" You ask about the coloring of the photograph. I hardly know how to draw up a passport description of the living animal. Its hair was a brilliant chestnut, with locks of gold intermixed; but it has darkened with age, and is now, alas! intermingled with gray. The eyes are the curiosest in the world,—never were any like them except those of the mother, now long since closed. There is a golden-brown star round the pupil, then blue, and a rim of golden-brown again. A very funny pattern, and they sometimes look quite dark, and sometimes light, and the pupils have an odd way of expanding, and getting very big, under excitement. Complexion pale, but colors up in excitement. Height, five feet, five inches; weight, *not* eleven stone, as I mistakenly said the other day, but ten stone. Not a prize cattle animal, but substantial. Talks by the yard, if set off, but a good listener, which is better. Always awfully in earnest, but loves a hearty laugh and has a decided streak of Irish fun, from the mother's side. There you are."

Well, it is an attractive picture that is painted, even if she is making fun of herself, and one that will be appreciated by every one who has looked into the brave, honest, fearless eyes,—“curious” though they may be,—and caught the echo of the “hearty” ringing laugh.

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## EGYPT AT HOME.

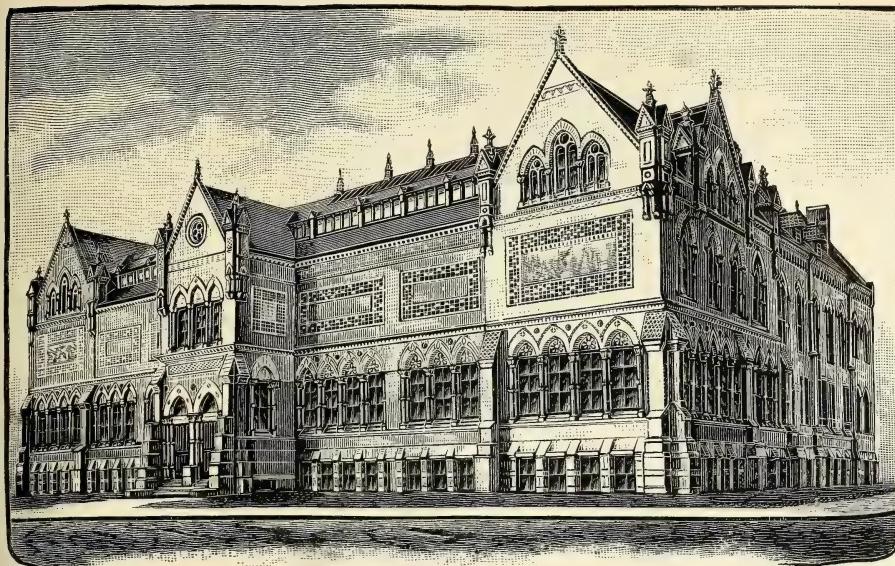
*By William C. Winslow, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.*



THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts is now supremely the crown-jewel of the city's higher educational advantages; for the capacity of the “casket” is doubled,<sup>1</sup> “the gems of the collection” are better set or clustered than they were before; long-stowed-away cases have yielded their contents, and more, as well as many, are the breathing plaster casts in the Greek rooms and corridors. The particular features of the re-opening of the Museum are the Japanese Collection of Professor Morse and the last donation of monuments from the Egypt Exploration Fund. I am sure that the serene face of Hathor will welcome visitors to the Egyptian rooms with touches of that same witchery that greeted of old millions of devotees and many immortal men of Greece and Rome who paid Bubastis a visit.

In the evolution of Boston's Egypt at Home are three epochs: first, when Mr. C. G. Way presented to the Museum, in 1872, the collection which Mr. Robert Hay, of East Lothian in Scotland, had formed in Egypt between 1828 and 1833;

<sup>1</sup> “The new building, therefore, will probably cover about twelve thousand square feet, doubling the present capacity of the Museum.” — *Museum's Annual Report*, 1888, p. 4. The Report for 1889 gives these figures: Building Account, \$260,082.49; Extension No. 1, \$60,861.62; Extension No. 2, \$212,189.28; total, \$533,133.39; to which add, “Fixtures and Furniture,” \$28,918.85, and the total cost is \$562,052.24.



The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

then, when some sculptures, procured in Egypt by Mr. Lowell, founder of the Lowell Institute, were donated by his heirs; lastly, when the Egypt Exploration Fund began its succession of gifts to the Museum.

The Way (then the Hay) Collection was exhibited in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham until 1871. Dr. Birch, the great Egyptologist, said of its merits: —

"The Hay Collection comprises numerous specimens of each division of Egyptian antiquities, illustrative of the arts, manners, and civilization, and of the Pantheon, civil life, and funeral rites of ancient Egypt. Its chief strength is its mummies and coffins, some of which are well preserved, and all would be valuable and important additions to any museum which does not possess similar specimens. Besides these, it is remarkable for its number of small objects, such as scarabaei, amulets, sepulchral figures, canopic vases, stamped cones, and the usual specimens found in Egyptian collections."

That readers of this article may obtain some idea of the importance of the Egyptian collection historically and archaeologically, and some of them find it of a little service in inspecting the objects of special value or interest, is all that I ask. As a *pro apologia* I may add that at this writing confusion reigns in the Museum; besides which the Way Collection is not defined as to locality in Egypt, and a comprehensive catalogue of the entire department is to appear in that halcyon day when General

Loring, the Museum's busy director, can supervise so important a work.

The most noteworthy feature of the exhibition is its thoroughly representative character, particularly in special historical and architectural periods. Artistic effects appear in its admirable arrangement by the director. The Hellenist or student in early art will find his specialty in our collection; even the bric-a-bracist of mediæval and colonial tastes will not despise the day of small things, as some of the small things are curious and beautiful aside from their antiquity. Thus when you see the scarab of Ratetka of the fifth dynasty, examine the fragment of limestone sculpture (case P) of pyramid times, representing a figure holding an oar among papyrus reeds, or gaze upon the colossal archaic half-statue from Bubastis, you may realize that fifty "centuries look down upon you," or you upon them, in our Egyptian rooms. That headless sphinx represents the Hyksos period; that monster lotus-bud shaft the twelfth dynasty, when the Labyrinth and Lake Moeris were constructed; that lion-headed statue of Bast the warlike eighteenth dynasty; that sitting statue of Rameses II. the Augustan era of Egypt and the oppression of the Hebrews; that crouching statue the brother of the Pharaoh of the Exodus; that bas-relief the assimilation of Egyptian and Greek art at Nau-



Bas-relief Portrait.

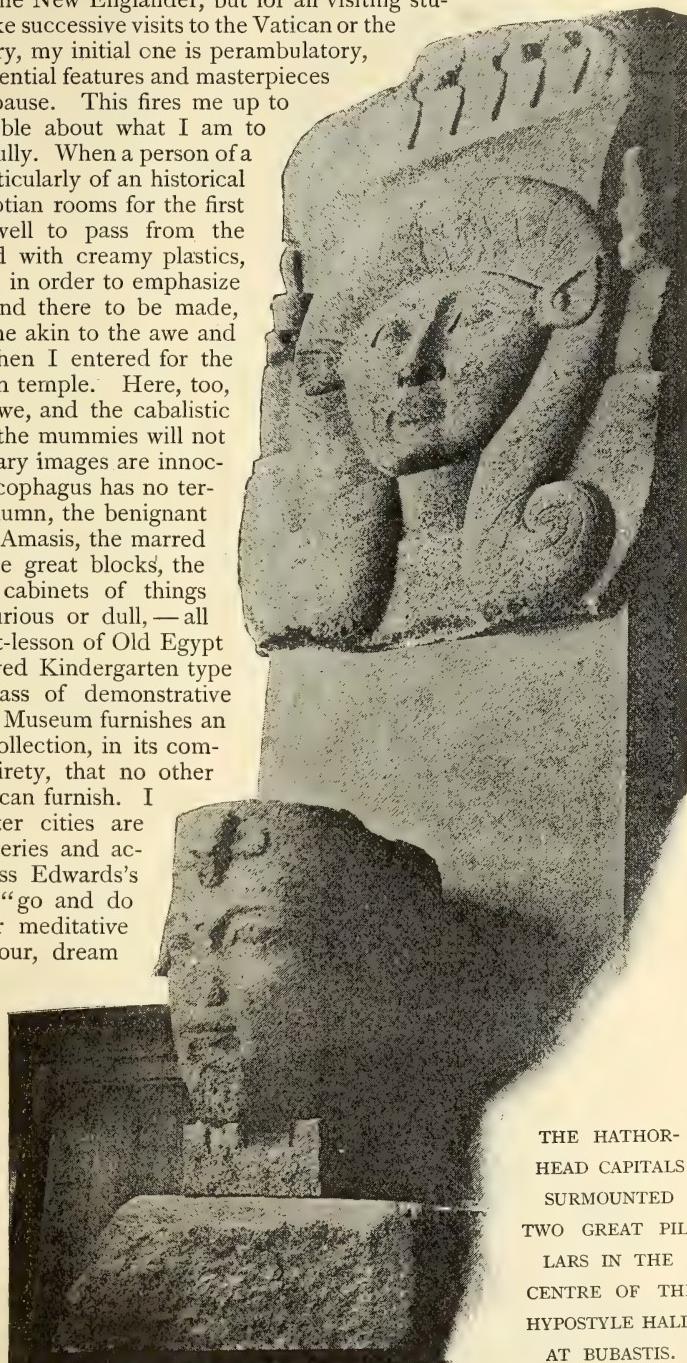
kratis, and those two bas-relief limestone slabs represent the time of Ptolemy Soter. How interestingly the exhibition from Naukratis illustrates an artistic epoch ; and you perceive that "Tanis," or Zoan, and Naukratis are largely in sections by themselves, as are the Way bronzes, dominated by Ptah, also in bronze, and the domestic and funerary relics of the collection. There are the toilet articles, scribe's palettes, sandals, baskets, head-rests, staffs, bows, and the like (case O) ; the *ushabti*, or funerary images (K) ; and the manikins, and liliputians on parade, as fancy would name them, and the typical Egyptian heads or faces, as cut or moulded, in the cabinet with a bright P.

The misfortune of the Way Collection — that the sites where its treasures were found are unknown — is offset by the good for-

tune that all the objects from the Fund are located as to site, and most of them as to date. Interesting as this may be to the many who see the objects, its value to the student is immeasurable. As to the importance of the collection from that society, I quote the words of the late Mr. Charles C. Perkins as to the first donation, a small one, in the *Museum's Annual Report* for 1885 : "Certainly the most notable, if not the largest, donation to the Museum during the year is that made by the Egypt Exploration Fund of a number of objects, principally for domestic use, found at San during the excavations conducted there under Mr. Petrie. Among these objects the specimens of textiles are especially valuable. The gift made through the Rev. Mr. Winslow, apart from its high historical and archæological interest, is especially gratifying, as it was made in acknowledgment of the American contributions to the Exploration Fund, which has been spent upon an enterprise of world-wide interest." Dr. Samuel Eliot, then acting president in Mr. Brimmer's absence, wrote to the society of its fourth donation : "In behalf not only of the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, but also of the community which they represent, I beg leave to offer my sincere thanks for the gifts from the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Museum. The great importance of these additions to our collection are highly appreciated ; and, as time goes on, they will minister very largely to the cultivation of our people. Long years hence, the Egypt Exploration Fund and its officers<sup>1</sup> will be gratefully remembered in Boston."

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Dr. Winslow, the author of the present article, is the vice-president for the United States of the Egypt Exploration Fund. — EDITOR.

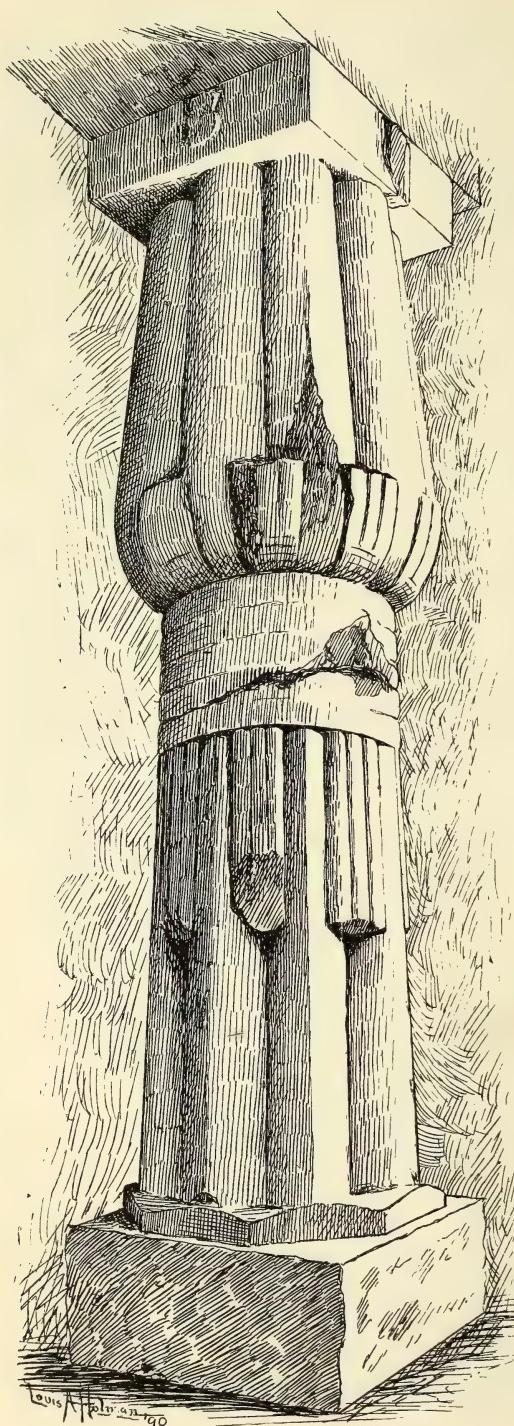
Now, how to appreciate, or study to the best advantage, this collection is an important matter, not only for the New Englander, but for all visiting students. If I am to make successive visits to the Vatican or the great Florentine gallery, my initial one is perambulatory, with eyes upon the essential features and masterpieces as now and then I pause. This fires me up to know all that is possible about what I am to again see, or see carefully. When a person of a thoughtful nature, particularly of an historical taste, enters the Egyptian rooms for the first time, he would do well to pass from the classical section, lined with creamy plastics, into Egypt at Home, in order to emphasize the impression then and there to be made, — an impression to me akin to the awe and wonder that I felt when I entered for the first time an Egyptian temple. Here, too, the archaic creates awe, and the cabalistic excites wonder. But the mummies will not harm you ; the funerary images are innocuous ; the broken sarcophagus has no terrors. The gigantic column, the benignant Hathor, the exquisite Amasis, the marred reliefs of kings on the great blocks, the silent Rameses, the cabinets of things artistic or homely, curious or dull, — all form for you an object-lesson of Old Egypt from the most approved Kindergarten type up to the highest class of demonstrative archaeology. Boston's Museum furnishes an object-lesson in this collection, in its completeness and its entirety, that no other collection in America can furnish. I am pleased that sister cities are stirred by our discoveries and acquisitions, and by Miss Edwards's pictorial lectures, to "go and do likewise." After your meditative and perambulating hour, dream not of taking the veil of Isis at once ; but as a postulant read that best of manuals, Sir Erasmus Wilson's *The Egypt of the Past*, a revised edition of which, edited by Miss Edwards, is in press. Familiarize yourself with the succession of dynasties, — particularly those of the period of pyramid-building, the labyrinth, the war-like Thothmes, the



The Hathor Head.

BELOW, HEAD OF AN UNKNOWN KING.

THE HATHOR-  
HEAD CAPITALS  
SURMOUNTED  
TWO GREAT PIL-  
LARS IN THE  
CENTRE OF THE  
HYPOSTYLE HALL  
AT BUBASTIS.



The Lotus-Bud Column.

mighty Rameses, and of Osorkon and Amasis,—and with the signal achievements in architecture and art. You cannot appreciate, much less study, the Fund's various exhibits without consulting the fine plates and the narrative of its books upon the site and the antiquities in question. An admirable "Walter Scott" is *An Egyptian Princess*, by George Ebers; indeed, as is *The Last Days of Pompeii* to that period, so is this novel to the period of Rameses in Egypt. Under preparatory conditions like these you will find the collection of as much service to you, in its way, as the Greek section of the Museum is, in its way, to the classical reader.

What is "rubbish" to one because he is—or worse, will be—ignorant, to another is, or may become, illustrative and concrete teaching of unique interest. This remark applies to our Greek and Egyptian collections at the Museum, particularly to the latter. You cannot appreciate the best collections of English antiquities without a knowledge of English history and biography. The history of man, in epochs and evolutions, as we would now paraphrase Mr. Pope, is a very "proper study"; and five thousand years of man's historic period are very largely contained in Old Egypt.

#### The Temple of Bubastis.

The site of Bubastis, the Pi-Beseth of Ezekiel, dates from Khufu (the Cheops of the Greeks), builder of the great pyramid; and Miss Edwards reasonably asks, "Is it not probable that the site was already occupied, as at Denderah, by a prehistoric sanctuary which Khufu, in like manner, rebuilt?"<sup>1</sup> Dr. Edouard Naville, of the Egypt Exploration Fund,<sup>2</sup> believing that

<sup>1</sup> *The Century Magazine*, January, 1890. See also, as regards Tanis, Miss Edwards's article in *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1886.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Naville of Geneva, Switzerland, one of the four or five greatest Egyptologists, probably the most accomplished in the translation of the hieroglyphic text, is a graduate of the University of Geneva,

ruins of "the most beautiful" of Egyptian temples, as Herodotus considered the Temple of Bubastis to be, might be found, notwithstanding the failure of Mariette and others, began to excavate in April, 1887, at the mounds of Tell-el-Basta, near the railway station of Zagazig. Immediate and brilliant success followed; splendid results were obtained in 1888; the work closed in 1889, when Dr. Farley B. Goddard, now with Naville in Egypt, rendered important service.<sup>1</sup>

and of King's College in London. By request of the Congress of Orientalists in London, in 1874, he prepared the colossal *Book of the Dead*, devoting more than twelve years to it. It is in three folios, and cost here eighty dollars per copy. The German government, which published it, presented, through Dr. Naville, a copy to the American Oriental Society and another copy to the writer. Emperor William decorated its learned author with the order of the Red Eagle. Dr. Naville is author of several smaller works and many papers.

Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie is renowned for his archeological skill, and, to some extent, answers to the lofty ideal of "an all-round archaeologist" so brilliantly portrayed in Dr. Edwards's lecture on *The Explorer in Egypt*. It would require a Naville-Petrie-Maspero-Revilleau-Edwards to fill that bill.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Goddard, of Harvard, '81, is "the American Student" with the Fund. To this "Student Fund" for 1890, the Archeological Institute of America contributed \$100; the University of Pennsylvania, \$200; and Mr. A. P. Chamberlain, of Concord, Mass., \$500.

The entire temple in its glory measured about 1000 × 150 feet. Here was celebrated the annual *fête* to Bast, the Diana of Egypt, when 700,000 visitors "went



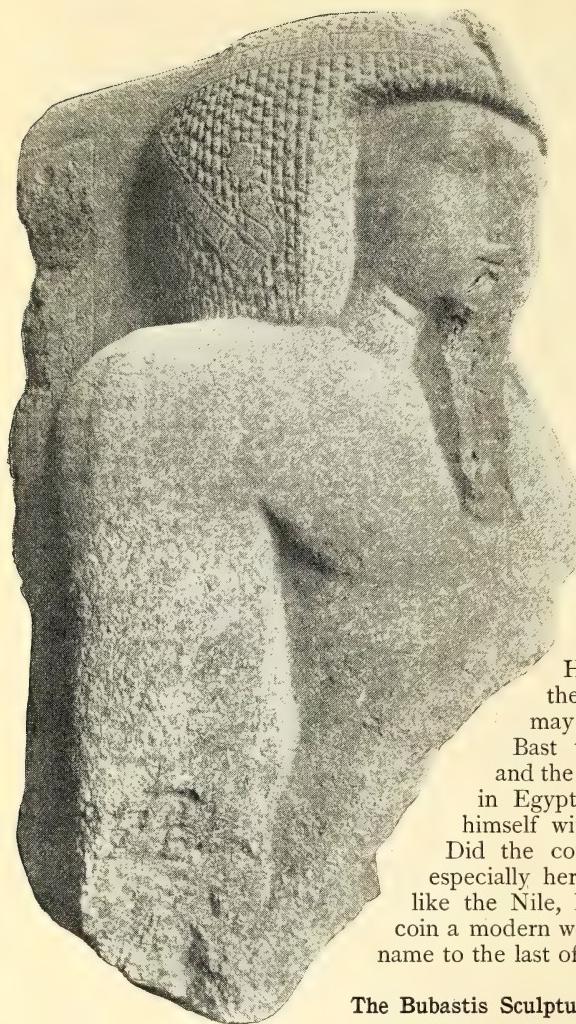
Dr. Edouard Naville.

I am now occupied in writing an Introduction to the great edition of the Book of the Dead which will appear next winter. I hope also I shall not keep you waiting too long for the manuscript of *Shift of Heaven*.

With renewed thanks, believe me  
my dear Sir

yours very truly

*Edouard Naville*



Archaic Statue.

THE ARCHAIC STATUE. This upper half of a statue in red granite, re-cartouched by Rameses, is thoroughly in the form and style of the ancient Empire. Its companion is in the British Museum; and evidently they stood at each side of a pylon.

That this rugged head, this robustly expressive face, is of the fourth or sixth dynasty there seems little doubt in my mind. It may be attributed to the period of Khufu or Pepi Merira, as they were the builders and shrine-makers of that remote day. Accordingly its date would be 4206 or 3620 B.C. These are the dates of Manetho (an Egyptian historian of 323-285 B.C.), who is getting to be more and more accepted as chronologically accurate. The discoveries in Egypt are all in the direction of "Egypt's hoary age" and man's longevity.

THE HATHOR-HEAD CAPITAL. Just fancy that Hypostyle Hall before you—lined with alternate rows of round columns having lotus-bud capitals, and square pillars having Hathor-head capitals. In the centre of the rows are four great columns with capitals in the form of lotus-buds and shafts representing a bundle of lotus-plants. Out-

up" to her worship, and to drink, be merry, and be wanton. It was the Saturnalia of Egypt. To the then ancient temple Usertesen III., of the twelfth dynasty (2943 B.C.), added the HYPOSTYLE HALL, whose roof was supported by alternate rows of round and square columns, the former surmounted with lotus-bud, the latter with Hathor-head, capitals. Rameses II., the sublime egoist and prince of all palimpsestists, emblazoned his insignia on statue, sculptured block, and even on columns, to the anguish of the Navilles and the loss of much precious "history in stone." This hall was rebuilt by Osorkon I., of the twenty-second dynasty; the FESTIVAL HALL was erected by Osorkon II., about 945 B.C.; and about 380 B.C. Nectanebo, of the thirtieth dynasty, added the colonnade to the Hypostyle

Hall and built a large sanctuary at the western end of the Vatican, as we may now term it. The Osorkons made Bast the supreme deity of the temple, and the temple the supreme shrine of Bast in Egypt. The second Osorkon knighted himself with the title Si-Bast, Son of Bast. Did the convivial character of the goddess, especially her great festival, when wine flowed like the Nile, lead some waggish etymologist to coin a modern word by changing the vowel in her name to the last of our five vowels?<sup>1</sup>

#### The Bubastis Sculptures.

<sup>1</sup> The senior editor of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE derives the 'rah' of Harvard from the Ra of Egypt.—W. C. W.

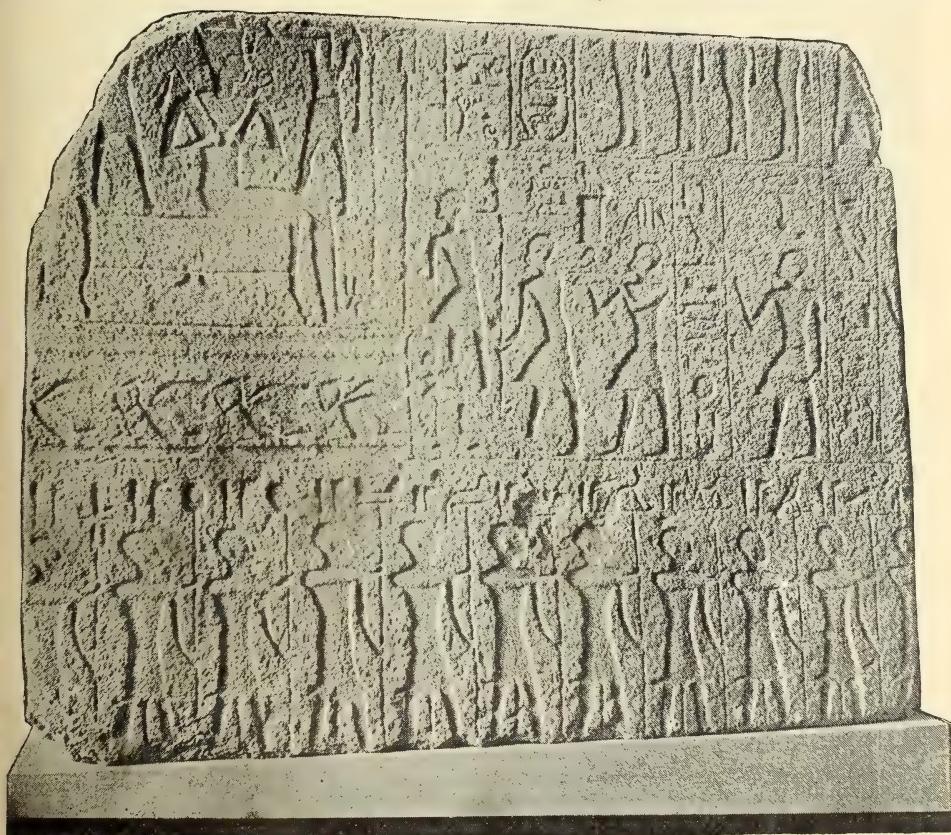
side these four columns are four great pillars, of which two are surmounted with the head of Hathor, and on the other two is the plant of Upper and Lower Egypt between two crowned asps. The entire temple is in the red syenite granite! This hall is encircled with lotus-buds and Hathor-heads! One of the four great shafts is in our Museum; the others are shattered or gone. One of the two great Hathor-heads is also in our Museum; its companion is in fragments. Their present neighborly contrast artistically fulfils Miss Edwards's remark at the Fund meeting, April 12, 1889, that "the one was historically the complement of the other." It was my firmament that we must have that shaft and that head, both—and Dr. Edwards so heartily seconded me, that 'twas done.<sup>1</sup>

Our goddess may be styled the Venus of Egypt (see Wilkinson, III. 110 and 115),

<sup>1</sup> See Miss Edwards's speech at the end of this article.

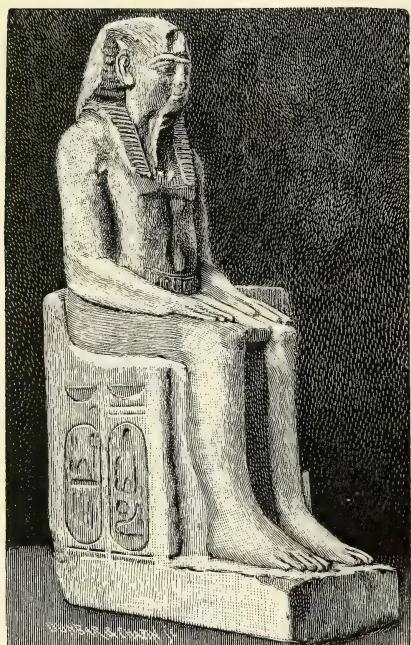
and her name, formed of the hieroglyph *hat* and *Hor*, or Horus, as a hawk, properly reads Hathor, although some authors have dropped the H, in an apparently Egypto-Cockney usage. An inscription in the Ptolemaic temple at Denderah (which Strabo calls the temple of Aphrodite) says that Hathor bestows the love of women on the king. Her head, you will note, has the ears of a heifer. This is because, under the form of a cow, she is sometimes represented as giving milk to the infant king. She also appears as taking the place of Isis in suckling the young Horus—as a kind of fashionable wet-nurse, I take it, to that benign god. Hathor is also named "Mother of Ra," the sun (more properly Tum, the setting sun), because, as presiding over the West, the sun sank into her arms at night.

THE LOTUS-BUD COLUMN. The palm, the papyrus, and the lotus—a tree, a plant, a plant and flower—inspired the



Processional Block.

formation or composition of the Egyptian column and capital. The capitals are commonly lotus-bud or lotus-flower, and palm, although Hathor-headed columns, particularly in Ptolemaic times, occur in several of the temples.<sup>1</sup> Our specimen, weighing over fifteen tons, bulges out, and then is sculptured so as to resemble stalks or stems fastened together; as to which, recall my remark as to the four great columns



Statue of Rameses II.

. . . and shafts representing a bundle of lotus-plants. Professor Maspero (page 55) says of columns with lotus-bud capitals: "The columns of Beni Hassan consist of four rounded stems. Those of the Labyrinth, of the processional hall of Thothmes III. and of Medinet, consist of eight stems, each presenting a sharp edge on the outer side." Our column, also of eight stems, has rounded edges. Next to the great pillars of the Hypostyle Hall, on one of which our Hathor was sculptured, were polished columns with graceful palm-leaf capitals, a fine specimen of which is in the British Museum. In this connection, it is

<sup>1</sup> Consult Maspero's *Egyptian Archaeology*, page 58; the translation of which by Miss Edwards should be in the hands of all who study Egyptian art.

well to examine the two small capitals of the Way Collection, precisely like those of the temples at Philæ to-day. They represent the lotus and the papyrus forms.

THE PROCESSIONAL BLOCK. This interesting slab has a bas-relief of Amon (the Jupiter of Thebes, and to some extent of Egypt) on his throne, with a procession of priests before him, and its leader mounting the steps of the dais to pay him homage. The scene is the *culmination* of the processional *fête*. The block in the British Museum has full-length portraits of Osorkon II. and Queen Karoama; so that, while London has the institutors, Boston has the closing scene, of the performance. The frieze, with figures varying from a foot to four feet in height, lined the Festival Hall, and Dr. Naville has exhumed about half the blocks, all of which he has turned and taken squeezes from for translation. Osorkon had two or three wives, two of them Theban princesses, one of whom, Karoama, was hereditary priestess of Amon: hence the great *fête* to Amon, which the politic king originated both to honor Amon and Thebes, and to delight his wife. Said Naville of the frieze: "The gods of Egypt are supposed to be present at the festival, and there are long series of them standing each in his shrine." Evidently Osorkon thought, "There are divinities that shape our ends." Naville continues: "The priests, of whom there are a great variety, carry offerings of fishes and birds, vases, — very likely of precious metals, — or standards. Sometimes they seem to execute dances; sometimes they lie quite flat on the ground; sometimes, also, they are accompanied by ugly dwarfs." Some of this sacred and grotesque "tableau in stone" may yet be seen in Philadelphia, New York, and other museums, as the Fund will present blocks to some applicants who pay for transporting them.<sup>1</sup>

THE CROUCHING FIGURE.—This artistically ugly but historically valuable statue represents an elder brother of Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, with the Egypto—Welsh name of Menthuerkhopeshaf. Literally translated, this name reads, Lofty—Mars—his—sword. He was styled "General of Cavalry," or "the first cavalry officer of his father," while Menepthah was dubbed "General of Infantry." It is

<sup>1</sup> Seven processional blocks are now *en route* to Boston.

generally admitted now that the latter, when Pharaoh, was not drowned in the Red Sea with the horsemen and chariots. Did this early training help to save him? The inscription on his front is dedicatory to Bast and Uati, the latter identified with the Buto of the Greeks. The statue is evidently the work of the twelfth dynasty.

**STATUES OF BAST.**—I introduce the two lion-headed figures of Bast in this place as a fitting sequel to the sculptures from Bubastis, although it is not known what site furnished them, perhaps Thebes. The cartouche is that of Amenhotep III. of the eighteenth dynasty, who was the Amenophis and Memnon of the Greeks, and of whose reign the Fund discovered four monuments

represented as lion-headed, and soon after that period usually as cat-headed, and still later quite invariably as cat-headed, the statue may be much older than the eighteenth dynasty. Bubastis was famous as a mart for bronze cats and cat-headed Basts of all sizes and prices. Dr. Goddard discovered several fine bronzes of cats in the "Cat Cemetery" of the site. Singularly, cat in ancient Egyptian is spelt *mau*, a word phonetically suggestive of the modern puss.

#### The Nebesheh Sculptures.

The three monumental sculptures, each so utterly unlike either of the others, personify respectively, as I think of them,



Pottery Bits, the Hyksos Head, Etc.

at Bubastis. Note his throne-name on the superior statue:<sup>1</sup> the sun's disc is *Ra*, which is followed by *Maa*, the goddess of truth, and the sign of the half-orb called *neb*, together making *Maa-neb-ra*. As up to the twelfth dynasty, Bast was invariably

<sup>1</sup> This statue affords the initial letter to this article.

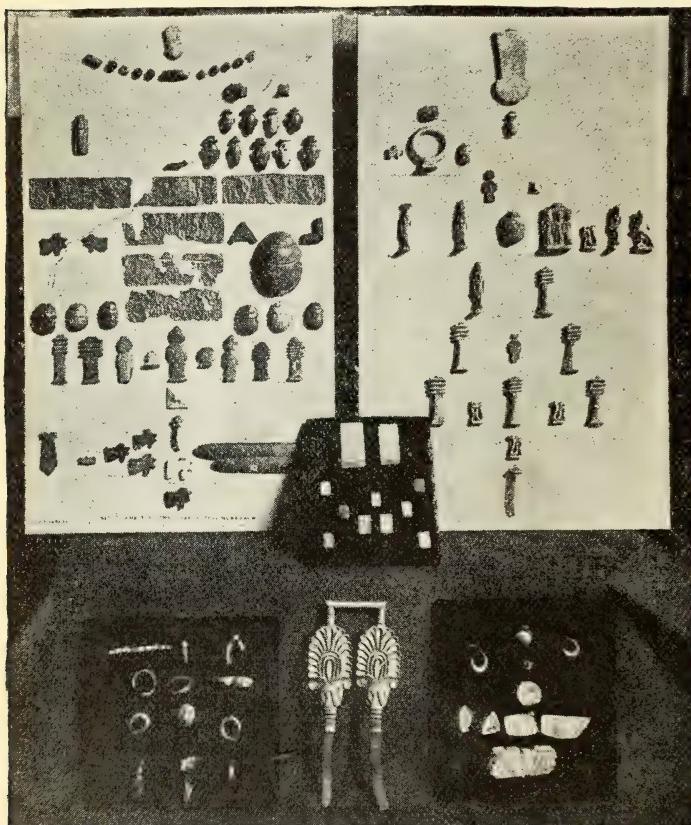
mystery, strength, and beauty. The site is a low mound, about eight miles south-east from Tanis. By extensive excavations, in 1886, Mr. Petrie identified the site as that of Am, the capital of the nineteenth nome (district) of Egypt,—a geographical discovery of the first importance,

— finding there the shrine of the goddess and her headless figure, that of Uati, and many historical and archaeological relics, some of which will be elsewhere described. Various cities of Egypt were made repositories of portions of the body of Osiris; and the great geographical text of the temple at Edfou declares, "The city Am contains the two eyebrows of Osiris." The signs (two curved dashes) for two eye-

temple of Gourneh at Thebes, visited by so many tourists, affords a good idea of how that of Am appeared in its day.

THE HYKSOS SPHINX.—An air of mystery, such as envelops the Hyksos themselves, hovers about the strange material aspects of the black-granite sphinx. Its being headless makes it less communicative than ever for a sphinx. The Hyksos (shepherd kings), who entered Egypt some

2000 B.C., or soon after the twelfth dynasty, appear to have had absolute sway in Egypt during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and nearly all of the seventeenth dynasties. Comparatively few of their monuments, extremely few in their hieroglyphic integrity, have ever been found. A Hyksos statue, however broken, or a Hyksos head, albeit battered, is priceless to a museum. Our sphinx evidently was placed by Aahmes II. (Amasis) of the twenty-sixth dynasty before the temple of his renaissance at Am. Let me give a rigid idea of its successive surpations, in Petrie's words from the Funds' volume, *Tanis II.*, p. 10, of Nebesheh: —



Amulets as found on Mummies, Foundation Deposits, and Gold Handle.

brows are pronounced Am, which, with the ideogram for city (an O, crossed at right angles, sometimes longitudinally, to mean streets, I suppose) gives "City (of) Am." This ideogram, *en passant*, at the site of Pithom is what identified the city of Pithom, as Pi-Tum alone, "abode of Tum," may mean simply temple of Tum. Founded in the twelfth dynasty or earlier, Am's temple was re-arranged and decorated by Rameses II. Mr. Petrie thinks that the

sphinxes of black syenite. One of these remains complete, with the exception of the head and a flake off the left flank. It is sixty-seven inches long. The other, on the north side, was broken up into chips, and thrown down into a deep hollow left by the extraction of the foundations. These sphinxes have a most remarkable history of appropriation, which seems to show that they were valued. First carved, and well carved, under the twelfth dynasty apparently, they bore the founder's name on the usual space between the paws and on the chest. Secondly, they were appropriated by a high official, probably of the thirteenth

to seventeenth dynasties, the same apparently who appropriated an altar which we shall notice farther on. He cut a long inscription all round the base, which has unfortunately been nearly all erased in later times. Thirdly, there is an erased space on the right shoulder, which doubtless contained cartouches. Fourthly, there is an erased space on the right flank, which also contained cartouches. Fifthly, there is an erased space similarly on the left shoulder. Sixthly, there are cartouches of Seti II. on the chest. Seventhly, there are cartouches of Set-nekht on the left shoulder. Eighthly, there are cartouches of Rameses III. cut across the ribbed lines of the wig on either side of the chest. Aahmes forebore any further claims on this defaced animal. Indeed, it seems very probable that the head had been knocked off before his time."

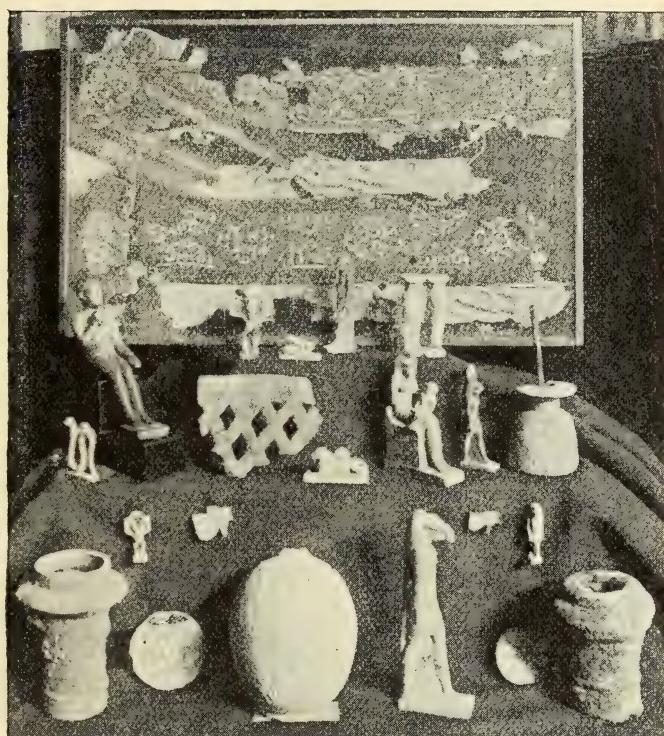
Do you wonder at the fine scorn of Miss Edwards, in which I share, over the kingly history-effacers of Egypt? The words, "Bai—says, I was."—"I was chosen," are still faintly traceable on the sphinx. But, alas for the *lacunae* on it and thousands of other monumental records! Let us save the monumental sculptures *in situ*, or secure their records, ere it is too late. The iconoclastic Arab is diligently destroying them.

**THE STATUE OF RAMESSES II.** — This well-preserved sitting statue, in black syenite granite, of the great Pharaoh is an exceed-

ingly valuable trophy, when we consider, as Petrie says, that it is "an original work of Rameses II., and not appropriated by any other king." Probably no other equally precious statue of that king will ever be placed in an American museum. With its companion, now badly shattered, it stood before the pylons. Its precise height (without pedestal) is eighty-two inches. If erect, it would be over eight feet in height. Familiar as we now are with the face of Rameses, we may still find something to study in this stone image of the

great Pharaoh. That this statue which stood near "the fields of Zoan," where and when the "wonders in the field of Zoan" were enacted, is before our very eyes, in Boston, is *per se* historically and eloquently suggestive. Said the *Evening Transcript* (November 29, 1888): —

"The solemnity of his colossal statue, in the repose of sitting, is a contrast to the beautiful outlines of the face on a large piece of limestone from the same site, which the visitor to the Egyptian Hall should not fail to see. Three tons or more of granite could hardly have been put to



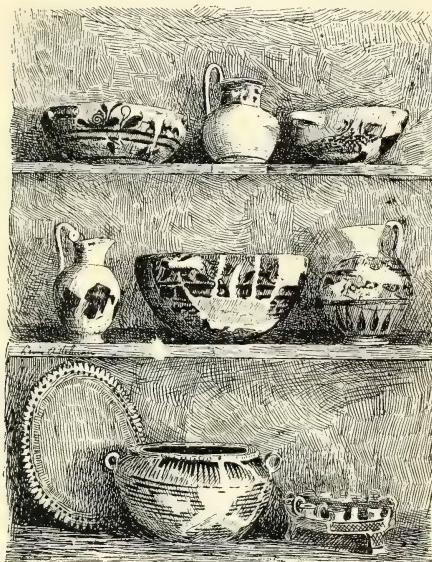
Tanis (Zoan) Group.

better use for archaeological purposes than this stone image of the great Pharaoh is now made to serve as an object-lesson in history to our people. Little dreamed the sculptor — assisted, perhaps, by unwilling Hebrews — that his statue of Rameses on the banks of the Nile would, three thousand years later, be seen on the banks of the Charles, where (as we imagine) civilization is at its height, and every man calls himself a Pharaoh or sovereign."

The end of his majesty's nose was ruthlessly broken off by an Arab, probably as a charm for his wife, before the exhumed statue could be transported. That Alex-

ander, if not yet Nestor, among our urban critics, "Taverner" of the *Boston Post*, came aptly to the rescue; and his hint as to our Egyptian collection is a sermon in two minutes: —

"It is a pity that a portion of the nose in our Rameses colossus is missing, as it will be difficult for our gilded youth of either sex to get up a fever-



Ceramics from Naukratis.

ish enthusiasm over a face which lacks a complete nasal organ, and as restoration is not to be thought of in connection with such an august personage.

"I think, however, that the mutilated feature is in a certain sense more impressive than a perfect one would be, for it suggests the revenge which the ages have taken on a figure which mocks, by its preservation, the elemental forces of nature as well as the ravages of man. There is a supreme dignity in this colossus, which is worth studying by every intelligent Bostonian; and I trust the implication that there are any unintelligent Bostonians will only have the effect to increase the number of visitors to the Egyptian department of our admirable Art Museum. There are so many beautiful objects in this collection that persons unable to appreciate the severe dignity of the Rameses colossus can find abundant pleasure in contemplating the ornaments with which the ancient Egyptian beaux and belles set off their dusky charms." — Nov. 30, 1888.

So favorably placed is the statue, so clear are the incisions of the characters, that the opportunity to examine hieroglyphs in the original, without palimpsest,

is exceptionally fine. On the belt is *Ramessu mer Amon* (or Mer-amon). On the right side is *Neb Taui Ra user ma Sotep en ra*; that is, "Lord of the Two Lands, Ra user ma Sotep en ra." The Neb is the half-sphere, and Taui is the two parallel lines, which mean the two lands, i.e., Upper and Lower Egypt. Rameses' surname is variously given on the monuments, as Septenra, Mer-amon, Userma-ra, etc., with which compare the foregoing name. The name on the supposed, not fully accepted, statue of the "Pharaoh of Joseph," found at Bubastis, can read either Raian or Ianra, the Ra or ra (sun), the solar name, being used either as a prefix or an affix. On the left side of the statue is *Neb Khaui*, that is, "Lord of Diadems," followed by the usual *Ramessu mer Amon*. On the first line of the back is *Rut menu neb rut aa en Neb Khaui*, that is, as we may express it, "Consecrated monuments, all consecrate to the great consecrated Lord of Diadems, Rameses mer Amon." On the second line is *Nuter Nefer Seb Taui*, that is, "The good God, light of the Two Lands," Ra user ma Sotep en ra; *Se* (or *Si*) *Ra Neb Khaui*, that is, "Son of Ra, Lord of Diadems," Rameses mer Amon. The third line runs: "*Rut menu Neb Rut-aa Her Neb Taui*," that is "Consecrated monuments," or "Monuments consecrated (to) the great consecrated over-Lord of the Two Lands." Note the sign, resembling a compositor's inverted bracket, above Neb, which stands for the Egyptian word *her* (over), and thus declares him to be over-lord of Upper and Lower Egypt. But our English text of 1890, with Neb for an abbreviated proper name, would introduce "*her Neb*" as an under-lord.

**THE BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT.** This is the most beautiful object in the collection, to my mind, and has, as is said in *The Studio* of November, 1887, "as exquisite a grace and delicacy as a medallion of St. Gaudens." The limestone bas-relief is from the gateway of the temple of Uati, which Aahmes II. (Amasis) built, and is in all probability his portrait. As he was the king who placed the port of Naukratis at the disposal of the Greek colonists in Egypt, by a poetical recognition his exquisite face now turns towards the cases containing ceramics and other wares then and there fashioned by their hands.

### Other Sculptures.

THE FRAGMENTARY SARCOPHAGUS-LID is a fine specimen of work in green basalt, and may have come from an important sepulchral chamber. I place it in the nineteenth dynasty, as granite sarcophagi in mummied form were a feature of that period, and the kings of that period quarried in Ethiopia, where the green basalt marble was obtained.

THE TWO BLOCKS OF RED GRANITE, fine specimens of the quarry at Syene, are probably nineteenth dynasty work at Thebes. The superior block is surmounted with the head of an unknown king (see the base of Hathor in the illustration), and is sculptured with a king offering to Khem, the god of generative power in nature, and with a procession of priests bearing an ark. The half figure of a king offering appears near the base of the other block.

THE TWO LIMESTONE SLABS, very interesting bas-reliefs, were found by Mr. Griffith, of the Fund, on the site of a temple to Hathor at Terraneh (the ancient Thermuthis) which he excavated in 1888. On one of the slabs are Ptolemy Soter and Hathor; on the other a frieze of hawks and cartouches; both retaining some of their original color. The discovered works of Soter are rare, and these reliefs present the art of the Ptolemaic period under its most engaging aspects.

THE MARBLE TERM from a house in Tanis, a product of good Greek or Roman art and imported into Egypt, has an engaging face. It serves as a terminus to the monumental or more weighty part of our story on Egypt at Home.

Prof. R. Stuart Poole suggests that our Museum obtain casts of the Fund's sculptures in the British Museum for purposes of study. The Museum's casts of Amenhotep III. (Amenophis) and of the splen-

did bas-relief scene, in the Hall of Columns at Karnak, of Seti I. attacking the fortress of the Canaanites in Palestine, are superior performances in plaster. Busts of Thothmes III., Rameses II., Seti II., a cast of the Rosetta Stone, and eight slabs made from squeezes of Theban sculptures, are among the plastic imitations. One of the slabs represents the chair of Queen Hatasu, whose name is now on many lips as the topic of a lecture by Miss Edwards.

### The Tanis Group and Case.

The bronze Horus with eyes of gold is "the finest bronze statuette of the Ptolemaic period" in any European or American museum. Isis nursing Horus is a very



Funerary Images, etc., in the Way Collection.

choice and elaborately worked specimen of Egyptian porcelain clay-modelling. Colors, cold green and red. "We have no similar group as fine as this in the British Museum" (1884), wrote Miss Edwards. A letter of hers is far more interesting than my notes:—

## Tell Nevesheh (An)

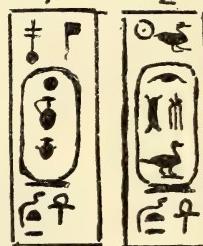
Foundation Deposits from corners of the Temple of  
Aati, consisting of —

16 types of pottery, vases, saucers &c. red ware.

Various plaques of different materials

To green porcelain with both cartouches of Ahmes II  
(Amasis) XXVI<sup>th</sup> Dynasty.

- |                |          |
|----------------|----------|
| 1. Neter Nefer | 2. Se Ra |
| Ra Knum Ab     | Ahmes    |
| Tat en Ankh    | Se Neith |



Crib: 1.  $\ddagger$  nefer  $\ddagger$  Nuter, or Neter  
good God

• Ra  $\ddagger$  Knum  $\ddagger$  Ab {  $\ddagger$  emblem of Knum.  $\ddagger$  Very called  
heart-shaped, emblem of heart.

$\ddagger$  I(a)t (called) — en (q)  $\ddagger$  Ankh (life).

2. i.e. (called (or "Kuomas") the living.

$\ddagger$  Se (of)  $\odot$  Ra  $\ddagger$  Aah  $\ddagger$  mes  $\ddagger$  Se [of] Son

I Nit, or Neith. Called the living —

N.B.  $\ddagger$  is the emblem of Neith, the great Goddess of Sais, patron goddess of this dynasty. Emblem of saukos bird, erroneously called a shuttle

Hieroglyphs on Foundation Deposits.

FACSIMILE FROM MISS EDWARDS'S MANUSCRIPT.

"If you walk through the great museums of Europe, you see cases after cases of small objects, galleries after galleries of statues, tablets, etc., and by far the greater number have no locality of finding, no date — no anything but the name of a god, or a giver. Such collections lack half their value, half their information, and half, and more than half, their lesson to posterity. It is only at Boolak that you find the exact

locality set down. Now with our little finds, you not only know that they come from San (Tanis), but you know from which house, or which mound. On some labels you find 'from Tell Sualin'; on others, 'San, Pre-Ptolemaic house, No. 20,' and so on. This is history. . . . It is hard to make people understand that very small things of no intrinsic value can be precious. . . . The two little silver gods are

most tiny,—you could mount them as breastpins; but silver is far rarer in ancient Egypt than gold. They had not a single silver god in Boolak till Mr. Petrie handed over some of his San specimens to Professor Maspero."

One of these "Nevada" deities is Bes, god of jollity and dance, imported into Egypt from Punt, where Queen Hatasu sent her fleet, the first naval expedition, or "squadron of evolution," in history. The other god is a silver Horus. *Inter alia res*, Miss Edwards says: "Also you have some very curious and precious specimens of Egyptian glass—mere fragments some, others only beads, etc., and part of a dish in orange-colored glass—and some of the so-called Phoenician in many patterns (which Maspero says is true Egyptian, and not Phoenician at all). Well, these look like chips and rubbish; but they testify to the level which the art of glass-working had reached, and they are very curious."

The double-kohl-pot and the kohl-pot with its stick,—kohl was the material for staining the eyebrows and eyelashes,—particularly the former pot, are interesting; the former is a unique pattern. See Wilkinson, II. 347–8. Thoth, god of literature and science, in green porcelain, nearly half a foot high, is a fine specimen. The two bronze capitals are thought by Mr. Petrie to have adorned the leg of a table; Miss Edwards suggests that they may have been the capitals of two small wooden pillars supporting a shrine. The two amulets representing the crown of Upper and that of Lower Egypt are superior illustrations for study. The funerary textiles of a woman are rich in color: it is thought that she was a Syrian, and was buried in her garments of "many colors," such as Syrians, especially Phoenicians, admired. The patterns are Persian in style. The bronze lattice from Pithom is the only object of the kind ever found in Egypt.

#### **Amulet Groups.—Gold Handle.—Foundation Deposits.**

The two sets of amulets from Nebesheh, mounted on pasteboard, are among the most curious, valuable, attractive features in the cases. Beautiful as they are, one set of glazed porcelain and the other set of wrought stone, their value is in their arrangement and labelling. They are placed

exactly as they were found on the mummies from which they were taken, showing to which part of the body each amulet belonged,—the office of each amulet being to protect that part against evil spirits, decay, and all evil influences, or accidents. This is the first time that any exact record has been taken, in this method, of the position of amulets on mummies, and the demonstration is of unique importance. The little group of five amulets is another choice selection—the mason's plumb line expressing perfection and the diadem the crown of Osiris; the *ab*, heart-shaped, was used to preserve the heart; and the object like a Scotch sparran, such as the Pharaohs wore, was perhaps employed as a charm. The remaining amulet is the "Aegis of Bast," in glazed porcelain and delicate coloring. The Louvre has another specimen, but in gold; and Miss Edwards's comment is: "The former is the finest in gold, and the latter the finest in porcelain, that I have ever seen." In case 32 is a complete set of glazed amulets from a mummy—from Tell Defenneh, the Tahpauhes of Jeremiah—and in the Way Collection of amulets and scarabs are many specimens from *unknown* sites. The score or more of gold objects mounted on velvet are tiny, but enticing. The two gold earrings are from Cypriote graves at Nebesheh, and the sacred eye is charmingly preserved. In this connection, we glance at the silver uræi (serpents), silver ring, and scarab bezel, and gold solidus of Valens, in case 12.

But the most glittering trophy in the Nebesheh case is the GOLD HANDLE OF PHARAOH'S TRAY from Tahpauhes, which may be assigned to Hophra, who gave shelter, at Tahpauhes, to the royal princesses of Judah and Jeremiah (Jeremiah xlvi.), and had his castle or palace burnt down for it by Nebuchadnezzar. Miss Edwards thinks that it is the only specimen of gold plate ever found in Egypt. Says Petrie: —

"Coming now to metal work, the most striking object found was the piece of gold work (pl. XLI. 10); the lower ends of this have been violently wrenched off some object, and as they have been made with a bend at right angles a little below the lotus, it seems most probable that this was the handle of a tray, with the straps of gold passing beneath it. The body of this was cast; and the dividing ribs of the lotus flowers, for holding the inlaying, were soldered on. The whole was pol-

the thus said to America  
specimens of the art of the great  
Muse of Bubastis taken from  
the time of its founder, Khufu,  
the builder of the Great Pyramid,  
& the time of Dorkon II of  
the XXII<sup>o</sup> Dynasty - &  
including ~~an~~ a noble example  
of XII<sup>o</sup> Dynasty work in  
the monster lotus bud capital  
of the Hypostyle Hall. We  
give of the best we  
have to give. Indeed, <sup>7</sup>  
with the one exception of  
the statue of Apopi - we give  
the very flower of all that  
Mr. Rawlin has found at  
Bubastis. The statue

ished and burnished quite smoothly, so as not to show any joint. No trace of the inlaying remained when this was found, but the two flowers were bent one half over the other, by the violence of the grasp with which it had been wrenched off the tray."

The gold value of this handle, which a Boston lady suggests to me would make a gorgeous modern hair-pin, is about one hundred dollars, and the archaeological value as many guineas.

THE FOUNDATION DEPOSITS are an interesting study, and a fac-simile of the ink-drawing from Miss Edwards's sketches presented to me will lead many to closely examine the group of two miniature plaques and the ten smaller ones in the case. Here consult plate V. on Nebesheh in *Tanis II.*, and read Mr. Petrie's story of the excavation of the "deposits." The two plaques are in green glaze, and the ten smaller plaques (not in Miss Edwards's drawing) are respectively lapis lazuli, carnelian, copper, gold, silver, lead, brown limestone, green limestone, green felspar, and brown limestone. Near these plaques are some of the *types* of the pottery vessels in the foundation-deposits of the same temple of Uati,—types in miniature, and in cheaper stuff, of the ceremonial vessels. In some cases, as at Naukratis, the Fund, in its excavations in the Delta, has discovered the prototypes of Masonic cornerstone laying in the implements of that craft and in representations, in miniature, of all the materials used in constructing the temple. The account in *Naukratis*, Vol. I., with the illustrations, is full and interesting. In case 10 are foundation-deposits, taken from under the corner of the palace-fort at Defenneh, erected by Psammetichus I.; also bones and teeth of the sacrificial ox, buried with the deposits. We may also note, in the wall-case above,<sup>1</sup> the deposits from the temple at Tell Gemayemi (situate three and a half miles N.W. from Nebesheh), six types of pottery, two corn-rubbers, one mortar, and a set of implements and plaques.

Four other objects in the Nebesheh case are striking. The headless statuette in brown basalt of a man in a long robe, is of a very singular type,—the shape of the figure, fashion of the dress, the entire style, being that of a large black basalt statue, in

the museum at Vienna, of Sebek-ém-Saf, a priest of the obscure thirteenth dynasty. Dr. Edwards is sure that it "is a work of thirteenth dynasty art,"—the more so as inscriptions and monuments of that period were found with it at Am. As I place her supremely first among all Egyptologists where art, in its tracings and similitudes, is concerned, I accept her dictum as next to absolute proof in such questions.

So, too, the basalt statuette of a man wearing the shenti, a fine fragment of the twenty-sixth dynasty renaissance, is worthy of note, particularly as it clearly bears the name Am, and was one of the nine monuments that gave us the name of that site. The helmeted head of a Carian soldier in terra cotta (Defenneh) illustrates rude but very curious work, as showing a Greek "prentice hand" in its earliest attempts at art. I wish the striking Hyksos head in plaster, a gift from Miss Edwards, presided over her collection of textiles. The original, in her study, elicits much attention from Egyptologists. "My little head is certainly Hyksos," she writes from Chicago, "I am more and more convinced of it; and it is Petrie's opinion, and Wiedemann's, and Poole's, and will be every one's in time." Notice the illustration at the end of this article.

This solemn Mongolian face is in the midst of some gems and beads,—perhaps as a contrast to their glitter. The assortment of ancient stones, cut or uncut, rough or delicate to the eye, will attract more than artificers alone. The three strings of glass beads are more suited to the Nubian than the American female; but the necklaces of lapis lazuli and carnelian are quite enticing, and the jasper ring is charming. The little string of amber beads is a trophy simply because amber was most rare in old Egypt. Mr. Petrie found at Tanis the first specimens ever discovered.

#### Varieties in Bronze, Porcelain, and Ceramic Ware.

After viewing the collection *en masse* of the Way bronzes, some of whose figures you can name by a little study of the Egyptian Pantheon, you inspect those from Nebesheh and Defenneh, a few of which are now itemed. The pair of cymbals, found on a mummy, evidently belonging to a cymbal-player in the temple of

<sup>1</sup> The objects are likely to be transferred to other cases.

Uati, recalls the mummy of a woman in the British Museum with a pair of cymbals laid on her breast, as found; and the inscription on her mummy-case states that she was a musician in the temple of Amon. The two forks, designated as "the forked ends of spears or standards," are entirely unique. In the sand of the temple floor at Gemayemi were found the following: a capital of the pillar of a shrine, bronze; a socket in the form of a lion's hind-quarters; a peku, bronze; Osiris in gilt; a kneeling figure of a Pharaoh, bronze; two rods, and two large sockets in bronze. The bronze capital belonged to one of the small pillars supporting the curtained canopy. The kneeling king was placed in front of the god, with his back to the prow, and another figure of the king with his back to the stern. The rods were covered with small drum-shaped sections of colored and glazed opaque glass. The sides of the shrine were adorned with delicate and brilliant glass mosaics. The small sickle, or pruning-knife for vine-culture, is corroborative of the site. For, as Brugsh intimates, Hathor of *Am* is particularly mentioned in ancient texts in connection with wine. An extraordinary "find" is the specimen of scale-armor in two pieces from the palace-fort of Defenneh (550 B.C.). The monuments represent scale-armor as used; but, excepting a piece of a corselet of leather with scales, in the British Museum, the specimens found by Mr. Petrie are the only ones in any museum.

The lamp-feeder with a long spout, in brilliant green-glazed pottery, is rare and a curious object. Except the two or three specimens, *unlocated*, in the British Museum, there are probably none in any European collection. The fragments of "pilgrim bottles" reveal the patterns used; the account in *Tanis II*, Defenneh, page 75, is instructive. In case 12 are five draughtsmen, in form of captives, with arms bound behind them. The piece of draughtboard is also from the *palace*. The large "ceramics" (see illustration) from Naukratis, as well as the numerous fragmentary relics of terra-cotta, porcelain, and other wares displayed in the special case, form an invaluable presentation of early Hellenic and Græco-Egyptian art, particularly in decoration. Naukratis was "the Hellenic Portico" of Egypt. Consult my

article on "A Greek City in Egypt" in the *Church Review* of March, 1887, and in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of Feb. 26, 1887. The few scarabs, from the manufactory of scarabs, with some of the paste, moulds, etc., are uniquely valuable, as it is the only site of such manufacture so far found in Egypt. But the display of those curious types of immortality to the ancient Egyptians, in the Way department, is large and varied. A catalogue of the scarabs, translated and explained, would be worth the while to publish. The ushabti (funerary images placed in the tomb), in their wonderfully preserved colors, usually blue and glazed, make a respectable exhibit, such is their number and variety.

The mummied hand, with a ring on the fourth finger, the funeral tablets, "the robe of justification," of which there is a fine specimen, the mummies themselves, admonish me that I am "nearing the end" of these snatches of narrative-talk on some of the best objects—not all of them—which are found in Boston's Egypt at Home. The silent hand, bearing its ring worn in life, almost returns my suggestive pressure. As I look upon it, I recall the lines quoted in a note to me by Whittier:

"Perhaps that very hand, now pinion'd flat,  
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;  
Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat;  
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch, at the great temple's dedication."

In Miss Edwards's collection of "Ancient Egyptian Embroideries," I note the coil of linen threads, of which she remarks, "I believe they are elsewhere unknown"; the lady's hood fragment; the scrap of a lady's headdress; the portion of linen garment, with two border-lines of purple, with, curiously, the marks of the laundress upon it; the fragment of a hair-net, 200 B.C. Of the embroideries, of which I also have a few specimens, she has written me: "The 'embroideries' are not embroideries in the sense of being superimposed on a linen or canvas foundation. Nor are they brocades or damask weavings, where the weft goes right across the warp. In these specimens, the groundwork and the figure, each of them, *selvage at the lines of junc-*  
*ture*; and where small figures are in question, the method more nearly resembles

what is called 'lappet-weaving' with swivel shuttles, than any other modern process."

On the mummy-case of "a lady of rank," in the Museum, is represented, near the feet, Hathor in her sacred tree, pouring out the water of life. May I quote a portion of the inscriptions,<sup>1</sup> as true in sentiment for our nineteenth century as for that nineteenth dynasty? "O Sun! when thou goest forth, beautiful out of the East, beating down with thy rays upon the twin lands of Egypt, ah! give thou to THIS LADY thy beams, making thine eyes to hover over her, and when thou guidest thy barge into the presence of Osiris" (far distant that day) "give thou the waters of Anres to Anchpefhir." The Queen of Sheba for her day may have been correct; but as for Egypt at Home, "the half" has not been told, my readers.

MISS EDWARDS'S MOTION OF PRESENTATION.—To move the Annual Donation to the United States of America is one of the pleasantest duties I ever find myself called upon to perform in connection with the Egypt Exploration Fund. Our gratitude to our American supporters—and their support is most generous—finds its expression in these donations; and the gift which we are sending this year to the Museum of Fine Arts, at Boston, is of unexampled magnitude and beauty. I feel, indeed, that we have never before given utterance to our good-will and affection in terms so weighty and so colossal.

The objects to be presented on this occasion are:—

1. The colossal Hathor Capital in red granite, which is by far the most beautiful and perfect specimen of the ideal school of Egyptian ever discovered. This splendid monument weighs from seven to eight tons, and it is absolutely without scratch or flaw.

<sup>1</sup> Prof. T. O. Paine's translation. I am indebted for kindly offices, also, to Misses Alice A. Gray and Catharine F. Prescott, of the Museum.

2. The upper half of a colossal statue of a king, the companion to that which we have just voted to the British Museum, and which Professor Stuart Poole identifies as a portrait of Khufu, the builder of the great Pyramid.

3. The great red granite lotus-bud capital, in two pieces, unitedly weighing between fifteen and twenty tons. The lotus-bud columns of the Hypostyle Hall of the great temple are believed to be of the time of the twelfth dynasty.

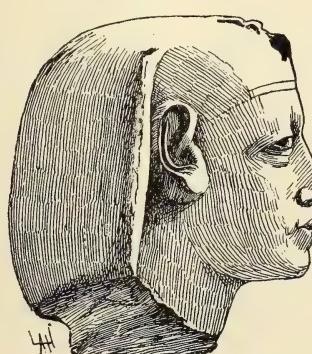
In presenting the Hathor Capital with a lotus-bud capital, we therefore give to America two monuments, of which the one is the historical complement of the other. If they were lovely in life, in death—that is to say, in ruins—it is well that they should not be divided.

4. A fine red granite slab in bas-relief from the Festival Hall of Osorkon II., representing Amon enthroned, and a procession of worshippers approaching the god in attitudes of adoration.

5. Finally, two very interesting bas-relief slabs in fine limestone from a temple to Hathor, founded by Ptolemy Soter at Terraneh, in the Western Delta. The remains of this temple were discovered and excavated by Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith in the early part of the winter of 1888.

We thus send to America specimens of the art of the great temple of Bubastis, dating from the time of its founder, Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid, to the time of Osorkon II. of the twenty-second dynasty, and including a noble example of twelfth dynasty work in the monster lotus-bud capital of the Hypostyle Hall. We give of the best we have to give. Indeed, with the one exception of the statue of Apopi, we give the very flower of all that M. Naville has found at Bubastis. The statue of Apopi, we were not at liberty to give. That monument was ceded to us by M. Grebaut, the director of the Bulaq Museum, on the express condition that it should go to the British Museum, and nowhere else. But the donation that I now ask you to vote represents, with that single exception, the most beautiful, the most perfect, and the largest monuments yielded by this great historic site, which has cost, at the lowest calculation, some twenty-four hundred pounds, a sum to which our American subscribers contributed no less than twelve hundred *last year*, and to which they will, I have no doubt, prove to have contributed very liberally this year, when Dr. Winslow shall send us his annual balance sheet.

·EGYPTIAN·  
·PHARAOH·  
[UNKNOWN]  
·HYKSOS·TYPE·

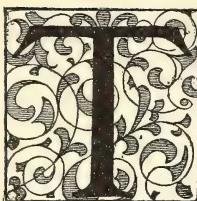


·PRESENTED TO THE·  
·BOSTON ART MUSEUM·  
BY  
·MISS·  
·AMELIA B.·  
·EDWARDS·

## THE HAUNTED BELL.

*By Prof. James K. Hosmer.*

### CHAPTER XVIII.



HANKFUL entered the habitation. Hemlock boughs, thrown into one corner, and covered with a deer-skin, formed the bed, near at hand to which, in a recess screened by a curtain, which, however, was now drawn aside, a crucifix stood on an altar, with the other furniture of an oratory. Upon the ground lay a knotted scourge, and the earth was deeply indented where the Priest had knelt before his open breviary, in vigil and penance. Thankful threw herself upon her knees, and began to pour forth the story of her life in a free confession, such as she had made before to no human being. She spoke of the irksomeness of the Puritan life, the suspicion and disapproval to which she had been exposed. Finally she told the story of her marriage,—that she had given her hand without her heart from a sense of honor and an emotion of pity, the great mistake which until now she had confided to no human ear. Then she spoke freely of her captivity, of the friendships she had formed in the French village, the attraction she felt toward the genial life; at length of the chapel and the ceremonies,—how deeply she had been stirred by them, and the difficulties which still interfered with her acceptance of the Faith. Her utterance was rapid, and the Priest sat absorbed at the unfolding of the captive's heart. Thankful says she did not notice, nor does she believe that it was remarked by Father Mériel, that some influence seemed to interfere with the clear burning of the light, and that the air had every moment still more of a certain stifling property. It came to her afterward, as she recalled in memory the events of the night.

"If it is true," said the Priest, "that you have found relief, indeed, happiness, in our simple village, why was it that you rushed upon almost certain death in your attempt at flight?"

What should Thankful say? She had begun her confession without premeditation, not thinking at all whither it might lead her; and now she shrank appalled from making the revelation which a frank answer to the Father's question would bring to pass. She raised her eyes to his intent, eager face, but spoke no word. She meant merely to pray for forbearance; but her soul, she believes, sat within her eyes, without will of her own, and Father Mériel suddenly saw the truth. Just here there passed beneath their very feet a convulsive tremor; the earth was wrenched, and the crucifix upon the altar tottered as if about to fall. Through the air, close at hand, the bell sent forth one solitary toll in a sound that seemed full of dread and horror. It was as if the dead wife were uttering a warning, for the tone fell with awful solemnity and boding.

"*O sancta Maria!*" cried Mériel in a tone of anguish, flinging his arms upward as if in impassioned appeal. Did he call to his wife, or was he invoking the Queen of Heaven? He averted his countenance, and retreated to the oratory, where he fell prostrate before the crucifix.

But the marvels of the night were not yet finished. Heavy footsteps were heard, the door was hastily thrown open, and the Sieur strode into the room, followed by the Jesuit Superior. Their clothing was drenched and disordered with the storm. The Sieur turned his face upon Mériel, and even by the feeble light of the candle its expression was not to be mistaken. It was dark with passionate hatred, no longer furtive. Extending his arm toward the crouching form of Mériel, who at the sudden intrusion had partly risen from the earth, and had turned his face full of surprise upon the new-comers, the Sieur exclaimed in a loud voice, "I denounee this Priest as false to his vows."

But the Superior, after a moment of deliberation, signed with his mutilated hand that attention should be given. The Sieur stood with his face distorted by desperate hatred, which he made no attempt to conceal. Mériel, full of astonishment, as he

rose to his knees bent his head submissively before his chief. Thankful writes that she herself had sunk upon the earth with her face in her hands. After a considerable interval the Superior said with slow and formal utterance, as if addressing his whole order: "Surely the Devil is abroad to-night. All the more may the Holy Mother of God inspire me with justice! The Comte de Belétre, secretly a Jesuit, and commissioned to attend Father Mériel, has brought me from Quebec by a charge of faithlessness against Mériel, hitherto a well-beloved priest of our order. The position of the Comte gives weight to the charge, though there is small report in the village and in the province but of the virtues of the Father. To-night the Comte has offered me positive proof. We followed this woman to his door. It contravenes one of our plainest rules of discipline that the dwelling of one of our order should be visited by a woman. This one comes alone and at dead of night; it is indeed extraordinary that she should have been admitted. We saw and heard the Priest's surprise, however, at her appearance, and through the window have witnessed the interview. It was not of his seeking. On the part of the Priest it was innocent, and I believe he has only sought to lead an unhappy heretic to the truth. As for this wretched captive—" Thankful says that she raised her eyes and was about to beg his forbearance, but with a stern gesture he forbade her to speak.

"What say you, Father Mériel?" the Superior went on. "The third vow of our order you have not broken; but what penance is meet for the consecrated priest who somehow has become the object of an earthly passion, and has thus imprudently compromised himself?"

Mériel writhed at these words as if he had suddenly been transfixated by a javelin. Before the Superior had finished, the Sieur, with gestures and mutterings of disappointment, had gone. The Superior warned Thankful also from the habitation with a severe look and gesture. As she passed from the door she heard him say, "Earth, air, and the hearts of men swarm to-night with the emissaries of hell. Let us employ means to thwart the power of their spells." Immediately the tolling of the bell was heard through the black and stormful night, a wild and wavering sound, as of a spirit tortured and anxious.

As Thankful reached at last the village street she found the entire population frightened from their beds. The heavens at length cleared, and instead of the gusts of the tempest, a gentle south wind breathed over the dwellings. Through the greater part of the night the people talked of the earthquake. The most extraordinary supernatural phenomena were reported to have been observed. One had seen two blazing serpents entwined in the air and borne forward by the wind; to another there had appeared a globe of fire sending out sparks on every side, while another had beheld four terrible spectres that stood in the four quarters of the heavens and shook the earth mightily, as if to overturn it.

Like all the details of this recital, the events of this singular night have been given as Thankful describes them. If one may judge from the reports of the Jesuit Fathers, preserved in the old *Relations des Jésuites*, curious records which my interest in the story of Thankful has led me to pore over, earthquakes and extraordinary atmospheric phenomena, in the early period of Canada, were frequent and sometimes appalling. I have come upon one narrative of such disturbance which I conjecture may refer to the very commotion which Thankful has described, an upheaval and tempest which caused wide-spread terror, and is ascribed by the pious Father who gives the account to diabolical agency.

But the village was to be still further shocked. During the following day a fisherman, whose hut was some distance from the village, down the river, came in with the startling news that the corpse of the Sieur, much disfigured, had been found washed up on a rocky island at the foot of the rapids. The news revived all the excitement of the previous night. There was nothing whatever to explain the death. The condition of the body made it plain that it had passed through the rapids and been much broken as it went over the ledges. Whether it was murder or suicide no one could determine. Whether wounds had been received before the corpse had become the prey of the waters could not be ascertained. The affair was an impenetrable mystery, and the people came to the conclusion that the event was connected in some way with the supernatural occurrences of the preceding night. In the agitation of mind into which all were

thrown it would have been natural to turn to Father Mériel, but for some unexplained reason the Father, with the Jesuit Superior, kept rigidly secluded within the lodge, and the rumor went abroad that he was prostrated by sudden illness. Thankful, upon whose distracted spirit the intelligence had thrown a still gloomier shade, by no means rejected the supernatural explanation of the marvels, and in her knowledge of the midnight scene at Mériel's lodge, where the malignant purpose of the Sieur had been baffled, believed she had an insight into the matter which others had not. When his machinations had failed, Thankful holds it not strange that he should have hurried out to throw himself into the river. Perhaps he was flung in, she says, by the power of Satan.

When at last, on the day following, the time came for Thankful to embark, her face was so haggard that Annette exclaimed : "I think the Devil has touched you too, poor child !" Thankful believes that the exclamation of her friend was near the truth. As the *batteau* gathered headway upon the current, from the chapel on shore came the sound of the *Dies Irae*, chanted over the body of the Sieur, which was just then to be laid in the grave. Borne upon the air came the words :

" Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus,  
Supplicanti parce, Deus!"<sup>1</sup>

Thankful made the words her own, crossing her palms upon her breast and turning her eyes heavenward.

## CHAPTER XIX.

At length Quebec was reached, the towering height of Cape Diamond rising in the summer landscape, with the flag of France floating over the walls of the fortress. A considerable company of English captives had been gathered there, and were now awaiting the departure of the ship that was to carry them homeward. As the *batteau* in which Thankful had been conveyed touched the shore, in the throng at the landing was a messenger from Mother Cécile, who sent to Thankful an

affectionate greeting, and a warm invitation to lodge in the Convent of the Ursulines until the sailing of the ship. She gladly accompanied the guide and entered the gate of the sisterhood. The Mother Superior received her with open arms, and Thankful with her burdened soul found in the peace of the convent and the tenderness of her friend a grateful asylum. The good nun expressed her sorrow at the distress imprinted upon Thankful's thin and pallid face. News had come to her of the attempt at escape and of the long illness since, and she was prepared to see a change in the captive. Like Thankful's friends at Belleau, the Mother Superior was at a loss to account for the desperate outbreak. "I had thought," she said, "that you were becoming happy with us as if we were your own people. I had hoped we might sometime win you to the Faith, and though you had a husband waiting for your return, a way might be found to bring you back to us."

Thankful could give no fuller explanation of her course than she had given at Belleau. She could only bury her face in her hands and weep. The kind-hearted nun soothed her with a sisterly kiss, conducted her to a quiet cell, and left her to herself.

In the days that followed, Thankful, awaiting the preparation of the ship, which was much delayed, rested, while the routine of the convent life went forward about her. She saw the nuns in their school, training together the French and Indian children. She beheld the sisterhood in procession, as they went at the stated hours to their chapel. She was a spectator of their worship, and her voice mingled with theirs in the hymns that were sung. She was strongly attracted toward this life of devotion and beneficent ministering, and felt that beneath the black garb and the white hood she might herself perhaps find peace. Nevertheless, however powerfully the Faith had drawn her, she had not become its child, and she felt there was no right path for her to follow but that which conducted her back to the side of Remembrance.

For some days the Mother Superior, busy with her superintendence, could converse with her only now and then, and for brief intervals. But one moonlit evening (it was the day of St. Peter's chains) after vespers, when quiet had fallen upon the

<sup>1</sup> "Like a culprit see me groaning,  
With a blush my evil owning,  
Spare, O Lord, thy suppliant moaning!"

convent, while the coolness of the beautiful summer night flowed through the open window, the friends came together. The *bateau* which had brought Thankful to Quebec had also brought to the capital of the province news of the sudden death of the Sieur. The Mother Superior told Thankful his loss was greatly lamented, as he had been regarded as a pillar of the province,—that they of the religious world had held him in great esteem, as the devoted friend of Father Mériel, and always a supporter of the Faith. What could be stranger than his death ! Every one knew that Thankful had stood in a close relation to him and the priest. What explanation could she give of the suicide, or the murder, if it were murder ?

Thankful, with the reminiscence vivid in her soul of the scene at midnight in the lodge of Father Mériel, felt that of that no word must be spoken. "If I should betray my madness and folly," she thought, "what condemnation I shall bring upon myself ! I cannot give my secret to her." She parried, therefore, as well as she could, the Mother Superior's question, speaking of the consternation of the village and her own astonishment when the body had been discovered.

"But I have a strange and thrilling tale to tell you," Thankful continued, "respecting the Chanoinesse Marie, that I received from the Sieur the last time we talked together. What was a mystery to you I can now make plain."

So while the nun sat with face intent, Thankful told the story of the new-made husband and wife, how they sought the seclusion of the garden after the departure of the guests, of the shot so suddenly fired from the thicket, of the pursuit of the assassin, the stabbing by the husband of the wife through mistake in the darkness,—then of the promise made by Mériel to the wife dying in his arms, that he himself would expiate her guilt in forsaking the religious life, by assuming himself a priestly garb, and spending his days in the effort to redeem the land to which she herself would fain have gone. "And all this I heard," said Thankful, "from the Comte de Belétre, for the Sieur of Belleau was no other than he."

The Mother Superior paced the room, weeping and absorbed in Thankful's story. "What I admire of all things," at last she

said, "is the magnanimity of which the Sieur of Belleau has given exhibition. Men do not often live in bonds of close friendship with their successful rivals. That, however, it seems the Comte de Belétre has done from the day of Mériel's marriage until the time of his own death. It is well known to every one in the province how he has loved and protected the priest."

Thankful remained silent. She dared not undeceive her friend, for fear that in the questioning sure to follow, some hint might escape her of the midnight scene at Father Mériel's lodge, and of the heavy guilt with which her own breast was burdened. After a time she inquired (somewhat disingenuously, she admits, since the speech of the Jesuit Superior had already informed her) whether the Comte de Belétre could have been really a Jesuit, as the Mother Superior had said was the report. He was a soldier, who performed no priestly functions, she said, and indeed sometimes treated with a degree of irreverence what good Catholics regarded as the sanctities. The Mother replied that he was undoubtedly a Jesuit "of the short robe,"—a branch of the great order to which the secular world were admitted, men, and indeed women, of all professions and ranks, soldiers, courtiers, peasants, even kings. The secret of this connection with the brotherhood was always jealously guarded, that they might the more effectively pursue their work. The Sieur's irreverence, of which Thankful had spoken, Mother Cécile believed might have been assumed to mislead any suspicion which she, or others, might possibly have come to entertain of him,—a deception, of course, allowable, and indeed meritorious, since it was all *ad majorem Dei gloriam*,—but the wisdom of the serpent, in fact, which our Blessed Lord himself had prescribed to his followers ;—and here the good nun crossed herself, her pious soul ruffled by no scruples.

The night was now far advanced, and the Mother Superior with an affectionate benediction left Thankful to herself, who, however, was too excited to sleep. Opposing to the opinion of the world of New France, which was setting the dead Sieur upon a pinnacle, her own deeper knowledge, which set him in a position far different, she put together link by link, in order to justify herself to herself, the particular steps by which she

had proceeded to her conclusion. Sitting upon her pallet in the moonlit solitude of the cell, she reviewed the long story of her connection with him, and felt thoroughly confirmed in the belief she had reached as to the Sieur's true character, purposes, and fate. She has no doubt that at some time he had sold his soul to the devil. "What could his indistinct mutterings have been," she asks, "but converse with invisible demons? Were not the birds which came fluttering to his call, and which had deported themselves so wildly and weirdly on the night when his wickedness culminated, familiar spirits in that disguise? Just so the witch Martha Corey, hanged at Salem, was seen by the afflicted to hold converse with devils in the guise of the feathered creatures of the air." That his passion had become fixed upon the saintly Chanoinesse, she had learned from the Mother Superior. She believes that he conceived the bitterest hatred for Mériel, when the latter at length won Marie. She can only conjecture, but it is borne in upon her most powerfully that it was the Sieur himself, seeking for revenge, who fired the shot at Mériel on the bridal eve, in the garden of the chateau. Why he did not take the priest's life afterwards, in the countless opportunities during their intimacy of so many years, she thinks it not difficult to explain: the Sieur saw that death would be a relief to Mériel in his suffering, rather than an affliction. It was well known to high and low that the Father would gladly have encountered martyrdom, if it had been ordained for him to meet it. Since death would bring no pang to the priest, what could cause him to suffer? Nothing,—except in some way to bring upon him disgrace and dishonor. Hence through his very hate the Sieur had again and again saved for Mériel that life which the Father no longer valued. He cherished in his lost heart the hope that a time might come when, though he could cherish no expectation of bringing the priest into sin, he might yet make him seem to be a culprit, and betray him to the scorn of his order and the world. As to the energy which the Sieur took in the recovery of the bell at such pains and risk, Thankful believes that although Marie forsook him, his passion for her survived, and that therefore the bell, with which her spirit was so strangely connected, became to him

an object of intense interest. When it had been captured by heretics, his own heart was only less concerned than that of Father Mériel to regain it; hence the search, which was crowned with success at last upon the green at Meadowboro. As to herself, Thankful believes she was an object of supreme indifference to the Sieur at first; but that he read at last in her face the fascination which Mériel began to exercise over her, and seized at once the idea that she might be made the instrument through which his plan could be carried out. Reviewing their intercourse, she recalls that from first to last Mériel was the frequent theme of his talks, and that without attracting her suspicion the satan-bought wretch cunningly dwelt upon every circumstance in Mériel's life likely to deepen the interest she felt. Moreover, she holds that he wrought upon her with diabolical spells. As he sought to interest her in Mériel, so she feels sure that Mériel on his side was brought to seek her (the Sieur representing her as a possible convert to the Faith), in the idea that a closeness of relation might come about which would seem suspicious, and which he might interpret to their harm. Father Mériel's ardent gratitude to her because she had saved the bell, and the demonstrations toward her into which that gratitude had led him, Thankful knew had caused surprise in the village, and been regarded as indications of a feeling which no priest's heart should entertain. This suspicion of the *habitants* Thankful holds that the Sieur eagerly took advantage of and sought to increase. Her attempt at escape came near foiling all his plans. She believes he penetrated her reasons, and saw in her infatuation an encouragement for his plots. She could understand now his dark joy when he saved her from perishing in the snow. When the time, however, for her departure drew near with nothing accomplished, Thankful suggests that he probably grew desperate. The suspicions of the village had been put to rest, in spite of all he could do to keep them alive. He made at last the sudden accusation to the Jesuit Superior, and contrived his final plan, in the hope that her strangely timed visit to the Jesuit's lodge, magnified as he could cause it to be with all the weight of his authority, might bring about Mériel's disgrace. For a time, indeed, circum-

stances had favored him ! Had he a hand, wondered Thankful, leagued as he was with the Prince of the Powers of the Air, in raising the storm that drove her in where woman had never been before ? When, in spite of all, the plot failed and Mériel knew him in his true character as an enemy, Thankful thinks it not strange, his schemes for revenge having at last miscarried, what had become the passion of his life being utterly frustrated, that he should have hurried out to throw himself into the river, if indeed it were not the case that enraged demons then and there exacted the bargain by tearing the soul he had bartered off, out from his body, in the midst of elemental tumults evoked at the culmination of such wickedness.

Thankful gives her explanation doubtfully,—in spite of the chain of circumstances,—deeming it hardly possible, with her inexperience of the world and frank English nature, that such revenge should burn through long years and be so cunningly masked.

For my part, I know not whether or not to accept Thankful's explanations. I only know wild Indians in the way of which the reader has been informed. I am sure I cannot tell as to the Sieur. I only know Frenchmen in the Canadians that cut wood on our hills in winter and work in the mills in the factory towns up and down the valley.

The reader has looked into that former world through Thankful's eyes. Was there aberration, curious hypnotism, hallucination, what-not,—or was she really bewitched?

## CHAPTER XX.

THANKFUL'S sojourn with the good nuns was not a short one. For one reason and another the departure of the ship was delayed, and the rich summer months passed on to their conclusion, the anchor still lying at the bottom of the stream. She had recourse to her usual ways. Since the solution upon which she had settled of the secrets that perplexed her, she had much food for meditation, and often sauntered thoughtfully along the river which she had come thoroughly to love, brooding over the strangeness of her fate. One afternoon she rambled thus by the side of the current, letting her feet carry her whither they would, or sometimes sitting for a while

in some leafy shelter. The bold heights, Cape Diamond, Cape Tourmente, and the mountain of Sante Anne fronted the broad blue stream. Along the road to Beaupré stood ranged the quaint cottages, with eaves front and back prolonged to meet slender supports, and so forming verandas, behind the marigolds, hollyhocks, and sunflowers in the gardens. On the Isle of Orleans, across the flood, the white gleaming among luxuriant green told of still other houses on the fertile shore.

Thankful looked up the river : that tide a few days before had poured past her friends at Belleau. It bore her, however, no message. Soon she must float forth on the river's breast and know it no more. It flowed onward, full of mighty calm, glorious in beauty, and the autumn from either bank decorated its sublime progress with waving, variegated splendor. Suddenly cannon were discharged from a land battery, and answering salvos from ships of the king lying before the town.

"It is in honor," said a *habitant*, who came opportunely along the wood-path, "of a devoted priest who departs this day on the most difficult and dangerous of missions,—that to the Montagnais, the wild tribes far away by the icy sea of the North. He goes with a troop of savages who are now returning thither, and the governor gives the salute to inspire in their breasts, if possible, a sense of the interest with which he views the departure of the Father among them. Their camp has been a short distance above here ; the Father joined them last night, and the canoes are now just setting out."

While the *habitant* had been speaking, the stream had become dotted with the canoes of the Indians, a stunted, impoverished race, by no means so imposing as the forest aristocracy whom Thankful had seen at the council at Belleau, and with whom she had become acquainted in her western wanderings. Some broken rocks which lay along the margin of the river obstructed her view, and as she stepped out to get a clearer sight of the canoes, she suddenly became aware through a gap in the rock masses that the expedition was not yet fully under way. A solitary *bateau* remained drawn up on shore, the sail just ready to be hoisted, the mast surmounted by a cross and a pennon bearing the letters I. H. S. At the boat a Jesuit

*donné* was arranging the lading, while somewhat removed, the Father stood with open breviary, reading the collects for the hour of Tierce. It was plain that the embarkation was postponed for a moment that the priest's devotions might be uninterrupted. Thankful needed no second glance to recognize the figure that stood before her. The black robe swept toward the feet, as on that evening years before in the snow in the solitary meadow; the rosary swung from the girdle; the tonsured head was reverently bowed. The face was calm and full of devotion, but how pale and wasted! The features spoke, as never before, of mental suffering, of protracted vigils, of mortifications unspeakable. Thankful shrank back with a shock hardly less intense than that by which she had been overcome at her first beholding of that figure; for it had not at all occurred to her during the recital of the *habitant* (who had now gone on his way) that Mériel might be the missionary priest about to plunge into the northern wilderness. As she stood, screened by a projecting rock, she was near enough to catch, through the still morning air, the words which came from his lips. Closing his breviary, he proceeded to recite what seemed to be a prayer especially prepared, as he embarked now upon a mission of hardships unspeakable. In the tension of the moment, almost every word remained fixed in Thankful's mind, and in her report of the sentences, she believes she gives them almost word for word.

"Quid retribuam tibi, Domine mi Jesu, pro omnibus quæ retribuisti mihi? Calicem tuum accipiam, et nomen tuum invocabo. Voveo ergo in conspectu eterni Patris tui, sanctique Spiritus, in conspectu sacratissimæ Matris tuæ, coram angelis, apostolis, et martyribus,—voveo, inquam, tibi, Domine mi Jesu, si mihi unquam indigno, famulo tuo, martyrii gratia misericorditer a te oblata fuerit, me huic gratia non defuturum. Tibi ergo, Domine, et sanguinem, et corpus, et spiritum meum jam ab hoc die gaudens offero, ut pro te moriar, si ita donec, qui pro me mori dignatus es. Fac ut sic vivam ut ita mori tandem me velis. Ita, Domine, calicem tuum accipiam, et nomen tuum invocabo. Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "What shall I give to thee, Jesus, my Lord, for all which thou hast bestowed upon me? I will

Father Mériel ceased his invocation, then took his place in the *batteau* close beside the bell, the shining top of which Thankful now perceived, visible above the side of the boat, in the place where she had so often seen it carried. The *donné* at once pushed off from shore, the sail was hoisted, and under the influence of the light breeze and the current, the craft began slowly to move in the direction of the flotilla of canoes which already were far down the stream. Thankful stepped quickly forth from behind the screening rock, and stood clearly revealed upon the shore at the point from which the boat had just departed. If she had experienced a shock at the sight of Mériel, her own sudden appearance caused, plainly, no less astonishment to the Priest. As if she were an apparition, he started to his feet with a gesture of dread, then made instantly the sign of the cross. Evidently under the influence of conflicting emotions, he then buried his face in his hands, and sank upon his knees. At last he crossed his palms upon his breast; and as he looked once more toward Thankful, his countenance was full of tenderness and compassion. It was the last time that she ever beheld him: she looked toward him with no movement or word. His hat had fallen from his head; his pale face, marked by his penance, was clearly revealed in the light of the sun. As the boat still further receded, he rose again to his feet, extending his hand toward Thankful as if in benediction, while he raised his eyes heavenward. An expression of entreaty appeared within them; and she felt he was praying that she might after all be folded in the Faith, and find peace. So he passed from her sight, and she stood alone.

The hour for the sailing of the ship came at last. On St. Mark's day, Thankful says

accept thy cup, and call upon thy name. I vow, therefore, in the presence of thy eternal Father and of the Holy Spirit, in the presence of thy most sacred Mother, before angels, apostles, and martyrs,—I vow, I say, to thee, Jesus, my Lord, that I will not shrink from martyrdom, if that privilege is ever compassionately offered by thee to me, thy unworthy servant. I offer, therefore, to thee, O Lord, with rejoicing heart, my blood, body, and soul, now from this day forth, that I may die for thee, if thou so dost grant it, as thou hast died for me. Grant me so to live that thou mayest wish me at length thus to die. So, Lord, I will accept thy cup and call upon thy name. Jesus! Jesus!

she saw for the last time the procession of the Ursulines move through the corridor to the chapel. How sweet in the antiphons was the voice of the Mother Superior and the response of the answering choir of the Sisters ! At last the company knelt in their robes, and sang the grand chant of the breviary in honor of the Blessed Saviour,—

“Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intacta virgine  
Et in mundo conversatus  
Sparso verbi semine.”<sup>1</sup>

Thankful gave utterance to the tide of feeling that rose within her, lending her voice (which I have no doubt was most sweet and powerful) to swell the volume of the hymn. She sang until her heart came into her throat, and uncontrollable sobbing nearly stifled her.

“Come back to us, come back to us, dear Thankful !” said Mother Cécile and a group of nuns from the threshold, as the *sœur tourière* threw open the grating in the turret, and the captive went forth. Mother Cécile, indeed, went hand in hand with her to the outer gate, and gave her a parting kiss. As Thankful waved farewell, the Sisters stretched their hands toward her as if they would fain detain her. She felt that it could by no means be,—that the peace of the cloister, though it would have been inexpressibly sweet, was not for her. Her soul was not won, and she was called elsewhere. She took her place upon the deck among English faces and voices.

The ship dropped down as far as the fishing hamlet of Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and, before putting to sea, tarried an hour or two in presence of those gloomy rocks. It was nearly dusk as Thankful looked from the deck upon the few huts which clung to the base of the cliff, past which the wide black current of the tributary poured its way. The black summits of the mountains of Sainte Marguerite rose out of the treeless and grassless waste to the far northeast, and near at hand desolation itself looked out from the fissured and splintered walls. The rock was cut across with dikes, which looked like cicatrices from some Titan’s knife, not yet healed. Here and there a line of moss

lay along some narrow ledge, or tufts of birches, their trunks white as the bleaching bones of a skeleton, clung in nooks high toward the summit. The stream beneath was black as a starless night, and to the eye motionless. An eagle screamed as he soared from a crevice, and the voice echoed drearily shrill from all the black grandeur.

As evening deepened, the sound of chanting came from the shore across the intervening water, done, as Thankful at first believed, by a few fishermen and their wives, belonging to the hamlet, with Christian Indians who might be among them. She soon perceived it was a celebration of the mass. She followed, with heart full of feeling, the different parts ; and now she knew that the moment approached when the Host would be elevated. With a thrill that shook her whole being, she heard across the water the sound of the bell that marked the event. Lo ! it was the sound she had come to know so well. There the Father had camped for the night, before breasting the dark stream, on his way northward. With melody unutterable from where it hung suspended in some crevice of the rock, the bell, within which was bound the soul of the dead wife, shook forth into the stillness its tremulous toll. Now it throbbed upon the air with an almost dying cadence, now it reverberated from the precipices with a soft power, like a peal from the trumpet of an angel. Once, twice, thrice, came the unearthly music of its vibration, until the air seemed to Thankful to murmur with the soft harmony of celestial voices,—voices that sang sublimely of sacrifice. Then as it fainted into silence, and the darkness became utter about the cold wilderness, the sail above her head swelled out before the light wind, and from beneath was heard the ripple of the ship’s departure.

Here ends the tale. I know not what may have been the fate of Mériel, whether he died in the snow, like Father Anne de Noué, or at the stake, like Brébeuf and Lallement, or lost in the forest, like René Mesnard, or by some wilderness stream, close to his altar, like Marquette. As regards Thankful, when she returned to Meadowboro, Remembrance was not there to meet her. She found, indeed, that through all the long years of her Canadian sojourn, she had been a widow, Remem-

<sup>1</sup> “To us given, sent from heaven,  
Born of virgin, pure indeed,  
And through earth poured richly even  
In the Word’s wide-scattered seed.”

brance having lost his life on the day in which she had been carried away captive. The tale told her by comrades who had witnessed his death was, that he had been one of the pursuing party when at last the Meadowboro men rallied from their panic, and followed the retreating enemy. He had been brave and energetic in the battle, declaring that his wife was with the enemy and in bonds; and it was for him to set her free. Pressing on too boldly, he had received a mortal wound in the meadow, and died in the afternoon. In her heart of hearts, Thankful felt that a heavy burden was taken from her. It was not only that she was to be spared the pressure of the yoke to which she had believed she was returning: she was devoutly glad to be able to entertain in her soul kinder thoughts of Remembrance. His desertion of her had really been then only a consequence of sudden panic. His manhood had come back to him; and

mindful of her, he had met his death with honor. She felt that she had wronged him in her thought; and in the revulsion of her sentiment, she came to cherish his memory with a tenderness she had never entertained for him in life.

Her natural refuge was now the house of the minister. The shadow which henceforth, during what remained of her life, rested on her face, and the seclusion to which she withdrew herself, were interpreted by the townspeople to proceed from a very proper sorrow for a husband who had shown himself not only exemplary, but heroic. A broad slab of slate, evidently brought from England, in our old burying-ground tells the world even now, in its steadfast inscription, of Remembrance Pumry. There is no stone, however, for Thankful. The mouldy narrative, with the minister's brief note upon it, is the only evidence that she ever lived.

THE END.



## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

*By Edward E. Hale, D.D.*

**MISS READER.** Could we go to Keene, Mr. Traveller?

**Mr. Traveller.** Of course we could go anywhere you wish. All roads lead to Boston, or to London, or your own home at Kodiak.

**Miss Reader.** Please, I do not live at Kodiak, but at Fort Wrangel.

You see that was my mistake in geography. The merest school-girl knows where Kodiak is, and where Fort Wrangel is, and here I have mistaken the one for the other. I wonder if Miss Reader would tell us why she wants to go to Keene.

**Miss Reader.** Of course; there are so many nice people who come from there, that it seems as if it must have been a very pleasant place.

**Mr. Traveller.** Right you are, my dear Miss Reader. And though so many nice people have come from there, they go back again.

"The heart untravelled still returns to home," and it carries head and heels with it. And

though so many nice people come from Keene, they left behind them more than come. When will you go, Miss Reader? Certainly we will go to Keene.

**Miss Reader.** I should like to go to-day.

That is always the way with Miss Reader,—not to say with other people of her sex. You see she has no fare to pay,—it is all one with her whether her purse is full or not. She has not even to pack her carpet-bag. She travels with less baggage than Miss Nelly Bly carried. It does not seem to occur to her that other people cannot slip off as easily. But how dangerous to put in these remarks, even in an aside! She heard me say that, off in Kodiak,—or is it Fort Wrangel?

**Miss Reader.** Have you not all the time there is, Mr. Traveller? Red Jacke had.

Ah me, if I had! I fancy those Alaskan sachems whose children Miss Reader is teaching have all the time there is. But not white people,—“white people are un-

sartin," as a friend of Red Jacket said. And this uncertainty comes from the very fact that white people make engagements. That means they bind themselves. They are, in fact, so far slaves ; but as they have enslaved themselves they do not mind. To apply these remarks, dear Miss Reader, it is the twenty-first of February, and I have engaged to deliver a flag to the Franklin School, which my admirable old friend, Mrs. Lyman Tucker, is to present to them.

*Miss Reader.* I shall be so glad to see that school. Can I go with you?

[You see that Miss Reader drops all mention of Keene. She is true to her profession, and she knows that the Franklin School is one of the best girls' schools there is, so she determines to stop there. But she shall have her way, as she always does ; she shall go to the school, and go to Keene as well.]

Here we are, Miss Reader ; you shall sit on the front of the platform. All the chairs are full. Look at the girls ; is not that a nice school? Do you come up to that in Alaska?

You must know that dear Mrs. Tucker's sister, Mrs. Day, lived right opposite the school. And if the girls wanted anything, they ran in to her. If a girl fell in play at recess, they took her in to Mrs. Day's, and she put her on the bed, and found the cold water for her forehead. Nay, I believe if a girl had broken her shoestring, she would have run in to Mrs. Day's and begged or borrowed one. Good Mrs. Day lives in this world no longer, but is doing kind things to good girls in a bigger world than this. And her sister is glad to connect the memory of that life with another generation of girls. And whenever they see the red, white, and blue they will associate with their patriotic hopes the memories of a kind woman's love.

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YES, the merits of Keene are many,—as every one who has stayed there for any length of time knows. Some of them are special, and relate to particular homes which cannot be discussed here. Some of them belong to the well-managed town of this size, if only the inhabitants know their advantages,—as these people seem to have done for a century, more or less.

I once wrote a story called *The Brick*

*Moon*, in which, by a mistake in their calculations, thirty-seven agreeable and conscientious people went spinning off on a world of their own, with about two acres to live upon. Please to observe that this is more than the average inhabitant has, in Boston, or Chicago, or New York, or even this Roxbury where this proof-sheet is read. Well ! the story was improbable, as a Boston paper said, with truth, of my story of *My Double*. But the moral suggested, or, if you please, the question suggested, is interesting. Do we not injure our social opportunities when, as Wall Street would say, we water our stock too much? When we undertake to be on terms of friendly intimacy with five hundred thousand people, as here in Boston, or with twelve hundred thousand people, as our friends over in New York, do we not overdo the thing, and is not the quality of the society obtained injured by the watering?

Now, I will not maintain that thirty-seven companions are enough. I think the experience of men who have tried some such number in whaling voyages or on Arctic expeditions would tell against me in such an argument. But does not the experience of such cities as Keene, Burlington, and Goshen, and Akron, and Syracuse, and Portland, and Bangor, and Ithaca, and Worcester, and Hartford, and Tamworth, and New Altoona, and Bromwich, and Colorado Springs, and ten thousand others in the United States, show that the desirable point is somewhere between 37 and 1,234,567, which is at this moment, I suppose, about the population of New York?

And if you try to strike an average, would it not be too high if you simply split the difference and fixed it, say, at 617,215?

Even then, you see, there would be many a pleasant person whom you would not know — and that is just what you want to avoid. If there is a clever Swede over in the wire-mill, who has a set of Tegner's poems on his shelf, you want to have him come in and take tea. That girl who was born in Hyderabad, where her father was a missionary, who paints so cleverly, — you want to see her and talk with her. Now if you mean to live in that fashion, on easy and friendly terms with the crowd, or even with the nicest people in the crowd, your

number, as I believe, of neighbors will be less than a hundred thousand.

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CHARLES had one of these English Dons on his hands once, with swell letters of introduction. The man had come over, as the brightest of them do,—to find out about republican institutions in the recess between the end of one session of Parliament and the beginning of another.

After he had done a few Boston lions with this fine young fellow, Charles said to him : "We are very glad to see you here, but you are not seeing America."

"I was afraid not," said the young traveller.

"All cities are alike," said Charles, "especially all hotels in cities."

"So I have found," said the bored traveller.

"Why do you not see America?" persisted Charles.

"Because I do not know how," said the poor fellow.

"Oh, if that is all, I will show you," said Charles. And he gave him three or four letters to bright, happy, cheerful, hospitable Keene, with its tennis, its Monadnock within sight, its agreeable men, its charming matrons, and its pretty girls. Keene should be put in the geographies as "famous for picnics."

The bored Englishman went there and was happy. Yes, I think he stayed longer in Keene than he did in Chicago, certainly longer than he did in Boston ; and it taught him more of America than either city would have done.

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"SHALL we go to New York?"

"If you say so. There is always something to do in New York."

"I should like to go. The Sons of the American Revolution are to meet and dine. I should like to see them."

"Most Americans living must be counted in. I remember Chastellux says that he may as well say, first as last, that he met no man north of Maryland who had not served in the army or at sea before 1780.

"Yes ; and Dr. Palfrey proves that every Scotchman descends from some one who was at Bannockburn. So all of us who had grandfathers here, are sons of the Revolution."

"What is the society for?"

"It is for the very business of reminding the country that it is a country differing from all feudal countries, as the American Revolution differed from all other wars."

There is a great deal of English and French and German writing read by our young people. It is written by people who were brought up under feudal institutions, who were trained to class rule, and, consciously or not, believe in it. Now, as matter of practice, feudalism broke down in America about fifteen minutes after any feudal set of colonists landed ; and any talk founded on its vocabulary is poor talk, and misleads. One good thing which the Sons of the Revolution will do will be, I hope, to teach our people to use their language.

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THIS last March, in the enthusiasm of the Centennial, I saw a great New York daily speak twice of Mr. Garrison as the "Ruler of this great nation." Mr. Garrison never called himself the ruler of this nation. He is the chief magistrate of this nation, which is a very different thing. It is true he has very large powers, as foreign nations might on occasion find. And he can direct the movements from garrison to garrison of an army of some thousands of men, and from port to port of a navy of ten or twelve cruisers. But that does not make him the ruler of you or me, in the sense in which Alexander is the ruler of Russia to-day. And that language which speaks of him as the ruler of the nation is based merely on a certain analogy which results from his living at the capitol, and sending a message to Congress every year, as Victoria makes a speech from the throne.

The word "people" is as unfortunate. Cowley speaks of "the people" as the dregs, as we might say, "the rabble." Shakespeare speaks of the people and their leaders, as you might say the Roman Senate and people. But, in America it is "We, the people," who establish the Constitution. It is a pity to have any English or Irish penny-a-liner forget this, and a greater pity to have our young readers misled by their forgetfulness.

All this is no matter of rhetoric or bumbo. You could never make the foreign bankers understand, in the war, why a defeat knocked up the stocks, when in Europe it would have knocked them down.

It is because the people here is the sovereign really, and not in mere parade talk.

No man born in Europe understands this, so far as I have ever personally known, unless it be Mr. Bryce, and possibly de Tocqueville. Yet Tennyson expressed it in his line : —

"The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe."

Certainly there is such a reality as the drift or sentiment of a company more decided and even more precise than the sentiment expressed by any one man in their number. "All the people," as Mr. Garfield says, "are wiser than any one man of the people." And I remember that Dr. Bellows, in the Civil War, spoke of the country as a "Headless democracy, drifting to victory." Really the great glory of Abraham Lincoln was that he knew the people, and believed in it. He did not say, "This people, which knows not the law, is cursed." Nobody says that but a Pharisee, though a great many persons say it now,—many of them in universities,—be it said in passing.

Now, if you can manage to make the schools, which are "of the people, by the people," teach and feel that this "common sense of most" is something much grander than a mere compromise or average; and if they can feel or know that to this people, which has this common sense, there is to be rendered the loyalty which Lord Salisbury feels towards Victoria, which Walter Scott felt to George the Fourth, and which poor Lord North had to show to poor crazy George the Third,—why we shall make them unlearn their foreign lessons, and they will, in time, become Americans.

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*Traveller.* Shall it be Island Heights?

*Miss Reader (after looking in her book of geography).* If you say so. I have great confidence in you, or I should not take this magazine; but where Island Heights is, I do not know.

*Traveller.* Nor do I, my dear young friend, nor do I want to. Christopher Columbus, whose day we celebrate, or shall, did not know where America was when he sailed from the little island where you and I have been below Palos.

*Miss Reader.* I never went there.

*Traveller.* I have been there, and you shall yet go. I say he did not know where America was,—nay, that it was,—but, as a fine bit of slang has it, he got there all the same. If you do not dislike it then, we will go to Island Heights.

*Miss Reader (aside).* I do not see that I can help myself. He pretends to ask me, and then he goes all the same. But I need not take his next number, if I do not want to. [And every word that Miss Reader says is true.]

*Traveller.* We will take that pleasant ten o'clock train from the Park Square station. They all know us on that train.

*Miss Reader (again aside).* They do not know me. I never saw their old train. [But here, in the impetuosity of youth, she is mistaken. The train is not nearly as old as she is herself. It is a charming train of Wagner palaces, fresh and clean,—new enough for any purpose,—an attentive conductor and porter, a good buffet for luncheon, no mail, no beggars,—chances against a telegraph. What more can you ask to make you happy? I am willing to take my share of beggars when I am at home. For, like all people I know, I am very poor myself; and I have to ask for a great many things on my own account, so that I am undoubtedly classified among U. P., "the undeserving poor," in that interesting record book UP there. But, when I am off soundings, away from my home, and in a fashion from my daily duty, I do not like to have to do with foreign beggars, whose language, whose pleas even, and whose condition, I do not understand. That is all I meant by putting beggars in with letters, which are a nuisance pure and simple, and, in the modern condition of things, hardly to be approved at all.]

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I was on this train once with a very distinguished poet,—that is, he was well advertised,—and every one in the Wagner was looking at him. His leader, the man who got his audiences for him, was in the same car. "'N thah was never better advertisin' done, sah, 'n thare was done for that last lecture of ours," said the bear-leader in admiration of his own work. And he explained how the "Harvard students" were brought in, and how the public was taught there would be a row.

The morning was like this,—a morning

of heaven itself. The sky was cloudless, and so blue. The snow was fresh on the ground, and not yet broken or sullied. These evergreens, dark loyal green, changing every minute, now marked themselves against the sky, and now against the white, in forms you had never seen. And the clearness of the air made one feel as if he had never really seen the world before.

At all which my poet did not look for one instant. He did not raise his eyes from his book.

We flew over the rails. The panorama was more and more marvellous. The train is express, and the pace was most exhilarating, when, "skreeee!" we checked up so suddenly that every one started. In an instant a brakeman fairly ran through the car to the rear, his face whiter than I ever saw a face. We had killed a man.

Every man but one was at a window. The poet had looked up, and looked back at his book. What was one man more or less, indeed? Slowly the great train began its course again. On the bank at the side lay the poor fellow whom we had struck, as we rushed on. Dead! His face so white, as he lay on that bank of snow! The form so stiff, which only five minutes before—ah! Two men in the railroad uniform were watching by him,—on the right and on the left of him,—as they waited for the carriage which had been sent for.

And the poet read away on his book, did not look out upon the scene, and had no thought for the man.

I have never opened one of his books from that day to this.

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NEW YORK in six hours and fifteen minutes: and to read, as we go, when we do not study the evergreens, or wonder at the blue, Dr. Pynchon's admirable book on Bishop Butler, and Howells's charming new *Hazard* with its droll pictures of New York life. And in New York, friends, and books, and Broadway, and — what you will.

*Miss Reader.* If you please, I should like to go to the University Settlement. My friend Rachel is to spend two months there when her turn comes, and I should so like to write to her about it.

*Traveller.* That will be an excellent plan. Not one in a hundred of the read-

ers have ever seen it, and it is one of the most encouraging enterprises in New York. To the University Settlement we will go.

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THE University Settlement is the home of a body of young ladies, most or all of whom are graduates of one or another woman's college in America. Under the lead of Miss Fines, who is now, so to speak, the dean of the settlement, this society of graduates took a large house in the heart of the German or Hebrew quarter of New York, east of the Bowery and south of Houston Street. A good motto for their home would be Lord Houghton's line about the converts a man might make, "who would house with crime," for the statistics of the criminal convictions in that region startle even the expert. Ecclesiastical religion has not done much there. In a population of forty-seven thousand people, belonging to that "Assembly District," there are but five or six chapels, not large; and for all this multitude of Jews, there is, I think, no synagogue.

Ask these ladies what they mean to do there, and they will say, "Live there." That is just what the enterprise means.

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CONSIDER, my dear Mrs. Champernoon, how easy and cordial are your relations with the nice people who live around you in the country, in the five months when you and your children live there. That pretty girl who brings the eggs, those clever boys who bring the milk,—you know them and the households they come from. If you are rich, they know it, and are helpful. If any of them are sick, you know it, and are helpful. Their children borrow your children's *Wide Awake*. Your boys go to their boys to know where is the best place to buy rabbits. The whole relationship is mutual, helpful, and hopeful. You can help them bear their burdens, and they can help you bear yours. For, if you ever thought of it, dear Mrs. Champernoon, this is a world in which all of us are poor, as was said a page or two back, as we travelled.

May it not be possible to live in that fashion in New York? That is the question which the University Settlement wants to answer. The young ladies have arranged

that any member of their large society may take a turn of two months' residence in the home, then she must give way to another. Besides the chief, who is in residence all the time, the house accommodates eight, so here is a party of nine educated women, who may or may not have known each other in college. They do not all come for precisely two months, so there is no sudden change of the resident body. But the house has thus far been full since it was opened.

This was, I believe, in October last. There is no sort of sign to show that the house is an "institution" of any sort. It is not. It is a home of nine young ladies. They take the custom of the country in which they live, and hire no servants,—the little girl who runs their errands coming rather under the fine old New England phrase of "help." They are not afraid to make their own beds and their own fires, to sweep their own floors, and to dust their own rooms.

Would the neighbors call on them? Yes. A friendly man came in at once to ask if he might adjust his clothes-line thus and so, crossing, perhaps, their back yard. They put a sign up in the "area" which gave notice that women and children could have warm baths in the basement at five cents each. This rate was afterward raised to ten, so that all parties might be sure that a fair market price was paid. From the beginning, this bath business was so popular that there seems a chance of competition, though the region is one where no such facilities were known. Then they had provided themselves with books to lend. The word went from boy to boy that you could get a book there; and the large lending library is now in full use; no particular day, observe, but any time when it is convenient, being assigned. I asked what books proved to be in demand. "History—history—history;" and history means the history of America, and nothing else, though I suppose nine-tenths of the readers are born of parents who cannot speak English without foreign accent. Listen to this, ye who think there have been too many lives of Washington, that every boy who comes wants the Life of Washington or the Life of Abraham Lincoln.

Once acquainted with a boy or two, it is a natural thing to ask each of them to bring in a companion, and an easy thing

for each to do so. So there formed three clubs of boys, "The Heroes," "The Ten Times One,"—and the something else, I have forgotten,—who meet in these convenient parlors, on successive evenings. They have their own officers and constitutions and rules of procedure; but one or more of the residents are in attendance to oversee the meetings, and to give counsel or even direction. I asked why the three could not meet at one time. But it proved that they had other associations, and could not meet each other, more than the Chinamen of a particular district could meet the O'Gradys on familiar terms. One set of boys possesses one corner of a street as its own, and another a corner not far away on another street. Let neither, "without cause," enter on the premises of the other. On three other evenings, three clubs of girls meet at the Home for their exercises and entertainments.

On Sunday afternoon, after the Sunday schools of the neighborhood are closed, the large parlors of the house are filled with visitors, who come in for a good "sing" together. Nine-tenths of the neighbors being Germans, they are well trained to music; and there are many who sing well. Some musical entertainment of the same sort occupies Sunday evenings.

Of course these clubs give to each lady the chance to make acquaintance with the mothers of the children. And such chances suggest the employment of the time of the residents to the profit of all concerned. There are sewing-schools, cooking-schools, and the like; and, as the resources or fancy of each successive resident suggest, these arrangements vary from time to time. Indeed, dear Mrs. Champernoon, there need be no hard and fast rule about the place, more than about the proceedings of your own children and their friends in that pretty home of yours at Lenox, where I was not able to visit you last summer.

The young ladies whom we saw at the University Settlement the afternoon we called, were in good spirits about their enterprise. They understood the difficulties, dear Mrs. Champernoon, quite as well on the spot as you and I do at a distance. But they did not seem to think that life was guaranteed to be free from difficulties, and they seemed to have good chances to live theirs down.

*Miss Reader.* But, surely, Rivington Street is not Island Heights.

Right you are again, dear Miss Reader.

But surely, again, it would have been a pity not to stop in New York, where we could see Miss Fines and Miss Drury and the rest of them; and where we could go to the Fifth Avenue and see the Kendalls, and to Delmonico's to dine with the Sons of the Revolution, and to All-Souls Church on Sunday. But if you say so, we will bid all these nice people and things good-bye, and keep on to Island Heights. We might go a shorter way, I believe. But discoverers do not always go the shortest way. We will go by Philadelphia.

And here we are in Philadelphia, at the foot of Market Street. Here is that same old ferry, only with modern improvements, by which we used to start from Philadelphia for Boston. Here is the whole party, who have not met for so long a time. Here is Charles, who knows the way to Island Heights. He has never been there, any more than Columbus had been to America. But he knows it is there, just as Columbus knew there was something somewhere, if only he could come to it.

And, see, there is actually a sign which says that that train goes to Island Heights.

It is exactly as Columbus found that stick floating in the ocean which was "evidently carved by a knife." I was always so much interested in that stick. I always thought that the boy who carved it was entitled to a part of the praise awarded to the discoverer. I was always sure that it was a shingle boat, with a pointed prow, —in short, what the geometers would call an irregular pentagon, a square with one side extended into two. How many such have I started from this same America, in the hope that they would go to Europe. I believe that they do go there in time, but they bring up at Spitzbergen—or so I am told. "Gulf-stream," you know.

Island Heights, it seems, is in New Jersey. You can go to it from New York, by Lakewood and so southward, and it is at the farthest gasp of southern discovery in that direction. Or you can go, as we do, East a half E.N.E. from Philadelphia, pass Mount Holly and Brown's Mill-in-the Pines and so arrive at the farthest gasp east of the Pennsylvania Railroad System. Here we are in the Jersey pines, and on the high sand-bluffs which rise above Bar-

negat Inlet. Of Barnegat Inlet, Miss Reader, you must have heard, if your geography is as good as mine was; or, I believe, if you have read Cooper's *Pilot*. But here I am not sure.

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THIS whole coast, with its Egg Harbor, Great and Little, its Long Branch and all the rest, has a special interest for people who like to study history, as the "Heroes" of Rivington Street do. For, as they will read in their Bancroft, it was here that the United States (pardon me, dear friends in Altamonte and San Augustine), was discovered to Europe.

The historians are fond of telling us that a pirate named Verazzano passed along the coast in the year 1524; that he landed here in Jersey, and made a report of his discovery to the king of France, in a letter which is still preserved, dated July 8, 1524, at Dieppe, in France.

Now there was such a pirate; that is fact No. 1. He deserved to be hanged; that is fact No. 2. He wrote this famous letter; that is fact No. 3. But, alas, the boy lied sadly; that is fact No. 4. He says he struck the coast about latitude 40°. That is what makes us look for his footprints here. It was in the merry month of March, and—lie with a circumstance—so charming was the Jersey coast in those days that he found roses and lilies in blossom here. Then this ingenious fellow, who had sailed along from Florida without observing Cape Hatteras or the opening of Chesapeake or Delaware bay, sailed by New York harbor without observing that, and touched next at Block Island, where he found the Indians gathering the wild grapes and making them into raisins! Then he worked his way up to Newfoundland and those parts, and arrived in France in the beginning of July.

All which rigmarole means that Verazzano was a sad liar. He never landed anywhere on the coast, and probably never saw an inch of it. He made up his story as he went along. The truth was, as Mr. Henry Stevens well pointed out, that they all still thought that they were on the coast of Asia. From Marco Polo they knew that this coast was unbroken by any very deep strait. Indeed, the coast-line of Asia is queerly like the coast-line of east-

ern America in those latitudes. The "Bacalaos," as the fishermen called Newfoundland and the adjacent shores, had been discovered by the Northmen and the Cabots. Florida, as far north as San Augustine, had been discovered and mapped by the Spaniards. It did not require much ingenuity in Verazzano to follow Marco Polo in saying that there was a mainland running all along from Florida to the Bacalaos, as there is. But when the poor pirate came to tell his story, he put in his lie with a circumstance, and gave us this stuff about the roses and the lilies and the dried grapes on Block Island.

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IF Verazzano had landed at Island Heights,—and if the Island House had

been there, and Mrs. Parsons who keeps it had been alive,—why he would not have found roses and lilies. No! But he would have found Pyxanthera in blossom,—as I have this eleventh day of March. He would have had first-rate coffee and bread and milk and cream, and omelettes, and Barnegat oysters, and other things to refresh him after a sea-voyage. I am not sure that he would have ever gone back to Dieppe or its belongings. Then he would never have written any letter, nor would his celebrated lie ever have troubled the historians. But none of these things happened, and Mrs. Parsons, and the omelettes, and the blazing stars, and the oysters, are reserved for Miss Reader and the Traveller of to-day.

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## NEW ENGLAND AND THE WEST.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE's counting-room, with an ingenuity which even editorial modesty must admire, has recently evolved for its bold advertising purposes a map of the United States, in which New England appears lifted bodily out of its far-off corner, and set down plump in the middle of the republic, a bright spot in a sorely shady and needy-looking country, to whose extremes she is radiating philosophy and art and the sundry excellent things, including capital,—whether religion, we do not remember. The editors suspect that the counting-room meant that the great public should read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in this luminous New England spot in the "dark continent"; and for such high and clearly disinterested appreciation they are, of course, humbly grateful. Of the influences of New England upon the whole country, they themselves have a decidedly proud estimate,—as what good New Englander has not? And, adopting in mild manner the pictured parable, it may be said that among the most efficient carriers and radiators of the New England light and influence are the various New England societies which exist in almost every great city in the republic. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and a score of cities, have their New England societies,

—societies of men whose roots were in New England, and who, leading and loyal men in their adopted places, still look back fondly to New England as the "old home." Forefathers' Day is pre-eminently the time when these Western and Southern New Englanders give full scope to the New England sentiment in them—usually over very good dinners. The Forefathers' Day speeches at the dinners of these various New England societies are, to our thinking, among the best speeches of the year, the wide world over. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, which hopes to make itself precious in the eyes of every member of a New England society, means to spread its net each year for these speeches, and cull from the best of them for its readers. We think that on the last Forefathers' Day no better speeches were made than those at the dinner of the St. Louis New England Society, which is a society, we think, of nearly two hundred members, now under the presidency of Mr. Henry Hitchcock. That is certainly a fortunate gathering which, with other attractions, has Professor James K. Hosmer to speak to it upon New England and Old England, and Charles Dudley Warner to speak of the general influence of the Pilgrim spirit upon the country, and especially upon the great West. It is not fitting that so good a speech

as that of Mr. Warner's should be lost in the newspapers, or buried in a society report, and we rescue it and give it here:—

"IT is a very inspiring sight to see so many people who are either Yankees, or have the grace to wish to be thought so on this occasion. I was told that our learned and brilliant president had the irreparable misfortune at an early period of his life not to be born in New England. That, however, is an error which he has measurably atoned for by having an ancestry among the most honored in the Pilgrim annals. I know it was respectable, because my mother's name was the one which your president has added so much honor to. Not only has he had that ancestry, but he has had the wisdom to see how the country was going, as they say in election phrase, that it was going New England; and he has had the wisdom in his day to get on the right side openly and publicly, and to be a New Englander. He has come into the majority—and this has nothing to do with the speech, but I happen to think about it—a little differently from what a colored brother did the other day in Macon, Georgia. They make majorities differently down there. There was an indictment of a white man for an election fraud, and the evidence of his guilt was so plain that it was necessary, in order to get along well, to have the jury a little looked to. In point of fact, everybody who was too much colored was challenged off except one old darkey, who remained. The eleven jurors, when they retired, considered how they should present the appearance of the ordinary jury and still set free the acknowledged guilty prisoner. So, when they came into the jury room, they moved, in the first place, that they elect a foreman, and that the foreman should not have a vote except in case of a tie. That struck the colored brother as a fair arrangement and he voted for it. Then they elected Uncle Remus foreman, and then they balloted—and there were eleven for acquittal, and, of course, there was no tie! When the foreman, in the suitable pride of his office, came into court and was asked for his verdict he said, 'If the Court please, the jury am gone democratic.'

"I did not know until I came here that this was to be a mixed assembly. I should have liked it, of course, better, and been more attracted toward it, if I had known it in advance. I have always understood, indeed I knew, from my grandmother, who lived in Kingston, hard by Plymouth, and who, when a little girl, heard the sound of the cannon at the battle of Bunker Hill, that the *Mayflower* company was rather mixed; and that they went in as they did in the Ark, more or less, two and two, and that Woman played a considerably important part in the early transactions. Men talk a great deal about the Pilgrim Fathers—a great deal—a great deal that might be repeated, and generally is repeated year after year, and very little about the Pilgrim mothers. Who was it that said the Pilgrim mothers ought to have an innings now?—and I hope they will for a century or so, because they suffered as much as the Pilgrim Fathers did; that is to say, they had to endure everything that the Pilgrim Fathers endured—and the Pilgrim father besides.

"Now, the Pilgrim has been lauded, attacked, and defended until, I suppose, there is nothing new to say about him or about his achievements; and for this and other reasons I am going to invite your attention for a few moments to a line of thought parallel, but perhaps a little different from the set eulogy of the ancestry of which I am so justly proud, and you are.

"The West is always the child of the East. Civilization, we say, marches westward. This is not only a line of march, but usually of development. We do not mean that civilization deserts its eastern home, but that it spreads, sends out pickets and conquering armies westward. That has been the course in the history of the races to which we belong and are allied. This gives to the East the appearance of being conservative, to the West of being progressive. But it is always one continuous line, and we cannot actually break with traditions.

"On this day we are called to celebrate both the character and influence of the Pilgrims, and the development and prospects of their descendants. At such a time there is always a tendency to exaggerate the character under consideration, to heighten his traits good and bad, to regard him as an exceptional phenomenon. The Pilgrim of Plymouth and the colonizer of Massachusetts was not a new species or a strange creature in the world, an isolated discoverer and experimenter without a past. He was simply a man, bound as we are by traditions, the product of a long struggle, in one stage of his evolution and under new conditions. He was a Teutonic man, strong, questioning, doubting, cultivating the type of individualism, awaiting his orders from a higher power not of this world, conveyed, however, through the medium of his own judging and approving soul. On his religious side he was the offspring of the Reformation, with its assertion of individual responsibility; on the political side, the child of the free Germanic spirit which was never conquered, which alone was able to cope with the organization and discipline of Rome, which in the Alemanni planted in Switzerland the democracy that in its fastnesses has resisted till to-day the force and the diplomacy of Europe. His religion and his politics were in fact one and the same thing. Tried and harassed in England for his opinions, and for the eccentricities into which freedom of opinion is likely to run, he rekindled his faith and his spirit in Holland and Geneva, and sought a new world to find room for his growth.

"Fortunately for us his discipline continued here. No well-informed man would expect to found an empire in the sands of Plymouth or among the rocks of Salem; none but a man of the most tough and virile qualities could have sustained himself there. The Great Creator must have had a mind to test the fibre of his children when he sent them to New England. He had, we must suppose, work for them to do that required, in order to bring out the proper qualities, a conflict with a climate that needs constant attention, and with a soil reluctant to the point of niggardliness to yield anything. The Pilgrim, who looked only for a better country, even a heavenly, probably did not know this, nor appreciate the fact that his training was intended to make him and his descendants such men that conflict with any other

climate and soil would be only a delightful recreation. Quite possibly his virility would have softened and his aggressive heroism would have melted away in a more genial condition, and the course of history would have changed if the *Mayflower* had landed south of Long Island. But, after subduing New England, it was mere play to run over the rest of the continent.

"With climate and new physical conditions and in isolation, the evolution of the Teutonic race in New England went on. In all history there is nothing more interesting than the study of this evolution. There was from the first an uncommon accent laid on duty, and an exaggerated development of conscience. So much conscience had he that he had plenty to spare for others less fortunate, and his sense of duty and his conceit of his own rectitude made him not slow to impose it upon others. But whatever formulas he cast for himself and imposed upon others, it was quite certain that his individualism, which made him intolerant, would eventually work out into the widest liberty. And he did go through the furnace of Jonathan Edwards, logically, into new and enlarging freedom. But in this as in his political action he followed his traditions and the laws of his being, not suddenly, or by breaking with his past, but in a true evolutionary movement. There were for him only two persons in the universe — himself and his Creator. It was probably the habit of a form of speech that made him in *Mayflower* compact acknowledge any other earthly sovereign than himself. But, presently, on the banks of the Connecticut, was developed the true democratic federal idea of government, and Thomas Hooker, the founder of American democracy, acknowledged no sovereign above the consent of the people, except the Most High. In the government by the three independent river towns with elected representatives in a general court, we have the exact and first prototype of our indestructible federal Union of indestructible states; and when the framers of the constitution were likely to split asunder on the vital question of state and federal authority, it was this "Connecticut Compromise" that saved them. Yet the underlying idea was only a natural evolution of the town democratic idea which the settlers brought with them. Teutonic, or English, or whatever it was, it was a growth and not an invention of the moment. As has been pointed out, the contrivance with which we attempted to place ourselves as a nation, after the war of independence, namely, the confederation, an invention of our own, without any roots in the past, any tradition, was a dead failure. In our constitution we simply fell into line again. Hooker's suggestion both of a government only by the consent of the people and the federal idea was a new thing, but it was in the inevitable line of development.

"The early New Englanders had many distinguishing characteristics, traits that marked them for distinction in an age of great ferment and experiment. One was faith in God, and the belief that they were His chosen people and instruments; and, allied to this, the notion, that the best — that is, those best informed in the Divine purpose — should rule. There was immense governmental vigor in this faith, and considerable in this belief, and it has not yet wholly spent itself. The New

England theocratic government is as interesting a chapter in human history as that elaborated in the Old Testament. But, after all, the distinguishing trait of the New Englander was his respect for law; that is, his individual submission to the tribunal of the organized justice of society. There have been remarkable civilizations where this respect for law was lacking to a great degree, civilization producing a most charming society, delightful men and women, a keen sense of personal honor, a high degree of polish and refinement. But, wanting that pervading reliance upon law which takes from the individual the private administration and revenge, they have been unstable, liable to the sudden outbreak of frightful tragedies, of disturbances which make the whole social state insecure. It is the special glory of the Pilgrim that wherever he dwelt, and over the wide spaces where his influence has been paramount, there has existed a profound respect for law. This has been the mighty force, this intelligent submission of the individual to the necessities of high social order, that has kept all the vast region, north of the Ohio, and away onward to the Pacific, steady in its wonderful growth, notwithstanding the disorganizing tendencies of pioneer life, of frontier aggressions, of foreign admixture. This order, this vital faithfulness to discipline, this social integrity, you expect to find in every community settled by New Englanders. You may find in it many other traits, or survivals or exaggerations of traits, that you do not like, shrewdness, for instance, developed into overreaching; but this necessary fundamental law you do find. If the Pilgrim's neighbor injured him, he did not try to settle the difficulty with a shotgun; he referred it to a town-meeting.

"The Pilgrim was a great figure in his day. The same figure would not be so imposing in our day, nor could the best man of that day deal with the problems of this. Why? Because, for one reason, James Watt, in Glasgow, in 1761, invented the high-pressure engine. That application of steam to overcome inertia and the law of gravitation changed the face of the world. Not only that, but it compelled the reorganization of society. It did not simply make possible the continued union of these states (impossible to be conceived of with science at the point it was in our colonial state), but it created, it is still creating, a new society — that and the modern applications of electricity. Fancy what chance there was of continuing a union of common aspiration, of sympathy, of interest, in the year 1800, when it took twenty-two days to convey the mail from New York to Nashville. The best wagon roads ever constructed would not have sufficed, in time or capacity, for exchanging products between the Atlantic States and the Mississippi Valley — a ready and quick exchange as necessary to a political as to a commercial union. Local development and self-sufficiency would have driven the states apart, not kept them together. Roman roads interlacing the vast area of our country, with Roman soldiers stationed at all commanding points, would have made for a time an empire possible, never a federal republic. Steam is a notice to a soldier to quit. For a time it has facilitated his operations and made them more terrible, but nothing is more certain in the evolu-

tion of humanity than that the scientific perfection of military power will in time end war. We shall refer it, as we do our private injuries, to a town-meeting. This quick exchange is not only a creator of sympathy and common opinion, but an allayer of panic and misapprehension. You get an alarming dispatch from Washington — ugly look in our relations with Germany about Samoa, or a row in Louisiana. The next hour you get another dispatch that the President has gone to Virginia to shoot ducks, followed soon by the cheering intelligence that he has shot forty ducks. You turn to your business, reassured that the country is not going to the devil, or the chief executive would not have time to shoot forty ducks. The explanation may be that he has escaped forty office-holders, or that the removals got clogged and had to have a rest. Our administrations are getting more and more faith in God — confidence that the Divine power will manage the great interests of our complex society, while they look out for the offices.

"The invention of machines to do the work of men is a constant disturber of the social order. It means, from the first, combination and consolidation. This is inevitable in order to cheapen production and decrease the cost of distribution. We can scarcely conceive what would be the public inconvenience and the public loss if the railways of this country were all detached pieces, operated by ten thousand different wills. Stop and think what it means that you can load your freight car at a cattle ranch in Texas, and let it pass undisturbed till it is emptied at Boston; that you can yourself, at a cost constantly lessening, enter a car at Boston, and remain in it undisturbed and with no concern about your route, till you step out of it at San Francisco, or the city of Mexico. Combinations! Consolidations! How could you have it otherwise? Do you think you could, if you would, return to the social condition of the Pilgrims? The scientific and the economic evolution must go on, in great factories, in iron, in coal, in oil, in every industrial enterprise, in every manufacture, carriage, and distribution. What then? Are you surprised that these combinations are met by others, by unions of laborers to preserve their individual interests in this crushing attack of machinery, this powerful combination of capital? If the old woman seated by her fireside knitting a stocking had been a seer, she could have foretold all this when she first heard of the knitting machine. Sometimes the combination of the laborer precedes and sometimes it follows that of the capitalist. Each accuses the other of forcing his action. It matters little. Both are part of the inevitable social evolution to which we must adjust ourselves. There will always be more or less confusion, more or less injustice, in such an adjustment. Foolish things, unwise things, will be done on every hand, — cruel injustice, petty tyrannies. It is futile, however, to combine against machinery; it is impossible, also, for any consolidations to ignore the human being. For, however striking in this age are the vast industrial combinations, never before has risen so rapidly the recognition of this worth of the individual. The conflict alarms many. We do not see to the end. Ask yourselves, if this is a better or a worse world to live in, either as regards material comfort or in-

tellectual freedom, than the age of the Pilgrims. What shall be our attitude towards this social change? That of alarm, protest, obstruction? The social revolution will go on. Men will continue to invent, to combine, to struggle upwards. Society is a living organism. I cannot doubt that its evolution, with all the incidental hardships, is on a Divine plan. We cannot be indifferent; our duties of vigilance multiply, indeed, as the social complexities increase; but we have no call for alarm or despair. Our attitude should rather be that of calm, on-looking observation, and the conflict will work a preponderance of good, and not of evil, if we maintain one of our inheritances from the Pilgrim incorruptible and unshaken, — his respect for law. That is the key of the situation. We shall come out unharmed if the public conscience keeps all the parties to the evolutionary conflict within the law.

"The Pilgrim had the conceit of his election, the eastern man has the conceit of his antiquity, the western man has the conceit of his opportunity. The descendant of the Pilgrim in the west is not, however, a new man, only a man newly placed, with an enlarged vision by reason of a greater horizon. If he succeed, if he succeed long — that is, if his life and his society are a permanent achievement and not a 'boom' — his success will be due to the same qualities that made the Pilgrim a great power — courage and integrity, faith in God, respect for law.

"The terms east and west, except geographically, are losing their significance. The facilities of intercourse are every day removing distinctions. Social usages are more and more the same east and west. What the western man feels, however, more than the eastern man is impatience of traditions. It may be carried too far. A safe society is always a continuous development. There is often a wonderful stimulation of progress for a time in breaking with tradition, but nothing can grow soundly for long unless it roots in the past. Civilization is like a tree. It shoots up and spreads, and puts forth its leaves and its flowers and its fruit. We trim it and prune it, and it bears again. But by and by the blossoms are less, the fruit is inferior, the leaves grow sickly. It is in vain that we cut and trim. The tree wants nourishment. The roots must be looked to, and we give the tree new vitality by digging into its past. It is the same with literature. We cultivate the tree all on top. We trim it into fantastic shapes, into conceits, into affectations of form. But there is little original life in it. Literature begins to revive when scholarship digs into the roots of the languages, into the old literatures. We call it from time to time a revival of learning. — Then the literature sends up new shoots, blossoms abound, the fruits are solid and full of flavor, the tree spreads and the singing birds dwell in it.

"The civilization of the great west, full of promise and show, extraordinary in its roomy opportunity, cannot break with tradition. It needs, believe me, and must preserve, the spirit, the sap of vitality that made the Pilgrim great in his day, the power of orderly development which never neglects, nor can afford to neglect, the ancestral virtues, and constantly renews its life in the wisdom of the past."

## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

IT is an interesting fact that both our last President and our present President have been giving addresses in these late days upon the importance of public libraries. Mr. Cleveland took part, along with Mr. Low, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Carnegie, in the meeting at Chickering Hall, on the afternoon of March 6, for the purpose of rousing the citizens of New York to a more generous support of the New York Free Circulating Library. New York is not poor in libraries for scholars. The importance of the Astor Library is so well shown in the article on that subject in the present number of our magazine, that nothing need be said here concerning that. The Lenox Library has in its own way a very high importance. The Columbia College Library is rapidly becoming a most important factor in the higher intellectual life of the city. But in free circulating libraries for the people, New York has been and is conspicuously deficient, when compared with cities of greatly inferior size and importance. Her duty in this matter was forcibly brought home to her by Mr. Cleveland in his speech. He said :

"The few words I shall speak on this occasion I intend rather as a pledge of my adherence to the cause in which you are enlisted, than an attempt to say anything new or instructive. I gladly join with the enthusiasm of a new convert in the felicitations of those who have done noble and effective work in the establishment and maintenance in our city of a free circulating library; and it seems to me they have abundant cause for congratulation, in a review of the good which has already been accomplished through their efforts, and in the contemplation of the further usefulness which awaits their continued endeavor. In every enlightened country the value of popular education is fully recognized, not only as a direct benefit to its recipients, but as an element of strength and safety in organized society. Considered in these aspects, it should nowhere be better appreciated than in this land of free institutions, consecrated to the welfare and happiness of its citizens, and deriving its sanction and its power from the people. Here the character of the people is inevitably impressed upon the government, and here our public life can no more be higher and purer than the life of the people, than a stream can rise above its fountain, or be purer than the spring in which it has its source. That we have not failed to realize these conditions is demonstrated by the establishment of free public schools on every side, where children are not only invited but often obliged to submit themselves to such instruction as will better their situation in life and fit them to take part intelligently in the conduct of the government. Thus in our schools the young are taught to read, and in this manner the seed is sown from which we expect a profitable return to the state, when its beneficiaries shall repay the educational advantages made for them by an intelligent and patriotic performance of their social and political duties.

"And yet if we are to create good citizenship, which is the object of popular education, and if

we are to insure to the country the full benefit of public instruction, we can by no means consider the work as completely done in the schoolroom. While the young gathered there are fitting themselves to assume in the future their political obligations, there are others upon whom these obligations already rest, and who now have the welfare and safety of the country in their keeping. Our work is badly done if these are neglected. They have passed the school age, and have, perhaps, availed themselves of free instruction; but they, as well as those still in school, should nevertheless have within their reach the means of further mental improvement and the opportunity of gaining that additional knowledge and information which can only be secured by access to useful and instructive books. The husbandman who expects to gain a profitable return from his orchards, not only carefully tends and cultivates the young trees in his nurseries as they grow to maturity, but he generously enriches and cares for those already in bearing and upon which he must rely for ripened fruit. Teaching the children of our land to read is but the first step in the scheme of creating good citizens by means of free instruction. We teach the young to read, so that both as children and as men and women they may read. Our teaching must lead to the habit and the desire of reading to be useful; and only as this result is reached can the work in our free schools be logically supplemented and made valuable. Therefore, the same wise policy and intent which open the doors of our free schools to our young, also suggest the completion of the plan thus entered upon, by placing books in the hands of those who in our schools have been taught to read. A man or woman who never reads and is abandoned to unthinking torpor, or who allows the entire mental life to be bounded by the narrow lines of a daily recurring routine of effort for mere existence, cannot escape a condition of barrenness of mind, which not only causes the decay of individual contentment and happiness, but which fails to yield to the state its justly expected return of usefulness in valuable service and wholesome political action.

"Another branch of this question should not be overlooked. It is not only of great importance that our youth and our men and women should have the ability, the desire, and the opportunity to read, but the kind of books they read is no less important. Without guidance and without the invitation and encouragement to read publications which will improve as well as interest, there is danger that our people will have in their hands books whose influence and tendency are of a negative sort, if not positively bad and mischievous. Like other good things, the ability and opportunity to read may be so used as to defeat their beneficent purposes. The boy who greedily devours the vicious tales of imaginary daring and blood-curdling adventure, which in these days are far too accessible to the young, will have his brain filled with notions of life and standards of manliness which, if they do not make him a menace to peace and good order, will certainly not tend to

make him a useful member of society. The man who devotes himself to the flash literature, now much too common, will, instead of increasing his value as a citizen, almost surely degenerate in his ideas of public duty, and grow dull in his appreciation of the obligations he owes his country. In both these cases there will be a loss to the state. There is danger also that a positive and aggressive injury to the community will result, and such readers will certainly suffer deprivation of the happiness and contentment which are the fruits of improving study and well-regulated thought. So, too, the young woman who seeks recreation and entertainment in reading silly and frivolous books, often of doubtful moral tendency, is herself in the way of becoming frivolous and silly, if not of weak morality. If she escapes this latter condition she is almost certain to become utterly unfitted to bear patiently the burden of self-support or to assume the sacred duties of wife and mother. Contemplating these truths, no one can doubt the importance of securing for those who read, as far as it is in our power, facilities for the study and reading of such books as will instruct and innocently entertain, and which will at the same time improve and correct the tastes and desires.

"There is another thought somewhat in advance of those already suggested, which should not pass unnoticed. As an outgrowth of the inventive and progressive spirit of our people, we have among us legions of men, and women, too, who restlessly desire to increase their knowledge of the new forces and agencies which at this time are being constantly dragged from their lurking-places and subjected to the use of man. Those earnest inquirers should all be given a chance and have put within their reach such books as will guide and inspire their efforts. If by this means the country shall gain to itself a new inventor or be the patron of endeavor which shall add new elements to the sum of human happiness and comfort, its intervention will be well repaid. These considerations, and the fact that many among us having the ability and inclination to read are unable to furnish themselves with profitable and wholesome books, amply justify the beneficent mission of our free circulating library. Its plan and operation, so exactly adjusted to meet a situation which cannot safely be ignored and to wants which ought not to be neglected, establish its claim upon the encouragement and reasonable aid of the public authorities, and commend it most fully to the support and generosity of private benefaction. The development which this good work has already reached in our city has exhibited the broad field yet remaining untouched and the inadequacy of present operations. It has brought to view also instances of noble individual philanthropy and disinterested private effort and contribution. But it certainly seems that the time and money directed to this object are confined to a circle of persons far too narrow, and that the public encouragement and aid have been greatly disproportioned to private endeavor.

"The city of New York has never shown herself willing to be behind other cities in such work as is done by our free circulating library, and, while her people are much engrossed in business activity and enterprise, they have never yet turned away from a cause once demonstrated to them to be so worthy and useful as this. The demonstration is

at hand. Let it be pressed upon our fellow-citizens, and let them be shown the practical operation of the project you have in hand and the good it has accomplished, and the further good of which it is capable through their increased liberality, and it will be strange if they fail to respond generously to your appeal to put the city of New York in the front rank of the cities which have recognized the usefulness of free circulating libraries."

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PRESIDENT HARRISON spoke at the dedication of the magnificent free library given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the city of Alleghany, on the evening of February 20. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE purposes to devote a special illustrated article to this Carnegie Library, and any word concerning the library itself is here unnecessary. President Harrison's brief dedication speech was as follows:

"I have spent a very instructive day in Alleghany County. I have seen that which was only fit in the crude state to be trodden under the foot of man transmuted into that which serves the highest purposes of our material lives. I have seen that which was of prodigious weight, defying the direct application of the arm of man to move it, lifted by the skilful inventions of his brain as a babe would lift the toy that the fond mother places in its hands. Yet, great and striking as these transformations have been, I witness here to-night one that is greater and finer. The dull ore of the mine is transmuted into those forms that serve the purpose of our present life. I have seen made to-day the rod upon which the throbbing engines carry the commerce of a great nation; the engines that hold safe within their grasp the power of steam that propels the great ships upon the sea; the vessels that bear everywhere throughout the world that message which this fair republic sends to the kindreds of all people. But here, to-night, we witness the transformation of what we are wont to call the precious metal into something that blooms for eternity. We will find the suggestion here in the instructive volumes that are to crowd these alcoves, the impulse, the spark that is to touch the slumbering mind of many a stalwart boy and many a bright and ambitious girl into the life that shall make them the servants of their fellow-men and the companions of the Son of Man who left his glory to serve the race. I saw to-day in these great works of human industry young men, not yet in middle life, controlling these great mills, and the suggestion came to my mind how this institution would promote the interests and intelligence of the young men of this prosperous country, because it is the mind of man that has wrought all these great achievements. The hand is not cunning in itself. It is from the brain that it gets the impulse and teaching that enable it to perform the difficult tasks which are alone to distinguish the man. I hope that this institution may carry with it always, and with every book that rests upon its shelf, the suggestion to those who will participate in its blessings, 'Read and think.' Because, unless thinking accompanies reading, there is not much profit in the books. I congratulate you that you have a citizen who could conceive a work like this. I am sure it will be an impulse to others who dwell among you and who have accumulated wealth, to feel

that they hold it as trustees for mankind. It gives me great pleasure to be associated with the inauguration of this great enterprise. No one can tell how wide and deep and strong the stream will be that shall have its origin here. We cannot follow it through generations that are to come. It is left in your charge, citizens of Alleghany, and speaking for its generous donor, I declare it now to be opened to public use and a place of assembly for all, and I charge you that you care for it in such manner that its highest usefulness may be reached, and that it may not in your hands fall below the high thought which was in the mind of him who out of his own personal means erected and dedicated this library to public use."

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It is a little startling to read in the Chicago newspaper which lies on the editor's table, giving an account of the recent conference in Chicago on library matters, that "Chicago is already virtually the library centre of the country." Yet virtually means potentially; and if hard cash be the solid basis for prophecy concerning libraries, then Chicago certainly contains to-day the promise and potency of the greatest libraries in the country. The Newberry Library, which is already being organized under the wise direction of Mr. W. F. Poole, formerly of the Boston Athenaeum, and for the last dozen years at the head of the Chicago Public Library, has an endowment of over two million dollars; and the Crerar Library, yet to be organized, has almost as much money at its command,—and these combined certainly represent "the largest library plant in the country and the richest promise"; for it is always to be remembered, as our newspaper urges, that "not one of the older cities has anything like a complete library."

The significance of these immense endowments for the culture of Chicago and of the whole West cannot be overestimated; and the caution and wisdom with which those who are entrusted with their management are proceeding is gratifying. The views expressed at the recent conference by Mr. Poole, and by Mr. Winsor of Harvard, and President Angell of Michigan University, who were invited guests, were at once comprehensive and sensible. The most important point discussed was that of the best scope for each of the three libraries — that is, how to conduct them so that one shall not unreasonably duplicate the other, but so that the money can be made to go as far as possible. "This," says our newspaper in its comments upon Mr. Winsor's admirable suggestions, "should not be a matter of great difficulty for the librarians, aided by the trustees, to settle. For instance, the Public Library will always be the popular library; and it should be developed on popular lines and in the direction of standard works. It is certainly a waste of time, energy, and money for the Public Library to attempt to set up special departments and make them complete. This should be the work of reference libraries. It should have the standard works, of course, in all departments, and have sufficient of them. That is the principal deficiency in the library now. It has not a sufficient number of any popular or standard work to go round, and this is due to the fact, perhaps, that not sufficient attention has been paid to its needs

as a circulating library. The Newberry, on the other hand, is a reference library, and we hope the Crerar will be one also. In that case they should not cross each other's tracks. For instance, the Newberry already has the foundations laid for splendid and complete libraries of music, archaeology, history (particularly American), and medicine. These will be specialties with it, while it will be sufficiently equipped on other lines to answer the needs of the scholar. Evidently then it would be superfluous for the Crerar to throw away money in these directions. It can save it for application in other special lines, while the public will always have the monopoly of fiction and standard works." Here are good suggestions for the libraries in all our great cities, and they are suggestions which have constantly increasing force.

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MANY of our readers will be interested to know that the famous letter of Verrazzano giving an account of his voyage along our Atlantic coast in 1524, referred to in this month's instalment of "Tarry at Home Travel," has been added by the Directors of the Old South Studies in History to their new *general series* of Old South Leaflets. The letter is accompanied by notes embodying references to the very considerable literature which has been born of the long controversy concerning the letter's authenticity and worth.

The Old South Leaflets of the *general series* are now eighteen in number, Professor Hart's translation of the Swiss Constitution, which we noticed last month, being the latest. These Leaflets are largely reproductions of important original papers, accompanied by useful historical and bibliographical notes. They consist, on an average, of sixteen pages, and are sold at the low price of five cents a copy, or three dollars per hundred, the aim being to bring them within easy reach of everybody. The Old South work is a work for the education of the people, especially the education of our young people, in American history and politics, and its promoters believe that few things can contribute better to this end than the wide circulation of such leaflets as these. It is hoped that professors in our colleges and teachers everywhere will welcome them for use in their classes, and that they may meet the needs of the societies of young men and women now happily being organized in so many places for historical and political studies. Promoters of "Old South" work in our various cities will find them of especial service. They may be procured of the Directors of the Old South Studies, and also of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., who are the publishers for schools and the trade. Some idea of the character of the series may be gained from the following list of the subjects of the eighteen numbers which are now ready: No. 1. The Constitution of the United States. 2. The Articles of Confederation. 3. The Declaration of Independence. 4. Washington's Farewell Address. 5. Magna Charta. 6. Vane's "Healing Question." 7. Charter of Massachusetts Bay, 1629. 8. Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, 1638. 9. Franklin's Plan of Union, 1754. 10. Washington's Inaugurals. 11. Lincoln's Inaugurals and Emancipation Proclamation. 12. The Federalist, Nos. 1 and 2. 13. The Ordinance of 1787. 14. The Constitution of Ohio. 15. Wash-

ington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States, 1783. 16. Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison, 1784. 17. Verrazzano's Voyage, 1524. 18. Constitution of the Swiss Confederation.

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In his fine poem, read at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Quincy, and printed a few months ago in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, Mr. C. P. Cranch cast a backward glance to the time, fifty years before, when he read the poem at the celebration of the second centennial of the founding of the town: —

"And here permit, if memory recalls,  
How fifty years ago within these walls—

Ah, crude and callow time! —

The voice you hear intoned a youthful rhyme  
To celebrate the founding of this town,  
Then wearing its well-earned two-centuried  
crown," etc.

We have been permitted to read portions of this youthful poem, which we think was never published, and we find so much poetic fervor and patriotic impulse in the lines that we are grateful for permission to share so much as follows with our readers: —

"No — let us guard the birthright of our sires.  
Quench not the living spirit which aspires  
After perfection: let our fathers' tombs  
Be the rich soil on which our progress blooms.  
He that is free must grow. That which we have  
Is but a mote compared to what we crave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unchained in charity — severe in thought,  
And living in the truth our souls have caught,  
Let us pursue the path our fathers marked,  
And finish the great course on which their souls  
embarked.

For there are times when the awakening mind,  
Rapt in itself with visions undefined,  
Looks with unsated eye into the past,  
While dreams of surer truths come thronging fast;  
And mounted on the knowledge it hath won —  
Yet, like the Grecian Conqueror, sighs to run  
Another race, and gain another world.  
Or like the Genoese, with sails unfurled,  
Seeks o'er the boundless ocean of its thought  
A land of truth scarce known, though often sought.

\* \* \* \* \*

And ye, bright spirits of Columbia's sires,  
Ere, like Elijah, rapt in heavenward fires,  
Ye have quite vanished from your children's gaze,  
Borne on bright chariots through 'the sapphire  
blaze' —

Drop your inspired mantles, ere ye go,  
Upon your sons who linger still below!  
'Tis not enough to track the star-paved road  
Which bears upward to your blest abode;

We need, alas! the wisdom and the might  
Which touched your prophet souls with heavenly  
light.

Not for the flashing sword and rolling drum,  
Not for the withering spell when kings sat dumb  
Before your trumpet-blast and thunder-stroke,  
Do we your presence and your power invoke:  
But for the milder spirit which impelled  
To labors still severer, and upheld  
Patriot and sage to do and suffer all  
Rather than live a priest's or despot's thrall —  
For the great hope which gleamed on you afar  
In patient thought as in the storm of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus while we view with undiverted eyes  
The vistas of the past and future rise;  
O deep but trembling are our hopes of thee,  
America, thou clime of liberty!  
We fondly ask, while o'er thy rich expanse  
The crowds move on, 'Shall truth with them ad-  
vance?

While wealth increases shall the mind increase?  
Shall war be banished by the smile of peace?  
Shall man be false to man? Shall love of gain  
Fix in thy soul its desolating reign?  
Shall slavery still curse, intemperance kill,  
Vice rove unpunished, passions have their will?'

\* \* \* \* \*

Soul of my Country! If thou art not hid  
From thine own eyes, arouse thee and forbid  
A prophecy so dark. . . .

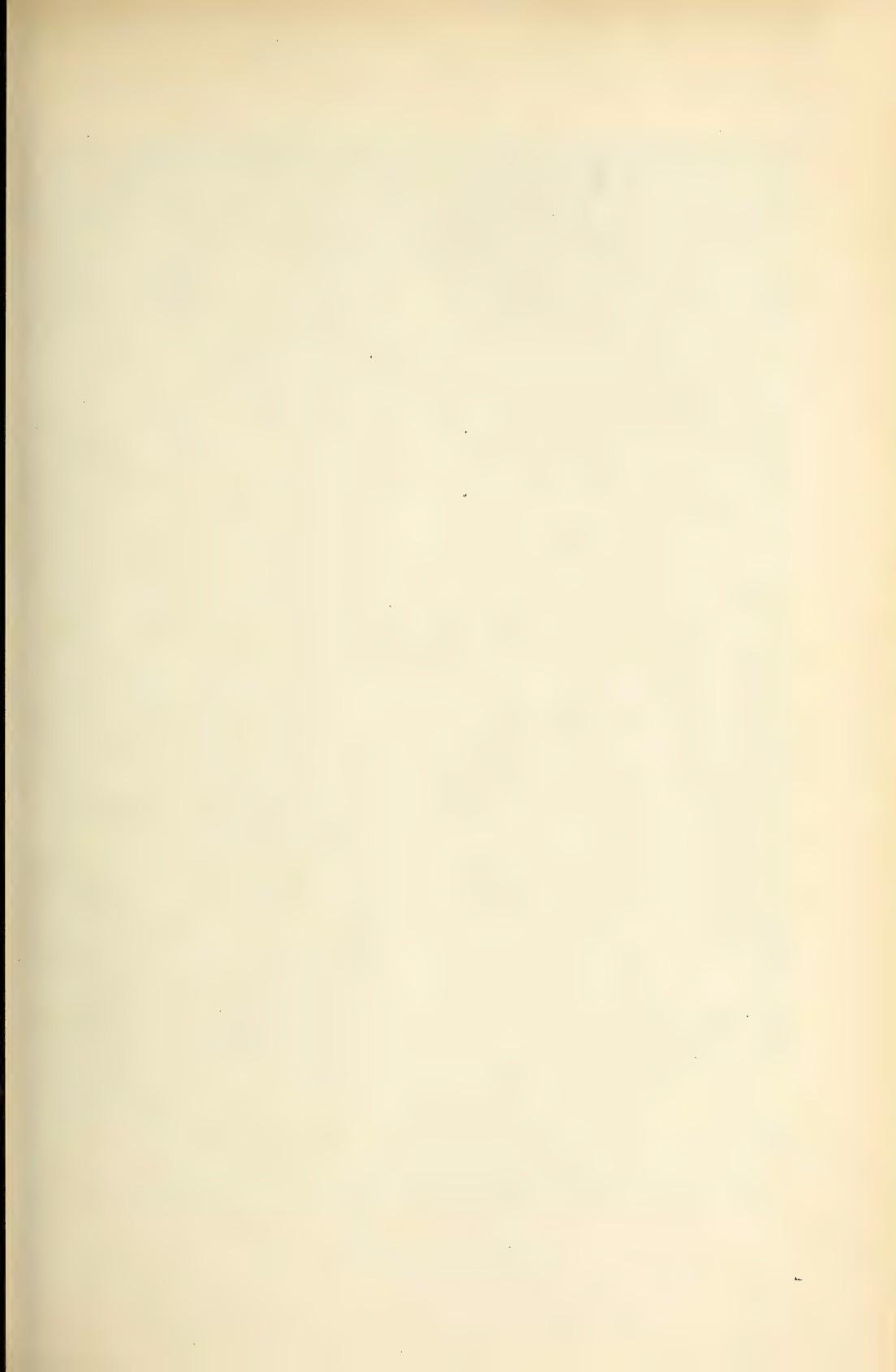
Here may the FAITH, which other times denied,  
For which lone sages toiled and martyrs died,  
Be sought and valued as the purest gem  
That sparkles on thy ample diadem.

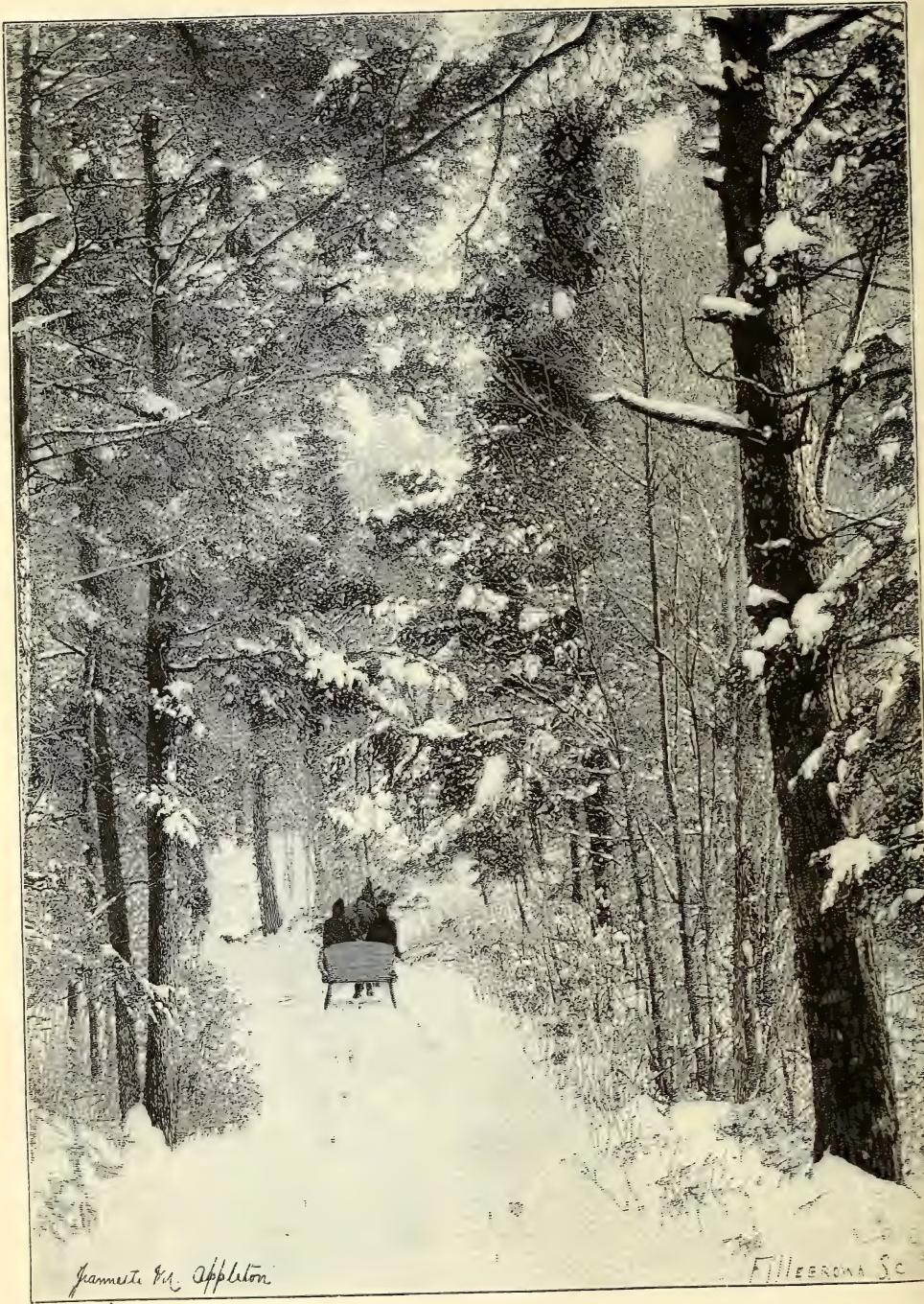
Here may the HOPE, so long but feebly cherished  
In other lands, till it hath well-nigh perished,  
Light up the heart of man with strength divine,  
Until another golden age shall shine.

Here may the CHARITY that never faileth —  
That love of man which over all prevaleth,  
Be to each soul the fixed and central Sun,  
The Smile of God, the boon denied to none —  
The eye of heaven, the sweet expanding light,  
The cloud by day, the shaft of fire by night.  
O then, my Country, when thy tribes shall fill  
Each flowery valley and each wild green hill —  
When wealth hath purchased wisdom — when thy  
soil

Lies all in bloom beneath the hand of toil, —  
When the bright chain of love that God hath given  
Extends from heart to heart, and thence to Heav-  
en —

And all that souls prophetic dream of thee  
Is ripening in the smile of Liberty —  
O then, America, thy name shall shine  
Written in glory by a hand divine:  
No blight upon thy beauty, not a shade  
To dim the robes in which thou art arrayed.  
For He who guideth thee through storm and  
night  
Shall be to thee an Everlasting Light."





Jeanette M. Appleton

FILERONIA S.C.

IN THE NORTH SHORE WOODS.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1890.

VOL. II. No. 3.

## MR. HOWELLS'S LATEST NOVELS.

*By Hamlin Garland.*

THERE is no man in American literature to-day who so challenges discussion as the candid writer of the *Editor's Study*, which has come to be the expression of Americanism in art and literature. Mr. Howells has become an issue in the literary movement of the day, and his utterances from month to month have the effect of dividing the public into two opposing camps. It is no common man whose name can thus become the synonym for a great literary movement; and those who know him the most intimately feel the greatest admiration for him as he pursues his way calmly through the hail of ignoble personalities which opposing critics have ceaselessly rained upon him. He is writing upon conviction, and convictions are not changed by splenetic assaults, especially if these convictions are begotten and sustained by the spirit of a great social movement. The innovator in literature is a sort of Arnold Winkelried; and though he receives the lances of the confronting host, he feels that he has a dauntless band behind him, small though it may be.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Howells was one of the novelists most favorably received by the general careless American public. He wrote charming and graceful stories and essays, and no one thought of assaulting him. He did not stand for progress, did not enunciate definite opinions, and the conservative public considered him delightful for summer reading. He amused the public. Fifteen years is a short time, but it has brought to the author of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* more changes mentally than fall to the lot of most men during an entire lifetime. He has deepened and

broadened, gathering sympathy and tenderness, and as a consequence his books have deepened in insight and broadened in humanity. The attention to style, the graceful turn of a phrase are there still, but they are only the scrolls on the column. The first need now is utterance; the form, although not less finished and faithful, has become secondary.

If we attempt to trace out this change in Mr. Howells, we find it beginning in *A Woman's Reason*, where he first grapples with the false and incomplete education of women. This book was in fact a satire, very tender and subtle, and those who have criticised his treatment of women have missed the point entirely, in this and in subsequent books. By showing folly its own image, whether in man or woman, he has labored since the publication of that book for the advancement of men and women alike. He studied American life as few men ever study life, and the results were seen in each new volume.

In each succeeding work his canvas thickened with figures, as his insight grew keener and his range of life broader. *A Modern Instance* came as a magnificent surprise, even to those who knew the writer best, so great was the advance in scope and power. It had a motive, and though the author remained artistically out of sight behind the characters, one felt that a master hand had stated the problem. *A Modern Instance* was a superb book. It had all the grace of humor which his readers had learned to look for, and it had moments of new and surprising force. The characterization is everywhere superb. The handling of Bartley Hubbard is not sur-



William Dean Howells.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. BAKER OF BUFFALO.

passed in American literature. It was the study of the moral decay of a young and brilliant man. It was a study of a villain in the modern method. The villain of the stage and the conventional novel has given place to the study of a man with weak places in his nature. The villain of the old-time (present-time) stage never existed elsewhere. Bartley Hubbards are everywhere. The subtle moral decay is indicated in little things, insensible declensions, till at last we see the coarse, blatant, fat trickster in the court-room, saying to Haleck, "Say, why don't you marry her yourself?" — and the man's moral death is complete. Yet it came insidiously, merely through taking always the easiest way rather than the right way.

*Silas Lapham* gave us one of the most characteristic figures in modern American city life. *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is, in fact, the epic of the American business man, — coarse, genial, autocratic, with a

contempt for art and literature, and "such nonsense," of indomitable energy, and withal having a sort of inexorable, innate, organic honesty. The treatment of the figures in this book, and the dealing with "vulgar and common people," aroused the first mutterings of discontent, which grew louder as Lemuel Barker fought his way through Boston, from workhouse to the home of Bromfield Cory — that most delightful of cynics.

One of the most striking movements of American social life is the constant stream of young blood from the sparsely settled portions of the country to the towns and cities. The growth of the urban population has been something unparalleled; proportionately very much larger than the growth of the rural population, as the latest census conclusively shows. Not only is this immigration interesting as regards numbers, but as regards quality. For example, Boston, being regarded an educa-

tional and literary centre, draws to itself a constantly increasing number of aspirants for literary or artistic preferment, much as New York draws a special class of ambitious business men, and Washington seekers for political place. If, therefore, a novelist were to make his principal character more or less typical of a characteristic class of these seekers, he would make him, according to his proclivities, either an aspirant for wealth, political preferment, or literary recognition ; for broadly speaking, these are the distinctive characteristics of these three cities, although they have, of course, many things in common. Thus in the history of Lemuel Barker, quiet and unostentatious as it is, we have a more or less typical case, his life and experiences being representative, in a great measure, of those of thousands of young fortune seekers, students of music, painting, sculpture, journalism, who come and go in Boston and who make up a large and distinctive class. They do not all come with poems to sell, or with the avowed intention of succeeding Mr. Lowell, but they do have a vague, inarticulate desire for a more intellectual life, a broader and more public activity. In *The Minister's Charge* these characters are represented by Lemuel, and by the two young ladies, art students, refined, grave and modest. Berry also has something of the typical about him ; and lastly there are the two shop-girls, marvelously delineated, who serve to type the rapidly increasing number of young girls who come from the country to enter shops and offices. When to these figures are added the good-natured, much-afflicted minister and his wife, the glimpses of Miss Vane and Sybil, Bromfield Cory, the tramps at the Chardon-street Home, the horse-car conductors, Lemuel's mother, and the rest, we begin to perceive that the author is reaching out after all types of character and all phases of life. As in *Silas Lapham*, there is a central group of figures accurately outlined, while all around, more and more indistinct, as their connection with the leading figures of the story is slight, are many personages who come for a moment into the half-light, or flit across the background and are gone. In this way is the reader kept aware of the great tides of life rushing up and down the city streets.

The conclusion of this story, with the failure of Lemuel to get rich or famous, is

profoundly significant, and profoundly true. Representing the great mass of young adventurers, his failure was as pathetically certain as his struggle was heroic. In the terrible pressure of modern life, boys of the gentleness and moral courage of Lemuel do not often succeed in the worldly way ; they drop out of the race, and accept the hard lot of the dumb millions, with a sigh of patience that would be sublime if it were not in a certain way supine.

The most pathetic and moving figure in the book, to one especially who is himself a boy from the country, is the silent, grotesque, and infinitely sorrowful figure of Lemuel's mother. There is a genuine and characteristically American tragedy obscurely set forth in this book ; I mean the inevitable and inexorable separation of parent and child, that comes with the entrance of the child upon wider and higher planes of thought and action. The cities are filled with children fighting for standing room, winning here and losing there, and the country is full of homes without sons and daughters to lighten up the gloomy passage of the toil-worn parents on their way to the grave. There they sit, as Lemuel's mother sat, waiting for the weekly letter — all too short in most cases — and dreaming of the success of their children. To many a man in the city the story of Lemuel Barker came with a directness that made the case his own.

*Annie Kilburn* went deeper into the discussion of social problems than any novel Mr. Howells had previously published, and showed that in his retirement the novelist was moving with his fellows in sympathy with the extraordinary and almost unaccountable rising wave of purely democratic feeling. It was an absorbing and artistic delineation of the changes which a generation has wrought in the life of a New England town — the changes in trade, in social distinctions, and in living, that make the thoughtful man pause and wonder. It was artistic in that the author nowhere forced his opinions upon us, nowhere preached ; he simply stated the problem.

All shades of opinion are impartially represented. There are Gerrish and Putney set over against each other as in real life, and Mr. Peck, with his uncompromising honesty, over against the *élite* of South Hathboro', and Annie, with her poor, short-sighted, kindly eyes, externalizing her

short-sighted philanthropy; there is J. Milton Northwick, a millionaire tax-dodger, and there is Dr. Morrall, the kindly, laughing physician. All these people have the strongest individuality, expressing themselves with entire freedom, the author simply listening and recording the opinions. The book might have appealed to a wider audience, perhaps, had the author consented to be a little less artistic; that is to say, had he preached in person, his meaning might have been a little more obvious to the careless reader; but the artistic impartiality of the book is, after all, its strong point, its lasting value. The author is content to set the problem before us as it is in life, and let us draw our own conclusions.

That Mr. Howells thus caught and recorded unprecedently well a part of the social questioning of our day is not a decline, but an advance in his art. Social regeneration is a living issue—it is in the air, and as a living, present problem is the properest of all subjects for the pen of our greatest novelist. He would have been false to his theories and blind to the world he is depicting had he not taken up the question of progress and poverty, which is alarming and confusing so many minds. It is impossible to go into any town alive to the world without finding Mr. Putney and Mr. Gerrish discussing the question of poverty. It is the theme of every speech; the magazines are full of special articles upon it. The tax-dodger is a reality, the laborers in mills are crying out, orators are going about advocating free trade and free land, the whole of England and America being in a foment. We are living in great days, and the novelist should rightfully be he who has keenest ear, subtlest art of representation, and clearest head. He should teach, but concretely, objectively, not by stopping in the midst of his story to deliver harangues in the manner of the old school. We are no longer children to be fed on pap. Let the novelist give us food—solid bread and meat—and we will chew it for ourselves. This is the aim of such a book as *Annie Kilburn*. The book was full of the most far-reaching questions, and it announced the immense deepening and widening of the author's sympathy. There has been no writing previously in America at once so purposeful and so artistic. It is electric with inquiry. In

detail there is an infinite deal of praise to be spoken. The character of poor Putney is one of the most human, sorrowfully humorous and lovable, that Mr. Howells ever sketched. We laugh with him, we admire his keen satirical rapier, which finds the weak spot in the armor of every social pretence at once. His infirmity brings him near to us, and his love for his little crippled son and his helpful, hopeful wife, and his brave struggle against appetite move us almost to tears. A writer never was truer to the dramatic principle than Mr. Howells in this volume, and especially in Putney, Annie, and Gerrish.

The question really discussed in *Annie Kilburn* is set forth by the heroine herself:

"Even here in America, where I used to think we had the millennium because slavery was abolished, people have more liberty, but they seem just as far off as ever from justice. I think the conditions are all wrong, and that we ought to be *fairer* to people and then we needn't be so *good* to them. I should prefer that. I hate being good to people. I don't like and can't like people who don't interest me. I think I must be very hard-hearted."

"The doctor laughed at this.

"'Oh, I know,' said Annie, 'I know the fraudulent reputation I've got for good works.'

"Your charity for tramps is the opprobrium of Hatboro," the doctor consented.

"Oh, I don't mind that. It's easy when people ask you for food or money, but the horrible thing is when they ask you for work. Think of me, who never did anything to earn a cent in my life, being humbly asked by a fellow-creature to let him work for something to eat and drink. It's hideous! It's abominable! At first I used to be flattered by it and try to conjure up something for them to do, and to believe I was helping the deserving poor. Now I give them all money, and tell them they needn't even pretend to work for it. I don't work for my money and don't see why they should. . . . I think there is something in the air, the atmosphere, that won't allow you to live in the old way if you've got a grain of conscience or humanity. I don't mean that I have. But it seems as if the world couldn't go on as it has been going. . . . I feel that something ought to be done, but I don't know what."

"It would be hard to say," said the doctor."

Around this central idea of distrust of charity and feeling toward justice, the characters are incomparably well grouped. There is Gerrish, who "fixes things himself": "I fix the hours, I fix the wages, and I fix all other conditions, and I say plainly, 'If you don't like them don't come or don't stay,' and I never have any difficulty." Then there is Mrs. Wilmington, once a shop-girl, now the wife of the rich old manufacturer, indolent, amiable, and

taking a mild interest in the trials of the shop-girls, from whose drudgery she has escaped through no exertion of her own. And there are the summer residents and gay or haughty or thoughtless Northwicks, or Chapleys, or Brandeths. There, in fact, is Hatboro' and the grand, pathetic, uncompromising figure of Mr. Peck, the minister, filled with a desire to get into genuine helpfulness and near relation again to the poor ; preaching "Christ in life," and failing miserably after all, typifying by his death the impotency of the doctrine of "doing good to people," and the stupendousness of the task which faces the reformer who wants justice done to people.

But *Annie Kilburn*, thoughtful as it was, was but a preparatory study to the latest and greatest of the writer's works. In the two-volume novel, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, Mr. Howells ended all question about his supremacy as an American novelist of life,—if the word novel needs any such addenda. In it he reaches his greatest breadth and his deepest research. He seizes upon the serious social problems now rising in the great cities, their forms, and their developments. To me the book appears the most impressive and the sanest study of a city ever made, and it is as much a product of the times as the electric car. It is the logical sequence of *Annie Kilburn* and *Silas Lapham*.

It is interesting to observe the steady growth in the power to handle masses, which the later books show. In his first books Mr. Howells had only three or four persons, and they had but slight relation to the outside world—as in *Indian Summer*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, etc. From *A Wedding Journey* to *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is an immense distance. To those who found *Annie Kilburn* not dramatic enough, this later book will seem a concession ; but the art is the same ; the locality is different—that is all. To go from *Annie Kilburn* to *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is like leaving the quiet and elm-shaded village roads of Hatboro', and plunging into actual New York. The author, leaving his retirement, has joined the vast currents of human action confluent in our greatest city, a city where the pressure of human life is appalling, where men live two hundred and ninety thousand to the square mile ; where they roar through crevasses called streets, and sleep in dens

called homes. Into the midst of the splendid, terrible, restless city, our novelist cast himself, and the result is a marvellous book that is at once a work of art and a profound criticism. It is a section of real life. In it men live and love and die as in real life. There are strikes, the war called business, and there are beautiful and devoted souls living lives of charity in the hope of repairing the havoc caused by the greed of others. It is full of real individuals, and we comprehend aims, and judge character as in real life.

It is interesting to put this book over against the old-time studies of the city, where the houses were askew, doors battered and swinging, blinds squeaking in the blast, trap-doors and cellars full of spooks ; cities filled with caricatures mainly, streams of men with wooden legs or horrible noses, women too short or too thin, warty, beery—bloodless exaggerations and grotesque peculiarities doing duty as characters, and walking the Rembrandtesque shadows of ram-shackle, perilous, and endless streets ; impossible cities filled with impossible beings, arranged in symmetrical groups of good and bad ; the city of the humorist and the satirist, but not the reality. Here there is no concealing the misery and the crime of life ; on the contrary, the blessed sunlight falls upon the filth and grime of the streets, making the contrast still more hideous and complete. The romantic glooms are stripped from the haunts of vice and poverty, and the terrible squalor appalls by its very commonness and nakedness. The reader walks its streets with the author and studies its life while the sun is shining ; there is no mystery but the mystery of misery and fruitless labor, no romance beyond the romance of men and women trying to be good and just under conditions which tempt them to be mean and selfish.

As the author's canon of art is to perceive and state as he perceives, and because the question concerning the persistence of poverty in the midst of abounding wealth is everywhere being asked, and social life is full of reformers, therefore in this book of the present we have an elaborate and impartial study of the reform spirit of the day. It will undoubtedly alienate him completely from the ultra conservative class, but it must as certainly win the regard and admiration of all those

whose sympathies are broadening with the growing altruism of the age, and deepening with the intellectual perception of the art-value of the infinite drama of our common life.

This book, like *Annie Kilburn*, is artistic in that, while it is filled with the fear and wonder of a great and sympathetic nature when facing the life of the city, it also never preaches. The writer speaks through his characters. It is full of thought that makes the flesh tingle and the breath quicken. There are dramatic episodes treated with perfect freedom from "effectism." It has everywhere the great corrective humor, which forbids exaggeration and fanaticism. Yet it is unswerving in its criticism of things as they are. March and Fulkerson, Miss Vance and Conrad, each utters a characteristic comment upon conditions.

The very heart of the book is the transformation of Jacob Dryfoos from a plain, hard-working farmer to a hard, suspicious possessor of unearned millions, through the discovery of gas-wells under his farm. From that discovery he becomes a different man. He "caught on," as Fulkerson said. He sells out half of his land, and the other half turns out to be still more valuable. From appropriating a gift of nature he becomes a "financier," with all that that means in these days. He sells his farm in lots to suit purchasers. He moves to New York, and there March studies him, uneasy and unhappy. "He has sharpened, but he has narrowed. He must have undergone a moral deterioration, an atrophy of the generous instincts. His sagacity has turned into suspicion, his caution to meanness, his courage to ferocity, and I'm not very proud when I think such a life and such a man are the ideal and ambition of most Americans."

Dryfoos has a son, Conrad, who has a turn toward the ministry; who is, in fact, a modern reformer—gentle, but firm and persistent. The tragedy of the story comes inevitably from this opposition in the character of father and son, and marks the highest reach of the novelist's art. Nothing can exceed the pathos, the stern yet quiet realism of that great scene, where the two old people stand looking down on the dead boy.

March sums up our civilization in the following fashion :

"At my time of life, at every time of life, a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself, or in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But no man can feel this as things are now, and so we go on, pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting aside and trampling under foot, lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end, covered with blood and dirt and sin and shame, and look back over the way we've come to a palace of our own, or the poor-house, which is about the only possession we can claim in common with our brother men, I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing. Conditions make character, and people are greedy and foolish, and wish to have and to shine, because having and shining are held up to them by civilization as the chief good of life. If we felt sure that honest work shared by all would bring food, we'd trust our children with the truth."

This is the central theme, and around it are grouped some of the most penetrating character studies which Mr. Howells has ever made. One has only to recall them — Lindau, the socialist; the Dryfoos family; the irrepressible Fulkerson; Beaton — a remarkable study; Alma Leighton, a modern self-poised, many-sided young woman; the Woodburns, from the reconstructed South. What variety and what distinctiveness! And all around them the infinite drama of the city, tempered and humanized by the author's inexhaustible and sympathetic humor! I confess myself an almost unqualified admirer of this great book; for in the variety and fidelity of its types, the vast social problems involved, its perfect modernness, its freedom from "effectism," its comprehensiveness and its keenness of insight, it certainly stands among the great novels of the world. It shows the author at the very fullness of his powers. His resources are so deep, that we learn he has already turned to the planning of another work of similar import and equal scope. With a technique that is the wonder of his fellow-novelists, and with ever-growing powers, he will undoubtedly yet surpass all previous efforts.

Criticism of Mr. Howells, with previous writers or living writers as criteria, has no value. He can be criticised properly in but one way — by comparison with life. Is he true? is the question to be asked. If he is false to his subject or to himself, then objections are valid. But to say that he is not Scott, or Dickens, or Hugo, or Dumas is certainly true, but it is not criticism. That he is different is a merit and a

distinction, not, surely, because Scott and Dickens were not great, but because they no longer represent us. Art, in its progress, refuses to be held accountable to the past. It claims for itself the right to depict in its own way, its own time, just as its predecessors did.

As a critic Mr. Howells may be said to represent the idea of progress in ideals. He stands over against the idea of the statical in art and literature; he is on this point in complete harmony with Ibsen, Valdes, Posnett, and Taine. He emphasizes and exemplifies the sayings of Emerson and Whitman, that "there is more wool and flax in the field"; that there are no bounds to art, that each age should be accountable only to itself, and that the only criterion of the novelist and painter is life and its magnificent reality. This philosophy does not attempt to lessen the true power and beauty of Scott, Dickens, Hugo, Raphael, Valesquez, or Corot, but it declines to take them as models. It gives them due honor for the great work they did in their place and time, and believes that in this day and land they would have been among the radicals. They were all "the radicals" in their day. In short, realism, as voiced by Valdes and Howells, has but one law: "the artist must be true to himself." He should not look to the past for his models, but should write or paint of that which he knows the most about and cares the most about. He should write and paint as nearly as possible as though no other man ever painted or wrote in the world. If this is done, nothing that he paints or writes will be trivial or vulgar, for it is impossible to love a trivial thing. "The greatest poet hardly knows littleness or triviality. If he breathes into anything that was before thought small, it dilates with the grandeur and life of the universe," says Whitman. Valdes, in perhaps the best essay on realism ever published, repeats the thought.

Realism, in truth, is not a theory but a condition of mind upon which a law is founded. The condition is a *genuine love for reality*. Some people seem to have great difficulty in understanding this. The realist does not write of common things so much because he hates romantic things as because he loves actualities,—present, near at hand. Realism has been dragged in the mire, has been taken to mean tanks

and fire-engines on the stage, and filth and fury in the novel; but the feeling that underlies the realism of Tolstoi, Valdes, and Howells has nothing in common with this sensationalism. It aims at embodying in art the common landscapes, common figures, and common hopes and loves and ambitions of our common life. It loves normal people, unarranged landscapes, and colors that are not "harmonized." It believes in the physiological rather than the pathological, in the sane and sunny rather than in the abnormal and monstrous; and the justification and the proof of this growing condition of mind are seen in the increasing number of artists of the truth, whose works find favor and reward.

All this Mr. Howells has stood for amid assaults that would have driven another man from the field. Serene and self-poised he has gone on his way, with but a few companions apparently, but in reality with a host at his back. Personal assaults upon him, assaults often from those who cannot and dare not grant to the realist the same privilege the realist grants the conservative, are of no value. The radical, the realist, has no objection to the conservative's adoration of the past, of the heroic, of Scott, of Shakespeare. All he asks is the chance of going on in a humble way of liking modern things, and believing in the present and the future. And he has a suspicion that the case of the conservative is weak in proportion to his vehemence in denouncing the opinions which he persists in calling too baseless and absurd to be worth notice.

If realism is only a passing shadow cast by Mr. Howells and others, its enemies are wasting a deal of valuable time,—it will pass of itself, and the glorious sun of romance will soon illumine the land, and we shall all prefer blue roses to red.

Personally one of the most genial and lovable of men, Mr. Howells is the last person to be taken as a controversialist. His ready laugh and inexhaustible fund of humor make the casual acquaintance wonder if this can be the author of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and the target of all the conservative criticisms. But there come moments when the head droops and the strength of the face comes out, and the eyes deepen and darken, till the visitor sees before him one of the greatest personalities in America,—a personality so

great that it is content to become the humble percipient and recorder of realities, and so sure of itself as to bow to no criterion but truth.

Mr. Howells carries the sturdy figure and the direct and simple bearing of the man whose boyhood held many a hardship, and who has fought his way to where he is against poverty and discouragement. No man could be more democratic, more approachable, more sympathetic. He has the poet's love for nature, for color, but above all, love for humanity. As one writer has well put it, Mr. Howells "knows how it is himself." This is the quality which makes the author of *Annie Kilburn* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. It is a quality that is endearing him daily to new circles of readers, who feel that he is stating their case, is voicing their hopes and defeats and longings. The *dilettante* reader may reject Mr. Howells, but earnest, thinking, suffering men and women find him greater and deeper and truer every day.

As the art which Mr. Howells represents declines to be held accountable to any age, or land, or individual, so it discourages discipleship. It says to the young writer: "Look to nature and to actuality for your model—not to any book, or man, or number of men. Be true to yourself. Write of that of which you know the most and feel the most, and follow faithfully the changes in your feeling. Put yourself down before common realities, common hopes, common men, till their pathos and mystery and significance flood you like a sea, and when the life that is all about you is so rich with drama and poetry, and the vista of human thought and passion so infinite that you are in despair of ever expressing a thousandth part of what you feel, then all idea of discipleship will be at an end. Your whole aim will be to be true to yourself and your infinite teacher, nature, and you will no longer strive to delineate beauty, but truth, and at last truth will be beauty."

The realist of the stamp of Valdes and Howells, so far from being "materialistic," is really a mystic. He reaches at last the mysticism of the philosopher, to whom matter is as mysterious as spirit; of Whitman, who says that "every cubic inch of space is a miracle." "In nature," says Valdes, "there is nothing great or small;

nothing is trivial absolutely. All depends upon the mind perceiving; and values are relative in art as in all else." So that to call the work of these realists vulgar or material is to beg the question. To whom are they vulgar or trivial? To say that the modern novel deals largely with the particular is true; that is its distinction. This has been superbly stated by Véron: "We care no longer for gods or heroes, we care for men." And Grant Allen in a recent article has stated the same point, recognizing for the first time the difference between the aims of the real American novelist and all previous fiction.

"The modern American novel is built upon principles all its own, which entirely preclude the possibility of introducing those abrupt changes, sensational episodes, improbable coincidences, which to our contemporary English romance are indispensable ingredients. *It is the real realism, the natural naturalism*; it depends for its effects upon the faithful, almost photographic, delineation of actual life, with its motives, its impulses, its springs of action laid bare to the eye; but with no unnatural straining after the intenser and coarser emotions of blood and fire, no intentional effort to drag in murder, crime, or fierce interludes of passion, without adequate reason. If these things belong by nature to the particular drama as it rises spontaneous in the author's brain, fall into their places they will and may; but the drama certainly won't go out of its own fixed path on purpose to look for them. One has only to glance at the whole past history of literary evolution in order to see that this new conception marks a step in advance—a step along precisely the same lines as all previous advances in the development of the story-telling faculty in humanity at large. For the story starts with the miraculous and the mythical. Gradually, however, as time goes on, the story becomes more human, more definite, more conceivable, more terrestrial. It descends to earth, it condescends to particulars. But still adequacy of motive, consistency of character, accuracy of delineation, are little insisted upon. The critical faculty, as yet but vaguely aroused, can hardly be shocked at all by the sudden spectacle of the good man becoming bad, or the bad man good, at a stroke of the pen, by impossible conversions and impossible coincidences, by motiveless crimes or unexpected dénouements."

Only when the development of literature and art, the incessant change of ideals from age to age, is recognized, as the comparative critic sees it, can full justice be done to the group of young writers now rising in America, who represent this new tendency, and of whom Mr. Howells is the champion and the unquestioned leader.

## ETHICS IN POLITICS.

*By William M. Salter.*

THE supreme rule in ethics may perhaps be stated as follows: Treat every man as an end in himself; or, do not turn others into mere instruments for your own good. It is evident that if this rule ruled, there would be a somewhat different industrial order from the present one. I should like to ask as to the rule in application to politics. I will anticipate my conclusion and say that in my judgment it would mean the reverse of what many in the community now think it right and allowable to do. When, for example, business enterprises are projected which the projectors fear they cannot themselves make profitable, they often feel that they have the right to ask the government to come to their support. One individual or class secures the favor, and then others think it only equitable that their interests should be regarded too. Yet what is the government at bottom but the community, or the creature of the community, supported by the community, and having nothing which the community does not give it? And what is it for individuals or classes to ask the government for such favors as I refer to but to ask the community, that is, all of us who pay taxes—and in one form or another most of us, poor as well as rich, do—to contribute to their support, or, in simpler language, to help them make money? The only difference between asking the government and asking the community is that in some cases if a man asked the community directly—asked each of us, for example, to contribute so much to enable him to carry on the manufacture of cloth, or the raising of wool, or the cutting of timber, or the mining of salt, at a profit—he might get nothing, while by going to government he may, perhaps, by the use of influence, by pressure, by money, or the promise of it, secure the passage of a law, and do very well. If he came to us individually we should regard him as we do those who ask for alms, and we might give to him if we thought him worthy; but by going to the legislature or Congress he may lay us under contribution whether we will or no, and get our dollars by legal right.

The plain truth is, that putting government under tribute to support private interests, whether individual, class, or local, is nothing but artful selfishness, and ethics has but one word to say about it,—stop it. If men are starving, government may come to their relief, for every good man will wish to help a starving person, though even here voluntary assistance may be better, if it can be quickly and sufficiently rendered. If men suffer injustice, government may come to their relief, for every good man would hinder or punish injustice if he could. But when men start out on a career of money-making I do not see why government should lift a finger to help them; it is, or should be, their own affair; their success or failure should depend upon their own merit, their skill, their energy, their pluck, their character. To make government subservient to private gain is the greater wrong in America, since political institutions are confessedly with us for the common good, and if we allow the republic to be made tributary to private selfishness it will sooner or later lose the respect of the people.

Should there not be a new rule in our politics—namely, that no one should ask anything from the government that he could not and would not ask for every other man? This would not be a mere maxim of expediency, nor an induction from experience, nor something that had to be gathered from books on political science or constitutional law, but a simple application of ethical principle, albeit in a realm with which ethics has had little enough to do in the past—a deduction from the supreme law that we are not to use others for our own ends, whether the “others” be individuals, a community, or a government.

I must not be understood to wish to settle in this shorthand way the vexed question of free trade or protection. I am not speaking of governmental policies, but of motives and rules for individuals. Government should not allow itself to become a tool in the hands of interested individuals, but it may very properly consider what in the long run makes for the national wel-

fare, and seek to determine, with the interests of all in mind, whether foreign products should be freely admitted into the country or not. In so determining, a study of facts, of history, of tendencies, is necessary ; it may be impossible to settle the question on grounds of ethics, pure and simple. But ethics itself is the inspiration of all I have said ; ethics is concerned with motives, with the *principles* of private action ; it says simply, but confidently, that so far as our interests determine us to be protectionists we are in the wrong, and that so far as the government has yielded to the solicitations of private interest in the past it has been in the wrong. My own suspicions as to what has 'been the fact in the case are not in place here ; I am not judging parties or specific economic doctrines. But the ethical rule every one can apply for himself. If we favor protection because it helps us to make money, let us undeceive ourselves and confess it—at least to ourselves. If we favor free trade because as merchants we should under that system do large business, let us beware of free trade ; at least, let us not take on airs of superior virtue and public spirit because we advocate it. Let us search ourselves, and if our opinions rest on a selfish basis, let us give them up, whatever they are, and wait till we can form opinions based on the general good.

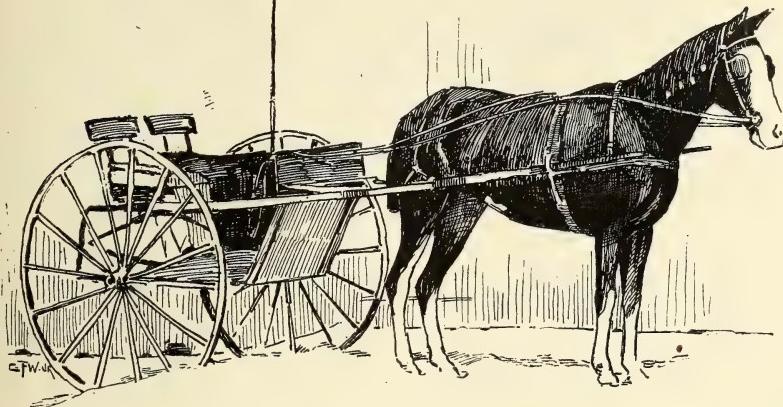
We think that things would mend with a change of laws or a change of parties ; but there is no help save in a change of principles. Banish the notion that government is to serve private ends ; make it dishonorable for any man or set of men to approach a legislature to get help by which they may put money into their pockets ; build up a new conscience on this subject, and then, and not till then, will public life be sweet and clean.

One of the simplest applications of ethics to politics would consist in the election of good men to our municipal offices. It is so simple that I may excite a smile in my readers for seriously proposing it. Do we not all wish to have good men in these offices? it may be asked. I trust that all the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE do ; but speaking for the majority of

citizens in my own city of Chicago, I am afraid that *we* do not. The majority in all our large cities seem to desire first a Republican or a Democrat in municipal office, and secondly a good man. Now I do not ignore the question of political opinion in national elections, though, as it happens just now, party differences are at a vanishing point ; parties are natural, are indispensable, in a free government ; and party machinery is doubtless necessary. But what has party machinery to do as a rule with local politics, save to corrupt them ; politics that are not politics in the true sense of the word, but have to do with such problems as sanitation, supply of light and water, police supervision, and the honest collection and honest expenditure of taxes for these and similar ends? There is no place where political opinions count for so little and character for so much as in our city councils, yet in the election of councilmen political affiliations are apt to count for almost everything, and character for almost nothing. Chicago municipal politics, to illustrate again from my own city, are on the downward road. In the spring elections of 1889 not one of the aldermen of sterling character, whose terms then expired, was either elected or proposed for election by either the Republican or the Democratic party. It is not of much use to go to the "Primaries" if the party machine is willing to conduct them dishonestly. I am afraid we shall never get relief till a new conviction becomes general in the community on this matter, till party issues come to be ignored, till local politics (if the term must be used) come to be based on local issues, till it is felt to be as absurd for us to vote for a councilman because he is a Republican or a Democrat as it would be to vote for a Congressman because he believes in elevated railways or in extending the water-main further out the avenue. Surely such reforms as these are practicable if thoughtful and public-spirited citizens will unite. And are they not reforms upon which all thoughtful and public-spirited citizens should unite? Such questions are not questions of politics or of party ; they are questions of ethics, questions of right and wrong.

## ALONG THE / NORTH SHORE IN MARCH IN / A RUNABOUT.

By *Elizabeth B. Walling.*



**N**OW!" ejaculated Scriba, incredulously.

"Now," repeated Neipce, firmly.

"With the house boarded up, the thermometer at twelve above, and the roads as hard and ridgy as fate! Thank you, I have still some small remnants of sanity left!"

"Think," urged Neipce, with an oratorical attempt, "of the divinely beautiful snowfalls; think of the solemn pines wreathed with the pure white blossoms of winter—"

"Like a Christmas-tree festooned with popcorn!" sniffed her auditor.

"And the inscrutable sea, shining in the winter sunlight like the glinting steel of a razor. O Scriba, can't you see the white crests dashing over the rocks? Can't you see the wind-blown foam and the wonderful gray tones of sea and sky? Such pictures, Scriba! And we could wrap ourselves to our eyes in furs!"

"H—m!" muttered her listener. What she could see was an eager little face that was very dear to her lonely heart.

Neipce knew her power, and used it. She came over and sat on a low stool in the firelight, and rested her elbow upon her companion's knee, with her chin in her palm, like the familiar little left-handed cherub. She had short, curly hair and irresistible eyelashes.

"It's settled, isn't it, Scribb? Joe shall go down and open part of the house, and start a rousing fire; Mrs. Pedley shall come and take care of us; Bathsheba and the runabout shall meet us at Beverly or Monserat,—you and me and the detective,—and we'll drive to Manchester-by-the-Sea, taking notes and photographs as we go. Arrived at a certain respectable mansion, we will condescend to tarry for a space for the purpose of scouring the country in quest of the picturesque, the interesting, and the unique; at the conclusion of which period a sedate pony—can you imagine Bathsheba slow and poky, Scribb?—shall convey us to Gloucester, and there we shall avail ourselves of steam locomotion back to the carking cares of the metropolis. Isn't it an enchanting prospect?"

"If anticipation doesn't prove brighter than the reality, and if we are not bodily seized and carried to the nearest lunatic asylum, I shall be surprised," was the gloomy reply to this exordium.

"Then you'll go? I thought you would! Scribb, come and waltz!"

Neipce is a young person of numerous hobbies—inspirations she calls them while they hold sway, afterwards they are consigned to the archives of silence. Delsarte, theosophy, and "the amelioration of the masses" have each taken their turn. The

latest is amateur photography, and to this she owes her heathenish nickname—familiarly rendered "Nipsy."

Scriba is a maiden lady of some reputed strength of character, and old enough to know better, who yet shamelessly allows herself to be twitted about like thread on a shuttle, according to the will-o'-the-wisp fancies of a slender little creature, simply because the creature has appealing blue eyes.

The detective is not a member of the police force, but merely a small camera obscura.

Joe is the most obliging man-of-all-work in New England.

Bathsheba is a hard-headed pony of decided opinions and great executive ability.

The runabout is a two-wheeled yellow cart, with gray corduroy cushions and no earthly means of ingress or egress that does not imperil life and limb.

Neipce having had from babyhood a habit of having her own way, it comes about that we find ourselves one brilliant March day, accompanied by innumerable shawl-straps, rumbling along the Boston and Maine Railroad, skimming past Lynn, Salem, Beverly, till at Monserat we gather

off, gracefully disporting herself upon her hind legs. She deigns to polka up to the platform, and partake in a gingerly manner of lumps of sugar from Neipce's small palm, having shrewdly succeeded early in her career in establishing a slavish system of bribery.

"She's a bit frisky with the cold and the car whistle," says Joe in reassuring tones, observing the craven terror of the solitary occupant of the runabout. "She don't mean no harm."

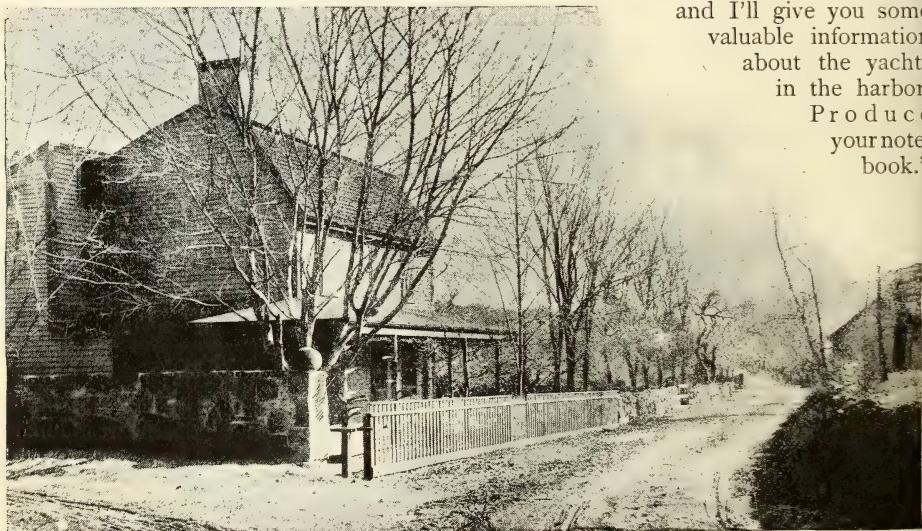
Neipce tilts up the vacant seat, and springs lightly in from the rear; and with a snort and a violent plunge our insane expedition is fairly begun.

"Are you aware," presently demands a severe, albeit shaky voice, filtering through a stiffly frozen spot of thick, green veiling, "that this beast is taking us, at heaven knows how many miles an hour, directly away from our destination?"

"Poor soul!" says Neipce, with gleeful compassion, turning her shining eyes and glowing cheeks full upon her companion. "Really, dear, there is nothing to be afraid of. Only I don't like to turn her till she sobers down a little. Let us make Salem

Bridge our starting-point,  
and I'll give you some  
valuable information  
about the yachts

in the harbor.  
Produce  
your note-  
book."



John Gilbert's Cottage at Beverly.

up our *impedimenta* and alight. The train glides sinuously away, leaving two lorn women alone upon the windy little platform. But presently a pony attached to a small yellow cart is discovered a short way

The hands, encased in a pair of gloves, a pair of mittens, and a muff, refuse to withdraw themselves. But Neipce, who possesses a rather unusual store of boating lore and likes to display it, is superior to



In the Dana Woods at Manchester.

rebuff; and when we reach the bridge with its parallel row of yachts boarded over and encased in sail-cloth like drawing-room furniture shrouded in linen, she begins pedagogically, pointing with her whip :

"That is the *Fortuna*. That is the *Clytie*, belonging to Vice-Commodore Tucker of the Eastern Yacht Club, and sailed by Captain Stone, who raced the *Mayflower* against the *Thistle*; he carries a picture of the *Mayflower* in his watch. The *Rebecca* is one of the oldest yachts on the water, and was once owned by James Gordon Bennett. The *Saywhen* there is the fastest steam yacht afloat, though she has a naughty habit of blowing out her cylinder-heads and sending her engineers sky-high. But her boilers were designed by a blind man, and of course he couldn't be expected to foresee such consequences. General Butler's yacht, which first brought the America's cup to this country, used to be anchored off Salem Bridge, and so did the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*. Thousands of people visited them here."

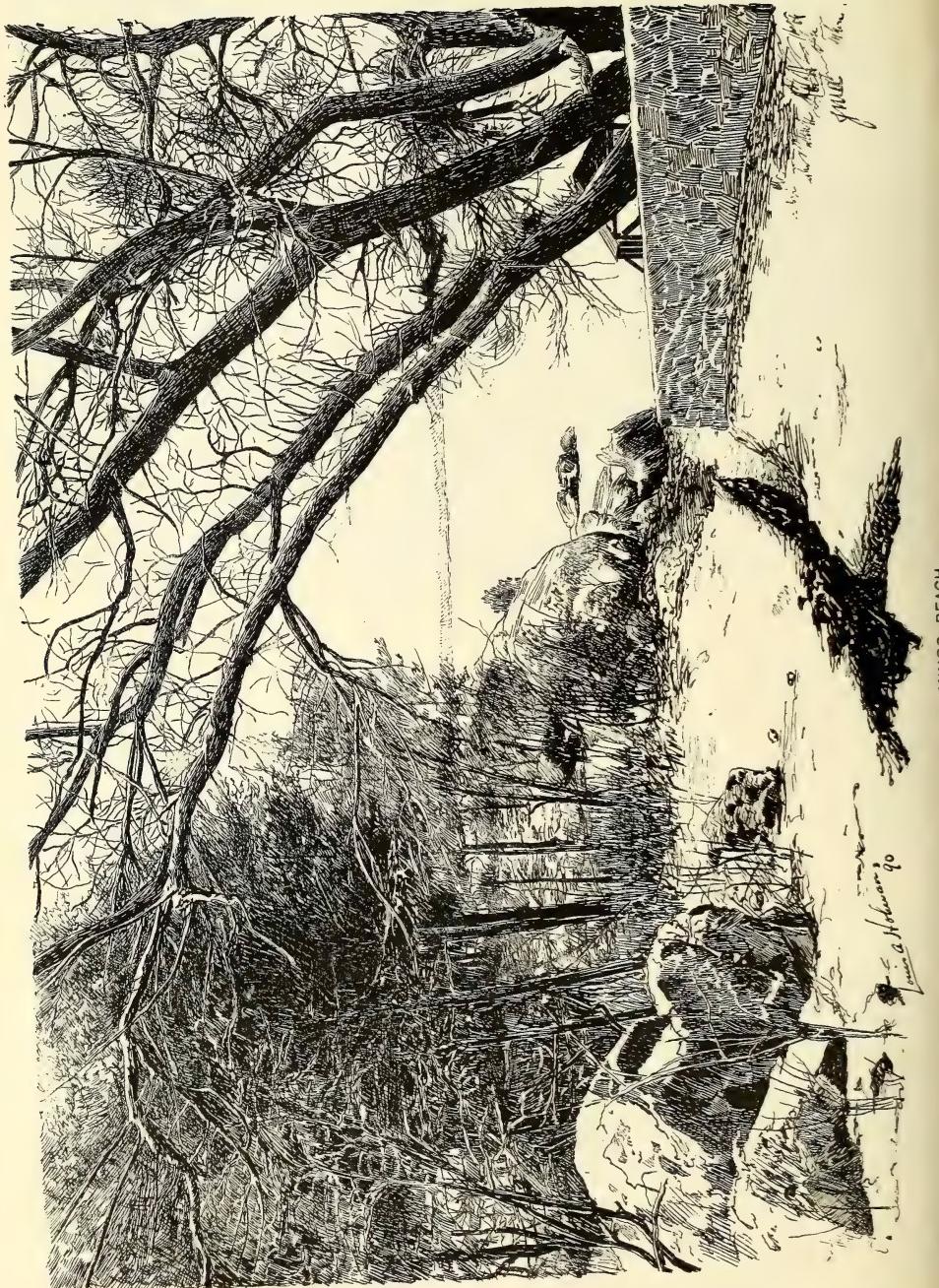
Once over the bridge, we pass swiftly through the village of Beverly, and strike into the charming road which leads to Manchester-by-the-Sea.

"This," pursues Neipce, again resuming the tone of an instructor of youth, "is Hale Street, so called in honor of the first settled minister of the town. Mr. Hale, you must know, Scribbly, took an active part in the early prosecutions for witchcraft, but was brought to see the error of his ways when his own wife was accused ; for he thereupon turned around and wrote a book upon the subject, in which he expressed the most radical views. As a reward he had one of the most charming roads in Essex County named for him."

Neipce's allusion brings to mind the tribute to the excellent Mistress Hale, written by her townswoman of more than a century later, Lucy Larcom, entitled *Mistress Hale of Beverly*, in which the local color of the time is admirably given, and which concludes as follows :

"The minister's long fields are still with dews of summer wet.  
The roof that sheltered Mistress Hale tradition points to yet.  
Green be her memory ever kept all over Cape Ann side,  
Whose unobtrusive excellence awed back delusion's tide."

It is well known that the arraignment of Mistress Hale as a witch put an end to



MINGO BEACH.

the persecution and the power of the persecutors, since her loveliness of character and entire "unblameableness" were known of all.

The road is beautiful. It winds seductively along, giving us now and then glimpses of the level sea through the gray, interweaving branches that, forming an attenuated network against the pale sky, have the softened effect of an etching.

mere foot-path or bridle-trail leading from one house or settlement to another. The paths over which our ancestors took their way, having no sharply defined objective point, and being in no wise constrained by the discipline of the surveyor, meandered at their own sweet will, and thus gradually hardened and crystallized into great public highways. Indeed it is said of the first road in Beverly that it was laid out by a



"The glamour of the sunset falls upon the light snow."

Occasionally we have an unobstructed view of the ocean, with a single far-away triangle motionless upon its unruffled surface. The glamour of the approaching sunset falls with soft radiance upon the light snow, scarcely heavier than a coverlet of down drawn over herself by the chilly earth. A solitary elm in the midst of an untrodden field is entangled in a faint network of the reddened light. The road is defined by ornate stone walls which enclose some of the most beautiful grounds and summer residences in Massachusetts; but chains are drawn forbiddingly across the driveway entrances now, and windows and doors are securely boarded against marauders. Long years ago this broad, well-kept road was a

heifer, which, having been driven to its destination by a circuitous path along the shore, escaped and made its way home through the woods. This bovine trail was followed, and subsequently became a line of communication between two important points.

"It is a pity," resumes Neipce, "that poor old Roger Conant couldn't have had a glimpse of all this richness, when he was so anxious to change the name of the town. Beverly is poetically derived from Beaver Lee or Beaver Meadow, but our forefather circulated a petition that the name might be changed, because, forsooth, complained Roger, 'Wee being but a small place, it hath caused on us a constant

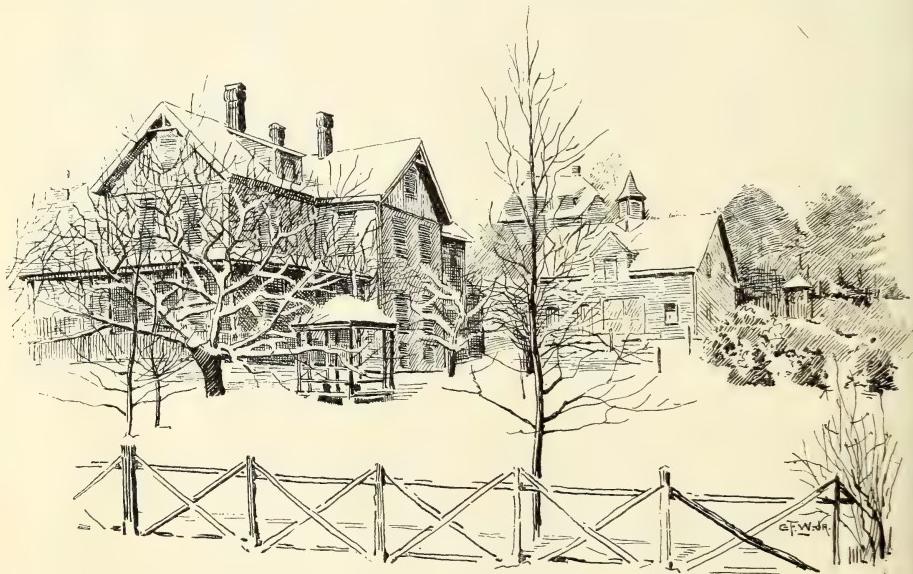
nickname of beggarly, being in the mouths of many.' But luckily, though thirty-four haughty spirits did 'umblie request this small prevaledg,' the council was adamant, and Beverly it remained."

"I have read somewhere," observes Neipce's companion, relieved of her worst apprehensions by Bathsheba's commendable conduct, and desirous of upholding her end of the conversational beam, "that one of the duties of the first sexton in Beverly was to keep and turn the glass. This was an hour-glass kept near the pulpit to restrain the minister within due bounds, the sermon being expected to occupy precisely one hour. It was not uncommon, however, for the minister and his people to indulge in a second or even a third glass together."

But my small pleasantry is lost upon Neipce, for at this moment we arrive at a point for which she has been watching. She calls upon Bathsheba to halt, produces the detective, and directs its attention through a graceful framework of boughs to a gently rippling little bay encircled by

the property of Thomas Woodbury. Mingo married an Indian woman named Deborah Tailor. Before the ceremony she agreed to live with her husband's master and mistress during her life, "to be then discharged with only two suits of clothes suitable for such persons." There is a tradition that Mingo's humble cottage was situated above and near the spot named for him, and that his master promised him his freedom when the tide should so far recede as to leave a dry passage between the shore and "Becky's Hedge." Poor Mingo! The sea refused him its kindly office to the children of Israel, and only once, so far as is known, could the slave have passed over dry shod, and that by a strange fatality in the year of his death.

As we came within sight of the little Beverly church, Neipce, for very joy of being, is carolling at the top of her fresh young voice; but the song suddenly dies upon her lips, for in front of the tiny structure is a hearse and a single carriage, into which a bowed and pathetic old woman, in a rusty black bonnet and gloves, is being



"The house of our well-beloved 'Autocrat,' snow-bound and deserted."

a curve of sandy beach, with here and there a darkly jutting rock from which the snow has melted, and all enveloped in the pellucid, golden sunset. This is Mingo Beach, named early in the eighteenth century for Robin Mingo, a negro slave, and

carefully helped. "The old, old fashion, — death!" We wait silently on one side of the road while the little procession passes, the harsh creaking of the wheels adding the last dismal note of woe.

At least, reflects the older and more



serious member of the expedition, every thing is done decently and in order in the burial of the humblest. There is no attempt in this present year of grace to turn the last rites into a species of mild carousal, as is indicated by a certain entry of the Beverly town records, which throws a curious side light upon the customs of the day indicated : "March 24, 1711-12. An order to pay unto Richard Ober senr. 9 shillings money out of ye town rate, yt being for half a barrel of sider for Laurence Davis, his burial (6 s) and for 50 feet of bords for sd Davis, his coffin (3 s)."

Alas ! that the custom of assigning to the rich and the great the high seats in the synagogue should have been a primitive no less than a modern one ; for three years later we are told : "There were appointed to seat the worshipers persons who were to show respect to ye aged people amongst us as also to have a special regard unto persons that have done service for ye benefit of ye precinct and have contributed high in ye building of ye hous for ye publick worship of God and purchasing land for ye use of ye people of sd precinct and are likely to pay considerable in ye charge of ye minister." During the same year it was decreed that the front seat in the east gallery be "parted in ye middle for ye accommodation of ye young unmarried women."

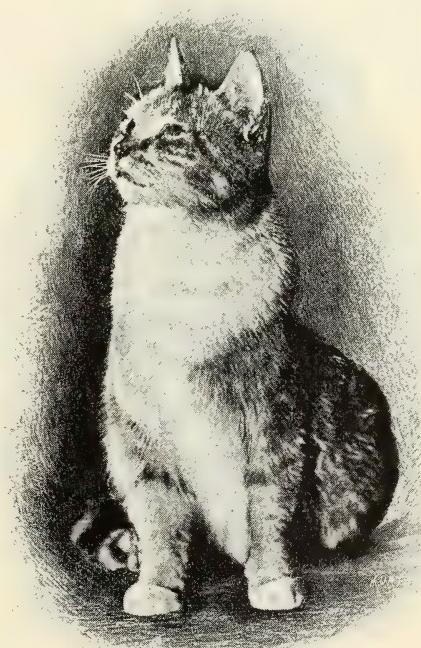
But at this stage of my reminiscent reflec-

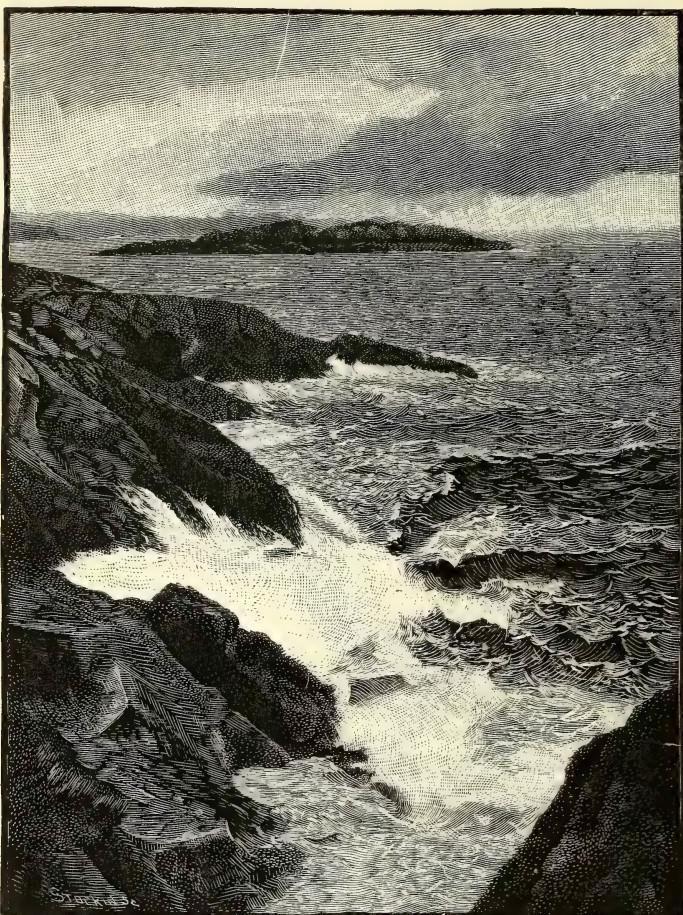
tions the mournful expression of Neipce's face arrests me.

"What is it, dear?"

"She looked so old and so desolate, Scriba!"

"Neipce," I say, with quite fictitious hard-heartedness, for I cannot bear to have the child's brief holiday saddened, "it may have been only a distant relative who has left her his property. By the way, speaking of churches," — not that anybody has mentioned them, — "did you know that to Beverly belongs the honor of the first Sunday-school in America? It was started in 1810 by Hannah Hill and Joanna B. Prince. Dr. A. P. Peabody was a pupil of Miss Hill for several years, and later in life taught her Greek, so that she had the satisfaction of reading the New Testament in the original. Miss Prince afterwards married Ebenezer Everett, and Professor Everett of the Harvard Divinity School is her son. These devoted women began by gathering the poor neglected children who were accustomed to play about the wharves on Sunday, later admitting children from all grades of society. And from this small beginning has grown, as from a grain of mustard seed, the great tree under whose spreading





"The breakers dashed with mad fury upon the jagged rocks."

branches so many hundreds of thousands of children have found pleasant shelter. Isn't that a point for Beverly?" But Neipce's assent is listless.

"Neipce," I persist, with a great accession of sprightliness, "we pass John Gilbert's house, don't we?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I heard an amusing story the other day. Though his little house is so unpretentious, some enterprising burglars once decided that there was richness inside. One night they broke in, but nothing worth stealing rewarded their efforts except a huge plum pudding, for which the veteran actor had a special weakness. They sat down at the dining-room table and made a hearty meal and departed—with empty hands, but full stomachs."

We are now well beyond Pride's Crossing,—named for Peter Pride, whose house-lot near the present station was given him on condition that he "direct travellers passing that way,"—and are nearing the village of Manchester. At "Beverly-by-the-station" we pass the house of our well-beloved "Autocrat," snowbound and deserted.

The brief winter twilight is almost over as the unflagging Bathsheba speeds past the pretty library building given to the town by T. Jefferson Coolidge. The little Manchester shops seem to slumber peacefully, with half an eye out for the semi-occasional purchaser, and dream of the brisk and lavish summer trade. Now and then an ambling old nag, driven by its native master or "missis," reminds us

of the elegant equipages that roll up and down here during the short, luxurious summer reign. As we pass Sea View Avenue we catch a glimpse of the long, low Masconomo, like a huge chrysalis, silent and motionless, but only waiting for the coming summer sunshine to burst forth into a myriad of gay butterflies. Singing Beach, like a canary in a cage draped from the sunlight, is hushed to silence under its white covering, and Eagle Rock—frivolous old bird!—has its rough cheeks plentifully powdered.

On we speed, past Miss Brown's boarding-house, which from small beginnings has acquired the perennial patronage of some of Boston's four hundred, and turn at last into the avenue leading to Neipce's "respectable family mansion," from which

shines forth an enticing oblong of orange light. Bathsheba gives a prolonged whinny of satisfaction, and Joe appears miraculously upon the dusky scene and holds her head while we alight. And there in the kitchen doorway, through which come delightful suggestions of a blazing fire and hot chocolate, stands Mrs. Pedley, her honest face fairly beaming with smiles of welcome.

"Well, if you two ain't cases!" she cries in greeting, as we mount the steps.

Manchester-by-the-Sea has won the approval of some great and distinguished men. In 1845 Richard Henry Dana, the pioneer of the summer sojourners, bought about forty acres of land, including Graves Beach, near which and overhanging the dimpling blue waters of the Atlantic he built a summer residence, pronounced by his friend, Charles Sumner, more charming in situation than the famous resort of Napoleon III. In 1875 Bayard Taylor, visiting Mr. James T. Fields in his Manchester home, wrote a glowing description of the town for the *New York Tribune*, in which he mentions the Dana place and the houses of Junius Brutus Booth, John Gilbert, and Ernest Longfellow. And Agassiz Rock,

less; but then Scriba openly confesses to preferring a register and a novel to the delights of Smith's Point in March.

To be sure the ocean is shining sapphire and the sky turquoise set with pearls; the trees glitter with diamond pendants, and the shore is strewn with wonderful stone cameos. Baker's Island, too, and the Miseries have a clear-cut cameo effect upon their dark blue background, and the light-house tower is silhouetted sharply against the sky. One can fancy how, when the blinding sun sinks below the horizon, all the jewels of the heavenly Revelation will flash out and shed abroad their radiance, shadowing forth "the light that never was on sea or land." But a sunset and a soap-bubble are painfully symbolical of man's earthly career. They begin with such an all-suffusing rosy glow, which deepens and takes on varied and exquisite opaline tints for all too brief a space, giving place inevitably, even while we watch, to paler, duller hues, which in turn vanish into night and nothingness.

Scriba's mildly expressed aversion to numb feet and freezing ears is frowned upon by her Spartan comrade, who enquires with severity how she would have



"Eagle Rock has its rough cheeks plentifully powdered."

poised high upon its wooded hill, was regarded by its distinguished namesake as an especially interesting relic of the glacial period.

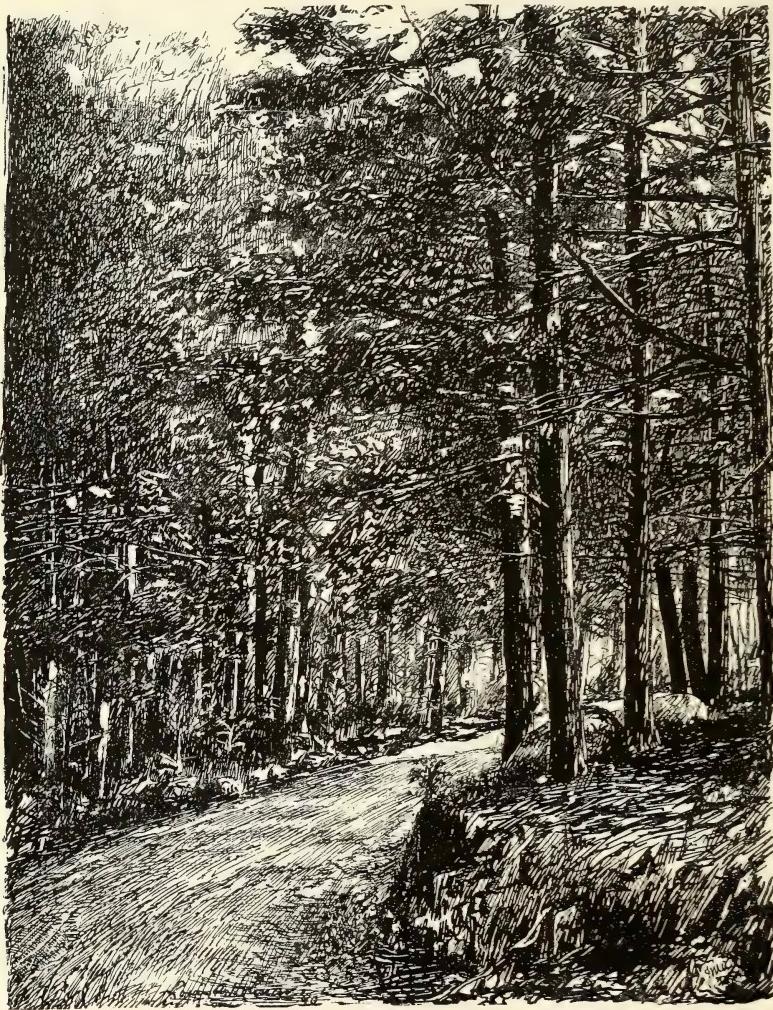
How these eminent gentlemen would have regarded Manchester in its sterner winter aspect must remain problematical. Scriba inclines to the opinion that their admiration would have grown beautifully

liked being a certain Manchester youth known to historical fame by the name of Tom Leach, whose stern sea-faring parent, on the boy's first voyage to the North Pole, one bitterly cold day contemptuously tossed overboard a pair of mittens knit for her son by his fond mother, and sharply commanded him never to show himself again with any covering on his hands. To clinch

this severe reference she relates how, in 1818, a vote to purchase a stove for the Manchester meeting-house was reconsidered because of the questionable effect on the health of the congregation, and the belief that the young people would be made puny and effeminate. However, in 1821,

air," and were resuscitated in the vestibule. The following day it was learned that, owing to a delay in the arrival of the wood, no fire had been lighted.

Scriba opines that the guild of Christian Scientists would do well to secure this anecdote, and calls her stern mentor's attention



In the Essex Woods.

the stove was purchased—a square iron box and absurdly small for the space it was intended to warm. It stood in front of the pulpit, and was connected with the chimney by a long pipe over the central aisle. The first cold Sunday after its arrival many felt it oppressively warm, and two young women fainted as the result of the "baked

to the little red brick powder-house built eighty years ago, which crowns an adjacent hill, and whose original mortar is still fresh and strong, while that of the door, bricked up a few years since, is fast crumbling away, leaving it open to debate whether the making of mortar is one of the lost arts.

Bathsheba strikes into the road leading

to Magnolia. How white and soundless and remote it is, this fashionable summer highway! Little gusts of wind sift the light, powdery snow off its insecure perches, and nothing breaks the miles of solitude but a single dog, which comes bounding ferociously out of a yard, gives vent to one gigantic bark, changes his absurd mind, and retreats with his tail between his legs.

Magnolia, high upon her sea-girt throne, is barricaded and deserted, save for a solitary figure who, with cap pulled well over his ears and wearing a silver badge in-

sets up her tripod, "focuses" to her satisfaction, and gets one or two passable negatives, when, with little warning, the light wind increases to a heavy squall. The treacherous water darkens angrily to a vast, inky expanse, covered with tumbling white caps, and the mainsail of a little schooner off shore is ripped down like a sheet of wet paper, and she pitches and flounders perilously, recalling the first boat of similar rig, which, when it was launched, tipped so much to one side that a bystander cried out, "See how she schoons!"



"The narrow inlet, with the high, bare-ribbed vessels."

scribed "Gloucester Police," tramps aimlessly about in the snow.

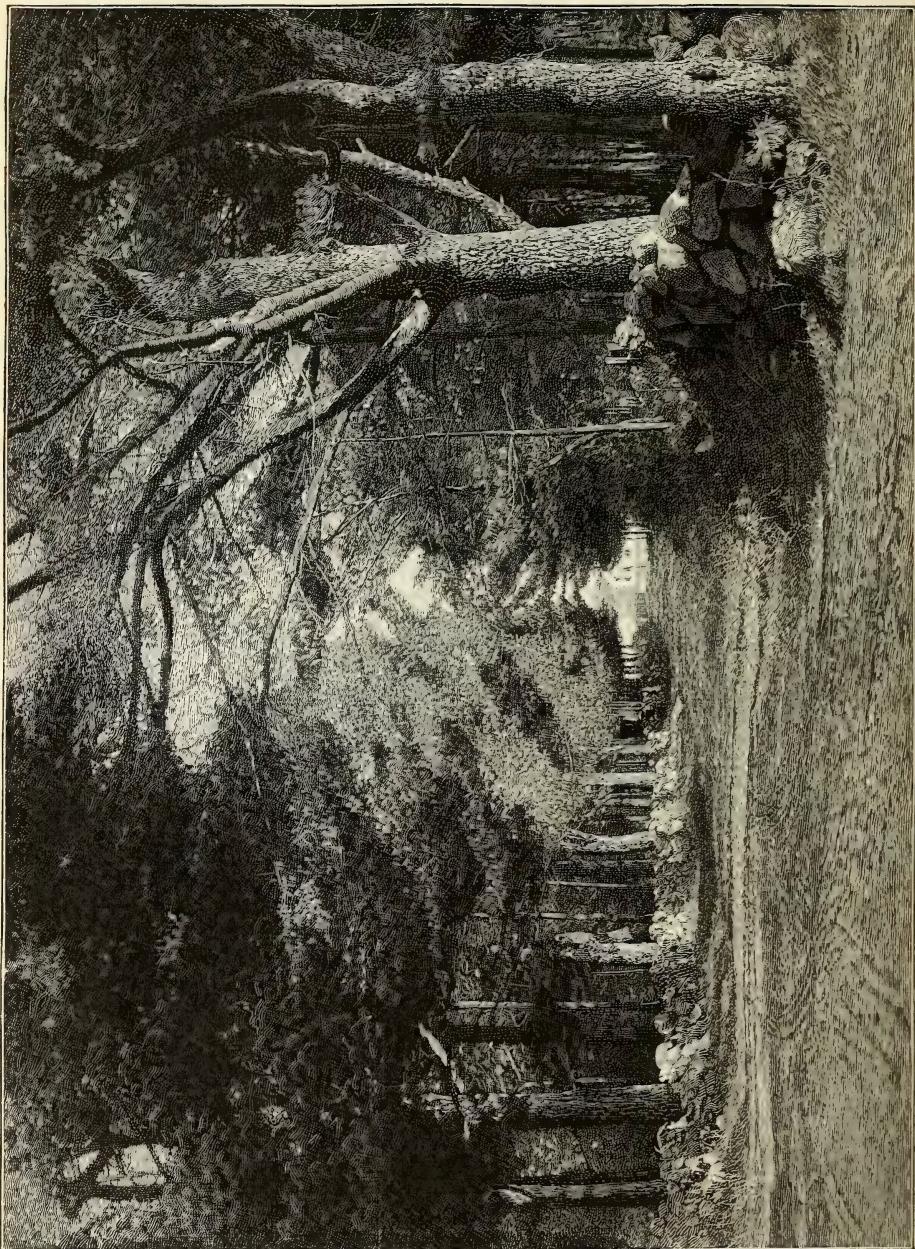
Leaving Bathsheba tied to a lamp-post, Neipce clammers down over the slippery rocks, bearing her large camera and its appurtenances, while Scriba, who has reached the age of too possible rheumatism, seeks the retirement of a neighboring piazza, and looks out upon the magnificent sweep of the open sea. The crested emerald breakers come rolling grandly in, dash with mad fury upon the jagged rocks, and rear into high-whirled clouds of spray and foam, while seething far up the rugged shore surges and recedes the shallow flood of snowy, bubbling brine.

Down among the rocky hollows, Neipce

Whereupon her captain, seizing the idea, immediately replied, "And a schooner she shall be!"

The cap and the rubber covering to Neipce's best beloved lens put precipitately out to sea. The tripod rocks threateningly, and its owner, like the famous "Distracted Centipede," in despair of managing so many legs, takes it down, is blown down herself, and clings amid the thunder of the surf to the freezing rocks till she can make her perilous way back to the runabout and the piazza, where Scriba, with wildly swirling draperies and head down, fights her way back and forth in the gale. How the same wind that heaps up great billowy, scudding cloud masses in

"Through the beautiful avenue of pines at the end of the village."



the brilliant blue of the sky, whistles, and howls, and maliciously flings showers of fine, stinging snow, like needles, down the necks and into the reddened, watery eyes of two foolish virgins upon their homeward drive, it is bootless now to tell. It must certainly be set down to their credit that such an excursion should inspire the expressions of piety here recorded; for at its conclusion Neipce breaks a prolonged silence with the single word, "Hallelujah!" — to which Scriba responds with a fervent "Amen!"

"Isn't this a perfect exemplification of the French description of the pines, '*Le deuil d'été et la gloire d'hiver!*'" cries Neipce, as we enter a horse-shoe curve of road as green on either hand as a sylvan midsummer bower. The snow has disappeared, and the day is cold and sparkling, but in this sequestered nook, surrounded by tall pines, interspersed with rocks clothed with living moss, nothing but the temperature suggests that we are not in the heart of the summer. Flecks of light and shadow play over the stones, and a stray sunbeam slants here and there through the dense grove. One can well fancy how grateful it must be in the fevers of a July noon tide to escape the glare of the sun, and enter this shadowy retreat; but in March it is pleasant to emerge once more upon a bare stretch of road lined with bleached, skeleton birches, and upon which what warmth of sunshine there is falls unobstructed.

We are on our way to Essex, over whose first settled church — pronounced by a sailor, upon seeing its pulpit at one side of the centre, after the early fashion, "a craft who carried her rudder amidships" — presided a man for two hundred years a prominent figure in American history, John Wise, the "forgotten American," about whom Mr. Crooker has written so interestingly. The second minister of Essex, Mr. Pickering, lived and died in the single estate, and seems to have received the full measure of adoration commonly

accorded by the young and tender lambs of a flock under such circumstances. Perhaps he deserved it all, for some elegiac verses, written soon after his death, begin: —

"Mourn and lament,  
Your excellent  
Theophilus is dead."

Neipce aspires to photograph the ship-



The Cogswell Mansion.

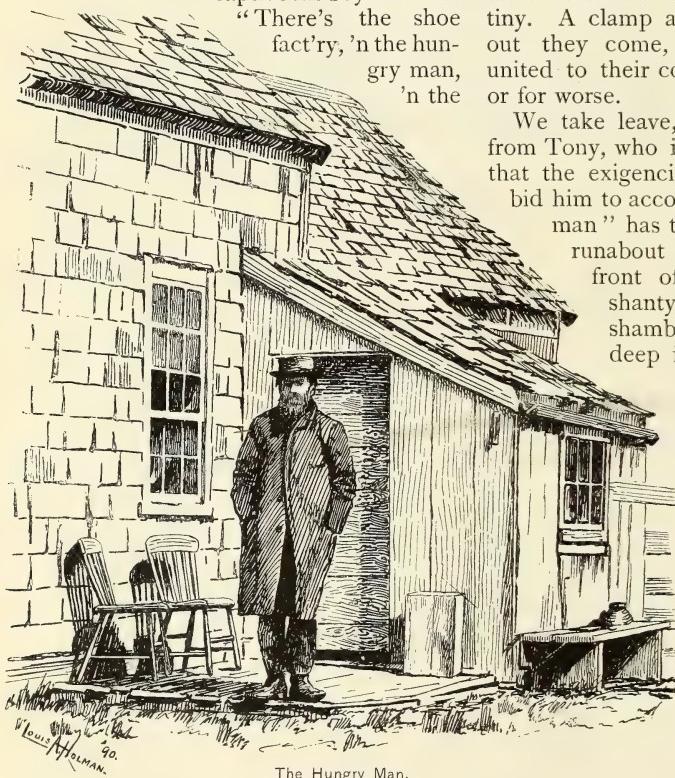
yards, and bewails her lot that she could not have had this opportunity when the historic vessel in which Dr. Kane sailed to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin was in the Essex dock. But as the staunch and plucky *Advance* was launched, pronounced by the intrepid doctor "a good sailer, and easily managed," and ploughed her way through unknown waters in 1853, a dozen years before her would-be photographer opened her blue eyes upon the world, this is a trifle unreasonable on her part.

"Even the *Fredonia*," she continues, in a somewhat injured tone, "would have been more interesting than any nameless, unknown ship that may happen to be building." However, when we reach the narrow inlet, which winds its slow length, "with many a curve," in from the ocean, when we see the high, bare-ribbed vessels, and hear "the sound of hammers blow on blow," smiting the crisp air, Neipce, with the sudden change of tactics for which she is distinguished, becomes reconciled to the ethics of the commonplace. "For," she sagely remarks, "the others probably looked exactly the same, and what's in a name, after all?"

At this happy juncture, a young fellow of about eighteen diffidently approaches the runabout.

"Why, it's Tony," cries Neipce, disposing of the detective with reckless haste, and stretching forth her hand in greeting. She then gives Tony to understand that her staid companion is a sort of visual anaconda belonging to the genus tourist, and is bent upon devouring a large portion of the North Shore, and begs in her behalf suggestions of any tempting local tidbits. At the unblushing fibs of this modern Sapphira, the ingenuous youth glances with some surprise at the person thus misrepresented, but immediately returns to the mischievous face which has evidently taken captive his boyish heart.

"There's the shoe fact'ry, 'n the hungry man,  
'n the



The Hungry Man.

Cogswell mansion, 'n old Ameriky Burnham," he replies concisely.

"We'll do them all," cries Neipce, with a cheerful disregard for syntax.

We "do" the shoe factory because our young friend, being employed there, and on his way thither at that moment, might deem it discourteous should we leave it

undone. But we make our stay as brief as consistent with politeness. It is a clattering, quaking place, savoring strongly of leather, with great hampers of finished "uppers," from the Lynn factories, piled about, to be furnished with soles and heels and sent to the market. The savage machines cut and bend stiff, heavy pieces of leather like playful Titans cutting paper-dolls. More than one of the men who manage the Titans have done so at the expense of precious fingers or thumbs.

"This," says our guide; pausing before a nimble young man with tattooed arms, and hat far back on his head, "is the gentleman who does the heelin."

We watch the roughly blocked-out layers of leather as they go to fulfil their destiny. A clamp and a curving shave, and out they come, smoothly finished, and united to their companion soles for better or for worse.

We take leave, with explicit directions from Tony, who is obviously disappointed that the exigencies of the shoe trade forbid him to accompany us. The "hungry man" has the first claim, and as the runabout becomes a standstill in front of his tumble-down little shanty, out he comes with a shambling gait, and his hands deep in his trousers' pockets.

Neipce assumes her most ingratiating manner.

"Mr. Morse, we have driven over to see something of your little town, and hearing you were one of its most celebrated inhabitants, we ventured to call upon you."

Mr. Morse kindly assures us that we "done just right," and modestly adds that his fame, far from being merely local, extends through-

out the entire country. He declines, however, to admit us to his abode, insisting that "it ain't fit to be seen," and brings two wooden chairs out upon a sunless little platform in front of his door. But as the thermometer scarcely favors out-door repose in the shade, we remain standing, and our short dialogue is conducted

upon principles of spontaneous gesticulation.

*Neipce* (alternately flinging wide her arms, and fervently embracing herself).—“We were told that you are always hungry.”

*Our Host*.—“So I am. Hev to git up in the night t’eat.”

*Scriba* (resolutely stamping first one

erally regarded as cannibalistic or non-edible, “and then complained that his belly was not full !”

On our way to the Cogswell Mansion, we pass the shoe-factory once more, with its buzz like an exaggerated mosquito; and My Lady Bathsheba, who behaved like a pattern of discretion while we were inside,



“A cold and clammy marsh, over which the wind sweeps with wild cadence.”

foot, then the other).—“How dreadful ! Why don’t you eat enough before you go to bed ?”

*Our Host* (laconically).—“Because I don’t dast to.”

*Neipce* (frantically rubbing both ears, as if thus to allay their itching curiosity).—“How much do you suppose you could eat at one time ?”

*Our Host*.—“Lord ! I dunno ! Ain’t no limit. I could eat from now till Sunday, and then feel jest as empty as if I hadn’t eat nothing for a week.”

Shades of Mother Goose and her immortal

“Robbin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,  
Who ate more meat than four-score men.

He ate a cow; he ate a calf;  
He ate a butcher and a half,” —

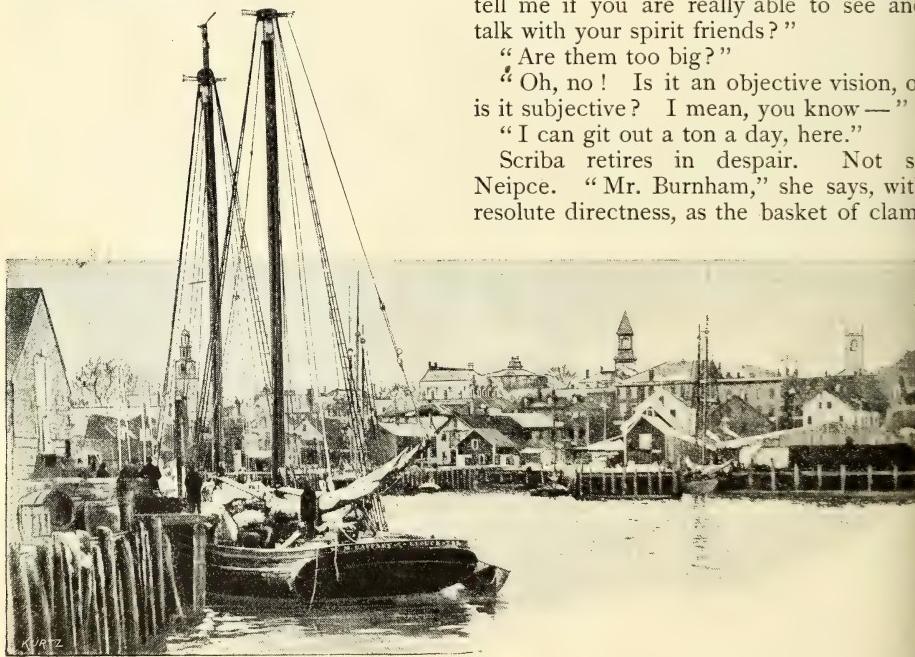
to say nothing of various other things gen-

elects to pretend to wild affright, and executes her prescribed series of manœuvres, ending with a short spurt which would not disgrace a competitor of the turf. And when we alight in front of an ancient house whose red paint is largely a thing of the past, her short-sighted driver actually encourages such conduct by the bestowal of a caress and a lump of sugar !

At the merest hint, we are graciously conducted over the historic mansion, built a hundred and sixty years ago, near the site of the log cabin of the first John Cogswell, from whom are directly descended Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many other persons of distinction. We are shown the wide old kitchen fireplace, the front door of two solid boards strongly braced at top and bottom by long strips of iron, the

curiously panelled wood of the "best room," considered exceedingly elegant in its day, and the heavy beams running across the low ceilings. It is a charming house ; and Neipce refuses to be torn away till the detective has, with Mrs. Cogswell's permission, performed its mission from all points of the compass.

In a torpid little lane stands the house of Ameriky Burnham — why "Ameriky" is a mystery, since his baptismal name happens to be Gideon. Ameriky is famed for his intimate acquaintance with the spirit world ; and Scriba, who has a sneaking fondness for raps and table tippings, anticipates an agreeable diversion. She is doomed to bitter disappointment. Mr. Burnham being a clam-digger by profession, Neipce discovers by internal evidence that a clam-chowder is the one immediate requirement of her being, and intimates as much to the tall, keen-eyed old man who answers her knock.



"Gloucester Harbor, with its tangle of shipping."

"I guess I can let you have a few, if you'll come along with me down to the clam-house, and git 'em."

And thus vanish fondly cherished visions of kitchen hospitality for aching toes and tingling ears ; for Mr. Burnham promptly

steps forth, and along with him we go to a cold and clammy marsh, over which the wind sweeps with wild and despairing cadence. Here he withdraws into a small wooden shanty, and begins to sort over a great basket of clams ; and Scriba, for once taking the reins into her own hands, or rather depositing those momentarily entrusted to her care over the dash-board, alights, and beards the lion in his den.

"Mr. Burnham," she begins, trying to control her chattering teeth, "I hear you have the good fortune to hold communication with departed spirits. It is a subject in which I am deeply interested. Would you be willing to tell me something of your experience ?"

Ameriky maintains his stooping position over the clams, but a subterranean voice replies, —

"How you goin' to cook 'em ?"

"Roast them — or, no — a chowder, I believe. But, Mr. Burnham, won't you tell me if you are really able to see and talk with your spirit friends ?"

"Are they too big ?"

"Oh, no ! Is it an objective vision, or is it subjective ? I mean, you know —"

"I can git out a ton a day, here."

Scriba retires in despair. Not so Neipce. "Mr. Burnham," she says, with resolute directness, as the basket of clams

is deposited in the runabout, "what is the reason you won't talk to us about spirits ? Here is my friend almost converted ; don't you think it is your duty to convince her ?"

"Well," relents Ameriky, "I don't

know as I have any objection to relat'in' one little incident."

One little incident! Talk of reluctant amateur musicians who, once begun, "go on forever!" Their process is instantaneous by comparison. Scriba, gracefully draped in a buffalo robe, mounts a superannuated lobster-pot, as a step better than the boggy ground, and stands like "Patience on a monument," while the insatiable detective circulates around the "seer" and his unhappy hearer to its heart's content. This, however, has to be accomplished surreptitiously, since Ameriky flatly refuses to violate the second commandment by allowing his "likeness" to be made. The views of the disembodied upon the spheres, the Christian religion, the United States government, Russia, and the ultimate state of the wicked, are all thoroughly canvassed before we are permitted to embark upon our homeward journey.

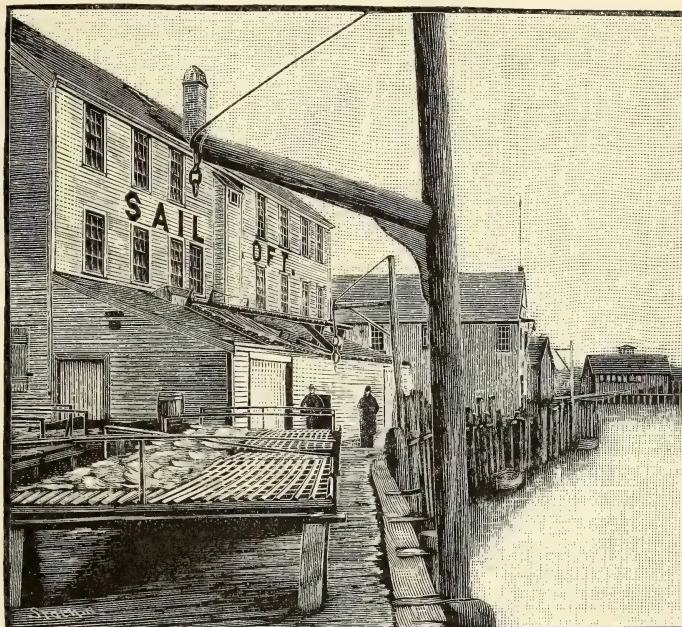
"The clams were very cheap," observes Neipce innocently, as at last we rattle away.

"Cheap!" exclaims her companion, scornfully chafing the end of her purple nose; "Cheap!"

"Only twenty pounds for the township of Ipswich,—a hundred dollars, as you know, if you ever went so far in arithmetic," says Scriba with calm impertinence. "The poor old 'Sagamore of Agawam' was grievously imposed upon. I can't see how John Winthrop reconciled it to his conscience to take such advantage of a poor, unsophisticated Indian."

"Poor Masconomo!" rejoins Neipce. "Though, don't you see, goosie," she added, "it was merely a case of increased

values? Didn't Dr. Bartol take the tide at its flood,—including a slight appendage of Manchester shore, which was then only a cow pasture,—and thereby lead on to fortune? He might have been a long-headed real-estate speculator, instead of an eminent divine with a head like a mediæval saint, with its aureole of rampant white locks."



"Row after row of split codfish spread out upon wooden slats to dry."

But Scriba is not to be thus frivolously diverted. "Masconomo not only became a pauper in his lonely old age," she persists with pathos in her voice, "but even his bones were not allowed to rest in peace; for some unfeeling person dug up his skull, and paraded it around upon a pole."

Neipce's reply is cut short. With a sudden jerk of the reins which sets all the little sleigh-bells in a flutter,—for upon this occasion the runabout has given place to runners,—she steps upon the slender shaft, springs hastily to the ground, and seizes Bathsheba's bridle. She is not an instant too soon, for a rod or two in front of us an express-train flashes across the road. Bathsheba behaves nobly; that is, she neither tips us into a snow-bank nor runs away with us—far. Posturing as for a full-length portrait is too much her customary attitude to require mention.

"That makes me boil with indignation," says Neipce, winding the reins around her firm little hands, as we bump wildly over the reverberating track. "No gate, no flagman, nothing but an impertinent 'Look out for the engine!' It is a disgrace to Massachusetts and to the country. In Europe not an insignificant foot-path is crossed by the railroad that is not protected by law with its automatic gate. Here is a railroad crossing a public highway at the foot of a hill, with a curve in the road which hides the approaching train till it is fairly upon one, and no warning signal. Essex County is honeycombed with such crossings. One can scarcely go a mile—" Neipce stops short with a belated realization of her companion's augmented terrors. "Really, Scribbly, you musn't fancy there is any danger, because there isn't."

"Neipce," remarks the person thus weakly consoled, "one would think you were desirous of emulating the Rev. Mr. Hale of Beverly!"

This happens on the road to the little town which gave her pen-name to one of America's most pungent literary women—"Gail Hamilton." And as we approach the small and somnolent village, our travelling photographer, who certainly possesses a greater degree of artistic imagination than the majority of her ilk, is attracted by a queer little gray church set in the pallor of the snowy roadside, which has evidently fallen from its high estate to the plebeian level of a blacksmith's shop.

"This," she announces, with decision, as she snaps her shutter upon it, "has some strange and romantic history, which we must acquire." But history repeats itself, and upon inquiry at the single village store, we are told the commonplace old story of a split upon the sordid rock of doctrinal opinion, and a certain impetuous negative goes to positive ruin upon the nearest stone wall.

Just at the foot of Sagamore Hill, the desecrated cemetery of the Indian chief, stands the oldest house in Hamilton, which we are kindly permitted to inspect by its present incumbent, a deaf old lady, whose chief anxiety appears to be to press upon our acceptance an immense gray cat, which, having been her sole companion for ten years, would seem to deserve better at her hands. One would think that even a cat might solace so dreary an existence, for

the house, with its deeply embrasured windows and genuine old four-posted bedsteads, is bitterly cold and desolate. Its mistress kindly asks us if we would like to go "up chamber"; and we follow our clouds of vapory breath up the abrupt, narrow staircase, whose balustrade is made of solid boards a yard high and painted a dull blue. But there is little to see there beyond the bare necessities. Perhaps, if the old house could speak, it could tell tales of more stirring times in the days of its youth, when it was "bricked in" against the flight of Indian arrows from Sagamore Hill.

We drive home round by the Chebacco Lakes, but the clear, shining surfaces, which are wont to faithfully mirror back down to the tiniest twig the trees surrounding them, are dully frozen and smothered under a lustreless weight of snow. Up hill and down dale tinkle our sweet-toned sleigh-bells over the lonely road, whose solitude is unbroken by a single human habitation, while the whole earth seems clothed in a white, mysterious garment of peace. Smooth, dazzling tracts stretch away here and there, and the trees have blossomed miraculously in a single night with radiant blooms of unrivalled luxuriance; for many of the slender branches are fairly bowed to earth under their burden. Something born of the encompassing stillness and purity seems to bring us, in spite of her coldest, most self-centred mood, nearer to Nature's heart.

"Till June!" shouts Neipce, standing up perilously in the runabout, and violently waving her handkerchief in answer to Mrs. Pedley's last heartily screamed farewell. And then we turn from the driveway into the public road, and her honest red face is lost to sight. A last drive through the broad, beautiful avenue of pines that "stand like Druids of old" at the end of the village, and we turn our faces toward Gloucester. The day is a harbinger of the spring-time, the sun is high in the heavens, and hardy little ferns peep out greenly here and there, from their rocky crevices. We pass the strange roadside monument of Lieut. Henry Ward of the United States Navy, who, while journeying with his wife in their own travelling carriage in 1828, was taken suddenly ill, and got out to rest under the shade of a tree, and there died. The stone which marks the spot is simply a rough granite shaft, like a mile-post, from which

the lampblack inscription has long since vanished.

The Reef of Norman's Woe is a warm sienna brown in the sunlight, and juts into the rippling blue water, with never a sign of the cruel, shark-like teeth lying in wait for the unwary under a smiling surface. There is no sound to-day from the bell-buoy, which in misty weather tolls a weird, muffled note of warning from its unseen post of duty, where no human hand can save — a solemn knell of death for all who venture or are driven too near.

Now and again the frequent curves of the road afford us constantly enlarging glimpses of Gloucester Harbor, with its tangle of shipping and fishing equipment, and nearer still we see row after row of split codfish spread out upon wooden slats to dry in the sun. Stopping to make some inquiry of an old salt in oiled skin overalls, he waxes garrulously communicative upon the slightest possible provocation.

"I'm a retired sea-cap'n, followed the sea ever since I was eleven year old. Aye, aye; I've weathered considerable many poaty stiff gales. One time in partic'lar I rec'lect, when I was commandin' the *Sarah P. Barker*, and such a tremendous squall struck her that for the space of half an hour she couldn't neither set, stand, nor lay!"

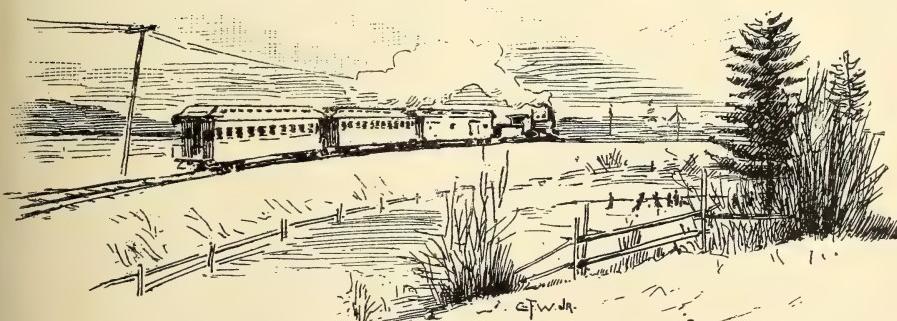
Neipce urges her chaperon, *sotto voce*, to ascertain in what position the belabored

craft did manage to survive her peril, and receives a reproving glance for her pains.

But the train is almost due, and there is barely time for a hasty picture or two on our way to the station, where the ubiquitous Joe awaits us, and immediately begins to unbuckle Bathsheba's harness. In this office he is assisted by a quondam lounger, to whom her ladyship conceives an instant aversion. She flattens her wilful ears, and rolls her eyeballs like big brown marbles, making a liberal display of white setting. Having thus evinced her sovereign displeasure, she further admonishes Joe — not the stranger — by an impatient kick upon his devoted shin. There is a good deal of human nature in some horses!

With a shriek and a sharply clamorous force of suction the train arrives, and the explorers betake themselves to the vantage ground of a car-platform, and watch with breathless interest the difficult embarkation of their self-opinionated steed; meantime, till cut off by the rush of escaping steam, plainly hearing Joe's assistant volubly doing his best to plant the seeds of insurrection in Joe's honest breast. Our faithful and indispensable Joe! We can but trust they fall on stony ground.

"You don't ketch me hirin' out to those kind of folks. Accordin' to my tell, folks that goes a ridin' up and down country in the winter season — !"



## HOW RHODE ISLAND RECEIVED THE CONSTITUTION.

By Gilbert L. Harney.

RHODE ISLAND was the last state to ratify the national Constitution — May 29, 1790. North Carolina, next to Rhode Island the tardiest of the states, had ratified it six months previously, November 21, 1789; all the other states having ratified it in 1787 and 1788. A short time before his death, Professor Gammell read a paper before the Rhode Island Historical Society, of which he was president, entitled *Rhode Island Refusing the Constitution in 1787*, in which he severely criticised the people of the colony, and characterized the General Assembly which refused to call a convention in terms not at all flattering. "She stood sullenly aloof," he said of Rhode Island, "a solitary obstructionist. . . . Her course can be accounted for, but it cannot be defended. It was the offering of prejudice, ignorance, and conceit. For four years it spread its blighting influence over the interests and character of the state, and left upon the pages of its history a record which we should all be glad to blot." Among the influences which contributed to that refusal, the professor mentioned "individualism, jealousy of power, paper money, loose political ideas." These existed, he said, in all the states, but they triumphed in the Rhode Island election in 1786, which secured that remarkable legislature. Yet it may be questioned whether Professor Gammell was altogether just to the Rhode Island of the Revolution. It may be that her course in reference to the Constitution "cannot be defended," but the circumstances may be more than explanatory, — they may be extenuating.

There was, perhaps, no other colony, of all the thirteen, which had always been so isolated as that of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The child who lives apart from the rest of the family, sharing neither the counsels nor experiences of the household, will very probably develop unpleasant and also selfish characteristics; and the same is true of a community. What it was that from the first caused

Massachusetts Bay Colony to turn the cold shoulder to the settlements that clustered about the Narragansett Bay need not here be much discussed. Perhaps it was the antagonism created by the manner in which Roger Williams left the former. But whatever it was, this cold shoulder had something to do with making the Narragansett colonies sensitive and selfish, throwing them as it did upon the defensive, socially, commercially, and politically.

With our prejudices in favor of religious liberty, it is hard to pursue the study of the Roger Williams episode with candor. Yet, glancing at the subsequent history of the two colonies, one is forced to ask whether, in its effect on the characters of the two peoples, Rhode Island's style of religious "liberty" was really better than Massachusetts' style of religious "bigotry." There is a difference between that liberty which is claimed in the interest of religious and moral progress, and that which is sought in the interest of temporal and commercial peace and prosperity. The latter is no great virtue at all; and whatever is to be said of Roger Williams, we certainly often find the latter motive in the early history of Rhode Island.

The four small Narragansett colonies had before them the very absorbing problem of living and getting a living; and maxims concerning the virtue of thrift became almost the choicest maxims of life among them. It was an engrossing commercial life that became the characteristic of the Narragansett colonies.

Clustering about one of the finest bays in America, having several excellent harbors, the settlements of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations enjoyed the best natural commercial advantages; and the instinct of the people was not slow to use those advantages. Hence, in spite of great hindrances, without and within, they built up trade, and prospered. But in trade, as well as in other phases of living, association is an element of success; and this

element was almost lacking in Rhode Island commerce. In the first place, from the beginning, the four local colonies had little communication with each other in governmental or social life. A mere confederation of small colonies, the bond was not strong enough to prevent jealousies, envies, and even strife. In the next place, they were regarded with no great favor by their older sisters, north or west. They even suffered persecution from them, and were in many ways thrown under disadvantage. Added to these things, the Indians gave them no little trouble. They were surrounded on all sides by these savages, and were forced often to contend alone with them. The Narragansetts were not, indeed, a warlike tribe, and would have been almost always friendly, had they not been stirred up now and then by the Pequods and others. It is not to be wondered at, then, that, hindered as the colonies were in these ways, they soon developed a sensitiveness and exclusiveness in their manner of life and trading. The element of association is positively necessary to enterprise in trade. On association depend broad views, far-seeing plans, and the varied manipulations which encourage the spirit of enterprise.

There are two ways to make money. One is by investment; the other is by hoarding. One puts out the first earning to useful enterprise, where it comes in contact with communities, enriching and blessing others, and trusts the laws of organized social life to bring it back with interest through lawful channels, after it has accomplished its mission; the other "salts down" the pennies as they are made. To the latter method the people of the four small colonies were forced. In addition to this, the fact is to be remembered that the leading men were agriculturists, engaged in the very pursuit which, aside from other considerations, tends most to exclusiveness and insulation.

Consider another fact. During the first hundred years of growth, Rhode Island had less quarrelling with Great Britain than any other northern colony. So far from being associated with Massachusetts in suffering persecution, or in the joy of liberty from it, there was a remembrance of it from that quarter, and little or no remembrance of it from England. Moreover, had it not been for the aid rendered by

the Northern country in many things, as the years went on, the Narragansett colonies might have fared sadly indeed. So that here an actual bond of sympathy was felt. This accounts for that imitation of English life on these shores. Estate and tenement, landholder and tenant, aristocrat and peasant — these were the words that explained the social and political life; and the colony where religious liberty was the boast was the colony where its spirit was not strong enough to prevent political and social bondage. In the light of these facts, after a hundred years of such education, there is some palliation for the things so strongly condemned by Professor Gammell.

Let us remember here the pleasing historical fact that Rhode Island bore her full share in the struggle for American independence. "In the long struggle for independence," said Professor Gammell, "she spared no service and shrank from no sacrifice in the common cause." There were two reasons for this. First, the loyal and patriotic element had been on the increase, partly through the multiplication of the native population, partly through immigration, partly through the natural influence of a hundred years' enforced partial contact with other colonies. Then the exclusive spirit is always the first to rebel against taxation. The farmers and traders of Rhode Island were grateful enough to Great Britain for having kept the gates of commerce open for them; but they resented, as farmers always do, the least suspicion of unjust taxation. Hence the sympathy awakened with Massachusetts when the cry against unjust taxation was heard there.

The history of the decade and a half, from 1765 to 1780, is fraught with instances of loyalty and self-sacrifice on the part of Rhode Island, equal to any found in any other colony. Her accredited representatives were among those who met in the first Colonial Congress, in 1765, "to consult upon their rights and seek redress for their wrongs." She had rebelled as positively as any against the Stamp Act, which had just been passed, and contributed at home and in Congress her share to the protest which caused the repeal of that odious law. When Parliament declared that it had the power to bind the colonies in all cases whatever, the indignation was felt nowhere more than in Rhode

Island. When it was announced that a Board of Commissioners was appointed, in 1767, to be located in Boston, for enforcing the laws concerning trade and commerce, the Massachusetts House of Representatives remonstrated, and also sent circulars to the other colonies, urging them to remonstrate. Parliament ordered that that circular be rescinded; but in spite of this, Rhode Island sent a petition to England, in which the signers said they were "surprised that any attempt to unite fellow-subjects, laboring under the same hardships, in petitioning the throne in a constitutional and loyal manner for redress, should be termed a factious and unwarrantable combination." They "thought themselves bound in duty to themselves and to their country to approve the sentiments" contained in the circular.

The committees of correspondence kept up such constant communication between the colonies on the subject of the common cause that Rhode Island felt herself drawn into a closer fellowship with the other colonies, to the mutual benefit of herself and sisters. Even Governor Wanton was loyal to the home cause in those dark days, and refused to keep secret the letters sent to him by the secretary for the colonies, as requested by that official, but handed them over to the yet more loyal Legislature. Rhode Island shared like a sister the feelings of Massachusetts, and protested as earnestly as Massachusetts against the acts of oppression visited upon her. The Boston Massacre, in 1770, stirred the Narragansett communities to their centres, and awakened in them the most earnest indignation. The same may be said of the Boston Port Bill of March, 1774. The stories of the sinking of the sloop *Liberty* in Newport Harbor, and of the destruction of the schooner *Gaspee*, are too well known to need repetition. The little colony was even in advance of Massachusetts and the rest in urging a Congress of the colonies. The Providence town meeting of May 17th, 1774, put the case strongly, and urged the Rhode Island General Assembly to "promote a Congress as soon as may be of the representatives of the General Assemblies of the several colonies and provinces of North America, for establishing the firmest union and adopting such measures as to them shall appear most effectual to answer that important purpose, and to agree upon

proper modes for executing the same." This proposition of Providence, as has been said, was the first formal proposition for the Congress. The New York Assembly made a similar one May 23d, and the Virginia Legislature May 27th. On the 15th of June such a resolution passed the Rhode Island Assembly, and Hon. Stephen Hopkins and Hon. Samuel Ward were appointed "to represent the people of this colony in a general Congress of representatives from the other colonies, at such time and place as shall be agreed upon by the major part of the committees appointed, or to be appointed, by the colonies in general." These men were commissioned with strong powers. They were instructed to urge a regular annual Congress of representatives from the colonies, "to consider proper means for the preservation of the rights and liberties of the colonies." Thus Rhode Island was also in advance in suggesting an annual Congress.

But there is nothing, perhaps, which shows the determined spirit of the colony more than the course of the General Assembly and people in the case of Governor Wanton. After apparently acquiescing in all that had been done, he was re-elected April 19th, 1775, and was to receive the oath of office May 3d. Meanwhile came the news from Lexington. A special session of the General Assembly was called April 22d. It set apart May 11th "as a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation," and requested a proclamation from the governor to that effect. It also passed an act raising an army of fifteen hundred men, "for the preservation of the liberties of America"; and Governor Wanton was to sign the commissions of the officers. But that gentleman suddenly refused to endorse the act, and entered a protest. He also failed to issue the proclamation for the fast. On the 3d of May he refused to attend and take the oath of office. An act passed making all his acts null until he should take the oath in a proper manner. He pleaded indisposition, but gave evidence that it was more indisposition of the mind than of the body. An adjourned session of the General Assembly met at East Greenwich in June. Governor Wanton still refused to attend, and sent a letter which was not satisfactory. Matters went on until the October session, when his office was declared vacant. In spite of all

this hindrance, the work of raising troops and preparing for war went on ; and Henry Ward was empowered to sign all documents.

The colony furnished more than her proportionate share of troops, and sent them at once to the field. The new and powerful navy soon created had more officers from Rhode Island than from any other colony, and a larger proportion of seamen. The bravery of the Rhode Island troops was equal to that of any others, and they contributed as much to the successful carrying on and triumphant ending of the war as any other equal number of men. All honor to Rhode Island for her loyal and brave part in the Revolution !

It was not until the close of the war that she began to manifest her old exclusive characteristics again. The strained attitude of fifteen years could not become habitual without the continued excitement of a common danger. All of us know the exhaustion of a people after war. Mental and material energy are alike prostrate. Patriotism, which led armies triumphant in battle, and thrilled the dwellers at home with joy and pride at every news of victory, seems often to fall limp and lifeless when the decisive victory is gained. The drain on Rhode Island was comparatively greater than on any other state. She emerged from the war bankrupt. Consider the effect of this discovery upon a people such as this—a people whose life had had thrift as a chief principle. Consider the weight of all the traditions settling back upon them. They had gained an independence which they must perforce interpret in the light of their characteristics and traditions. They were isolated before ; they must be isolated now. The “common cause” was won ; there was now no common bond. What connection, but that of a competing rival in trade, had they with other colonies ? The battle they were now to fight was their own, and must be fought by themselves. They turned their attention almost wholly to internal affairs. This was especially true of the people of the country towns, who had suffered most.

The first question was how to replenish the exhausted treasury. The first answer was that money should be created by the fiat of Rhode Island authorities. Intercourse with others was not much thought of. Fiat money would be good at home.

So the paper was issued by order of the Legislature which had been chosen for that purpose. A “respectable minority” opposed the insane measure, but that did not serve to moderate the insanity. When the credit of the paper began to fall, and traders would not receive it, laws were passed to enforce its reception at par. Fines and punishments were enacted for failure to receive the worthless promises. Starvation stared many in the face. Now it was the agricultural class against the commercial class ; and the former party had a large majority in the state and General Assembly. When dealers arranged to secure trade outside the state, that they might not be compelled to handle the local paper currency, it was prohibited by act. When three judges decided that the law compelling men to receive this “money” was unconstitutional, they were brought before that august General Assembly, and tried and censured for presuming to say that constitutional authority was higher than legislative authority. At last, however, that lesson was learned, and the law was repealed.

Before this excitement had subsided, the movement for a new national Constitution began. But what did Rhode Island want of a closer bond of union with the other states ? Her four colonies had been connected by a loose confederation—why could not the states flourish under the same sort of union ? True, her communities had never been in great harmony, except at periods of common danger, but they had grown used to that style of government, and believed in it. Again, she had won her independence, but she still held her English charter, which served her for a constitution. It was still a sort of bond, and seemed to somehow connect her with England, at least in a traditional sense. And what had she now in common with the other states, except her individual independence, that she should desire a closer union ? She believed in her own sovereign power. She feared the “bondage” of a centralized government. She had fought for the respective liberties of the other colonies, as an assistant in the struggle. She had fought for her own special, individual liberty as a matter of her own interest. Further, her needs were comparatively small as to governmental machinery, and taxation must be small in

proportion ; and she did not wish to be taxed to support a general government. That would not seem like liberty. Moreover, what had Rhode Island to do with the other states? Had she not been persecuted by them? She had been excluded from the union of the New England colonies in 1643. She had received no help when her existence had been endangered by savages. Her territory had been invaded and despoiled. She had grown up a hundred years, and by the aid of England had maintained a separate existence ; she would continue that separate existence. She had now sixty-eight thousand people within her borders, not an imposing number indeed, but commendable under the circumstances. Could union make her more prosperous?

So when the call was made for each state to hold a convention to elect delegates to a Constitutional Convention, Rhode Island paid not the slightest attention to it. All the other states sent delegates, but Rhode Island sent none ; and the work of that convention, grand and glorious as it was, was not shared by her. That work was completed on the 27th of September, 1787. In three months Delaware did herself the honor of adopting it. In ten months all the states had adopted it, except North Carolina and Rhode Island. In North Carolina there was opposition, but the delay was caused by other questions and circumstances. But in November, 1789, the Legislature met, and the Constitution was adopted by a vote of 193 to 75. But Rhode Island had not the semblance of an excuse—and wanted none. The same party that favored inflation, or paper money, opposed the Constitution ; and that party was in the majority and in power. The General Assembly had been elected with this very thing in view. Meanwhile the loyal party, which was found mostly in the cities and commercial centres, did all in its power to induce the General Assembly to call a convention ; but that body persistently refused. Once it suggested a vote of the people in their own precincts ; but that method was a failure. As state after state came into the Union, the Union party, by bonfire, parade, and loud demonstration, celebrated the event. But no amount of demonstration could move that General Assembly. One is constrained to call it,

with Professor Gammell, "individualism, jealousy of power, paper money, loose political ideas" ; and to ascribe the persistence of the Legislature to "prejudice and ignorance." But was it possible, after the planting of the colony as it was planted, and in view of the principles that had controlled it, for it to change more easily?

At last the Legislature consented to call a convention. However reluctantly that was done, it was a great and triumphant day for the Union party. The state was beginning to suffer from a greater isolation than it had contended for. Rhode Island was small, and the great Union that surrounded her had her at its mercy. Men saw that duties on exports to every quarter, as well as other disadvantages in trade, would soon crush the little state. The rumor came that the United States was about to lay on heavy duties, and otherwise proscribe the privileges of the state, which had ever claimed that she was sufficient in herself. But the grant of a convention wrung from the General Assembly was used. The convention met in March, 1790, in South Kingston. It soon adjourned, to meet in Newport in May of the same year. There the work was done. The Constitution of the United States was accepted by Rhode Island by a vote of thirty-four to thirty-two—two majority. But it was accepted ; and loyal hearts and fleet carried the news over the state, and to the border states. So Rhode Island came into the Union. But she came with many of her prejudices and Old English customs. She came with her English charter as her own constitution, and abode by its provisions until 1842. She came with her landholders and tenants, her classes, her aristocracy, her suffrage based on property.

In 1842 occurred the memorable Dorr's Rebellion. The old English charter was cast overboard, and a new constitution framed and adopted. However, some of the old provisions remained ; and it was not until the recent "Bourn Amendment," granting suffrage to citizens having no property, and to foreign-born citizens, that the last aristocratic provision of the old charter was eschewed. Even yet, in the wording and conditions of the new law, there are traces of the influence of the charter—echoes of the spirit that refused the national Constitution. But there is no more loyal state in the Union than Rhode Island to-day.

## AMONG THE FRIENDLY INDIANS AT MASHPEE.

*By Grace Weld Soper.*

OF all the Indians sketched in history and fiction, no one has been more popular than the accommodating Samoset, whose "Welcome, Englishmen!" has sounded as pleasantly to thousands of American readers as to the Pilgrims whom he greeted with his one English sentence. For Samoset's sake the tribe of Friendly Indians, of whom he was a typical representative, has been especially interesting to those who have taken little trouble to investigate the tribe's own claims to favor; yet on their own account, these Indians are entitled to a better place in literature than the pages in the state reports, which seem to be the only records of their advance into civilization. Always faithful in their friendship to the whites, refusing to share in Indian wars against the colonists, even when summoned by King Philip, readily receiving the Christian teachings of the early missionaries, they have been inoffensive residents of Cape Cod from the earliest times.

There are traditions that they ineffectively protested against the custom of the white settlers to take Indian lands, but as they successfully held upon a fertile strip of ground, and were neither destroyed nor driven away, their protests were not so pathetic as usual in Indian affairs. Friendship with the whites proved good policy. It might have been braver to die fighting for one's wigwam, but it was safer to become "praying Indians," and to possess the camping-grounds through the grace of God and the good-nature of the whites. There live in Mashpee one hundred and fifty descendants of the Indians, who possess all reasons for gratitude for the politic course of their peaceful ancestors, and who doubtless have become reconciled to the conditions granted by their friends, the whites. To-day their "Welcome, Englishmen!" is not the only English phrase which they possess, but it is quite as sincere as the greeting of the former English captive Samoset.

One week after ex-President Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson, and Mr. Gilder had sailed in a steam launch over the crystal waters of the lovely Mashpee Pond, and probably

had taken pickerel from its depths, two students of the Indian question determined to test the friendliness of the Friendly Indians. On account of the doubt which is always attached to Indian affairs in this country, they were not able to discover the exact end of their destination. Was it "Marshpee" or "Mashpee"? Old legislators had discussed the affairs of "Marshpee" in the General Court. "Don't Cape Codders cultivate the cranberry ma'sh?" asked one student; but the other, looking up derivations, found that "Massapee" was the original Indian name of the reservation, and gave the opinion of philologists in favor of the English form of "Mashpee" as the more correct and simple corruption of language.

The map directed the travellers to the "westerly part of Barnstable County"; but more attractive marks of the route were sign-boards standing at all the cross-roads, and sandy roads, whose contrast with grass-grown side-paths proved their right of way to Mashpee. Short but thick forest trees gave a northern aspect to the region, but an opening in the woods, through which the sun glowed hot upon a cranberry marsh, proved that the place was a part of Cape Cod. The town of Mashpee seemed to the travellers lost in the forest. A sudden clearing with a brilliant wood-border of cardinal flowers showed now and then a small wooden house of an unfinished aspect, either partly shingled or half-painted, or in other respects not wholly completed. It is evident that after a century or two of civilization, the Indian nature regards his house as a temporary refuge, which he would like to fold in wigwam fashion, if he could be sure of finding food upon another reservation. After several miles of forest road picked out with these small isolated houses, the Mashpee Lake gleams within its green rim and presents lovely views in *aquarelle* through the spaces between the trees which line the road. The students of the Indian question were delighted with the scenery, but being anxious to see Mashpee village, inquired of a wandering cranberry-picker:

"Will you kindly direct us to Mashpee?"

"You have just come from Mashpee, a mile or two back," was the surprising reply.

Mashpee comes upon the traveller like a surprise. It lies in ambush, as it were, and is discovered only after careful searching. Instead of following the pattern of the New England village, with its one main street bordered by white houses with green blinds, its church with tall spire, and its shaded common, Mashpee is settled without regular design, with pink, gray, and yellow houses set among the forest trees. Having found the Attaquin House, one arrives at the solution of the Mashpee mystery. Or better, having met its former proprietor, Mr. Attaquin, as the students of the Indian question were fortunate in doing, one comes to know Mashpee.

A few years ago Mr. Attaquin moved out of the village inn to the plain red house standing not far below, on the right-hand side of the road. "If any one can tell you about the Mashpee Indians, Mr. Attaquin can," the people say. Having gained admission, the students of history entered a low room of the red house, and giving a quick glance at its spotless wooden floor, its large, old-fashioned desk, its wooden chairs, and open clothes-horse, awaited the arrival of the seer. It is said that when Mr. Attaquin was young, he was one of the most active fishermen and hunters of the region. Wading in the brooks and other exposures of sport have not failed to leave their effects. For a long time he has been an invalid with rheumatism, and he greets visitors wearily and with effort. Making the call brief in consideration of the invalid, the visitors had time to learn of Indian traditions.

"We were always friends to the whites," said Mr. Attaquin, in a well-modulated tone and with perfect pronunciation. "There had been a famine before the English came, and our people were dispirited. Some said that it was because a white man had been killed years before. But we were always friends to the English. When King Philip sent word to our squaw sachem to join him in war against the whites, we refused to go."

"How long ago was the reservation given you?" was asked.

"In 1760 Reuben Cognehew went over to see King George, to tell him about our

troubles, and King George gave us this land, which we have occupied to this day."

Mr. Attaquin looks like a strong French-Canadian farmer, whose bronze-hued complexion has not faded during his placid term of old age. A natural question is:

"Are there any pure Indians now?"

"No; the last one died years ago. He went fishing, and was found dead on the shores of the lake. I knew an old woman who could speak the language, but she is dead now."

The state records tell us that in 1792 there were only forty or fifty individuals of unmixed Indian blood in Mashpee. Twenty-one years before that there were fourteen negroes in the town, and the negro race having increased as the Indian decreased, the present population is wholly Indian-negro, with a trace of Portuguese.

Mr. Attaquin's niece, who stood in a neat cotton gown and apron behind the chair of the narrator, was clearly a type of the best Mashpee Indian, erect, lithe, dark in color, and with straight hair and intelligent black eyes.

"Mashpee is a fine place," Mr. Attaquin continued. "Deer are in the woods yet. I have often seen them looking out between the bushes, as I have been walking along the road. We have had one representative to the State Legislature, Mr. Hammond. He was the first. It is not often our turn to send a representative, because we have to take our place with the other towns."

As Mr. Attaquin said, the Indians have sent their representative to the Massachusetts General Court, a man distinguished for his quiet interest rather than for notable achievements, and of such sobriety of character that he was known among his fellow-legislators as "the Deacon."

From the Indians who welcomed the Pilgrims, dressed in skins, as the old records say, "most of them having long hose up to their groins and above their waists, some having trussed up their hair before with a feather broadwise like a fan," to the Indian who occupied his seat in the State Legislature, there are many degrees of civilization. Missionary efforts were the first civilizing influences. The apostle Eliot found encouragement among the Friendly Indians; and from 1630, when Mr. Richard Bourne of Sandwich turned his attention towards evangelizing the Mashpee

Indians, to the present day, there has been a long and nearly constant line of preachers.

Among the successors of Mr. Bourne, to whom the organization of the Indian church in 1670 is accredited, came Simon Popmonet, an Indian, who died after a ministry of forty years; Rev. Joseph Bourne, a grandson of the first missionary; Solomon Briant, an Indian, preaching always in the Indian dialect; Rev. Gideon Hawley, who was considered particularly adapted to his work; and Rev. Phineas Fish. The Indians now have their own meeting-house, a little wooden building in the woods, and carry on services in accord with the Baptist denomination. Unfortunately the seductive fire-water has rendered the task of the missionary and the minister difficult among the Mashpee Indians. There is a quaint story of an Indian who criticised the preaching of a certain preacher, because he talked too much about rum in his sermons. When the minister spoke against that drink, the Indian complained that "it made his mouth water so much" that he could not pay more attention to the discourse. Mr. Richard Bourne's lament that many of the Indians were "very loose in their course, to my heart-breaking sorrow," has been repeated by many who have attempted to solve the Mashpee branch of the Indian problem.

From the time when Massachusetts began to look upon the Indians as its wards, the state has shared with the missionaries the work of civilization. The early laws relate to deeds of land, providing from 1650 that the territory should be set apart for Indians, on condition that "no Indian should sell, or white man buy of an Indian, any land without license first obtained from the General Court or Court of Assistants." Ten thousand, five hundred acres of land were set apart at that time as an Indian reservation. In 1693 the Indians were placed in charge of commissioners appointed by the Colonial Government; but the result was far from satisfactory, and their descendants relate to-day gloomy traditions of "our troubles" at that time. An Indian was brave enough to go to King George with complaints, and returned with orders for a better government, by which Mashpee was constituted a district, with power to elect its own officers. For three years the Indians had the management of their own affairs in town meeting. In spite

of the good service done by the Indians in the Revolutionary War, in which they were ready soldiers, the town of Mashpee lost in 1788 all its civil rights, and was again placed under guardians.

The dry recorders of state legislation, having no right to expression of sympathy, give a pitiful tale of American Indian policy in a few terse sentences. "They uniformly remonstrated," is the account of the Indians, and they urged the "mortification" to which they were subjected, "of being put under guardianship and considered as minors." For nearly one hundred years the oppression of the Indians which characterized the early American policy, followed by constant complaints, made Mashpee an "Indian problem" in miniature. When, in 1870, the town was incorporated, none of the pure Indians remained to welcome their newly gained privileges. But their descendants, however mixed in ancestry, do not fail to appreciate their rights as citizens, even to the privilege of taking an extraordinary variety of dogs to "the meetings," in order that an equally strange assortment of "teams" should have protection outside of the hall-door.

The school is a civilizing agency, which "keeps" two terms in the year. Even more beneficial is a Templars' Lodge of Good Hope, which has sixty members, and which is a strong influence for improvement.

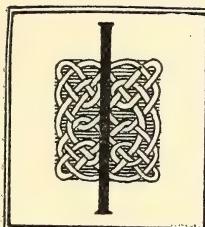
Since their determined settling among the Cape Cod colonists, the Friendly Indians have followed, as far as possible, the occupations of the whites, formerly in sharing the whaling voyages, and latterly in farming and cranberry-picking. To these occupations they have added the more distinctively Indian pursuits of manufacturing baskets and brooms, and peddling these wares with berries and fish. The wandering life of the hunter and fisher has been most congenial to the Mashpee Indian, and acting the idler has been always carried on in spite of the example of the industrious Cape Cod people of the neighborhood. As Mashpee, with its pond of rare *nymphaea* lotus, famed since the time of Daniel Webster for the yellow blossoms, is in truth a lotus-land, who can wonder that its inhabitants partake of the characteristic languor which the name of "lotus" suggests, even though the sacred water-lily is not edible?

## STORIES OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

### II.

#### SHADRACH.

By Nina Moore Tiffany.



N a certain collection of "Slave Law Cases," which may be found in Boston at the Public Library or at the Athenæum, is a pamphlet entitled *Report of the Proceedings against Charles G.*

*Davis, on the Charge of aiding and abetting in the Rescue of a Fugitive Slave.* It contains a most vivid picture of the entrapping and seizure of one of the many escaped slaves seeking refuge in Boston in the years 1850 and 1851; a picture which has to be built piece by piece from the testimony of the chief actors in the affair, but one whose details stand out with extreme clearness and startle the beholder into realizing the entire change of base brought about in this country by the last quarter of a century.

The slave in question was one Fred. Wilkins, who, in the month of May, 1850, ran away from his master and succeeded in reaching Boston, where, after we know not what vicissitudes, he rested a while under the *alias* Shadrach, a name full of suggestive significance to those mindful of the fervently religious nature of his race. He found employment in that well-known restaurant, or, to use the old-time word, restorator, the Cornhill Coffee-House, where steaks and coffee were served to men chilled by long, snowy drives from the suburbs, or to casual droppers-in.

His former master, however, John de Bere of Norfolk, Virginia, a purser in the navy, did not intend to let his "boy" slip through his fingers quite so easily. The Fugitive Slave Law was made to cover just such cases as his, and he determined to profit by it. Accordingly, in February, 1851, one John Caphart arrived in Boston, announcing that he had come in behalf of John de Bere, and took out a warrant against Frederic Wilkins, *alias* Shadrach, as a fugitive from labor.

Caphart did not know Shadrach by sight; neither did Patrick Riley, United States deputy marshal, who was to see the warrant served. They knew that he was employed in the coffee-house, and therefore engaged a person who could point him out to them to meet Riley and others there, and assist in the arrest. Read Riley's account:

"I, Patrick Riley, . . . having been duly sworn, depose and say . . . that on Saturday morning, Feb. 15, 1851, about twenty minutes before eight o'clock, A.M., I was called upon at my residence by Frederick Warren, . . . who informed me that there was a negro man, an alleged fugitive, to be arrested at eight o'clock, who was supposed to be at Taft's Cornhill Coffee-House . . . The negro was unknown to any one of the marshal's deputies or assistants . . . Mr. Sawin had gone to find the man who . . . was to point out the negro. . . . At two minutes before eleven [Warren] returned and said that the parties were about Taft's Coffee-House. . . . I went with Mr. Warren, Mr. John H. Riley, and other deputies to the coffee-house, and there found all our men, nine in number, stationed in and about the place,—that there were several negroes in and about the place, and I inquired for the man who was to point out the alleged fugitive, and was informed that he had not arrived; that Mr. Warren and myself went immediately into the dining-hall at the coffee-house, and, to avoid suspicion, ordered some coffee."

Shadrach could hardly have been ignorant of the official character of these men; yet Riley goes on to say: "We were waited on by a waiter who subsequently proved to be the alleged fugitive"—Shadrach himself. Possibly Shadrach thought the boldest course the safest, and feared to hasten discovery by avoiding them. It may be, also, that he was quite accustomed to serving deputy marshals and to wondering with the *sang froid* of an old campaigner where the cannon-ball would strike next. He must have heard all about William and Ellen Craft, in their adventures of the previous October, and perhaps had become emboldened by the success of efforts in their behalf. At all events, he fetched the coffee. Riley continues:

"Not hearing anything from our associates, we took our coffee and rose to go out and learn why we had not heard from them . . . the negro went before us to the bar-room with the money to pay for the coffee, and in the passage between the bar-room and the hall Mr. Sawin and Mr. Byrne came up, and each took the negro by an arm and walked him out of the back passageway, through a building between the coffee-house and the square beside the court-house, to the court-room."

Shadrach, bareheaded and still in his waiter's dress, resisted them frantically, as they hurried him along, and when they reached the court-room, turned wildly to Clark, one of the constables there, with, "Who claims me?"

"I referred him to Mr. Sawin," says Clark. "Mr. Sawin named one person to him, and he said he did not know him. Mr. Sawin named another person to him, and he said he did not know him."

"I am Shadrach," he insisted; and went on pouring out explanations and confused accounts of himself and his running away, until stopped by the friendly Clark, who testifies: "I advised him not to speak to me about it, as I might be made a witness against him. I told him not to tell any one but his counsel, and Mr. List, his counsel, told him the same; and he stopped talking to the officers and others."

Mr. List was a lawyer, a young German, who entered heartily into the feelings of the Abolitionists. Chancing to pass the court-house just as Shadrach was being carried in, he followed, and offered his services. Charles G. Davis was also sent for, to assist in the case; and Samuel E. Sewall and Ellis Gray Loring, hearing of it, came as well.

The friends of the Abolition movement had arranged a system of communication by means of which they were speedily informed of the taking out of any warrant against a fugitive. Such news, indeed, spread quickly of itself; it was not long before the court-room was filled with spectators, both white and colored, anxiously awaiting the result.

The commissioner, George T. Curtis, came in. He asked Shadrach, proceeding in the usual manner, if he wished counsel. Shadrach replied that he did. The counsel immediately asked for a delay. This, after a short discussion of the question, was granted; the trial was postponed to the following Tuesday, and the court adjourned. The spectators, finding that

there was to be no trial that day, dispersed; the commissioner took his leave; and no one was left in the court-room but the prisoner, his counsel, who had permission to consult with him there, his keeper, Riley, and a few officers who guarded the inside door.

Shadrach was detained in the court-room because no one knew what else to do with him. Since the days of Latimer, in 1842, no fugitive slave had been placed, as such, in a Massachusetts jail.<sup>1</sup> Latimer was a fugitive, arrested on a false charge of theft, and brought before Judge Shaw and the full bench of the Supreme Court. "Judge Shaw," to quote the *Liberator* of November 4, 1842, "said the case was to be decided by the Constitution of the United States. By the Constitution, the duty of returning runaway slaves was made imperative on the free states." The judge, therefore, bound Latimer over to appear before Judge Story on November 5. "As soon as he was ordered to be bound over," says Samuel E. Sewall, as reported in the *Liberator* of October 30, "several gentlemen offered bail. But instead of bailing him, the charge of larceny was abandoned"; the court declared Latimer to be legally in the custody of Mr. Stratton, who acted for Gray, the master, "and solely on the authority of his master he was carried back to jail. Neither the sheriff nor the jailer had any right to receive him there." Money was then raised to purchase Latimer. Meanwhile, Samuel E. Sewall, three Bowditches, Charles Sumner, Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, and others, signed a petition to Sheriff Evelyn, demanding the immediate release of Latimer, as he was illegally detained; and the persons acting for Mr. Gray, seeing that they were helpless, gladly took a small sum, and made no opposition to Latimer's walking out of jail a free man.

So Shadrach could not be shut up in jail unless accused of some crime against the state; neither would the right-minded Commodore Downes receive him as a prisoner in the navy-yard, though Riley sent to request it. The court-room was the only place where a fugitive slave could be confined.

<sup>1</sup> See Mass. Laws, chap. 69, sec. 2, "No sheriff . . . shall hereafter arrest or detain . . . in any jail or other building belonging to this Commonwealth . . . any person for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave."

As the number of people within the court-room lessened, the crowd outside the door increased. There was a passage leading from the outer steps to the court-room door, and into this passage an excited throng of people, most of them negroes, had pressed. They tried from time to time to force an entrance, but without success; for whenever the door was opened it was as surely closed again, in spite of the dark, eager fingers clinging to the slowly closing edge.

At two o'clock Mr. Davis, who lingered after Mr. Sewall and Mr. Loring had gone, was ready to go. He approached the door to pass through. The voices on the outer side of the door grew louder. Shadrach's friends were gaining confidence. "Take him out, boys, go in and take him out!" they cried.

Very cautiously the officers opened the door, and Mr. Davis slipped into the narrow opening. Then—was Mr. Davis rather deliberate in his motion?—the door would not shut. Feet and shoulders were inserted from without. The officers pulled with a will, but this time in vain. A score of men rushed in. Shadrach leaped up and darted forward to meet them. They lifted him high in the air, swept him from the room, and half passed him, half flung him, down the steps. He heard a woman in the crowd shriek "God bless you! Have they got you?" Then, throwing himself into a carriage waiting there in the street for him, he was whirled away.

Mr. Davis was accused of having aided and abetted in the rescue, but nothing was proved against him. Richard H. Dana, in his speech in defence of Davis, says:

"By the courtesy of the marshal, the counsel were permitted to remain here [in the court-room] because the marshal had not yet determined where to keep his prisoner. . . . When the business is over they leave. . . . In the meantime about that door is collected a small number of persons of the same color with the prisoner at the bar; very likely, perhaps, to make a rescue; some advising against it, and some for it, with considerable excitement. Mr. Davis slides out of that passageway and goes to his office. Mr. Wright is prevented from going by the crowd. Not a blow is struck, not the hair of a man's head is injured; the prisoner walks off with his friends, straight out of this court-house, and no more than twenty or thirty persons have done the deed. Three men outside the door could have prevented the rescue; Mr. Riley did not suspect it, Mr. Wright did not suspect it, nobody suspected it. The sudden action of a small body of men, unex-

pected, and only successful because unexpected, accomplished it. He is out of reach of the officers in a moment, and there's an end of the whole business."

It is not quite the end of Shadrach's story. Mr. James N. Buffum used to tell with much enjoyment the tale of the evening of February 16th, when he and Judge Russell found themselves in Leominster, engaged to speak at a meeting there. He said that they had come out from Boston full of the great news of the day, of the rescue of Shadrach, the escaped slave, exulting over it, and intending to make it the chief theme of their discourses. On Sunday morning Shadrach himself arrived, sent by some friends to find shelter under that same roof. Very much interested, they tried to make advances, but for a long time he looked upon them with great distrust. Before the time for the meeting, however, he became convinced that he was among friends, and entering into the spirit of their plans for him, dressed himself as a woman and boldly went to the meeting to hear his own adventures related from the platform.

A short account published in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, a few years ago, for the purpose of eliciting further information concerning Shadrach, brought the following kind communication from Mr. Charles W. Flint, of Lawrence:

"LAWRENCE, MASS., February 10, 1886.

"Mr. Samuel Crocker of Lawrence used to say that he carried Shadrach out from Boston on the evening of his rescue; that he drove in the direction of Fitchburg; that as they drove along in the evening they came to a schoolhouse where a prayer-meeting was being held; that he stopped and entered the house, and prayed, and then went on his journey again. Mr. Crocker then owned the horse which he used for this purpose, and said that he would never part with it. Mr. Crocker was a paper manufacturer, a deacon of the Baptist Church, a man of *dark complexion*."

And a Leominster lady has furnished this concise summary:

"February 15, 1851, the people of Boston were excited and aroused over the rescuing of the famous slave Shadrach, who was taken from the court-house at noon, while the court was indulging in the midday repast. The slave was driven to Watertown to the house of William S. White, a friend of the anti-slavery cause, who took the refugee to Concord to the residence of Mrs. Mary M. Brooks, wife of Lawyer Brooks. Mrs. Brooks employed the services of a faithful anti-slavery friend to drive Shadrach to Leominster that night.

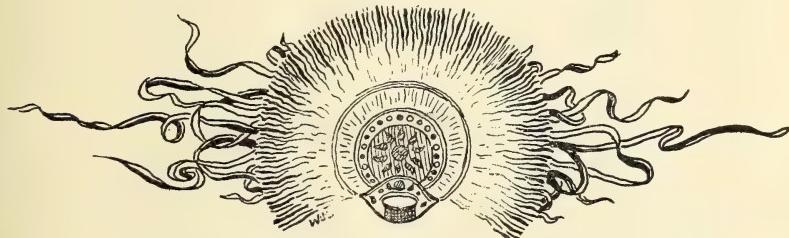
They arrived at the home of Mr. Jonathan Drake early on the morning of the 16th, which was Sunday. An anti-slavery convention and fair had been held in Leominster on the 14th and 15th, and a meeting was to be held on Sunday. Consequently Judge Thomas Russell, James N. Buffum, and others, were at Mr. Drake's when Shadrach reached there.

"The fleeing and frightened black did not dare to enter the house, the number present exciting his fears to an almost ungovernable extent. After he had entered the house, and was seated by the fire, Judge Russell begged the privilege of offering Shadrach a piece of bread, knowing that it was in direct violation of the law. The slave took the bread, and broke it, and repeating the words of the communion service, passed it to the friends assembled. A glass of water was offered him, which he tasted and passed to the others, as he had the bread, after which a most fervent and

affecting prayer was offered by the poor fugitive, who now felt that he had found friends indeed. This scene was said to be very solemn and impressive. The friends were very anxious to have Shadrach attend the meeting to be held that evening, at which the gentlemen mentioned were to speak. He demurred at first, but finally consented, and attended, disguised in the habiliments of a woman.

"He remained in Leominster until Monday night, when he was sent to Mr. Benjamin Snow in Fitchburg, and from there was conveyed to Mr. Alvin Ward in Ashburnham, and was taken thence to Canada. After his arrival in Montreal Mrs. Drake received a letter from him, which she now has in her possession. She has also a work-box which he gave her on his departure for Canada.

"Mr. Benjamin Snow was in Montreal three or four years ago, and saw Shadrach, who was keeping a restaurant there. He has a wife and children, or had at that time."

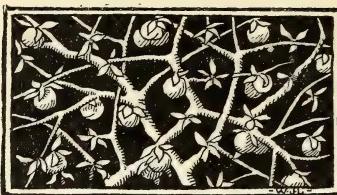


## LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

*By Virginia G. Ellard.*

AND would'st thou have an instrument well strung  
To happy moods? Then on my heart-chords play,  
Until responsive music, bright and gay,  
Shall meet thine own; for though with anguish wrung,  
The minor tones for thee remain unsung.  
It is enough if I but hear thee say,  
"No shadows mar the fullness of my day."

"A woman weak!" the world will cry in scorn,  
"Denying self to know a tyrant's tread,  
Who all too late her wasted life will mourn."  
But when I feel thy hand upon my head  
In silent triumph, I can bear the taunt,  
For Love has courage words can never daunt.



## KARÁ.

*By Allen Eastman Cross.*

[In memory of the Russian patriot, Madame Sigida, who was scourged to death at the Kará political prison in the summer of 1889.]

THERE is blood upon earth, but a sword in air ;  
And the blood is the pain that a people bear,  
But the sword is the power of a people's prayer.

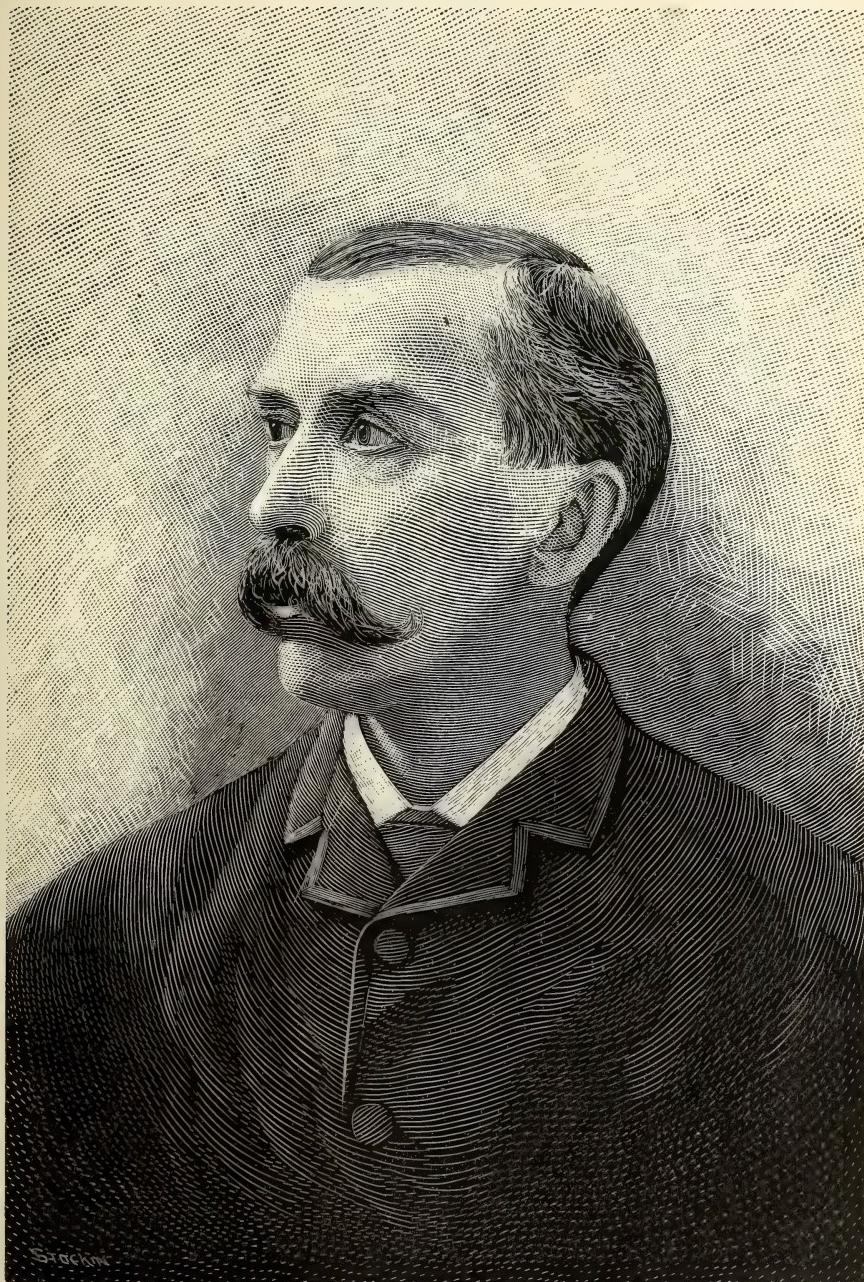
And the sword — it is hanging above a throne ;  
And the blood — it hath cried, with an exile's moan,  
For the world to acknowledge her cause its own ;

To encircle the planet with hearts of fire,  
With a pity whose sandals shall never tire  
Till they haste to the Tsar with the world's great ire ;

With its horror of cursèd Kará's red sod,  
With its wrath on a merciless ruler's rod,  
And its tears and its prayers for the scourge of God.

When the heart of a pitying world is stirred,  
In the voice of its wrath shall the Lord be heard,  
And the Tsar shall be scourged by His awful word.





GEORGE KENNAN.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. BRAINERD, ROME, N.Y.



Eli Whitney

## THE STORY OF THE COTTON-GIN.

*By Edward Craig Bates.*

OF the four great staples which provide man with clothing,—cotton, silk, wool, and flax,—cotton, now the cheapest and most indispensable, was last to come into general use. It is not, however, a new article. Thousands of years ago cotton was the national cloth of India, just as linen was of Egypt. The Chinese, who had known the plant from the earliest times, began its manufacture into cloth during the thirteenth century. The earliest explorers found beautiful fabrics of cotton among the natives of Mexico

and South America. In the fourteenth century,—long after linens, woollens, and silks had become articles of commerce,—cottons were introduced into Europe; but they were necessarily very expensive. The distance from which they were brought, and the clumsy methods of their manufacture, gave almost a monopoly to woollens, silks, and linens, until the great inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Compton, late in the last century, made cotton the ordinary clothing of the people.

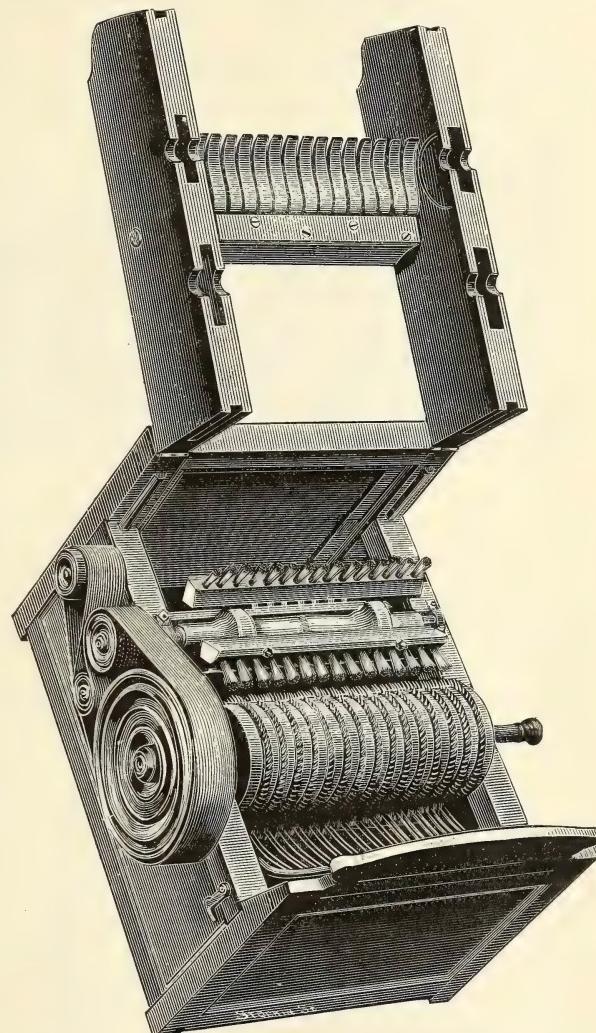
These inventions mark an era in the

industrial development of the world. In the course of twenty years, from 1765 to 1785, the manufacture of cotton goods made greater progress than in thousands of years preceding. The first improvement was Hargreaves' invention of the spinning-jenny in 1767, which enabled an operator to spin one hundred and twenty threads at once,—a task that would formerly have required one hundred and twenty persons. Two years after the spinning-wheel had given way to the jenny in the making of weft (the softer kind of yarn), Arkwright invented that wonderful piece of mechanism, the spinning-frame, for making the firmer yarn used as warp. The genius of Compton, five years later, united the two operations in one machine; and when Watt contributed the steam-engine in 1782, the power of a spinner was increased a thousand-fold. It remained for Dr. Cartwright, a clergyman of Kent, to complete this series of remarkable discoveries by inventing the power-loom. The great English industry of modern times was then begun. In less than twenty years from Arkwright's invention, the prices of cotton goods had fallen ninety per cent. It became possible to bring the raw material from India, four thousand leagues away, turn it into cloth, and undersell the native Indian workman in his own village. The rude methods of other producers, in spite of cheap labor and an abundance of cotton, were powerless in competing with these marvellous inventions.

One thing alone limited the English manufacturer in the production of cotton goods—the lack of a cheap and plentiful supply of raw material. England was at first dependent on Turkey, India, and the East and West Indies. Before 1790, the American producers had contributed little.

Cotton was, however, cultivated in the

American colonies for domestic use before the Revolution. As early as 1621, says Bancroft, "the seeds of cotton were planted [in Virginia], as an experiment, and 'their plentiful coming up' was a subject of interest in America and England." That its cultivation was not extensive, however, may be seen from McMaster's statement that a century and a half ago, "cotton was never



Model of the Cotton-Gin.<sup>1</sup>

seen growing but in gardens among the rose-bushes and honey-suckle vines." A small amount had been occasionally exported before 1790, but in 1784 eight bags

<sup>1</sup> See note at end of this article.

were seized by the officials at Liverpool, on the ground that so much cotton could never have come from America. So unimportant was the production of cotton regarded as late as 1794, that John Jay, in making a treaty with England, provided, in an article which was rejected by the Senate, for prohibiting its exportation.

But the increasing demands of English manufacturers stimulated its cultivation.

utilize their slaves, land, and natural advantages for the extensive production of cotton. "Without a vastly increased supply of the raw material, and at a much lower price than it had previously brought, the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton, Roberts, and Watt would have been of comparatively little value";<sup>1</sup> and such a supply was impossible without a new process of separating, thoroughly and



Picking Cotton.

The soil and climate of the Southern states were admirably adapted to its growth. The islands along the coast were destined to provide the long-staple, or Sea Island, cotton, the finest in the world. Moreover, the raising of cotton requires much labor, but little skill; and owing to slavery, unskilled labor was plentiful throughout the South. Labor, soil, and climate were all favorable for producing the raw material so urgently demanded by the manufacturers in England. There was only one drawback. In order to prepare cotton for the market, the producer must separate the fibres from the seeds. In the green-seed, or short-staple, cotton, which forms the bulk of the American product, this was a labor of great difficulty. The seeds clung to the fibre with exasperating persistency. It was a day's work for a man to clean a pound of cotton,—a rate so slow as to make its extensive production impossible.

In 1790, therefore, there was great need of another invention, not only to supplement the weaving and spinning machines which had been invented in England, but also to enable the Southern planters to

cheaply, the fibre from the seeds. The cotton-gin, "a machine which has done more for cotton-growers, manufacturers, commerce, and civilization than any other one machine that was ever invented,"<sup>2</sup> was demanded alike by the manufacturers in England, the cotton-growers in America, and by the industrial welfare of the whole civilized world.

The genius who unlocked the imprisoned resources of the South was Eli Whitney. The home of his early years was far from the scene of his great triumph. In the little town of Westborough, about thirty miles west of Boston, he was born, December 8, 1765. His father was a farmer, but combined with his knowledge of farming considerable mechanical skill. In a little workshop near his house he had collected a variety of tools for making chairs and wheels, and for such odd jobs of repairing as he and his neighbor farmers constantly desired. In the use of tools the son showed early aptitude. "He lost no time," says

<sup>1</sup> De Bow's *Industrial Resources, etc., of the South and West*, Vol. I., p. 207.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

his sister, "but as soon as he could handle tools he was always making something in the shop, and seemed not to like working on the farm." At the age of twelve he made a fiddle that excited much admiration, and the ingenuity which he thus showed brought him many delicate jobs of repairing. To the boy's inquiring mind, his father's watch, as the most delicate mechanism within his reach, was of fascinating interest. During the family's absence at church, it is related, having feigned illness as an excuse for remaining at home, he took the watch to pieces, but, unlike other boys who have attempted the same feat, he put the parts together again so nicely that the deed was undiscovered. When his step-mother lamented the breaking of a table-knife belonging to a valuable set, the ingenious boy made one exactly like it excepting the stamp on the blade ; "and this he would likewise have excused," says Professor Olmstead in his memoir, "had not the tools required been too expensive for his slender means."

Not only did Whitney manifest inventive and mechanical skill at an early age, but his energy and perseverance became likewise apparent. During the Revolutionary War, when the price of nails was high, he engaged in their manufacture. Needing an assistant in his work, he obtained permission from his father to go to the neighboring village. Not finding a man to suit him, he mounted his horse and travelled forty miles before he was successful. When, with the close of war, the nail business was no longer profitable, Whitney turned his hand to a new industry — making hat-pins for women and walking-sticks for men. In these anecdotes of his youth appears the germ of the inventive faculty which afterwards, in a wider field, attained such grand development ; and not less clearly appear the industry, energy, and perseverance which afterwards enabled him both to fight for his rights against overwhelming odds and, after the failure of his first great enterprise, to amass a fortune in new pursuits.

It was natural that a young man of Whitney's active mind and ambition should be dissatisfied with the limited education which his native village afforded. At the age of nineteen he decided to prepare for college. In May, 1789, after five years of hard work in earning his living and carrying on his studies,

notwithstanding his step-mother's opposition and the protest of an "intelligent friend" that "it was a pity such a fine mechanical genius as his should be wasted," he succeeded in entering the freshman class at Yale. There he showed great proficiency in mathematics, and his written exercises which have been preserved are evidence of a clear, logical, and vigorous mind. In the repairing of apparatus, and other ways, he had several opportunities for astonishing his instructors and friends with his skill in using tools.

A few months after his graduation, in the autumn of 1792, Whitney was engaged as tutor by a gentleman in Georgia. During the journey from New York to Savannah, he enjoyed the company of Mrs. Greene, the widow of the famous Revolutionary general, and her family. Their friendship proved to be of inestimable value. On arriving in Georgia, he found the position for which he had been engaged already filled. Without resources or employment, he gladly accepted the invitation of Mrs. Greene to remain at her house while he was carrying out his project of studying law. Under her hospitable roof he remained for several months.

The first opportunity for employing his peculiar skill was in making a tambour frame. Mrs. Greene complained that the one she was using was imperfect, and tore the thread of her embroidery. Anxious to please his kind benefactor, Whitney quickly constructed a frame so superior to the one in use as to excite the wonder and delight of the whole family.

This exhibition of skill was still in the mind of Mrs. Greene, when a party of Revolutionary officers who had served under her husband came to pay their respects. Many of them, if not all, were planters. In discussing the state of agriculture and their needs, they lamented the lack of a machine for separating cotton-fibre from the seeds. With the pressing demand in England for raw cotton, this was the only obstacle to their prosperity. By a happy inspiration, Mrs. Greene remarked, "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney,—he can make anything." Whitney, protesting against the praises of his friend, removed what hopeful expectations the most ardent may have had, by calmly replying that he had never seen either cotton or cotton-seed.

Mrs. Greene's object in her friendly introduction was to attract the attention of her influential visitors to the promising young man whom she was befriending. The conversation, however, had an unexpected result. The young law student threw aside his books, and soon set off for Savannah. There he wandered about the wharves, in and around the store-houses, seeking a sample of cotton. After a long search he returned with a small parcel. A workroom in the basement of the house was set apart for his use. He made the tools necessary for his task, drew his own wire, and proceeded to construct a gin ("engine" is the full form) for separating cotton-fibre from the seeds. His purpose was divulged to no one save Mrs. Greene. The winter of 1792-93 was nearly over when his mysterious task was fully and satisfactorily completed. Early in the spring the cotton-gin was set up in a shed, and prominent planters from all over the state were invited to see it work. It was successful from the start. The machine for which there had been such clamoring for many years was at last provided by the ingenuity of a Yankee student.

I have referred to the cotton-gin as "a machine for separating the cotton-fibres from the seeds." A more definite understanding of the operation demands a few words on the nature of cotton and the mechanism of the gin.

The cotton which is used for spinning cloth is "the down, or fine cellular hair, attached to the seeds of the plants belonging to the genus *Gossypium*, natural order *Malvaceæ*."<sup>1</sup> This genus has many species, some botanists giving as many as twenty; but the two important species known to commerce are the Indian and the American cottons. The American cottons are of two varieties: "the *Barbadensis*, or black-seeded cottons, bearing pure yellow blossoms, with a reddish purple spot at the base of the petals; and the *Hirsute*, or hairy cotton, more or less covered with a distinct coating of hairs, bearing white or faintly primrose-colored blossoms."<sup>2</sup> The *Barbadensis*, known as "Sea Island cotton," grows on the islands off the coast of the Carolinas, and surpasses all other varieties in the length, strength, and beauty of its staples. The great bulk of American cotton known as "upland" cotton, is of

the other variety. Its fibres are shorter than in the Sea Island cotton, and cling most persistently to the green seeds in every lobe.

The low shrub on which the balls of cotton grow is planted in this country during April or May, and matures in August and September. Visitors to Southern states extol the beauty of the long rows of shrubs, with their glossy, dark green leaves, and balls of snowy whiteness.

As soon as the cotton is gathered, the process of ginning begins. The most primitive method was by the *churka*, used by the Chinese and Hindoos. It is a rude machine, consisting chiefly of two wooden rollers fixed in a frame. The rollers revolve in contact, drawing the cotton between them and excluding the seeds. Although the machine has undergone only slight improvement in the course of centuries, it is still used to some extent in India. This method, at best, is slow, clumsy, and imperfect.

In America, the little cotton that was raised before Whitney's gin made extensive production possible was ginned by hand. When the day's work in the fields was over, the slaves were set to work picking out the seeds. An overseer stood by to urge on the indolent and rouse the sleepy. It was a day's work for a man to cleanse a pound of cotton by hand.

The gin invented by Whitney is simple in its construction, and rapid and thorough in its work. The cotton is placed in a large hopper on an iron bed with many interstices. Through these project the teeth of a series of circular "saws." As the saws revolve, their sharp points catch the fibres of cotton and draw them through. The seeds are excluded by their size. The cotton is detached from the saws, and carried from the machine, by an arrangement of brushes. By the use of the gin, a thousand pounds of clean cotton, instead of one pound, are the result of a man's daily work. Another gin, known as Macarthy's roller gin, is used to some extent, especially for Sea Island cotton, but Whitney's is still in most general use. Many slight changes have been made in its construction, but so thoroughly did the young inventor do his work, that no better principle for making gins has yet been discovered.

No sooner had the fact of Eli Whitney's wonderful discovery become known, than

<sup>1</sup> *Encyc. Brit.*, "Cotton."

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

planters from all parts of the state came to see the machine upon which their fortunes depended. Their impatience could not be restrained. The shed which contained the cotton-gin was forcibly entered, and in the morning the machine was gone. The principle of its construction—as yet unpatented—was discovered. New machines, with slight and unimportant variations, were manufactured and set up in various parts of the state. The owners of the original gin (Mr. Whitney had taken as a partner Mr. Phineas Miller, who had married his friend, Mrs. Greene) were involved, after the issue of their patent in the fall of 1793, in almost endless litigation. Their rights, moral and legal, were shamefully disregarded.

In spite of the loss of their only model, and the infringement of their patent, Whitney and Miller still had hopes of securing a share of the wealth which their machine was sure to create. Their plan was to sell no machines, but to gin cotton for the planters on shares, the owners of the gin retaining one pound in every three. This turned out to be an unfortunate plan. Whitney, who went North for the purpose, was unable to supply the needed machines. The scarcity of money, due to the wild speculations in land, crippled his operations. Scarlet fever broke out among his workmen; and, to cap a long series of misfortunes, just as Whitney was recovering from a serious illness, he arrived at New Haven to find his factory and half-finished machines in ashes. This was a serious blow. Not only was the financial loss large, but the impatient planters, who had raised an immense quantity of cotton, the value of which depended on its being ginned, were given extra inducements to make machines for themselves in spite of the patent.

The owners of the cotton-gin were not disheartened by their misfortunes. They raised money at ruinous rates of interest, and proceeded with their enterprise. But no sooner had their prospects brightened a little than a new calamity came upon them. The report became current that their gin injured the fibre of the cotton, and decreased its value. The rumor, which seems to have been founded solely on prejudice, came at a critical period in the affairs of the struggling concern, and for a time—until it was shown to be

without adequate foundation—completely crippled their business. Their gins stood still, in the midst of a cotton-growing country, for lack of cotton to keep them busy.

It is apparent, I think, that the misfortunes of Whitney and Miller would have been only temporary, had it not been for the general infringement of their patent. Their rights were entirely disregarded throughout the cotton-growing district. The first case which they could bring to trial, in 1797, was decided against them. Such was the importance of the machine, the extent of the infringement, and the wealth and influence of the guilty parties, that no jury could be found to return a verdict on the merits of the case. No one now denies that justice was on the side of the patentees; but, nevertheless, sixty cases were tried before a verdict was secured against those who had infringed the patent. This decision was in 1808. The patent had only one year more to run; and justice, coming at so late a date, brought little recompense to the inventor. “The want of a disposition in mankind to do justice,” was the philosophic reason for all his trouble, given by Whitney in a letter to Robert Fulton; “and I have always believed,” he adds, “that I should have had no difficulty in causing my right to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and been used only by a small portion of the community.” Whitney was, with good reason, disgusted at his treatment, and never afterwards, though he made several ingenious and valuable inventions, did he apply for a patent. The rewards which he received for his invention of the cotton-gin were disheartening misfortunes, the loss of a lucrative and honorable profession, costly and troublesome law-suits, health shattered by worry and travel, a paltry grant from South Carolina,—and imperishable fame as one of the foremost figures in the history of industrial development.

It would be impossible to enumerate the results of a great mechanical invention. Its influence extends to all ranks of society and to every region of the world. Like the telegraph, the steamboat, and other great inventions, the cotton-gin has had a striking influence upon modern civilization. It changed the occupations and modes of life of great multitudes in both America

and England ; it demanded, and brought about, new inventions to supplement its work ; it transformed the sluggish life of the South into a life of activity, power, and wealth ; and, perhaps more important than all, it caused a change in the political development of the United States, which reached its climax in a great civil war.

Its effect upon the production of cotton was immediate and striking. I have already said that cotton was an unimportant factor in colonial productions. In 1786, attention was called to the possibility of raising cotton for the English market, and more vigorous efforts were made. In 1791, the South produced 2,000,000 pounds, of which 189,316 pounds were exported. The following year, however, the exportation was only 50,000 pounds. So difficult, in fact, was the process of ginning, that tobacco, indigo, and rice bade fair to be the permanent products of the Southern states. In the winter of 1792-93 came the invention of the cotton-gin. Encouraged by the hope of its success, the planters, during the following season (1793), raised 5,000,000 pounds of cotton, and sent 487,600 pounds to England. During the following year, the use of the cotton-gin became more general in Georgia and South Carolina. It is not surprising, therefore, to find a product of 8,000,000 pounds in 1794, and an exportation of over 1,600,000 pounds. Year after year the area of the cotton-producing country, the number of planters and their slaves, and the amount and value of the crop, showed rapid growth. In 1800, the product was 35,000,000 pounds ; in 1810, 85,000,000 ; in 1820, 160,000,000 ; in 1830, 350,000,000 ; in 1840, 880,000,000 ; and — to omit the intervening decades — in 1880, the crop was 3,200,000,000 pounds. The debt which the nation and the world owe to Eli Whitney is proclaimed by the eloquence of statistics. They indicate that Robert Fulton was not wrong when he said that “Arkwright, Watt, and Whitney were the three men who did most for mankind of any of their contemporaries.” Nor was Lord Macaulay too extravagant in saying, “What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney’s invention of the cotton-gin has more than equalled in its relation to the power and progress of the United States.”

The benefit derived from the cotton-gin,

however, was not unaccompanied with evil. It gave an immense stimulus to the growth of slavery. At the time of the invention, the “cherished institution” was not flourishing. There were 40,000 slaves in the Northern states, and about 600,000 in the Southern ; but in the North, the extinction of slavery was already in sight, and in the South it was impossible to supply the slaves with profitable labor. Emancipation societies were tolerated ; slavery was regarded as probably of limited duration ; and men like Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Pinckney were outspoken in their disapproval of the system. But the production of cotton, which the cotton-gin made possible, was peculiarly adapted to slave labor. Says Greeley : —

“No other outdoor work afforded such constant and nearly uniform employment for this description of labor. Throughout the greater part of the Southwest, ploughing for the cotton crop may be commenced in January; to be followed directly by planting; this by weeding; and hardly has the cultivation of the earth been completed, when the picking of the more advanced balls may be commenced; and this, with ginning, often employs the whole force of the planters nearly or quite up to the commencement of the Christmas holidays. These being over, the preparation of the fields for ploughing is again commenced; so that there is no season when the hands need stand idle: and though long spring and summer rains, impelling tillage while impelling the growth of weeds and of grass, sometimes induce weeks of necessary hurry and of unusual effort, there is absolutely no day of the year when the experienced planter or competent overseer cannot find full employment for his hands in some detail of the cultivation of cotton.” — *American Conflict*, I. 68.

It is not surprising, then, that with the progress of cotton-growing, the value of slaves rapidly increased, moral sentiments against slavery completely disappeared, and the pernicious system became thoroughly interwoven with the social and industrial life of the Southern people. In view of its effect upon slavery, it is not too much to say, with no discredit to its inventor, that the cotton-gin, in addition to its immeasurable benefits, did more than all other agencies to nourish the cause of the greatest political episode of modern times, — the struggle against slavery, and its culmination in civil war.

NOTE. — The writer is indebted for the illustration of the cotton-gin accompanying this article, as well as for the following interesting letter, to Eli Whitney, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., son of the

inventor of the cotton-gin. The letter is dated New Haven, March 20, 1890:—

"The photograph sent to you of the cotton-gin is from a small model, say 18 x 12, made under my father's direction about ninety years ago. There are but two of these models now in existence; one at the Smithsonian, and the one in my possession.

"The cotton-gins manufactured to-day have precisely the same mechanical combination as these models. My father's invention stands almost alone in this respect, that it was perfected when invented. Although this century has been so remarkable for inventions, his has never been improved upon by others. It is almost the only instance of the kind on record concerning the most important and useful inventions. That the Whitney cotton-gin has conferred vast benefits in developing the power and progress of the United States is a matter of well-authenticated history. The inventor made the prosperity of the Southern states agriculturally, financially, and commercially; made England rich, and changed the commerce of the world. He made other valuable inventions, but the litigation and cost of maintaining his cotton-gin patent so disgusted him that he took out no other patent, though he could have received many.

"His invention of methods for making practical and successful his system of making the parts of arms, and any other article, often repeated in manufacture, is of the utmost importance to mankind, and is undoubtedly the foundation of the me-

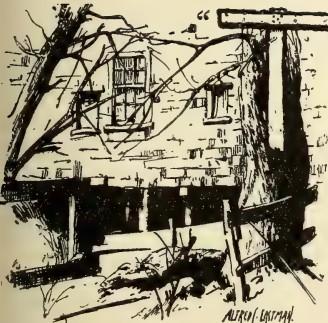
chanical prosperity of the United States, and the superiority of American manufactures over those of any other country. I refer to his uniformity system — or making the similar parts of an arm or machine so near alike in shape that they can be used in assembling the piece without working. In 1798, when he proposed to make arms with parts interchangeable, the French and English ordnance departments laughed at the idea as an absurdity, saying that each arm would be a model, etc., and would cost \$100; but he soon proved the advantages of his inventions, so that the United States government adopted his system in all the armories under its control. In 1798, there were very few skilled mechanics in the United States, and this uniformity system enabled the manufacturer to employ unskilled mechanics to great advantage. In 1856, the British government, and in 1871 and 1872, the Russian, German, French, and Italian governments adopted the uniformity system of making arms, invented by Eli Whitney in 1797-98. It has been worth many millions to the United States and the world, but he received a very trifling compensation, scarcely worth mentioning, and that indirectly. At the present time guns, clocks, watches, sewing-machines, and almost every article of wood or metal which is often repeated, is made on the plan of his uniformity system, and it would be a loss of many millions every year for the manufacturers of the United States to go back to the old European system of manufactures."

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## CAMPANULA.

*By Stuart Sterne.*

### I.



THE campanula, though really a midsummer flower, is somewhat variable in its habits. I have found full-blown specimens of the blue bells as early as the last week in June."

Dennis Rogers had made the entry last year, and now glanced over it once more before he put the well-worn little memorandum-book back into the breast-pocket of his coat. Yes ; there was no doubt of it, he would find the flowers well out to-day. It was almost four o'clock ; they had had the additional benefit of the whole long morning's sun, — he would lose no more time now.

He took his hat down from its accustomed peg and left the house. The precaution of locking the door, if indeed the door had ever boasted anything like a lock, and all the suspicions of one's neighbors which it involved, Dennis had long left behind him in the city. But indeed there were no neighbors. The plain farmer's family, who furnished him with his supply of milk, which he went to fetch early every morning himself, lived over a mile off, and other people never came that way ; if they had, they would have been welcome to the temporary use of about the only things to be found in Dennis's cabin — his books and his fire. To all intents and

purposes, his solitude was as complete as if he had buried himself on one of the great prairies of the wild West. And yet he was not a hundred miles distant from one of the great centres of trade and culture. He sometimes thought of this with a sense of vague wonder.

Following a narrow foot-path that led directly from his door westward into the woods, he came upon a square clearing. It had probably once served as the pasturing ground for the cattle, or more likely the solitary cow, of the people who had inhabited the cabin before Dennis, for the whole patch was rudely enclosed with old pine-trees, whose jagged, withered branches made an effective fence. But the spot had evidently long been left to the tender mercies of sun and wind and rain alone. Rich green grass, tall weeds, and wild flowers flourished luxuriantly. Discovering the patch soon after his arrival in the neighborhood, Dennis had instantly taken spiritual possession of it, and called it his "garden," though he never laid spade or hoe or, except in rare cases, even hand to plant or flower.

Here, in a sheltered corner, stood the campanula, whose growth he had affectionately watched, from the first setting of the tiny green buttons, till the large, swelling buds began to reach forward to the sun. Surely, he thought, as he leaped the improvised fence, he ought to see it even now! But no campanula greeted his sight. The corner presented one even mass of green, unbroken by the pale blue of the graceful bells. His heart began to beat faster, as he hastened to the spot. Yes; there was the plant, but the flowers were gone!—not one left, nothing but a few backward buds, that would take another week to open. What had become of them? Neither stray cattle, nor a sudden gust of wind, could well be held responsible, and there was but one other possibility. Dennis bent down and examined the stalks, on which he perfectly remembered each separate flower. Ah, there was no doubt of it; the ends of the slender stems all had a clean, even appearance; the flowers must have been cut; actually *cut with a knife!*

Dennis felt himself turn hot and cold for an instant. Who could have done this, broken into his "garden," robbed him of this long-looked-for pleasure? The

farmer folks would surely not have walked a mile for that purpose; and the people on the hill, on the other side of the lake, never crossed over to this shore, so far as he was aware. He knew but little about them, indeed, nor cared to know. He took off his hat and wiped his brow. The air seemed to have grown insufferably close, and the light about him strangely dim. No wonder! Glancing up, he saw that the sun had disappeared behind a mass of black clouds, which must have come up swiftly, and evidently a storm was close at hand. Even at this moment there swept through the pines that first mysterious breath that heralds the tempest.

He hurriedly retraced his steps; the darkening path before him more than once lit up by a bright flash, followed by an ominous growl of thunder. Great drops began to come down, and Dennis had just reached the cabin, and closed the doors and windows, when the rain came gushing down, and the storm burst with all the violence of a midsummer hurricane.

It had grown almost dark in the low room, and Dennis stood at one of the windows looking out. Through the pouring sheets of water, he could scarcely distinguish the nearest pines, but he heard them groaning in the wind, while the thunder rolled overhead.

Suddenly, through all the wild noises, he thought he heard a tap at the door. Could he have been mistaken? He went to lift the latch, and as he did so the door was almost hurled into his face by the violence of the wind. On the step stood a young lady, grasping a great bunch of wild flowers in one hand, while with the other she attempted to hold her limp skirts, the whole figure from head to foot dripping with water.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at sight of Dennis, nodding quickly, "I was caught in the rain,—would you let me come in and wait till the worst is over?"

"Certainly!" he said, courteously making way for her, though it must be confessed with somewhat mixed emotions.

"Oh dear, how wet I am!" she went on, when she stood in the middle of the room, and watched with some dismay the streams that ran from her low shoes, as well as the pretty straw hat that hung in disorder down her back.

"I am afraid you will take cold," said Dennis, not yet quite fully recovered from his surprise.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried merrily; "I am quite used to it; I have many a time been wet through. It was foolish in me to go so far. I live on the other side of the lake, and came across in my boat. I am afraid that is filled with water, and perhaps drifted away. I stayed a little too long in the woods, and never noticed the storm till it was almost upon me. Oh," starting slightly, "see that fearful flash of lightning! I think I never knew such torrents of rain. I will throw off a few of my wet things, if you will let me."

Without waiting for his answer, she laid her flowers on a small side-table, and then proceeded to untie her hat, and to pull off a light summer sacque which she wore. In its saturated condition, it required some little tugging to do so, but Dennis, feeling somewhat timid about offering his services, resigned himself to watching the nimble play of the small hands, and the graceful figure that gradually emerged from its wrappings, and could not help thinking that the head was very pretty. The golden hair was worn very simply, fastened up in a rich knot at the back of the head, but now blown about and fluffed into little ringlets about the temples; and the gray eyes had a grave and yet half merry expression, that made it doubtful whether they belonged to a woman or a child. Indeed she seemed scarcely more than a child, Dennis thought.

"May I sit down, too? I am quite tired, and I think was a little frightened," she said at length, the red lips parting in a half roguish smile, while his mute contemplation continued.

"Certainly; make yourself at home. I am afraid I am a very poor host," he replied in some confusion, pushing towards her a hard arm-chair, the only one the cabin boasted. Then, beginning to bustle about as if under a sudden attack of hospitality, he added: "I will light the fire. It will not do for you to sit long in those wet skirts and shoes."

"Oh, no! pray don't take any extra trouble for me; I am very comfortable now," she said, nestling back in the arm-chair.

"It is no trouble whatever. It is already built, you see, and only needs the touch of

a match," he said, pointing to the blackened fireplace, where a mass of dry leaves and twigs lay heaped underneath the great logs on the firedogs.

She made no further objections, and in a few moments a bright blaze leaped up on the hearth, casting its dancing reflections over the floor. Soon the logs, too, began to kindle, and finally burst into a cheery flame, and the young girl drew closer to it with an evident sense of comfort. Then Dennis disappeared for an instant in an inner room, while she glanced about her with some curiosity.

It was the plainest place imaginable. Walls, as well as floor, were of deal boards. There were three common wooden doors, and three small, uncurtained windows, and the furniture was of the scantiest—a few wooden chairs, a desk, two rough book-cases, a larger and smaller table, and a very hard old lounge. Yet the unmistakable stamp of culture was evident everywhere. The desk was covered with papers, journals, and pamphlets; the cases crowded with books in sober brown bindings; and the monotony of the wooden walls was broken by two large photographs, both familiar to the young girl—Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam," and Rafael's "School of Athens."

The inmate of this curious habitation now returned, cutting short all further observations and surmises. He bore in his hand a pair of large but wonderfully comfortable-looking worsted slippers, and putting them down before his unexpected visitor said somewhat peremptorily:

"Here, you must take off your wet shoes and stockings and put these on! I am going in here and will make you a cup of hot tea."

He gave her no chance to remonstrate, and with a somewhat faintly murmured "Oh, thank you so much!" she prepared to do as she was bidden, while he turned from her and passed through another door, opening into a queer little outhouse, that apparently served as a woodshed, kitchen, and carpenter shop combined.

The young lady had long finished the necessary change in her toilet, as well as hung her own wet footgear on one of the "dogs," when he came back, this time with a small black kettle in his hand, which he proceeded to swing upon the crane.

"And do you live here quite alone?"

she asked, giving voice at last to a question that had sprung to her lips more than once.

"Yes," he said, resting one elbow upon the mantel-piece and looking gravely down upon her. "I have been here a little over a year. I came in the early part of last June."

"Oh, then you must be Mr. Rogers,—the Mr. Rogers we have heard about!" she cried quite gayly, and almost as if throwing off the last shade of constraint she might possibly have felt at first.

"Yes," he said again, simply; "Dennis Rogers."

"Mrs. Jackson, the farmer's wife, who lives on this side of the lake,—we buy eggs from her now and then when our hens happen to give out,—has spoken of you once or twice. But I didn't know this was your house; I thought an Irish family lived here. Indeed, when you first opened the door for me I was astonished to see—a gentleman!"

She broke into a merry little laugh at this, that again brought the delicate dimples to her cheeks. Dennis smiled in response, and sat down on a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. She felt glad of this. She could look at him more at her ease while she talked; it was a little uncomfortable to have to gaze up at him so far, and she liked to look at him. There was an air of unconscious distinction about the tall, lithe figure that bespoke the in-born gentleman, and it seemed to her that the well-poised head, with its thoughtful white brow, somewhat dreamy blue eyes, and wavy, dark blond hair, was the most interesting she had ever seen.

"We are called Dalton," she prattled. "My grandfather is old Captain Dalton, and Tim and I live with him and Aunt Sabina, the only unmarried daughter he has left. I do not often come over here. Tim does not like me to go far. Tim is my brother. He is fourteen years old, but we still look upon him as almost a child, for he is very small, and has been a poor little invalid from his birth."

Dennis had locked his hands behind his head and appeared to be listening with interest, but he offered no remark, and after a while Miss Dalton asked again:

"And do you really like living here quite alone in this way?"

"Very much, or I should not be here."

"And you take all your meals by yourself, and are here alone through the long winter evenings, and all; how strange it must seem! I can scarcely imagine such an existence," she observed, musingly. "And have you no home?"

"This is my home," he said, with a certain touch of pride.

"Yes, of course, I know. Excuse me,—but I mean, no other? Ah, but pray pardon me again," she suddenly added with a quick flush. "I am so interested; and please do not think me only rudely inquisitive, but I know I am asking altogether too many questions."

"No, no! I do not mind it at all," he said, not only courteously, but with unusual warmth in his tone; scarcely knowing, himself, why he felt inclined, much against his ordinary custom, to be so communicative to this little stranger, whom he saw for the first time in his life. But somehow there was nothing in the least impertinent in the questioning of this eager child,—for such she more than ever seemed to him,—nor anything that jarred upon his sensitiveness and strong native reserve. So he proceeded quite willingly:

"Well, yes; I have another home, in the city, at B—. I went there to see my mother, last Thanksgiving."

"Ah, you still have a mother!" she said, almost sadly; and for the second time, now again, as when she had spoken of little Tim, a pathetic shadow passed over the bright face. "My parents are both dead. Father died only a few months before Tim was born; and mother, at his birth. I was only six years old then, and have but a very dim recollection of them. And you could really bear to leave your mother, and come here to live alone!"

"I confess, that was the hardest part of it. But, after all, we must all live out our own lives independently,—or try to do so. And mother is a very liberal-minded woman, as well as much devoted to her children—perfectly willing to have me live in the way that would make me happiest. I have a sister, only fifteen now, who, of course, lives at home with mother."

Bending slightly forward in her chair, Miss Dalton had been listening with undivided attention. Now she asked again:

"But did not your mother need you?"

"In what way do you mean? She is a

widow, but able, I am thankful to say, to live very comfortably. So, finding she was not at all anxious to have me enter any profession, I resolved to try solitude for a while, when I left college. That was about two years ago,—I am twenty-six now. I hate society, or what is called so,” he went on, with a sudden flashing of his eye. Indeed, his listener had already observed that their ordinary dreamy expression sometimes gave way to a quick, keen glance. “I always hated it. The touch of it in man or woman is a taint !”

He stopped short; for it suddenly occurred to him that he was probably not in the least comprehended, or, if so, might be suggesting thoughts not exactly desirable. And indeed, she said now, with a slightly puzzled look :

“I don’t believe I understand what you mean.”

“No ; and God grant that you never may !” was Dennis’s inward exclamation ; and there passed through his mind those lines of Heine’s :

“Thou art like to a flower : so sweet, so pure, so fair.

I pray that God may keep thee, so sweet and pure and fair !”

He could not help thinking how free from any suggestion of that “taint,” how fresh, simple, and girlish was the slight figure and pure, sweet face before him,—somehow, indeed, bringing to mind some graceful wild flower. It gave him a vague sense of comfort to see her there opposite him,—her eyes usually fixed full upon his face, her white hands now and then spread out to the cheery fire, and her naked feet buried deep in the great slippers, though she had demurely crossed them, as if to hide the bit of dainty bare ankle that peeped out over the top of the shoes.

“But I am afraid that you are really a — a misanthrope !” she said now, looking at him seriously. But in another moment she broke once more into her merry, child-like laugh ; and this time, Dennis could not refrain from joining in it,—she had uttered the word so much as if she were speaking of some rare, curious animal !

“No ; not quite so bad as that,” he replied. “I like people well enough, in general, and get along with them, too, when I must ; but I love Nature so much better, that I wish to live alone with her and my own thoughts.”

“And does time never hang heavily on your hands ?”

“Indeed, no. I find plenty to do continually ; the day is not long enough for me.”

“Haven’t you even a dog to keep you company ?”

“Not now ; I had when I first came,—*Spunk*, a badger, a most faithful little fellow. He was a great hunter, but too plucky for his size. He tackled an immense woodchuck one day, that proved too much for him, and killed him. I loved him too well ever to care to have another.”

“Oh, I am sorry,—that was too bad !” came from Miss Dalton, very sympathetically. “We have a fine old collie, Dash. He must have gone off on some tramp of his own to-day, for he was not to be found when I started from home, else he would have been here with me. But don’t you sometimes,” she went on, in a different tone of voice, “get to have a feeling as if there were too much of yourself around,—I mean really ‘an oppressive sense of your own individuality’?”

He looked at her in some surprise. He would scarcely have expected from her any remark reaching so far below the surface of things as this, and was at no special pains to conceal his impression. They seemed to be by this time completely at ease with each other, and had entirely forgotten, if, indeed, it had ever occurred to either of them, that there was anything unusual in the situation.

She was quick to perceive the shade of perplexity in his eyes, and said with a smile that almost broadened into a low laugh again :

“I did not make up that sentence, nor find it in myself ; I am not so clever as that ! I read it somewhere once, and remembered it, because I think I know what it means. I occasionally have a feeling of that kind come upon me, when I am alone in my own room for a while, and I don’t like it at all, and always run away down-stairs to Tim or Aunt Sabina. I think only a very strong nature can live alone.”

“Yes,” he answered, without taking any special notice of the last remark. “I cannot deny that I was at first somewhat troubled with the feeling you describe. But it soon wore off, and I found that the best remedy against it was to bury myself in study and work, and so forget self and

self-consciousness completely. We can send even this Satan behind us if we choose. I am out many hours every day, studying and observing, and then I have my own meals to get, and once a week I go down to the village to buy some provisions, and always find there a letter from mother, and sometimes from Sister Bess too. And so time spins round only too fast."

"And you write a great deal, too, don't you?" she asked, with a vague motion of her hand towards his desk.

"Yes; I am at work on a botany, but shall confine myself for the present to the flora of the New England States. I generally bring specimens home with me from my tramps, but I love flowers so much in themselves, and for their mere beauty, that often I can scarcely bear to pull them to pieces."

"I care a great deal for plants, too, and so does Tim. We know a little botany, but you, of course, are very learned. Oh, my poor flowers!" she suddenly interrupted herself, "how very thoughtless of me to forget them all this time! I might have put them into water, at least!"

She sprang up, and as quickly as her awkward foot-gear would permit, shuffled over to the small table where she had left the nosegay.

"And I threw them down so carelessly, too, I am afraid some of them will be crushed," she said, taking them hastily up. "There! of course the campanulas are at the very bottom, and I knew Tim would be so glad to get them,—the very first of the season!"

Campanula! Dennis had for the time quite forgotten his recent disappointment, but that one word revived everything, and with a quick suspicion flashing into his mind, he mechanically followed Miss Dalton.

"No, they are not hurt a bit! See, are they not beautiful? I think I have never seen finer ones," she said, detaching from the rest of the bunch three small green branches, from the end of each of which swung a large, pale blue bell.

A pang shot through Dennis's heart. Yes, there could scarcely be a doubt of it! Aside from the fact that the flower was still so rare at this season, he had so carefully noted the formation of the branches of this particular one, that he would have

known it among a thousand others. This was *his* campanula, that had been taken from him on the sly,—stolen, in fact,—and right before him stood the thief! And she looked so happy and so triumphant, having evidently not the least idea what mischief she had done, what heartache caused, by her lawless action! At that moment he could almost have hated her, and he was unable to make any answer, except to ask in a strange voice:

"Where did you find them?"

"Oh, not far from here, in the corner of a green little plot that looks like a cattle-patch. I luckily had Tim's knife with me."

He turned without another word, and went back to the hearth. The little black kettle had been doing its best for a good while to attract some one's attention, but the two young people had been too busy talking to heed its sputterings. Now Dennis set silently about making the almost forgotten cup of tea.

"I wonder you did not find them yourself, if you roam about so much," said the girl, unconsciously driving the steel in deeper and deeper. "They were so bravely flying their little blue flags in the sun!"

"I did!" Dennis burst out, without looking at her. For the life of him he could not have helped it. "I have had my eye on that particular campanula for days and days, and went there this afternoon to see the open flowers, only to find that they were gone; that somebody had got the best of me!" he concluded, with something like an angry tremor in his voice.

Had he glanced around at her, he would have seen that her face fell, and that she changed color.

"Oh!" she said, in a tone of the most sincere regret, and coming closer to him, with the flowers still in her hand. "Oh, I am so sorry! I know it must have been a great disappointment to you. But, of course, I had no idea they were yours."

Dennis maintained his silence, and after a moment she went on, in the same gentle, almost pleading voice, as if in further extenuation of her great offence:

"The campanula is my particular flower, and somehow I have always felt as if I had a right to them all. My name is Campanula; that is, my pet name. It was my mother's favorite flower, and only a little

while before I was born, she happened to find a specially beautiful one, and made up her mind that if I were a girl, she would call me Campanula. But father did not quite like that, so I was christened Mary; but I am always called Campanula — Campa, for short."

"What is all that to me?" thought Dennis, ferociously. But he kept it to himself, and when she repeated, "Indeed, indeed, I am ever so sorry, Mr. Rogers!" he managed to reply, though still in a gloomy tone of voice:

"Well, never mind; it cannot be helped now!"

And all at once it was borne in upon him that it was scarcely worth while, for the sake of any flower, however rare or precious, to bring a cloud upon so sweet a human face as the one now earnestly looking up at him. He grew ashamed of what suddenly seemed his smallness of spirit and ill temper, and said, while his own face cleared:

"Pray let us say no more about it; it is of no consequence. I am getting entirely over the disappointment."

But she did not appear satisfied.

"Of course, I have no right whatever to the flowers," she said. "Let me leave them here with you;" and she laid them down beside the steaming cup of tea he had placed on the table. "Perhaps they may still be of use to you; see, they are not faded or crushed at all. Tim does not know I found them, so he will not be disappointed in the least."

"No, no!" cried Dennis, now thoroughly roused; "I could not think of depriving him of the flowers! I beg you earnestly to take them to him, with my best compliments. I really have no more right to them than any one else," he added, with a sudden inspiration.

A gleam of childlike joy came into her eyes, and with charming frankness she held out her hand to him.

"You really forgive me, then?"

He flushed slightly as he took the small hand and pressed it; but he said bravely:

"It is rather my part to ask your forgiveness, Miss Dalton. I am afraid I was very rude and surly for a very slight cause."

"Oh, no, no! it was really all my fault. But I must certainly run away home this moment. Oh, thank you very much!" she added, as Dennis pushed the cup of

tea towards her. "I do not need it in the least; I am just as warm and comfortable as possible, but since you have taken the trouble I will drink it."

"It is very nice," she said, setting the cup down. "But now I must go at once. I am afraid they will begin to think at home that the *Lily* has foundered, and carried me to the bottom of the lake. And the rain is about over, isn't it?"

They both glanced towards the windows. Yes, the storm, which neither of them had paid any more attention to, during their long conversation, had abated, and finally rolled away; the rain had ceased, and at last the evening sun burst through the scudding clouds and lit up the patches of blue sky above the dripping pines.

Dennis set the door wide open. A delicious odor of fresh earth, mingled with the breath of the pines, streamed in, together with a broad flood of yellow sunlight. Dennis stepped out into it, to explore the premises, he said, while Campa hastened to toss off the great woollen shoes and replace them with her own foot-gear, then donned her hat and sacque, snatched up the bunch of flowers, and in her turn went out through the open door.

"This is a curious place," she remarked, as they set out together on the wet path towards the lake, glancing about at the pines which everywhere about the cabin stood so close together. "It must be dark here so early and light so late in the day! I am afraid I could not live here and be happy. I want plenty of sunlight. There is something melancholy about the pines, and they come so close to one here!"

"Oh, no!" said Dennis cheerfully, "not when one has once made real friends with them. And you ought to see my 'Cathedral'."

"Your Cathedral?" she repeated.

"Yes, I call it so. It is a fine spot, quite different from the woods right here, though it is not more than quarter of a mile off. The ground is carpeted with thick moss, and the great trees, with dark crowns of green, stand far apart, their huge trunks rising straight up, like the columns in a beautiful dome. Couldn't you come to see it now?" he suggested, standing still.

"Oh, no, no!" she said, continuing her rapid pace; "thank you, but indeed I must hurry home now. Perhaps I may come over again some other day on purpose."

He did not seem inclined to encourage this idea ; at least, he made no answer, and she said again :

" You may think it strange that I have lived here all my life and yet know so little about the country, but I only came home last year for good from a three years' stay at school in B——, and as I have said, grandpa does not like to let me roam about much alone. And then Tim always wants to keep me with him. Lately he has seemed more willing to let me go, because I always bring him home so many flowers. But pray, Mr. Rogers," she added suddenly, seeming to become aware only now that Dennis appeared determined to act as her escort all the way, " don't come with me any further ; I know my way quite well now."

" Oh, I could not think of going back now ! I will see you safely settled in your boat, or, if that is unfit for service, row you across in mine," said Dennis, with much courtesy ; and she gave no reply but a grateful glance. The woods had never looked more beautiful than they did this evening on the shore of the lake, with the sun hanging low and breaking into a thousand golden flashes on the water, while delicate shafts of light glinted among the trees.

But Campa's boat was indeed in a sorry plight. The light shell had drifted away as far as the length of its rope allowed, and closer inspection showed that it was half filled with water. Fortunately Dennis's boat, moored in a little inlet not far off, was in good trim, and in a few moments they were pushing from the shore towards the middle of the golden water, in which the swift craft, propelled by Dennis's vigorous strokes, drew a long, glittering furrow. Neither of the young people spoke, Campa, sitting very quiet in the stern, only once remarking how finely Dennis " feathered " his oars. As they approached the opposite shore she exclaimed :

" Oh, there actually is grandpa waiting for me, — and Dash ! I knew he would be worried ! "

Glancing around Dennis perceived on the bank an old gentleman leaning on a cane, and beside him a handsome tawny-colored collie, who suddenly plunged into the water and swam towards the boat, while the old man took off his hat and waved it lustily round his head in response to the flutterings of Campa's white hand-

kerchief. She sprang out almost before the boat had firmly touched bottom, and rushing up to the old man threw her arms about his neck.

" Oh, grandpa," she cried, " you see I am safe and sound ! "

" Why, bless you child, bless you ! " he answered, smiling, while she went on :

" I was caught in the rain in the woods, that's all, and this gentleman, Mr. Dennis Rogers, was kind enough to give me shelter in his house, and then row me across in his boat ; the poor *Lily* was full of water."

" I am sure, sir, I thank you with all my heart ! " said the old gentleman, warmly grasping Dennis's hand, while Campa stooped to caress the dog, who had also come on shore again, and, shaking the glistening drops of water from his coat, was dancing about her with extravagant demonstrations of delight.

" Tim has been fretting about you a good deal, little one," said the captain again. " He and Sabina are out on the piazza, waiting for news of you."

" Oh, I must show myself to him at once ! " cried Campa, and without another word to Dennis, evidently expecting the two men to follow at their leisure, she ran, lightfooted as a fawn, up the hill, followed by Dash, who had no easy work to outstrip her, but finally succeeded, and bounded with a joyous bark towards the house.

Dennis felt the strongest desire to spring back into his boat and row away as fast as possible ; but the captain — he was a noble-looking old man, whose thick white hair offered a strange contrast to his dark eyebrows and keen brown eyes — leaned his sturdy figure so heavily upon his cane, and seemed to experience so much difficulty in dragging his lame foot after him that, in common courtesy, Dennis could not but stay and offer him his arm up the hill. At the top he saw before him a fine old house, surrounded by a lawn and stately trees, and on the broad piazza an invalid's chair, bearing what seemed a very small figure, undoubtedly Tim. Before him knelt Campa, displaying one by one the floral treasures she had brought, while down the path, to open the gate, came a middle-aged lady, gray-haired and somewhat set of feature, but with kind dark eyes, presumably Aunt Sabina.

Considering the knightly duties that had

been so unexpectedly forced upon him now amply performed, Dennis, without entering the gate, was about to take his leave, with a distant bow and light touch of his hat to everybody in general. But he was not so to be dismissed. For, perceiving his intention, Campa sprang up and came running towards him, with a pretty color in her cheeks and the quick words :

" Oh, Mr. Rogers ! you are not going this moment ? Tim wants so much to see you for one second ! "

This was an appeal he could not well resist, especially when, glancing past Campa, he saw a white, wistful face, eagerly turned towards him from the chair, out of which it was evident the little sufferer would never rise alone to walk about like other people. He went in, and taking in his the small hot hand stretched out to him, bent down and said a few pleasant words, while the large gray eyes, not unlike Campa's in her more serious moments, glanced up at him with a pathetic, half-searching, half-appealing expression. There was another look in them, too, as Dennis was quick to perceive,—he had seen it once before, he could not be mistaken, in the eyes of a class-mate at college, who had been obliged to leave on account of ill-health, and had died not long after reaching home, sending for Dennis to come to him when he felt the shadows gathering,—the look of one who is already gazing, from afar off, upon the glories of another world. A faint flush of pleasure now overspread the boy's pinched face, as he said, in a thin, sharp voice :

" Thank you, so much, for sending me your flowers ! "

Campa had evidently already found time to communicate to him the events of the afternoon, and had given this generous version of them.

Dennis was about to make some reply, declaring his unworthiness of the gratitude, when the elder Miss Dalton, whom the captain had introduced as " My daughter Sabina," said, very graciously :

" I hope you will stop and take tea with us, Mr. Rogers. It is quite ready. We were only waiting for Mary."

" Oh, yes ; pray do !" exclaimed both that young lady and the captain, in a breath.

Dennis let go the boy's hand, and turned towards the first speaker.

" I am greatly obliged to you, madam," he said, with rather more formality than the occasion demanded ; " but indeed, I could not think of it ! I have some work to do this evening, that I must set about as soon as possible."

It was true ; he had meant to finish an important chapter in his botany that very afternoon, —whose precious time had been consumed in so unaccountable a manner.

" I am sorry ; but I hope you will come some other evening," the lady went on.

" Oh, yes !" cried the other two.

" Thank you !" Dennis said, somewhat vaguely, and touching his hat once more, passed hastily down the path. Once beyond the gate, he began to run down the hill, with a sense of relief as the distance widened between him and these friendly strangers. He never paused in his trot till he reached his boat ; and he made the way across the lake in shorter time than he remembered to have ever done before, keeping his eye deliberately fixed on the water ; he was sure the top of the Dalton house could be seen from the middle of the lake.

The sun had sunk when he reached the top of his own hill ; and though a mellow twilight still lingered over the rest of the world, the gray wilderness in which he chose to live had already caught the first dim shadows of the night. It was almost dark in the cabin when he entered it and closed the door behind him.

Yes ; it was a poor, barren, lonely sort of place, he thought, gazing about him in the fading light, as if he saw it all for the first time. He wondered if it would not strike every stranger thus, though it had never occurred to himself before,—he had always thought himself possessed of all the cheer and comfort any reasonable human being could demand. The fire on the hearth was almost out ; only a few feeble sparks still glimmered in one of the half-burnt logs. There stood the chair in which Campa had sat,—it seemed to him he must still see the dainty figure, leaning back in it, with her feet buried in his big slippers. She had placed them neatly, side by side, near the hearth. On the floor were still visible the moist patches made by her little wet boots. He pushed the chair into a corner, and got out his broom to sweep away the tracks. But the moisture had by this time soaked deep

into the boards, and defied his efforts. He lit his lamp, rekindled the logs in the fireplace, and proceeded to set out his evening meal—a knuckle of cold ham, a loaf of brown bread, and a jug of milk. But somehow, he took little comfort in it; and hastily clearing the table, he transferred the lamp to his desk, and fell to work upon his manuscript. Here, too, but poor success attended him. Make what effort he would, he did not seem able to concentrate his mind upon the subject in hand. Campa's bright face rose up again and again, and danced before him on the paper,—now dimpling into smiles, then looking at him with the grave, pathetic eyes of little Tim. He seemed to hear her laughter; and there was nothing that could have drowned it in the stillness around him, broken only, now and then, by a crackle of the smouldering logs, or the dismal hooting of a distant owl—a stillness that for the first time seemed stifling and intolerable. Much earlier than usual Dennis retired to his bedroom, thoroughly discontented with himself and the unsatisfactory, wasted day. He hoped the morrow might bring better things.

## II.

IF by "better things" were meant the uninterrupted enjoyment of his time, as heretofore, he had reason to be gratified. He pursued, during the next three or four days, all his ordinary occupations, without any outward disturbance. But in other respects affairs remained far from satisfactory. A spirit of unrest had taken possession of him, that was most uncomfortable. A jarring note seemed to have broken in upon the even tenor of his peaceful existence. Yes, it all came from having one's solitude invaded and one's regular habits upset, even for once; and showed him, over-sensitive as perhaps he was, how carefully he must guard against such interruptions. He especially hoped that he might never see that girl again, though she had certainly seemed an uncommonly nice little thing. He trusted she would never attempt to come this side of the lake again; and he was thankful to remember he had not in the least encouraged anything of that sort! Yet, in spite of all, he found his thoughts again

and again wandering to the house on the hill, and to the picture there that evening in the sunset—Campa kneeling before the pale boy in the chair, her bright face turned up to his, and holding in her hands the blue campanulas. Dennis grew out of measure impatient with himself, until he began to feel the full weight of what Campa had called "an oppressive sense of his own individuality."

Of course he would never go near the house again, in spite of Miss Sabina's evidently well-meant invitation, so heartily seconded by the others. He did not wish the acquaintance of these people, nor, for that matter, the acquaintance of any one. Then it came into his mind how merrily Campa had laughed, when she said, "I am afraid you are really a misanthrope!" Was she right, and was he really growing such? Well, be it so! Even at that price, he would preserve his solitude and freedom. If he yielded once, he would have to do so again—it would mean to be drawn into society!

But why, then, in the name of common-sense, came the next scathing question in his rigorous self-examination, had he not put his foot down resolutely on the spot, instead of murmuring that feeble "Thank you!" which seemed half a concession? He had acted with inconsistency and lack of moral courage, he thought, with an inward growl, from the moment Campa had appeared on the scene. At first, it might be, he had shown some rudeness, but in the end he certainly had been quite superfluously amiable. There was her boat! He had drawn it on shore, turned it over, and emptied out the water. It was as good as ever now, and on the Saturday following the afternoon on which he had first made the acquaintance of its owner, he brought a boy up from the village and sent him across the lake in it, with a message to Captain Dalton that the *Lily* was safe at her moorings. That, of course, was the end of the Daltons. He had made it very plain that he wished to be let alone. He persuaded himself that he felt a great deal better after this feat. Something like a vague regret stole upon him occasionally; but that could not be helped—one must expect to pay some price for the blessed boon of solitude and freedom!

He sat down at his desk that evening with a certain sense of blankness, but he

succeeded in accomplishing a considerable amount of satisfactory work. So much, he thought, with some exultation, for having the courage of one's convictions !

### III.

It was nine o'clock, a week later, and Dennis's breakfast was long over. The door of the cabin was open, but Dennis stood with his back to it, putting into a leather bag slung across his shoulder various small garden tools. One never knew what might come handy on a long tramp in search of plants.

Suddenly it seemed to him that a shadow fell across the sunlit floor, from which all traces of the small wet boots had long disappeared, and a peculiar little rap, a rap he had somewhere heard before, came upon the casement. He turned sharply around, and saw in the open doorway before him — Campa. The sun was streaming down upon the simple, dark dress she wore, and making a sort of halo of the golden threads of hair that blew out from under her broad hat.

A singular emotion, he did not know whether it was most surprise, vexation, or pleasure, seized upon Dennis at sight of her. He felt that he flushed slightly as he strode towards the door.

But Campa seemed wholly unconcerned. "Oh, Mr. Rogers," she said gravely, but frankly holding out her hand as if nothing had happened, "why haven't you been over to see us again? You don't know how disappointed Tim has been; we looked for you almost every day for a whole week!"

A blank look came into Dennis's face, as he dropped the little hand he had taken in his, and he did not find any immediate answer. This aspect of the case had never presented itself to him. Vanity was not one of his besetting sins, and he could scarcely believe that his company would ever confer special benefit or pleasure upon any one. So he had selfishly — was he indeed growing into a hard egotist? — considered the whole matter only in regard to its effect upon himself.

"But you will come again, some day soon, will you not?" Campa pursued, undismayed by his silence. "Tim took a great fancy to you, and he has so few pleasures!"

Here was the whole ground to be gone over again, when he had imagined everything disposed of. But looking down into those clear eyes, with their earnest, child-like gaze, it was impossible to have recourse to any subterfuges, even if he had not scorned to do so at all times. To her he must speak the pure truth.

"My dear Miss Dalton," he said, "I am very sorry to have disappointed Tim, or to have disturbed any one. But I must explain to you just how it is."

He did not ask her into the house, but sat down on the door-sill, while she imitated his example, and perched at his feet on the large stone that served as a step. Then he told her, with sometimes almost impassioned earnestness, just how he felt, trying to make her enter into his views and see his side of the question. And in this he seemed to be successful beyond his hopes, for after looking at him steadily while he spoke, she said when he had concluded :

"Yes; I think I do understand how it is, and that when you have once entered upon such a life, you must wish to preserve it inviolate. Well," with a little sigh, "then Tim will, of course, not see you again, and I must try to talk him out of it."

"No," said Dennis, with one of those sudden impulses of generosity that occasionally carried him far beyond the landmarks he had set for himself, "no, that is not necessary. I am sure I should not wish to grieve Tim on any account, and if it can really give him the least pleasure to see me, I will now and then run over for an hour in the afternoon, when my time permits."

A gleam of joy came into Campa's eyes.

"Would you do that, indeed?" she exclaimed. "Oh, thank you so much; how very good in you! Tim will be so delighted!"

"Only," Dennis resumed, "pray do not ask me to stay to meals, or enter into any of the ordinary social relations, but leave me free to come and go at my own time, and in my own way. I thank you for having the magnanimity to try to understand me!"

She nodded gravely, and rose as if to go.

"Yes, I understand," she repeated. "You do it just for Tim."

"And you will explain this to your peo-

ple, and make my peace with them if you can, for I do not wish to appear quite a bear!" Dennis added, with a half smile.

"I will," she replied, with the same serious manner. "But I must go. I promised Tim to bring him home a great many flowers, and to be back as soon as possible. Oh! and thank you very much for sending home my boat. I came across in it now."

Dennis perceived for the first time that she too wore a leather strap slung across her breast and shoulder, at the end of which hung a large round tin box, such as are usually carried on botanizing expeditions.

"I think I could show you where to find a great many fine specimens," he said, rapidly sweeping past another landmark; "about all the different varieties out at this season. Just beyond the lake there is an inlet of the creek, where the banks are full of flowers,—you don't know the spot? Well, I was going in that direction myself this morning, and if you like you might go with me."

"Really?" she cried gayly, but as though half incredulous of this sudden good fortune,—"and you will let me come?"

"Certainly," he said, with perfect good humor; "I don't object to an occasional companion in my tramps."

So it happened that they set out on a long and very delightful ramble together, which proved only the first of many such. Sometimes Campa called for him at the cabin, at other times they met by appointment on her side of the lake. Many a long summer morning or afternoon they roamed through woods and fields, exploring every attainable point in the neighborhood. Campa was an excellent walker. She never complained of being tired, nor minded picking her way through brooks or bits of swamp, or scrambling through brambles and over stone fences, and seemed always in the gayest of spirits,—one of the bravest little women in the world, thought Dennis, with a certain pride in her, when he looked down at the slight figure trudging beside him. He had grown deeply fond of her, as fond, he imagined, as he might have been of a younger sister, whose nature was perfectly in sympathy with his own. She proved, indeed, an ideal companion, exhibiting at all times a delicate tact in instantly feeling and chiming in with his own moods. If he was in-

clined to be silent, she, too, did not speak; and she was always ready to take in with eager interest anything he showed or explained. He taught her many curious facts about the habits of plants and insects, that were new to her, though on the whole he found that she was not only remarkably well informed, but had also observed for herself with keenness and precision. More than once some casual remark of hers had suggested a train of thought, that proved of no little value in the compilation of the botany, which was progressing rapidly, to Dennis's infinite content.

Thus while July and August sped away with wonderful swiftness, a most delightful relation, familiar and full of the tenderest regard for one another, had gradually grown up between them; and quite naturally, without a word being said on the subject, it had come about that, from "Mr. Dennis" and "Miss Campa," they soon dropped all formal titles, and were but plain Dennis and Campa to each other. Sometimes when Dennis held out his hand to her, to help her down from a high fence or across a brook, they forgot to unclasp them again, and walked on for a while hand in hand like two children; and occasionally then Campa would begin to sing some old melody, in a low, sweet voice, and Dennis whistled the accompaniment. Sometimes, too, if Campa happened to miss the hour for meals at home,—and very regular hours Aunt Sabina made them,—and they had not provisions enough with them, they would stop at the nearest farm-house, buy a quart of milk and some bread and cheese, and make a happy picnic under some great tree. Dash sometimes accompanied them on these expeditions, and sometimes seemed to prefer to stay at home with Tim. Indeed, the little invalid was in no way forgotten. It was about him that all Campa's thoughts invariably turned; for him that she reserved all the richest spoils of her trips, which Tim seemed not only willing, but even anxious never to have her miss.

Dennis, too, had more than made good the promise given to Campa. Many a sunny afternoon hour he spent with the patient little invalid, whose heart had seemed to go out to him instinctively from the first, and who clung to him more and more with a devotion that was infinitely

touching. The boy's intellect was precocious, far beyond his years, and Dennis felt as if he might talk to him almost as if he were a full-grown man. They had many interesting conversations together, discussing natural phenomena, or examining specimens of rare plants or insects under Dennis's microscope, which he occasionally brought with him. Almost invariably the allotted hour lengthened into two or three, while they sat in Tim's large, airy room in the upper story, or oftener in Campa's, to which Tim seemed to give the decided preference.

It was, indeed, a very charming, maid-only nest, with dainty white curtains at the large windows overlooking the lake, a beautiful photograph of the Sistine Madonna over the mantel, and little touches of delicate feminine taste and fancy in every corner. The whole house greatly pleased Dennis, or such portions of it as he occasionally had a glimpse of. Everything seemed in harmony and taste, breathing a certain old-fashioned stately and yet gentle dignity, as far as possible removed from the obtrusiveness of modern hangings and bric-à-brac—"rubbish," as Dennis usually irreverently called it.

That in accepting new intercourse he had made very great concessions to "society" he never once admitted to himself, if indeed he thought about it at all. Life seemed very pleasant. He had received no more invitations, and in his work and at his own fireside remained absolutely unmolested,—and that was all, he persuaded himself, that he had ever demanded. He came and went at the Dalton House at his own time and in his own way, as he had stipulated, rarely indeed seeing any one there but the two "children," as he sometimes called them to himself. Now and then Miss Sabina showed herself for a moment in the invalid's room, but as a rule the young people were left entirely to themselves. Campa was always to be found in the room, either hovering about Tim with little attentions, or seated near him with a piece of needle work, or with her drawing-board on her lap. She was very skilful with her pencil, and had shown Dennis, after some urging on his part, a number of exquisitely finished sketches of lake and woodland scenery, as well as groups of trees and single flowers.

Many a time when the two young heads were bent over a book or plant together, the boy's bright eyes would travel earnestly from one to the other for a while, and then he would lean back in his cushion with a half sigh, and yet a faint smile on his white face. Now and then he secretly observed Campa alone, who seemed given of late to occasional fits of abstraction, and would sometimes sit for a long while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, apparently forgetting all about her work, and rouse with a start and a flush, if any one spoke to her. Indeed, to Dennis, too, she seemed to have changed from the "little girl" that had first knocked at his door,—he would hardly have called her that now, even to himself. He fancied she had grown taller and almost too slender; she was more quiet and womanly, and there was a subdued air in her manner sometimes, as if she were already touched by the dim shadow of a great coming sorrow, though perhaps scarcely conscious of it herself.

What that sorrow was, there could not be a moment's doubt to any outside observer. To the spinal trouble, which had developed in Tim's early childhood, had lately been added a low fever and a slight irritating cough which obstinately defied all medical skill, and as the year wore on,—they had already drifted into the middle of September,—bringing damp and often chilly mornings and evenings, the little sufferer was more and more confined to the house, and at last entirely to his room and bed. Campa could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave him for even an hour. Her tramps with Dennis had been suspended indefinitely; yet Dennis, who thought it a sacred duty to come over as often as possible, wondered whether she, or any one else in the house, perceived as plainly as he did how fast that young life was flickering to its close. The boy himself perceived this with merciless clearness, but preserving withal an absolute serenity. Once, when Campa had left the room, he said to Dennis:

"If I had lived to grow up and be strong like other men, I think I should have loved a life like yours, all by myself in the woods,—that is, if it had not been for Campa. I could never have left her if I were not called away. Promise me, Dennis Rogers,"—he almost always insisted on calling

Dennis by his full name,—“to come and see her sometimes, when I am gone,” he added, in his impassioned way. “She will miss me a good deal at first, and she—well, never mind that now, but promise me, for I am going soon, very soon. No; don’t try to tell me anything else; I know better, and so do you. But don’t speak of it to Campa, or any of them; they will learn soon enough. Don’t try to comfort me; I don’t need it. I am glad to go. People are very good to me here, but I have suffered a great deal, and—I want to see God !”

#### IV.

It came even sooner than Dennis had anticipated. He had left Tim, late one afternoon, with high fever, yet otherwise not worse than usual. But the next morning, when he was scarcely dressed, a bare-foot boy came to his door with a note from Campa, evidently written in breathless haste: “Tim has had a very bad night. He is sinking fast, and asks for you. Pray come at once.” And Dennis had lost no time in obeying the summons. It was now two weeks since the simple funeral procession had passed down into the little graveyard at the foot of the hill, and Dennis had gone back to his old, cherished ways of life; or rather he tried to do so, with desperate but unavailing effort. One scene, one figure at the death-bed, haunted him with maddening persistency, more even than the memory of the boy himself, with his brave, beautiful words and his transfigured face.

They had all been in the room, the captain and Aunt Sabina, and the three old servants; even Dash, who crouched motionless at the foot of the bed. Tim had lain very still for a few moments, his fluttering breath failing, when suddenly he raised one hand and touched Campa, who was kneeling by him with her face buried in the counterpane; and when she looked he several times motioned her towards Dennis, who stood near the window holding back the curtain, for the dying boy had asked to see the sun. Then a radiant smile came upon the white lips, and he closed his eyes. Campa, as if in obedience to his wish, had risen and turned towards Dennis with outstretched hands; but suddenly, as Dennis, himself too deeply moved to speak, was

about to grasp her hands in his own unsteady ones, she turned abruptly from him, and with an uncontrollable sob, threw herself into the arms of Aunt Sabina. Then, while the captain knelt, Dennis, feeling almost like an intruder upon the sacredness of this grief, had stolen softly from the room and from the house.

He pondered over it all for the hundredth time, as he sat at his lonely noon-day meal, that was often now put away almost untasted, and could never arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. Tim had meant; as clearly as words could have expressed it, that Campa was henceforth to look to him as a companion, friend, and brother. But Campa herself—did she refuse to accept him as such, or why had she turned from him in that solemn moment with that strange expression in her tear-dimmed eyes? It could not be because she did not trust him or know how much he cared for her. Would their tramps together ever be renewed, now that October had come, with its brilliant autumn foliage and mellow sunshine and asters and golden-rod? What would she do with herself now that the one great care of her life was taken away?

As for himself, he spent his days as unsatisfactorily as could be imagined. He had made several excursions to distant points, but somehow everything without doors and within, reading or writing, digging or carpentering, had grown “flat, stale, and unprofitable”; and the botany had advanced scarcely more than two pages in the two weeks. The old spirit of restlessness and discontent had taken possession of him again, and the more he struggled to shake it off, the more hopelessly he seemed to become involved in it. Through it all, he was conscious, with an immense impatience with himself, that his heart reached out after Campa, as the one help that could bring back peace to his disordered existence. More than once Tim’s words came into his mind: “I think I should have liked a life like yours, alone in the woods—if it had not been for Campa!” But all these reflections did not bring Campa back. He had not seen her since the day of Tim’s death, nor even heard from her in any way, though he had twice, conquering a hesitation that was as inexplicable to him as everything else of late, and mindful of the promise given to the dead boy,

gone over to see the family and more especially Campa. But she had not been visible, being on one occasion out walking, and on another away on a farm some miles off, spending the day with a friend. At last, tired of thus vaguely waiting, and having no sign of any kind from her, Dennis sat down to write her a note, which he took at once to the village post-office :

" Will you not, dear Campa, come over the day after to-morrow, for a nice long tramp with me, if the sun is out? I sorely miss my little comrade, and have some new things to show her. I will wait till nine o'clock.

" Your affectionate  
" DENNIS."

The day came, but it brought neither Campa nor any word from her, though he waited till half-past ten, and then set off alone, in a gloomy and dejected frame of mind, wondering what could be the matter. He went to the village that evening, and again at noon the next day, but his box was always empty. He made some excuse to go a third time, buying two pounds of sugar, though he still had a plentiful supply in his brown jar; for the post-master, who was also grocer and dry-goods dealer, must wonder at his sudden eagerness for letters, and, indeed, had asked, " Any of your folks sick at home? " But he met with the same ill success. As he wended his way homeward he suddenly recollect ed that to-morrow was his mother's birthday, and that he must go to town to see her. When he left her for his sojourn in the woods, she had exacted a solemn promise that he would come back every year to spend with her that day and one of the Christmas holidays.

He set off the next day accordingly, for a flying trip to town. But the " great heap of bricks and mortar " appeared to him more odious than ever, despite his mother's genial presence there, and he hurried away again the very next morning, with an aching sense of homesickness for his quiet woods, that made the speed of the express train seem as a snail's pace. As he came up on foot from the little town three miles away, where the train had dropped him, and the dusky pines that sheltered his cabin gradually came in sight, he could have given a cry of infinite relief and pleasure.

But stop! He would take one more glance at his box in the village post-office, — the very last, he vowed to himself, as

he turned out of his way for a quarter of a mile. Yes, there was a letter this time! addressed in the same clear, rather odd, yet dainty characters he had seen once before and so well remembered. It gave him, he scarcely knew why, a kind of start to look upon them again, and he hastily shoved the letter into his breast-pocket, and walked away. But not a hundred paces on he stood still, took it out again, and nervously broke the seal.

She wrote :

" No, dear Dennis, I thank you from my heart, again and again, for all your kindness to me and darling Tim, but I cannot join you again in one of our old tramps — never perhaps, certainly not for a long time to come. I have resolved upon this entirely of my own accord, and as the only thing possible to do; but I implore you never to ask me, nor try to discover the reasons for this decision. Only believe that they are good and strong ones, or I never should have submitted to them. I waited some days before I could say this; but it must be said, and now that it is done, I feel that I have acted right, and hope you will forgive

" Your ever grateful friend,  
" CAMPA DALTON."

Dennis felt a hot flush rush over him again and again, and the letters seemed to dance before him, as his eye flew over the curious page. A sudden sinking of the heart came upon him, and the landscape began to flicker and swim, and he sat down on a stone by the roadside, covering his face with his hand.

She would not come to walk with him again, — never, she said, — nor was there any hint that they might ever meet again in any other way! Was this, then, to be an eternal farewell from his dear little comrade, to whom his heart, now that she seemed suddenly removed into unattainable distance, went out more hungrily than ever? And why, *why*, immortal gods? He read the note again, three and four times over, but all remained as dark as before. What could it all mean?

More than once shaking his head in puzzled despair, he rose at last and trudged wearily on. The joy of home-coming had all gone out of his soul; he was conscious only of a sickening sense of bleak desolation, as he finally reached his cabin and pushed open the door.

Yes, it was just the same dismal, chilly, cheerless place as ever; no table laid and no fire on the cold hearth — how should there have been? Of course there was no

one to care for him, or make a welcome for him ! He consulted his watch. It was past three o'clock, and though he had tasted nothing since his early breakfast, he gave no thought to anything like lunch or dinner, but hastily flew from the house again. He could not stay within doors ; the walls seemed to stifle him. Where he was going he neither knew nor cared, so long as it was somewhere out under the open skies ; but mechanically his steps turned away from the direction of the lake, past the cattle-patch, that seemed in some mysterious way to have been the beginning of all the misery that had of late come into his life, off towards the "Cathedral." Many a time since he first told her of it had he come here with Campa, who fully shared his enthusiasm for the beautiful spot. This was the last place in the world where he could have shaken off her haunting image, even if that had anywhere been possible.

Was such a request as hers — never to inquire into the reasons of her strange conduct — really binding upon him, binding upon any man of honor ? He could not come to any clear decision on that subject. Only one thing seemed certain — that things could not remain long in their present maddening condition.

Gradually, as he wandered about among the smooth, beautiful stems, whose dark crowns met high above his head, it seemed as if some quieting influence went out from the solemn stillness of the forest, and filtered down upon the troubled waters of his soul. He grew more calm, and felt that some capacity for clearly viewing the situation was returning to him. But suddenly, stepping from behind a great trunk, he stopped short, and half started back. Before him, not ten paces distant, on the stump of a tree, sat Campa. She had taken off her hat, but her bright head was in shadow, and only about the hem of her skirt played a strip of dim sunlight. There was a sketch-book on her lap, and she held a pencil in her hand, but it was very plain that her heart was not in her work ; for occasionally she paused and leaned listlessly against the stem of a young tree beside her, and once she quickly raised her head and looked around half anxiously, like a startled fawn. But finding that all remained quiet, she resumed her pencil, with an apparent determination to accom-

plish something. The thick carpeting of moss had deadened the sound of Dennis's steps, and she did not dream of his nearness, nor how intently, with all his soul in the hungry look, and almost holding his breath, he stood watching her. She looked very sober and womanly in her dark, simple dress, and she was pale, with a strangely pathetic, wistful expression in her eyes, that too sadly recalled Tim's, and sent a pang to Dennis's heart. And suddenly it burst upon him that she was indeed a woman, and that *he loved her* with all the powers of his soul, — as a man loves the one woman in the world to him, without whom there can be for him neither peace nor happiness in life.

Oh, God, how blind he had been ! This, this, then, had been the meaning of all ! In the flash of that revelation, all his former theories, all the narrow, selfish, petty schemes he had built up, melted away as in a stream of fire ; all his old life dropped from him forever. He saw before him his dusky cabin in the woods, but from it seemed to go out throbbing circles of light, that rolled further and further, till they ended in a wide, sunny field where he and Campa were walking hand in hand.

It had all overwhelmed him with the force of a sudden shock. Trembling from head to foot, and with the last drop of color gone from his face, he threw out one hand to steady himself against the tree that had till now concealed him. And Campa ! Did she, could she, — he did not venture to finish the question to himself. He only knew that he must speak to her that instant, that there must be clearness between them at last — whatever the result. He clenched his hands tightly, as all the possibilities rushed before him. But there also came to him a desperate courage. He waited yet another moment, and then stepped from behind the tree before her.

"Why, Campa, my dear little — little sister !" he said, with a great effort, struggling hard to speak as naturally as possible. "I am so glad — "

But it was of no use ; he had overrated his strength, and his voice failed him.

She had started to her feet, with an exclamation of surprise and almost terror on her white lips, while the pencil and sketch-book slid unheeded to the ground.

"Dennis!" she stammered, and a flood of color rushed over cheek and brow. She was trembling so violently, that she too instinctively grasped at the slender tree near her, while Dennis remained standing before her.

"Campanula," he said again, in a voice almost drowned by the wild beating of his heart, "I have been away in town for a day, and only just found your letter. What does it all mean,—why will you not come to me any more? You bid me never to ask, but I cannot obey you. I have a right to know!"

She stood with downcast eyes, and her lips moved as if to answer, but no sound came from them. Then there burst from him in uncontrollable passion, almost fiercely: "I love you, Campa; why have you deserted me?"

She looked up now, the tears streaming from her eyes, and threw her arms about his neck, with the stifled cry, "Dennis, Dennis, because I loved you so well that I dared not come again, for I feared that you—you—"

He pressed her to his heart, kissing again and again the sweet lips now so willingly yielded to his own.

"Campa, Campa—my darling—my sweet wild-flower!" was all he could whisper.

"Oh, how glad Tim would have been to know this—darling Tim!" she said

softly between tears and smiles, raising her head from his breast.

"He knew it, beloved, I am confident! He was so strangely wise about everything, be sure that he saw all this coming from the very first; he knew more about you and me than we knew ourselves!"

"I believe it!" she said musingly. "He spoke of you once or twice in a way I did not understand,—not then and not till,—till the day he left us. Then when he seemed to wish me to go to you, and I looked into your face, I suddenly knew that—that—" She hesitated, while he looked down into her eyes with infinite tenderness. Then she added in a low whisper, "Oh, how deeply I loved you!" And when he permitted her to speak again, "And you, Dennis?" she asked.

"Oh, my darling, I believe now that I loved you from the first moment I saw your sweet face! But I did not know it, I did not wish to know it, poor, blind fool that I was! I fancied in my wretched pride that I had planned out my life very surely for the next few years."

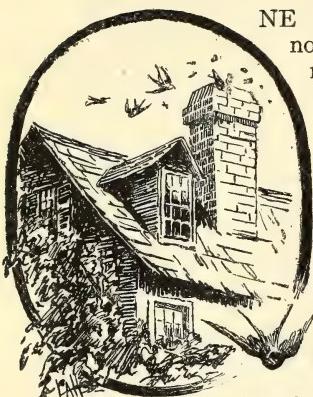
She glanced up at him very shyly. "You are not—sorry?" she questioned, in a low tone.

"Sorry!" he repeated, with so radiant a smile that she nestled closer to his heart once more. "Ah, Tim, dear, dear Tim!—Yes; life in the woods here alone would have been very pleasant—except for Campa!"



## ABOUT SWALLOWS.

By Mrs. A. H. Weld.



ing through the air, or perched in rows on the ridgepole of the barn, or on the telegraph wire. Then, indeed, may we look for genial skies and balmy airs, and know that summer is following closely on, with flowers and sunshine in her train.

The swallow (*Hirundo*) forms, with its numerous genera, the family *Hirundinidae*. There are nearly a hundred species of this bird. It is the most ubiquitous of the feathered tribe, being well known over all Europe, even in Norway and Sweden; it is also common in Africa, and has been seen on islands at the equator.

The birds of this family are remarkable for the swiftness and beauty of their flight. Preying upon insects which they catch in the air, and performing all of their bodily functions, except that of sleeping, on the wing, they may be seen now circling at dizzy heights, mere specks sporting among the clouds, now feeding and caressing their mates in mid-air, and again careering through the crowded streets and away over the fields, or skimming the surface of lakes and rivers, sometimes dipping to drink as they go. The wonderful power of vision which enables the swallow to capture its prey, and ensures its safety in its rapid flight, does not, however, serve to guard it from accident, for in its eager flight it sometimes dashes against a wall or cliff, and falls stunned and dying.

The gape of the swallow is very great, extending to a point below the eye, en-

abling the bird, as it flies with mouth wide open, to catch large insects, great numbers of which it destroys; but as its favorite insects are mostly innocent, in some cases even useful species, the swallow is not really so beneficial to man as those birds which occasionally add a grain of corn or a cherry to their diet of noxious insects.

The migration of swallows, now recognized as an unquestioned fact, was long a matter of dispute. Many naturalists believed that they remained in a torpid state during the winter months, hidden in holes and hollow trees; and the well-authenticated fact that occasionally swallows have been found in Europe in this condition, and that on being exposed to the warmth they have revived, confirmed them in this opinion. It was believed also by many that swallows spent the winter "immersed under the ice at the bottom of ponds and beneath the water of the sea." It was even gravely asserted that they were found in "great clusters at the bottom of lakes, with mouth to mouth, wing to wing, and foot to foot"; also, that "they sometimes assembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and sunk them to the bottom," and that their immersion was preceded by "a kind of dirge which lasted a quarter of an hour." This idea of submersion arose, perhaps, from the fact that when about to migrate, these birds assemble in great numbers about lakes and rivers, and then suddenly disappear. Herodotus mentions an Egyptian swallow which does not migrate, and the swallows of Java, it is said, "never remove."

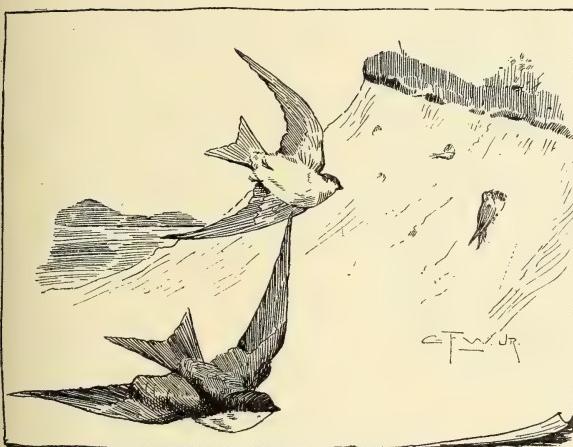
The most common species of swallow in New England are the chimney-swallow, or American swift, the barn-swallow, the house-swallow, and the sand-swallow, the last two named being called also martins. These four birds, with other less familiar members of the family, are generally confounded, and called indiscriminately "swallows." The different species can be easily recognized, however, while on the wing. The long forked tail and free curving flight of the swallow distinguish it from the swift, which is a larger bird, with shorter tail,

entirely black, and has a somewhat zigzag "one-armed" flight. The flight of the house-swallow, or martin, is less sustained than that of the barn-swallow; the tail is but slightly forked, and has conspicuous white feathers on the upper covert. The sand-swallow, or martin, is smaller than any of the others, of sober colors, and rapid, but less widely circling flight.

The swift, or chimney-swallow (which Samuels, in his work on birds, does not, as

itself to the work of building its nest. Its familiar habit of nesting in the shelter of human habitations, and its fearless, trustful disposition, make it a favorite, almost sacred, bird. It is generally sagacious in locating its nest, but White tells us of some of these birds which built year after year in the corner of certain windows that were too narrow to protect the nests, and they were washed down by every hard rain. "It was piteous to see them at work when their nests were half destroyed, yet they never changed their aspect or house." The house-swallow is widely distributed over the earth; a sea-captain once told me that he had met with it in Iceland.

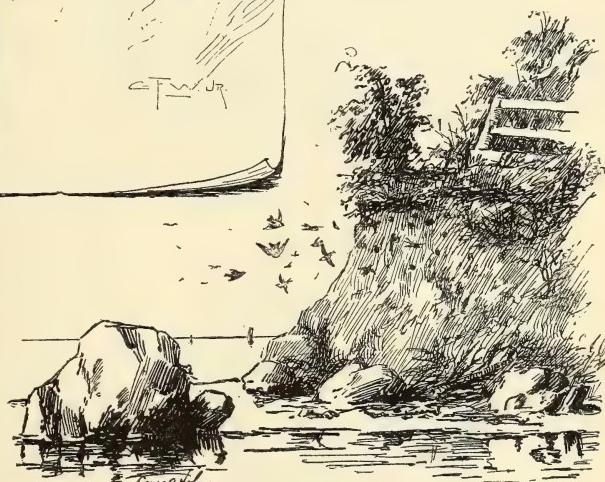
The little sand-swallow, avoiding the neighborhood of man, builds its nest at the



do most naturalists place in the family of *Hirundinidae*), builds in unused chimneys its nest of sticks, which it gathers on the wing; throwing itself bodily against a dead twig, it seizes it simultaneously with feet and bill, and giving it a quick jerk, breaks it off and bears it away in its claws to the chimney, against the sides of which it glues the stick with its own saliva, forming a rough nest without lining.

The chimney-swallow is almost a nocturnal bird. Sleeping one summer in the front chamber of a farm-house, I often heard the swallows going in and out of the chimney in the night, making a noise like the rumble of thunder. In pleasant weather they kept this up all night, thus effectually "murdering sleep."

The house-swallow, or martin, is the first of the family to appear in the spring, coming early in April, but sporting about till the middle of May before it fairly settles



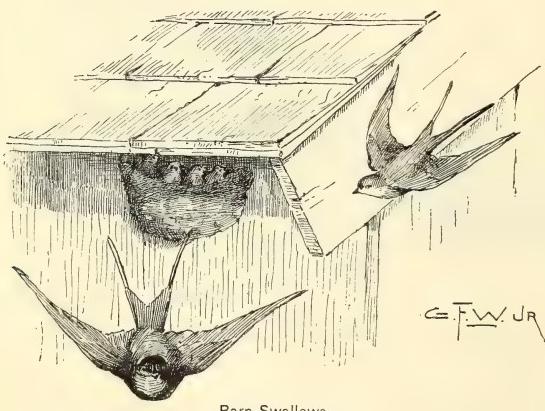
Sand-Swallows.

bottom of holes in sandy banks which it has excavated with its bill. The depth of these holes varies. The high sand-banks of the St. Croix River in Maine are studded with holes made by this bird. When a child I have often lain down on the grass above, and reaching over have thrust my arm into the holes till I have touched the nests of loose hay and feathers. Others again were excavated to the depth of two or even three feet. A gentleman told me that as he was sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he observed that the bluffs of an island were completely honey-

combed by these swallows, and when a pistol was fired from the deck of the vessel they rushed from their holes, myriads of the startled birds filling the air.

The barn-swallow is the handsomest of the group—a glossy blue above, with a collar of the same on the upper part of the breast, harmonizing with the deep chestnut of the throat and chin. Its nest is made of mud and straw, mixed with the saliva of the bird, and is lined with a layer of grass, which is covered with feathers. It is built under the eaves of houses, or on the rafters in barns and other buildings. An account is given of a nest being built in the loop of a rope hanging from a peg in the roof of a barn. Swallows are not usually considered as having any claim to be called song-birds, but the barn-swallow has a soft trilling song, ending in a full rising note.

I watched with interest one summer the domestic life of a pair of these birds, who, forsaking the barn where dozens of their kindred reared their young and conducted their housekeeping after the most approved bird style, had chosen to build under an open shed, much frequented by the children in their play, and by the family generally. Undismayed, they flew confidently



in and out, even when we placed a ladder up against the rafter, from which perch we watched them at their work. When the structure was completed we amused ourselves by tossing up feathers and watching the birds' frantic efforts to catch them all; when one floated down softly on wee Nellie's sunny curls, Mr. Swallow made a bold swoop and captured it.

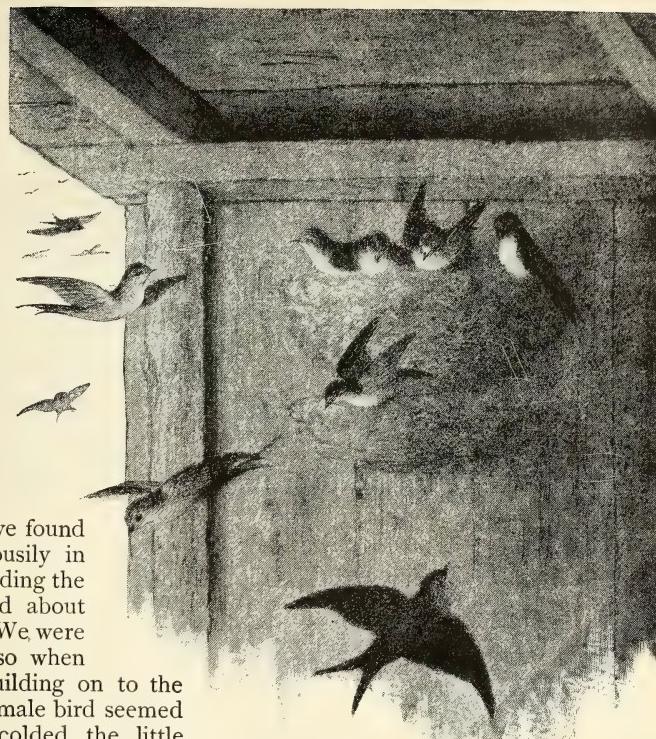
What a thick, soft lining that nest had, to be sure! and when four dainty eggs had been laid in it, Madam Swallow made one more effort, which resulted in a queer little egg of half the natural size, like the "runt" eggs often laid by hens at the end of the season. While the female patiently sat upon the eggs, the male was very attentive, often sitting by her on a shelf-like projection which they had built on one side of the nest. He dutifully took his turn upon the eggs whenever she committed them to his care, in order that she might go abroad for food and exercise. At length there were four birdlings in the nest, and then indeed the parent birds led a busy life. To feed those four wide-open mouths gave work enough to keep them on the wing from early morn till late evening. It was interesting to see with what precision they fed each in turn, never feeding one bird the second time till all had been served. One of these nestlings developed into a pure white bird, an *albino*; for this is a "freak of nature" not unknown among swallows. This beautiful little creature became the pet and pride of us all; and while the swallows behaved with becoming modesty, it may be doubted if they were wholly insensible to the distinction thus unexpectedly conferred upon them.

When the time came for the little ones to leave the nest, an unforeseen difficulty arose. The old birds chirped and chattered, coaxed and scolded, but to no avail; the little ones could not be persuaded to trust themselves on their untried wings. After much fruitless endeavor the parent birds flew to the barn, and soon returned with quite a flock of swallows, to whose wisdom and experience they seemed to have appealed in this dilemma. The newcomers circled about the nest; alighting on its edge, they would dart to the ground, then, springing into the air, wheel around and around, uttering all the time cries of encouragement. But the cowardly babies looked over the edge of the nest, and with feeble peeps fluttered back into it. At last, seeming to be exasperated by the stupidity of the young birds, the neighbors with much chattering returned to their homes. What were their wise reflections

concerning this family embarrassment we do not know ; possibly they connected it with the fact that the parent birds had set themselves apart from their kindred in the choice of a home, and that one of their children was dressed in a manner so little in conformity with the time-honored fashions of their set.

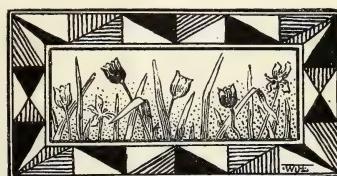
Left again to their own devices, the parents seemed to agree to postpone further effort till the morrow.

Early the next morning we found the female bird flying busily in and out. She was not feeding the young ones, but hovered about the bottom of the nest. We were puzzled ; and not less so when we saw that she was building on to the bottom of the nest. The male bird seemed at first to sulk. He scolded the little ones, and tried to push them from the nest ; but finally, catching inspiration from his little wife, he went to work with her, and before noon they had built out from the bottom of the nest a platform two or three inches wide and several inches below the top of the nest. Their work completed, they went forth and again invited their neighbors to assist in carrying out the idea, which it is possible had been suggested by some Nestor of the flock ; — or had Mamma Swallow evolved the idea from her own wise little head ? Arriving at the spot they persuaded the delinquents, who were nothing loth, to hop down upon this platform ; but once



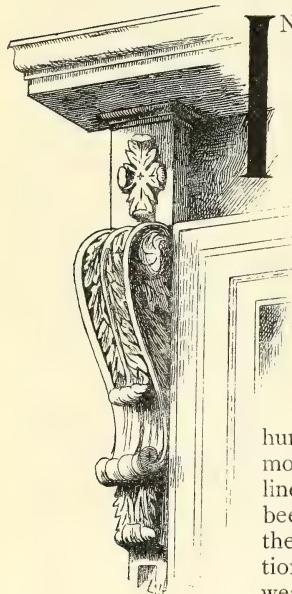
The First Flight.

down there, they could no longer drop back into the nest, and it was narrow and dizzy here ; so, while the whole flock flew about, coaxing and encouraging, they plucked up courage and came down safely. Great was the rejoicing among the swallows ; and the neighbors, after flying about with lightning rapidity, uttering joyful notes of congratulation, returned once more to their homes, doubtless agreeing that Mr. and Mrs. Swallow were after all superior birds and that they had an interesting family.



## SOME OLD DORCHESTER HOUSES.

*By Marion A. McBride.*



**I**N looking at the homes of New England, there is in them so much of beauty, comfort, and helpfulness, that it seems natural that such homes should have produced men who are leaders in so many fields.

Through a hundred years and more the practical lines of life have been gathering to themselves additional beauty, as wealth and leisure

have grown more general, until to-day the most simple and inexpensive home will show a touch of dainty beauty, if the home-maker has been a woman, determining things according to her own ideas, and not giving a general order to the professional furnisher ; for home life more than all else demands the heart and hand of woman. The charming hospitality of colonial days demanded spacious rooms, while the courtly grace of those days selected many severe forms of furnishing, which to the present generation seem far removed from comfort. Architecture and house furnishing run the scale of fashion, producing many quaint conceits ; but after long circuits the fancy of the furnisher returns to early loves, and colonial touches are revived on house façades and in many interiors, producing pleasing effects, as the old and new fancies are skilfully united. Houses in New England built a hundred years ago show great strength in the walls, and very careful attention to every part of the building. There is a massive background to work upon, and in many instances the heavy hand of time has touched lightly those homes which were so well constructed.

In the Dorchester district of Boston there are several of these old houses, notably the Governor Eustis house, where a lavish hospitality reigned over a hundred years ago, from the date of William Eustis's entrance into the Massachusetts legislature in 1788, to his occupation of the gubernatorial chair of the state in 1823. This house was very elaborate in furnishing, and possessed many fine architectural features, which were enhanced by the broad lawns spreading on every side, forming a picturesque setting to the old manor house. Some years ago the property passed into the hands of strangers, and to-day the building is merely an apartment house, and the broad lawns are covered with small cottage homes.

It would be difficult to find a better example of colonial decorative treatment than is shown in the large house, located on Dudley Street, opposite Howard Avenue, on what is popularly called the Taylor estate. This property embraces a large tract of land, bounded by graceful flowering shrubs, while majestic elms tower far above the hospitable-looking house. A long row of abandoned green-houses lines one side of the circular carriage-drive, and the stables were long since given over to the fury of the elements without remonstrance. But the house itself is stately and beautiful still, whether one visits it in spring-time, when a mass of apple-blossoms makes a bower of dainty beauty ; in midsummer, when the dense cool shade makes a fairyland of the green sward and arched walks ; or during the short winter days, when snow and ice seem to enhance the charm of this old home.

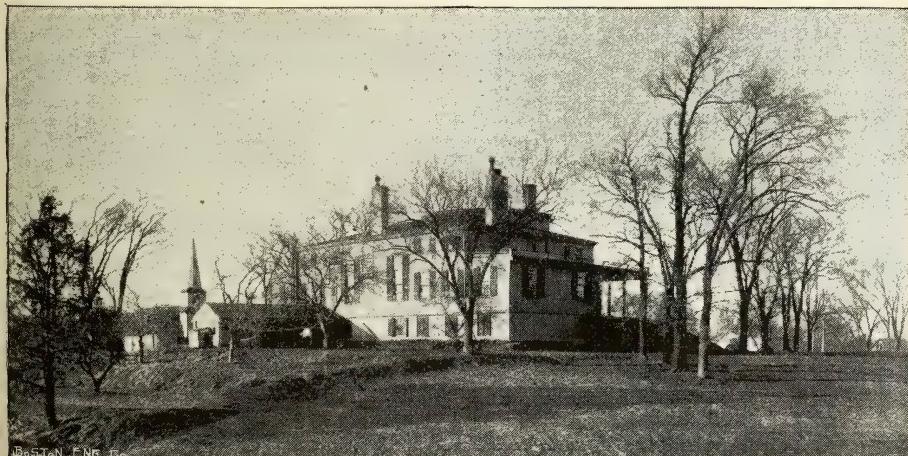
To reach the house one must mount quite a flight of broad stone steps. The ponderous door swings open, and we are ushered into a large, square hall, large enough to hold a cosy suburban cottage. This entrance-hall is imposing, with its dim light, which comes from a broad window halfway up the staircase, which is located on the left of the entrance, and forms one of the picturesque features of the house. Passing beneath an arch of great artistic



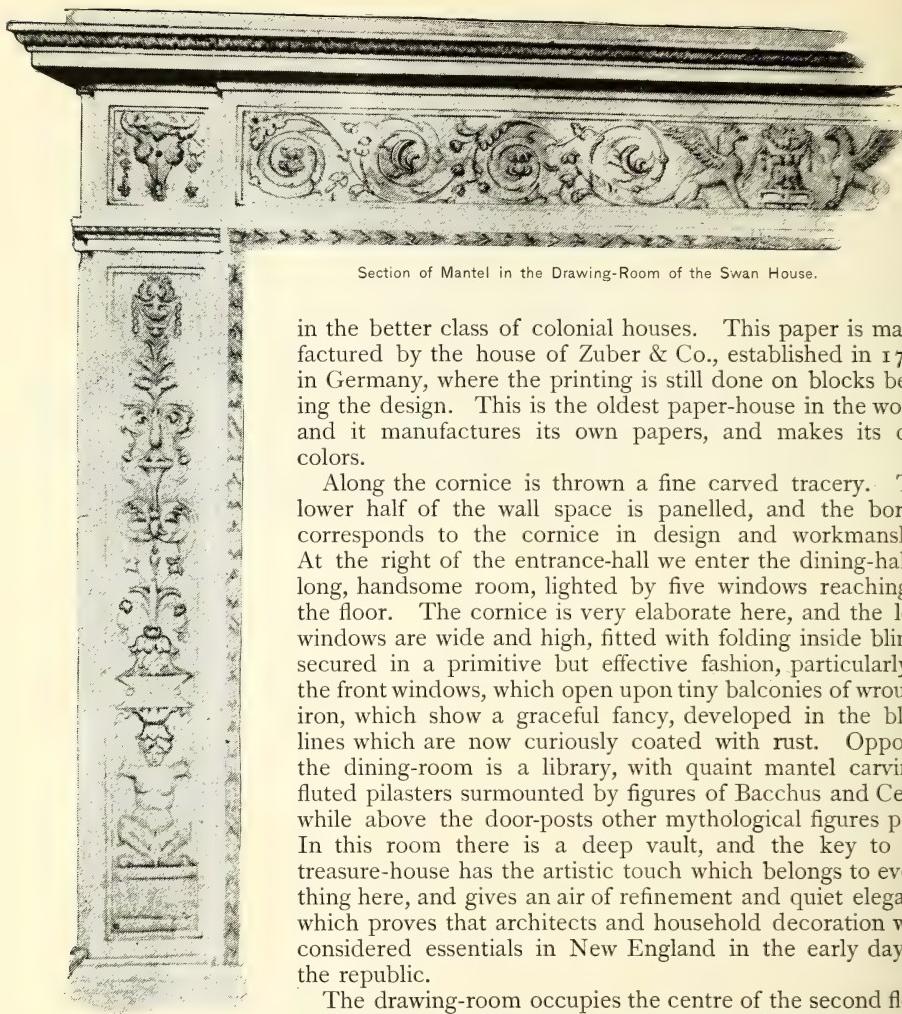
The Swan House, Dorchester.

beauty, a broad passage leads to the long French windows which open upon the balcony, and one can in fancy see the grand dames who swept along these corridors, breathing the perfumed air from the gardens, touched without doubt during the long summer days by a breath of east wind from Dorchester Bay. Returning to the interior, one ascends the staircase, to be charmed by the ease of ascent; for the stairs are ideal in construction, low and broad, and the balustrade is of rosewood, rich with the colors of a century, while along the centre line there is a delicate

tracerie of inlaid wood, exquisite in form and tone. Above us there is a ceiling design, unique, elaborate, and beautiful, which for symmetry it would be difficult to find a counterpart. The work is stucco, and the odd fancies are finely wrought in odd corners, which the rambling lines of the upper rooms compel. In the entrance-hall again we have directly in front of us folding doors opening into the breakfast-room, which is bright and sunny, being lighted by a large bay-window. The walls are covered by an odd old paper of the peculiar landscape pattern found only



The Swan House—Rear View.



Section of Mantel in the Drawing-Room of the Swan House.

in the better class of colonial houses. This paper is manufactured by the house of Zuber & Co., established in 1794, in Germany, where the printing is still done on blocks bearing the design. This is the oldest paper-house in the world, and it manufactures its own papers, and makes its own colors.

Along the cornice is thrown a fine carved tracery. The lower half of the wall space is panelled, and the border corresponds to the cornice in design and workmanship. At the right of the entrance-hall we enter the dining-hall, a long, handsome room, lighted by five windows reaching to the floor. The cornice is very elaborate here, and the long windows are wide and high, fitted with folding inside blinds, secured in a primitive but effective fashion, particularly in the front windows, which open upon tiny balconies of wrought iron, which show a graceful fancy, developed in the black lines which are now curiously coated with rust. Opposite the dining-room is a library, with quaint mantel carvings, fluted pilasters surmounted by figures of Bacchus and Ceres, while above the door-posts other mythological figures pose. In this room there is a deep vault, and the key to this treasure-house has the artistic touch which belongs to everything here, and gives an air of refinement and quiet elegance which proves that architects and household decoration were considered essentials in New England in the early days of the republic.

The drawing-room occupies the centre of the second floor, presenting one of the finest interiors to be found in this part of the country. The vaulted ceiling is elaborately decorated in stucco, while the cornice bears deep-cut designs in conventional form. Doors and casings bear the graceful drooping garlands which everywhere mark the decorative treatment of colonial days. This drawing-room seems fitted for hospitality, and there is a charming touch of patriotism displayed in the ornamentation of the door-posts, whose caps are made in panel form, bearing upon the centre space an emblematic group consisting of the American eagle standing guard over the shield, about which are garlands of laurel. The front parlor is long, lighted by a large bay-window, which overlooks the grounds and driveway; while the back parlor opens by long French windows upon a bewitching nook, in balcony form, from which one can look into birds' nests and the dense foliage of grand old trees. These parlors are flanked by square rooms on either side, and a very romantic thing it is to visit some of these cosy, odd-shaped rooms, which can be accomplished by mounting a back staircase from the small square hall between the breakfast and dining rooms on the first floor. Following along a dark passage until a group of doors is reached, we come to a suite of pretty rooms on the second floor; but mounting another flight of stairs, we follow along a passage which tells very plainly that we are under the eaves. There are deep closets here which would delight any

housekeeper, and we pass several deep recesses before we reach the door which opens into a veritable "sky parlor." This room is about ten by sixteen feet, built up square on the roof, lighted by four large windows; there are floods of sunshine pouring in here from morning till night; and the view over the tree tops is grand, as we can see beyond the tossing foliage the deep blue of the sea, dotted by white sails and occasional darker lines of smoke, which mark an out-going steamer.

In the middle distance the golden dome of the State House on Beacon Hill flashes a welcome, and the dull gray shaft of Bunker Hill is outlined against the brilliant sky. This room was evidently a pet sanctum for somebody, for in one corner there is a fireplace, faced with the old English printed tile, showing a slightly toned background, upon which are quaint vases and pictures developed in deep green tones, with heavy and distinct shadings. The iron fire-dogs and low fenders

ing closets fill the corners of the dressing-room, while the "clothes-press" is a model, by following which a modern architect could render himself a public benefactor. Instead of iron hooks to hold clothing, there are substantial and convenient wooden pegs cut to perfection as hangers.

This room in mid-air, bathed in sunshine and flooded with the glorious sunset light of a hundred years, is an ideal room for any literary women, and it is easy to fancy the writer of the first American novel made this her retreat and literary home; for Sarah Wentworth Apthorp, whose story, *The Power of Sympathy*, was written in 1787, was a resident of this house for many years after her marriage to Mr. Perez Morton. She was well known as a writer of short poems, which appeared in the *Massachusetts Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of "Phililenia." Mrs. Morton was a charming hostess, and her literary ventures were highly praised by professional and



The Taylor House.

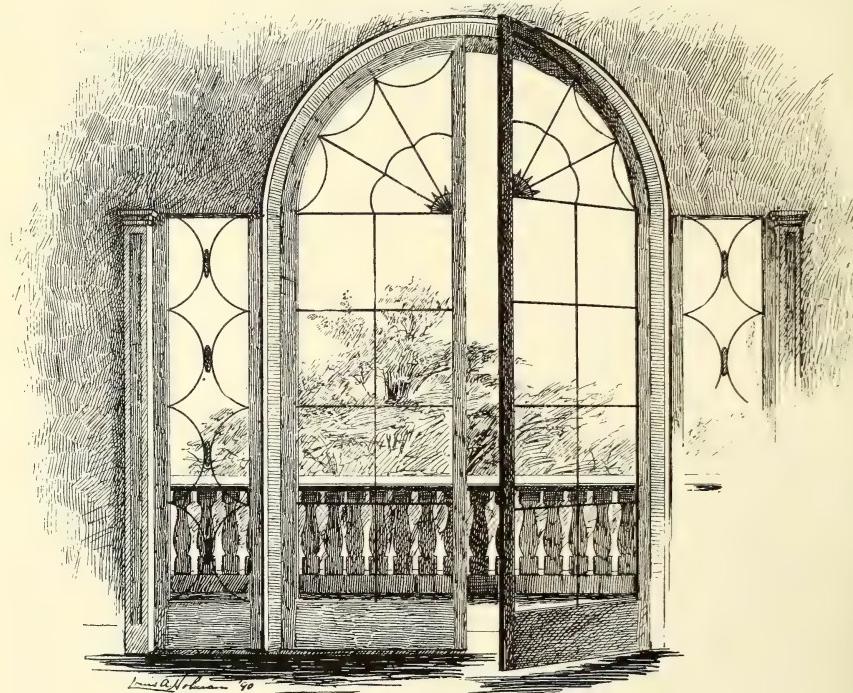
are of classic design. The window casings and doors are plain here, but heavy and finely moulded; and there are corner closets, and an old-fashioned "swing-table" that looks rather "literary." Yawn-

society people, while Robert Treat Paine styled her the "American Sappho."

This old mansion house was the residence of Mr. Morton, who was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Represen-

tatives from 1806 to 1811, and attorney-general of the state from 1811 to 1832. He died in this house in 1837. Mr. Morton was born in Plymouth, November 13, 1751, and graduated from Harvard College in 1771. He was very active in Revolutionary affairs, delivering the fu-

house, a rambling old structure, is known as the Swan House, and was built about 1796. The old "Round House" is a local name attaching to the place, from the fact that the centre of the house is round, this peculiar form being carried up two stories, although there is only one



French Window in the Back Parlor of the Taylor House.

neral oration of General Joseph Warren, in April, 1775, representing the civic authorities of Boston.

This old colonial house thus has many claims to poetry and beauty; but the steady march of improvement in this portion of the city will ere long remove the ancient landmark, or change its surroundings, for the land is valuable, and modern fashionable life demands other expression. Yet with all the advance in building methods and artistic furnishing, many elaborate and costly modern residences are exact reproductions of the colonial fancies, both in form and finish.

Across the road from this artistic old home is another specimen of architecture, quaint and pretty in outline, an odd fancy, very carefully developed. This mansion

room. This colonial dining-hall is thirty-two feet in diameter, while from the cornice springs a huge dome-shaped ceiling, the centre of which is heavy with floral designs in stucco, while trailing garlands fall in long lines of beauty over the surface to the cornice. The mantel is of pure white marble, exquisitely wrought, and was brought from Paris. Upon the mantel to-day there are rare and lovely vases from South America, belonging to the owner of the house, who resides here and appreciates with rare and delicate sentiment all the historical features of the place, and not only enjoys the air of romance which still lingers in odd rooms and corners, but welcomes her friends with cordial kindness, to share not only pleasant memories but present hospitality.

The drawing-rooms are long and fitted with elaborate mantels of richly colored marble ; the windows are broad and high, while heavy carvings line the wall spaces, touch the doors with added dignity, and spread in endless detail over the elaborate wooden shutters. The long hallway extends the length of the house, and presents quaint fancies, picturesque to a marked degree. Everywhere there is the same solid, careful finish, and the rich tones of the wood are full of beauty. Colonel James Swan, from whom the place takes its name, was a native of Scotland, who came to Boston in his boyhood. He took a firm stand for freedom, and was one of the Tea Party in Boston Harbor in December, 1773, fought as a volunteer at Bunker Hill, was Secretary of War for Massachusetts in 1777, and afterward adjutant-general of the state. Madam Swan resided in this house until her death in 1825.

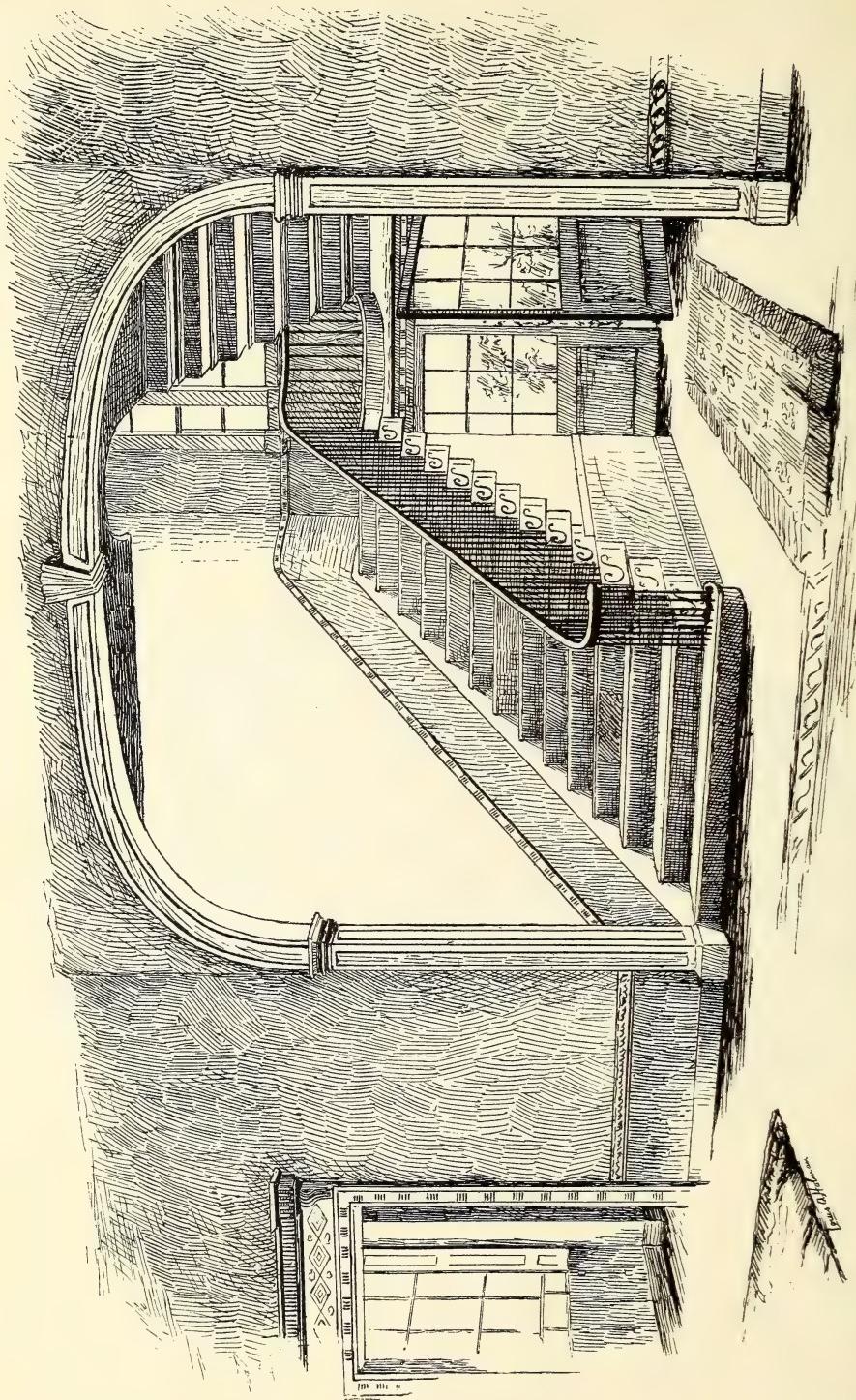
This part of Boston is extremely picturesque, as the land rises in gentle undulations, which are crowned with the graceful elm or majestic maple, and the lowlands are rich in vegetation, opening upon long vistas of rare pastoral beauty. The house has an added charm, on account of a picturesque location, being built upon a ledge of rock locally known as Roxbury pudding-stone, a conglomerate rock, which makes a fine foundation for tiny creeping vines, which mass themselves over the irregular surface in summer time, covering with a thick, luxuriant verdure the steep wall, which rises some fifteen feet above the sidewalk, placing the entire estate upon a tableland of rare beauty, dotted with shrubbery and shaded by grand old trees. The views from here are commanding and extensive, and the colonial touches of architectural beauty bear comparison with the work of modern architectural design, with



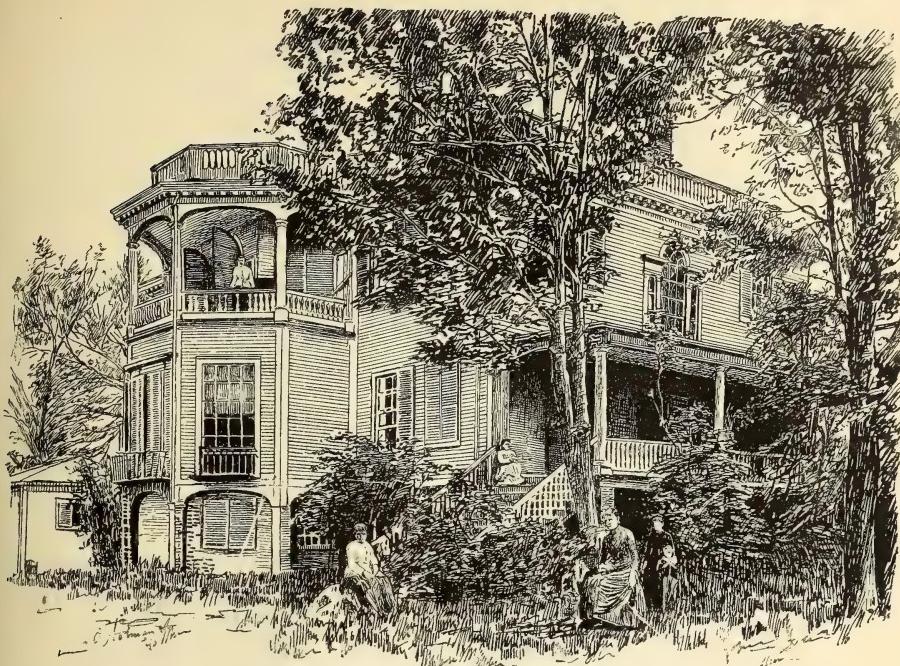
Drawing-Room, Taylor House.

This home was the centre of a charming hospitality during Colonel Swan's residence. General Lafayette and many of the Revolutionary heroes were entertained here. The neighborhood was famous for its social festivities.

one strong point in favor of the older work, that rarely, if ever, does the decorative treatment seem to be superfluous ; there is a massive background, upon which all this decorative treatment rests naturally, gracefully, and enduringly, gathering greater



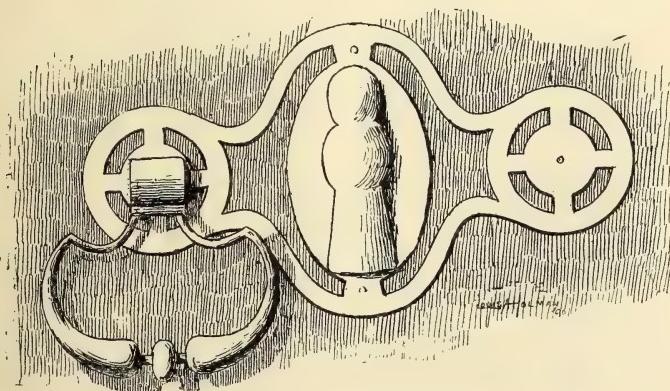
ENTRANCE-HALL, TAYLOR HOUSE.



Back of Taylor House, showing Breakfast-Room and Drawing-Room.

beauty as the days go by ; so that the dainty New England home of to-day can look both back and up to its predecessor with pride and pleasure, remembering that in the older days all this fine work represented an amount of labor scarce dreamed of to-day, when machinery, with its marvellous powers, throws so many delicate touches of beauty into the commonest things of our homes and daily life. The Dorchester

houses here noticed are fine instances of the excellent work of a century ago in domestic architecture ; but in many of the old New England towns, and especially in towns near Boston — Dedham, Milton, Medford, Cambridge — we find places equally interesting and worthy of our study. We have neglected them too much. The present is a good time to turn our attention to them.



Lock of Dining-Hall, Taylor House.

## THE TWO MESSAGES.

*By Jessie F. O'Donnell.*

### WAR.

LEXINGTON, 1775.<sup>1</sup>

VOICES through darkness, voices through day,  
Ring through the light and the evening's gray;  
Voices from horsemen who, riding afar,  
Bear a grim message — a message of war:  
“Life has been taken! Come! Up and away!”

Swiftly they gallop by day and by night,  
Stop at each town in their fear-winged flight,—  
Stop but an instant to utter the cry:  
“Onward to Boston, to conquer or die!  
War has begun! Haste ye all to the fight!”

Village to village sendeth the word;  
To their foundations the mountains are stirred;  
Forest and prairie the messages sweep;  
Streamlet and river resistlessly leap,  
Till from the ocean their echoes are heard.

Cliff calls to cliff, and the valleys reply;  
Pines of the northland waft onward the cry;  
Southern palmettoes next catch up the tale;  
Winds of the mountains respond with a wail;  
Faintly the breezes repeat it and sigh.

Kinsman and brother and father and son  
Shout to each other: “The war has begun!”  
Farmers unfasten their teams from the plow,—  
Deadlier work than the tillage now;—  
Seizes the hunter his powder and gun.

Pastors, dismissing their flocks at the call,  
Rush to their homes for their swords on the wall;  
Womanly fingers make the straps tight,  
Lover and husband send forth to the fight.  
Danger and death there — and freedom for all!

Loud from the mountain, and hoarse from the sea,  
Angry, exultant, and savage with glee,  
Ever the voices are echoing far,  
Rousing the world with the message of war.  
“War! war! it is war! We will fight and be free!”

<sup>1</sup> “Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north and south and east and west throughout the land.”  
—BANCROFT'S *United States*.

## PEACE.

SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND, FEBRUARY, 1815.<sup>1</sup>

SADDLE the horses, and ride this night  
 Swift through the darkness into the light,  
 Over the snow-fields glistening white,—  
 Ride on ! Ride on !—

The elements defying.  
 Shout through the silent midnight, “ Peace ! ”  
 Terrors may rest and tremblings cease ;  
 In every hamlet let it be heard,—  
 Long have they waited the joyful word,  
 For the war has been long in dying !

Fire the cannon, and ring the bells ;  
 Heardest thou ever such tuneful knells ?  
 Sorrow never such music swells,—

Ride on ! Ride on !—  
 Ride as if you were flying !  
 Stop the carnage and still the strife,  
 Waste no more of the nation’s life !  
 Costly the blood that has been shed !  
 Who shall number the nation’s dead  
 In the war so long in dying ?

Light the beacons on every peak ;  
 Fire to answering fire shall speak ;  
 Rockets of flame the dawn shall streak,—

Ride on ! Ride on !—  
 Ride where women are sighing,  
 Where every shot on the battle-plains  
 Pierces a heart at home ; where stains  
 Of tears on every woman’s face  
 Will at your news to smiles give place.  
 Oh, the war has been long in dying !

But what will you say to women who wait  
 Loved ones for whom peace has come too late,  
 Slain in the merciless battle’s hate,—

Ride on ! Ride on !—  
 Who in nameless graves are lying ?  
 Little ’twill comfort mothers and wives,  
 That a nation’s need demanded these lives ;  
 Bring you no hope to the hearts that yearn  
 Vainly for those who will never return  
 From the war so long in dying ?

<sup>1</sup> “At length the joyful tidings of peace reached our shores. . . . Expresses were immediately hurried off north and south, and the swift riders swept meteor-like through village after village, shouting ‘PEACE.’ As they sped on, the inhabitants sallied forth to hail the glad tidings with shouts.” — HEADLEY’S *Second War with England*.

## ON DREAMS.

*By Horatio King.*

“ **K**NOWEST thou what thou art in the hour of sleep?” This query is not easily answered. Sleep has been defined as the intermediate state between wakefulness and death — between the active state of all the animal and intellectual functions and their total suspension. It is maintained by some learned writers that the senses fall asleep in succession : first the sight, next the taste, then the sense of smelling, then the hearing, and last the sense of touch. The same writers have advanced the opinion that the senses sleep with different degrees of soundness, and that the senses of taste and smelling awake last, the sight less readily than the hearing, and the touch the easiest of all, as it is the last to fall asleep.

Dr. Mayo, who has favored us with learned disquisitions touching the mental conditions of persons in different states of being, observes that “any iteration of gentle impressions, enough to divert attention from other objects without arousing it, promotes sleep. Thus,” he says, “we recognize as the psychical basis of sleep the suspension of the attention.” Professor Carpenter observes that “whilst the necessity for sleep arises out of the state of the nervous system itself, there are certain external conditions which favor its access,” and that “among the most powerful of these is the absence of sensorial impression; thus, darkness and silence usually promote repose, and the suspension of muscular effort, which takes place when we assume a position that is sustained without it, is no less conducive to slumber. There are cases, however, in which the continuance of an accustomed sound is necessary, instead of positive silence, the cessation of the sound being a complete prevention of sleep; thus it happens that persons living in the neighborhood of the noisiest mills, or forges, cannot readily sleep elsewhere.”

A clear case of this kind comes within my own knowledge. It relates to the experience of my mother, who slept for fifty years or more in a room in which there was an old-fashioned pendulum clock,

like Longfellow’s “Old Clock on the Stairs”; and whenever it was found necessary, as it sometimes was in very cold weather, to remove her bed to a warmer adjoining room, the old clock also had to be removed with it, that she might be lulled to sleep by the ceaseless tick, tick, so familiar to her ears.

There is a mystery about sleep which never has been, and probably never can be, satisfactorily explained. Some physiologists hold that complete sleep is a temporary metaphysical death, though not of course an organic one — that in it the heart and lungs perform their offices with their accustomed regularity, and that it is characterized by a torpor of the organs of the brain, of the external senses, and of voluntary motion ; whilst incomplete sleep is the activity of one or more of the cerebral organs, while the others are in repose.

Shelley calls sleep the brother of death. Pope writes : —

“ Sleep and death, two twins of wingéd race,  
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.”

Cervantes gives Sancho Panza to say : “ Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly, the generous coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.”

I write, however, not so much for the purpose of considering the philosophy of sleep as to speak of the operations of the mind in dreams, with the relation of some remarkable dreams, cases of somnambulism, and temporary suspension of animation.

Byron compresses a whole poem into four lines when he says : —

“ Sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality ;  
And dreams, in their developments, have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.”

In a conversation with an American traveller, who called on him in Florence,

Byron said that he once dreamed of seeing his own ghost. "I was not at all frightened," he adds, "but was thrown into a strange puzzle of thought in endeavoring to account for the existence of the ghost independent of myself; which proves that one can reason in a dream. I am not certain I should behave with half so much coolness and discretion were I to encounter a ghost wide awake."

There is a legend to the effect that once the bright angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of Man, the Guardian Angel of the World, drew near the throne of God and prayed: "Give me, O Father, a way by which I may teach Man how to avoid a part at least of the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him! For Man is not always bad; at times he feels better influences; at times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external aid might fix upon him." Then the Father spoke to the Angel and said, "Give him the Dream."

To-day, as in the earliest ages, many persons regard dreams as a dim prevision of coming events. Artemidorus defines a dream as "a motion or fiction of the soul in a diverse form signifying either good or evil to come"; and Porphyry ascribed dreams to "the influence of a good demon who thereby warns us of the evils which another and bad demon is preparing for us."

The whispering of the guardian angel of infancy is suggested by the beautiful couplet from the German of Leven Schücking:—

"As play the soft smiles round an infant's pillow  
When it beholds the angels in its dreams."

And how sweetly sings Alice Cary:—

"Even dreams have filled my soul with light,  
And on my way their splendor left,  
As if the darkness of the night  
Were by some planet's rising cleft."

To the question, What are dreams? the answer is, They are our mental states and operations while we are asleep, and they are fashioned from the materials of the thoughts which we have while awake—from the slight bodily sensations of which we are susceptible in sleep. The state of health also has considerable influence, not only in producing them, but in giving them a particular character.

Thomas Carlyle, speaking in affectionate terms of his gentle and pious mother, remarks:—

"Nearly my first profound impressions in this world are connected with the death of an infant sister—an event whose sorrowfulness was made known to me in the inconsolable grief of my mother. For a long time she seemed to dissolve in tears—only tears. For several months not one night passed but she dreamed of holding her babe in her arms, and clasping it to her breast. At length one morning she related a change in her dream: while she held the child in her arms it had seemed to break up into small fragments, and so crumbled away and vanished. From that night her vision of the babe and dream of clasping it never returned."

The readers of *David Copperfield* will remember David's story of how, after being worried for weeks by the hateful badge bearing the caution, "Take care of him, he bites," which his schoolmaster required him to wear on his back, he used to dream night after night of being with his mother as she used to be, or of going to a party at Mr. Peggotty's, or of travelling outside the stage-coach, or of dining again with his unfortunate friend, the waiter, who devoured the larger part of what was set before him for his meal, and in all these circumstances making people scream and stare, by the unhappy disclosure that he had on nothing but his little night-shirt and that placard.

It is a remarkable fact that not unfrequently, when the powers of the body are utterly suspended, the intellect exhibits an increased and more exalted energy. Condorcet's experience is often adduced on this point. While engaged in abstruse and profound calculations, he says he was frequently obliged to leave them in an unfinished state in order to retire to rest, and that the remaining steps and the conclusions of his calculations have more than once presented themselves in his dreams. Similar proof comes from Condillac, who tells us that when engaged in his *Cours d'Etude*, he frequently developed and finished a subject in his dreams which he had broken off before retiring to rest. So, likewise, Coleridge relates of himself that his fragment, "Kubla Khan," was composed during sleep which had come upon him whilst reading the passage in Purchas's *Pilgrimage* on which the poetical description was founded, and was written immediately on awaking.

Carlyle relates that, when "a very little thing," anxious to learn, Jane Welch, who afterwards became his wife, would sit up half the night over her lessons. One day she had been greatly perplexed by a problem in Euclid which she could not solve. At last she went to bed; and in a dream got up and did it, and went to bed again. In the meantime she had no consciousness of her dream; but on looking at her slate, there was the problem solved.

Says the London *Globe*: "Lord Thurlow is said to have composed part of a Latin poem in a dream; and Sir J. Herschel has left a verse which occurred to him in similar circumstances. Goethe records that his dreams often assisted in his composition."

It is a well-attested fact that our dreams are sometimes caused by our sensations. It is related of an English soldier that, so susceptible was he to audible impressions while asleep, his companions could make him dream what they pleased. They amused themselves by leading him in his dreams into some frightful difficulty, and watching his efforts to extricate himself—sometimes inducing him to believe that a shark was in close pursuit of him; at others, that he was suspended only by a thread from the projecting cliffs of a fearful precipice; and again that he had given offence to some person and must fight a duel. Thus, on one occasion, they caused him to go through the whole process of a duel from the preliminary arrangements to the firing of the pistol, which they put into his hands, and the report of which awoke him.

Unpleasant dreams are generally produced from the mind being in a troubled state on account of ill-health or some other unpleasant cause. Numerous instances of this are related. In describing the perils of certain travellers, a distinguished writer observes that they laid themselves down upon their beds of leaves, but the horrible thirst, which consumed them like an inward fire, grew fiercer with the endeavor to court repose; and the blood that crept slowly through their veins seemed to have become a current of liquid flame. Sleep came not to their eyes, or came attended with dreams of running waters, which they were not permitted to taste, of tempests and earthquakes, and breathless confinement among the clods of earth, and vari-

ous shapes of strange peril, while their friends seemed to stand aloof and to look coldly and unconcernedly on without showing even a desire to render them assistance.

Irving, in his description of the voyage of Mendez to Hispaniola, remarks: "The night had far advanced, but those whose turn it was to take repose were unable to sleep from the intensity of their thirst; or if they slept, it was but to be tantalized with dreams of cool fountains and running brooks."

Dr. Mayo has observed that if dreams happen to refer to passing events, they commonly reverse their features, and that the attention seems to be slumbering. Thus, Sir George Black, he says, told him that in the privations which he encountered in Sir John Franklin's first expedition, when in fact he was starving, he uniformly dreamed of plentiful repasts.

There is an account in *Blackwood's Magazine* of the wreck, not many years ago, of the *Strathmere*, upon the Twelve Apostles' Island, "when nearly fifty persons lived seven months on a barren rock, only three fine days relieving the vicissitudes of wind, snow, and rain. Dreams were the one brightening influence of that dreary season; they constituted the romance and the news of the time." Charles Wordsworth, one of the party, speaks of them as *the alleviation*.

"Having dreams [he says] was quite like having a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island and enabled us to forget our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I detailed to my mother. In the night, when we awoke, we invariably asked each other our dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home, and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming was the pleasant part of our existence on that miserable island."

While, as we all probably know from experience, the sensation of being wafted through the air in our dreams is enrapturing, that of suddenly falling from a great height is so painful that we always wake before reaching the ground. Nightmare is usually, if not invariably, preceded by a frightful dream of some description; and these hideous visions are as various as are the conditions of those who experience them. Instances are related of persons who, after having been dumb for years, have recovered their speech by their strug-

gles and finally successful efforts to call for aid while in their sleep, imagining themselves in imminent danger. So, also, frightful dreams have been known to produce insanity.

It may be regarded as a singular fact — and physiologists assure us that it is a fact — that a person, deaf and dumb from birth, never dreams of conversing except by signs or in writing ; and that one blind from birth never dreams of visible objects. We have it from the same authority, borne out doubtless by general experience, that “while the imagination cannot supply the place of real memory, it has the wild faculty of counterfeiting memory. It dreams of persons it never knew, and talks with them as old acquaintances. It relates circumstances that never happened and tells them as if they had happened. It goes to places that never existed, and knows where all the streets and houses are as if it had been there before. The scenes it creates often appear as scenes remembered. It will sometimes act a dream within a dream, and in the delusion of dreaming tell a dream it never dreamed, and tell it as if it were from memory.” Says Coleridge : —

“ You stood before me like a thought,  
A dream remembered in a dream.”

I do not remember ever in my dreams telling a dream I never dreamed ; but I have frequently dreamed of relating a dream in a dream, which I had just dreamed. And who, when partially awakened from a half-finished pleasant dream, has not striven to court sleep in the vain effort to enter again into its agreeable sensations, and to realize its completion ? This, I fancy, is no uncommon thing. An amusing instance of this occurred not long ago at a young ladies’ seminary in Washington. One of the boarding scholars being late for breakfast, the maid-servant went to wake her, when, seemingly half asleep, she said, “ Oh, please wait a few minutes until I have finished my dream ; I am getting married.”

I have often thought what a curious jumble it would make were we to write out a full description of our nightly visions, as Archbishop Laud used to do, and as it is said a distinguished clergyman of New York is in the habit of doing ; and yet, who knows but that many, if not most of them, would admit of a plausible inter-

pretation ? For the time being they appear to be real ; and as our waking dreams are never without some object, why, if we remember the dreams we have when asleep, may we not inquire their meaning ? For instance, speaking of dreams recently, a gentleman said to me : “ The other night I dreamed that an elder brother, who has passed beyond the vale, and myself were, with tools in hand, surveying the frame of a building, with a view to see if a certain cross-beam could be removed without weakening the structure ; and my mind dwelling on the subject, only half awake, I thought, Now, what does this dream signify ? At once the suggestion came, It means that our moral structure is complete, and that the removal of any one of its supports, by a departure from the strict line, endangers the whole frame.” We cannot but admit that this interpretation was both reasonable and wise, — as it would have been if used as a similitude when awake.

An asylum expert, writing in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, recently, gives a number of examples showing, as it would seem, that there is a great similarity between insanity and the state of dreaming. He observes that testimony is frequently given by those who have recovered from insanity, that the whole period of their disease now appears to them as a dream — sometimes happy, but oftener painful and gloomy. Thus, he thinks, it is seen that the sane mind approaches nearest the insane state during dreamy sleep.

Our estimate of time in dreaming is not the least remarkable feature of dreams. In the space of a few moments we dream of performing labors which in reality would require months, if not years, to accomplish. Long journeys are taken, and weeks, perhaps months, of agreeable pastime experienced with our friends, some of them perhaps long since dead, and all in the slumber of an hour, or perhaps of a few moments. It is equally remarkable that we go through such experiences, or nightly visions, without there seeming to be anything at all wonderful in them, or that they are in the least degree impossible.

Another strange thing about dreams is that they often appear to be occasioned by impressions made upon the brain many years before. I know not how this is with others, but in my own experience I may

say it is disagreeably true. In my researches on this subject I have not found any mention of this feature of dreams, although nearly every writer I have consulted recites something of his personal experience in dreams, and I may therefore be excused for referring to mine.

There are two matters in respect to which I am sure I shall never be able to cease from dreaming while I live. The one which most disturbs me is that of printing ; and now, for over half a century since I quit that business, I may say, without exaggeration, that hardly a month has passed in which I have not dreamed about it. It usually occurs when I am over-fatigued, or when from other cause I am not feeling well. I should premise that during about eight years of my boyhood, having commenced business before I was nineteen, I was the publisher, and for six years of the time the editor, of a weekly newspaper. My labor the larger part of this time was not only severe, but I encountered violent opposition from a section of my own political party, which sought by most unfair means to crush me. In spite of all this my paper was regularly issued, never once failing to appear on the promised day of publication. Now, what is also singular about this dream is that, although not always the same in its details, it is invariably attended with more or less of trouble and failure. Oftener than otherwise my editorials are not ready in time ; I am behind in getting the types set ; in making up the forms they are thrown into pi, or there is some other vexatious thing that comes to disturb me, and I do not remember to have succeeded more than once or twice in getting my paper off. Generally I am so much harassed that I awake, glad to find it "all a dream."

The other matter relates to my life in the Post-Office Department. These dreams are generally not quite so unpleasant ; but they have likewise pursued me at frequent intervals ever since, and in fact before, I left that department. They usually take shape in fear that when absent on leave I had overstaid my time, or that in some other way I might have fallen short of my whole official duty.

We often hear the question asked, "Do you believe in dreams?" and sometimes the answer is in the affirmative. Wieland, in his fairy tales of *Oberon*, says : —

"The best to do with dreams is, always give the lie  
To what looks dark in them, and only keep the  
fair."

While we must acknowledge the wisdom of the Scripture saying that, "Whoso regardeth dreams is like him that catcheth at a shadow and followeth after the wind," we must at the same time admit that events sometimes appear to be clearly foreshadowed by our nightly visions. Of this unnumbered instances might be given ; I will give only a few.

A gentleman in Scotland had an important case pending in court. He was fully impressed with the belief that his father, who had been many years dead, was, while living, possessed of evidence which, if produced, would turn the case in his favor ; but he searched in vain for it among his father's papers, and had nearly given up all hope of success when one night he dreamed his father came and directed him to a person at a distance, in whose hands he had deposited the desired papers. He rose in the morning, went to the place designated, found the papers and thereby gained his cause.

Dr. Bushnell, in his work on *Nature and the Supernatural*, relates a remarkable dream and the incidents of its fulfilment, as told to him by Captain Yount, who was himself the witness of this extraordinary mystery. It was several years ago, when Dr. Bushnell was stopping at a hotel, one stormy November night, in the Napa Valley of California. Captain Yount and his wife came into the parlor where he and other guests were sitting, and joined the circle. He had come over into California as a trapper many years before. Dr. Bushnell represents him as a most venerable and benignant-looking person. The conversation turning upon spiritism and modern necromancy, Captain Yount discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife thereupon intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith by a peculiar experience of his own, and at Dr. Bushnell's request he gave him his story, the substance of which was as follows : —

About six or seven years previous, in a midwinter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of

the scenery, saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow, and distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. He soon fell asleep and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind, and being assured by an old hunter comrade to whom he related his dream, that there was a place, one hundred and fifty miles distant, in the Carson Valley Pass, exactly answering to his description, he at once proceeded with a number of assistants to that point, where they found the company precisely in the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.<sup>1</sup>

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* relates this story of himself: —

"I had a very vivid dream in the night. I was present at a funeral, and moved about in the house among the mourners without being in the least degree able to realize the death of my friend as a cause for mourning. I saw the coffin placed in the hearse, and in due course I was marshalled to a place in the funeral procession, which place proved to be not in the mourning-coach, but in my own carriage. By my side, in the shadow, sat a gentleman, who, after being silent for a short time, said to me in a well-known voice, 'I agree with you that death ought not to be regarded as a subject for mourning, and that the trappings of woe are out of place on an occasion like this.' I looked up to see who it was who had thus divined my own thoughts, and saw, without the least feeling of surprise or fear, that the speaker was no other than the friend whose body was then in the hearse on its way to the grave. It seemed to me to be quite natural that he should thus divine my thoughts, and that we should be together, he talking and I listening, as if death had not parted us. It also seemed quite natural that a moment or two later he should vanish away as he did, and I be left alone as I was, with a strong conviction that I ought to be able to come and go, and divine and speak as he had done."

I hardly need say that I take little note of, and give still less heed to my own dream fancies; but I will recall one of my dreams, which, whether a prevision or not, I could not but regard as somewhat out of the

common course. It occurred years before the war—not once only, but several times in succession, and every time in a strikingly vivid manner. I thought I saw two armies arrayed one against the other in deadly combat, and that I was in imminent danger in my own home. It would not have been at all strange had I thus dreamed when hostilities were threatened, or in the midst of "war's alarms"; but to all outward appearance our country was never farther from war, and I wondered what it could mean. I asked myself: Is it possible we are going to war with Great Britain, which seemed to be the only foreign power with which our government might become embroiled, but I could discover no probable signs of any such calamity, nor did it, as I remember, ever once enter my mind that we might be on the brink of a civil war, which so soon came to astonish and overwhelm us. Was this dream a forewarning?

In this connection the relation of President Lincoln's well-known and most remarkable dream seems appropriate. It is given in one of Charles Dickens's letters from Washington, as having been told to him by the late Edwin M. Stanton.

On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a Cabinet meeting, at which Mr. Lincoln presided. Mr. Stanton was late, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed with great surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in ungainly attitudes, as his custom was, and that instead of telling irrelevant stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the Council with the Attorney General, said to him, "That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney General replied, "We all saw that before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said: 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.'" To which the Attorney General had observed, "Something good, sir, I hope," when the President answered very gravely, "I don't know; I don't know; but it will happen, and shortly too." As they were all impressed with his manner,

<sup>1</sup> Richard H. Dana, Jr., writing of his return to California in 1859-60, twenty-four years after his *Two Years before the Mast*, speaks of visiting "old John Yount at his rancho," where he says he "heard from his own lips his celebrated dream, thrice repeated, which led him to organize a party to go out over the mountains, that did actually rescue from death by starvation the wretched remnants of the Douner party."

the Attorney General took him up again. "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President, "but I have had a dream; and I have now had the same dream three times,—once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run, once on the night preceding such another,"—naming a battle also not favorable to the North. His chin sunk on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head, or changing his attitude, "I am on a great, broad, rolling river, and I am in a boat, and I drift, and I drift—but this is not business,"—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table, as Mr. Stanton entered, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney General said, as they walked on together, that it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

The Indians are said to place much reliance on their dreams, even believing that they forecast the whole history of their future lives. Some tribes believe that while their bodies sleep, their souls take flight and wander unobstructed over the earth.

A well-authenticated and very remarkable instance of the fulfilment of a dream took place at Kennebunk, Me., in 1842. A new staunch bark, called the *Isadora*, was ready with a select crew to sail for New Orleans, when one of the crew went to the captain and asked to be released. On being pressed for his reason, he said he had dreamed that the bark was driven ashore on Bald Head Cliff, and that every man on board perished. His friends tried to laugh him out of it; but it was impossible for him to dispel the terrible vision from his mind. He had enlisted, however, and the captain insisted on his keeping his engagement. The night before the vessel was to sail he dreamed the same dream again, and keeping out of the way, the captain was obliged to sail without him. Within twenty-four hours, the first night after she put to sea, the good bark *Isadora* encountered a fearful gale and blinding snowstorm; she was driven upon the dangerous cliff, became a total wreck, and every soul on board was lost.

Closely allied to simple dreamland is the still more mysterious state of somnambulism. In the one case it is usually thought without action, while in the other it is giving action to thought. Somnambulism, I imagine, is not very uncommon. Many remarkable instances are recorded. One is that of a man on the coast of Ireland, who left his house one night at twelve o'clock, walked over a difficult and dangerous road, a distance of two miles, and was discovered two hours afterwards, disporting himself in the water a hundred yards from the shore. On going to him with a boat, he was found to be asleep, and was with difficulty persuaded that he was not in bed.

An instance equally singular was that of a sailor—one of the crew of the schooner *Sea Breeze*, at anchor in the harbor of New Gloucester, Mass., on the night of July 15, 1881. He arose from his berth in a state of somnambulism, went on board of another schooner lying alongside, and leaped into the dock. The splash was heard by parties in the vicinity; and he was rescued in an exhausted condition, and replaced in his berth. When he awoke next morning, he had no recollection whatever of his involuntary bath and narrow escape from drowning.

Of the many accounts I have collected, I will give only one more. For this, Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, is my chief authority. On a certain night, in 1879, a fire occurred in his neighboring town of North Turner, when Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. Winship, and said:—

"Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is all on fire! Hurry up!"

He dressed himself quickly, and with buckets ran to the fire and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. Returning home, he went quietly to bed. The next morning he complained of feeling lame and much exhausted.

"Well you may," said his wife, "after working so hard at the fire last night."

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Why, you worked like a hero, saving the buildings round the Starbird house."

He looked dazed for an instant, then took his hat, looked over the premises, and came back.

"Well, Marcia, the buildings are surely gone; but I never would have believed even you, in saying I went to a fire last

night, had they not been destroyed. I don't know a thing about it!"

He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism, without being awakened.

In order to test the correctness of this story, I wrote to the postmaster of North Turner, who answered me that it was substantially correct—that he was with Winship at the fire, and that the latter told him the next morning that he could recollect nothing of the events of the previous night.

I will conclude with the relation of two cases of trance, or suspension of animation, now published for the first time. In the first, we have the experience of one of my own relatives, a devoted Christian, who died many years ago. I received the account from her own lips. On a certain occasion she was seriously indisposed; and, being obliged to submit to a surgical operation, she instantly swooned, and was to all appearance in the embrace of death. Her friends present thought her dead; but after a short time she revived and lived many years afterwards. When she swooned it appeared to her that she was suddenly transported to the margin of a serene lake, environed by the most beautiful scenery. Approaching her on the water she saw in a boat two persons clothed entirely in white. She was given to understand that they were coming to receive her, and was about resigning herself to their care when, reviving under the means used for her restoration, she opened her eyes upon earth again, to the joy of the anxious friends around her. She was not at all credulous, but a woman of excellent common sense; yet from this time to the day of her death, she believed that when the final summons came, she would be received by the white-robed boatmen.

The other somewhat similar instance comes to me from an intelligent and reliable gentleman of my acquaintance, who received his information from the person who was the subject of the trance described. A respectable old gentleman in one of the eastern states had been long living a widower, and he was so sorrowful at the loss of nearly all of his old friends, that he felt himself more nearly allied to the world of spirits than to this. Suddenly, one morning as he was looking out of the window of his bedroom, things began to present a strange appearance, and he threw himself upon his bed, where at the hour of breakfast he was found in a state of insensibility. It was about four hours before medical aid could be procured; and just before the physician arrived he awoke to life, and soon regained his usual health. He also believed that while in this trance he visited the world of spirits, on his entrance into which he said he met his wife in all her virgin loveliness, in company with others he had known here. Spread out before him was a landscape enchantingly beautiful; he had passed safely through the dark valley of death, and was filled with inexpressible joy and thanksgiving. He walked and conversed with his wife and celestial associates, who told him he would return to the lower world, but would ere long rejoin them in happiness eternal. The thought of returning to the natural world was painful to him, for he wished never more to leave them. But in a moment the separation took place, and he again found himself in the tenement of mortality. He fully believed that on his final entrance to the silent land his reception would be only a repetition of that already so vividly impressed upon his mind.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

## THE WHEELS.

*By Julie M. Lippmann.*

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they tireless turn!—  
The wheel of Fortune, the wheel of Fate,  
The wheel of Love, and the wheel of Hate,—  
How they circle slow for the hearts that yearn,  
For the hopes that beat in the breasts that burn!  
But in truth they fly with a splendid speed,  
Else how should we hear their hum, indeed?

“Come, come!” ’tis the Fortune-wheel.  
“Some, some of the world’s wealth steal:  
It will not last,—it will soon be past,—  
But gold is my god, and I bid you kneel.”

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they fling and fly!—  
The wheel of Fate and the wheel of Love,  
The wheel of Hate,—ah, we hear above  
The whir of the Fortune-wheel hard by  
A dreary drone that has drawn us nigh,  
To haunt our heart with a hint of woe,  
And pierce our peace with a poison slow.

“Fear, fear!” —’tis the wheel of Fate.  
“Near, near, though I seem so late,  
I draw at last, and your joy is past,  
Be it ne’er so pure,—be it ne’er so great.”

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they whirl them round!—  
The wheel of Love and the wheel of Hate;—  
The rhyme that rang in our ears so late  
Comes faint and far, like the softened sound  
Of a city’s stir by the distance drowned.  
Our ears are deaf with the din and groan  
Of the hurling Hate-wheel’s monotone.

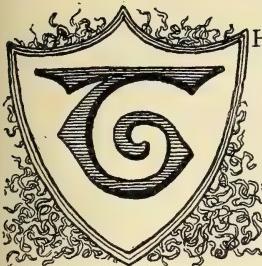
“Woe, woe!” is the hoarse refrain.  
“Low, low, do I grind like grain  
My victims there, nor for aught forbear,  
Till faint they fall in their grievous pain.”

Oh, the hum of the wheels as they disappear!  
The wheel of Love that the rest downbore,  
With their flashing speed and their rush and roar,  
Has gained at last, and has drawn full near;  
And our heart is free of its fret and fear,  
For the wheel turns slow, and we know ’twill lend  
Our steps a stay to the journey’s end.

“Blest, blest!” —so the wheel sings low;  
“Rest, rest, from the griefs that go  
To make the strife of a human life.  
’Tis Love alone can the best bestow.”

## THEIR ONLY SISTER.

By Lizzie Margaret Knapp.



THE house was still, the square side yard was entirely deserted, but what were those wild sounds of clamor and discussion issuing from the loft of the Harrington's barn, and rising now and then into an excited shout, accompanied by the thumping of many boot-heels upon the solid wooden floor?

Nothing alarming — only the regular rainy day proceedings of the "J. F. X. I." Debating Club.

An unprincipled listener, pausing on the dusty landing at the head of the steep, ladder-like staircase at three o'clock, might have heard sentences like these coming in a stentorian voice from behind the jealously locked door — for the outside public, with one fortunate exception, were not admitted to grace these interesting occasions.

"The market is overstocked with cheap pictures. The store windows are full of colored photographs of Nydia, or The Three Fates, or that trash, marked at three dollars *with* the frame! (Hear! Hear!) while the masterpieces of art are neglected. And only yesterday a photograph of Jerusalem or Rome, I forget which, was on exhibition, which had been taken in three separate pieces and patched together. I ask you, Mr. President, is this true art?"

"Oh, come off!" — "Who ever saw a photograph in three pieces?" — "Order! Order!" — that voice was Geoff's.

"It is, I tell you. I saw it myself — hm-hm — We hold this truth to be self-evident, that art should be perpetuated in its noblest forms, not by the mechanical processes of photography, but by the skill and power of those whose lives are dedicated to its service."

At this point the unprincipled listener would have done well to beat a hasty retreat, for, as the speaker came to a close, and sat down hard upon an empty shoebox, he was greeted with renewed

thumpings of boot-heels, and a prolonged chorus of "Hooray-ay-ay-yi-yi's," dying away into silence at last, as the president rapped them to order with a broken croquet mallet.

Ten minutes later the house door on the south porch opened, and a slight figure wrapped in a gray waterproof emerged from under the dripping vines, and made her way swiftly across the yard to the barn, leaving a row of straight, slim footprints in the mud behind her. Her arrival was reported by Phil at the window.

"Here's Cicely!"

"Miss Harrington! not in all this rain?"

"Oh, Cis never minds the rain" — and just at this moment there came a peculiar rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat, at the door. There was instant silence; then the president's voice called impressively, "Who knocks?"

"One who is loyal and true," responded the pleasant voice outside the door, with equal solemnity.

"The password?"

"Naromiyocknowhusunkatankshunk."

The boys were immensely proud of this Indian word, which they had found in an old town history.

Geoff sprang forward and unlocked the door. "Welcome to these palatial halls!" he said, cordially, for Miss Cicely Harrington was the fortunate exception. "Will you have the visitor's box?" pointing to it.

But Miss Harrington declined, and sank gracefully down into a pile of hay. "I am very sorry to have interrupted the meeting," she said, throwing back the hood of her waterproof; "I beg that the exercises may continue."

"We are about through," said Geoff, who had resumed his seat as president and put on a pair of tin goggles bent into a most distressing shape. "The subject was, Resolved that, as the distinguished lecturer whose name I cannot now recall has it, the Photographic Art is a foe-to-Graphic Art. Fire away, Bill!"

Thus adjured, "Bill" got upon his feet and, with a becoming blush in deference to the visitor, began. "I have a few words to say in defence of photography.

Years ago, in the time of our ancestors, when *Lines to a Deceased Infant*, or *Meditations on Death* formed the basis of our literature, and the pages of our magazines were, so to speak, marked off by tombstones (applause), a poor woman lost her child under particularly harrowing circumstances. She would have given everything she had for a picture of it, but it was no use. Portrait-painting was expensive in those days, and this was before the invention of daguerreotypes in 1839. I cannot say that these were much improvement. If you shut one eye, and move it back and forth till you get it in just the right light, you could perhaps tell what it was meant for—otherwise, not. Now what a glorious change! Life-like portraits, instantaneous and painless, are within reach of the poorest. We may preserve our ancestors' faces down to remote posterity. We have every reason to be grateful for the invention of photography. It is true that good photographs are displacing cheap chromos, but is this a loss? I maintain that a knowledge of photography teaches us to appreciate whatever is artistic, wherever we find it, and that it is a friend, rather than a foe, to Graphic Art."

"Oh, that's all very well for you—you've got a camera," added one of the boys, as he sat down.

"Well, we will take a vote now," said the president—"six to five in favor of Photography, are we? Knock off now, and let's have a recess,"—eying lovingly the basket which Miss Cicely still held. She took the hint and removed the cover, smiling merrily as several voices began to speak at once,—

"Oh, sweet Cicely!"

"Cis, you are a brick!"

"The best fellow in the world is our Cis!"

For piled symmetrically upon a big wooden plate were rows upon rows of crisp ginger-snaps, just baked. Joe passed the plate around, Lute burrowed into the hay for the apples, and the utmost peace and harmony reigned for some time, until only a few crumbs remained to show that the feast had been. Then the president, who had been disporting himself in the hay and looked rather dusty, seized the mallet once more.

"If there is no other business to come before the meeting, a movement to adjourn will be in order."

"Move we adjourn," said one.

"Second the motion."

"Moved and seconded that we adjourn. Those in favor signify by saying aye; contrary minds, no. It is a vote."

Then there was a stampede on that staircase. Not one of the boys dreamed of offering to help Miss Cicely down; for was she not as sure-footed as a boy, and, in some incomprehensible manner, on the ground before them, daintily holding her skirts with one hand, while she shook hands with all the boys in such a fascinating way that each one said to himself, with quite a warm glow of feeling, that "the Harrington fellows had a *dandy* sister!" It was only after the last one was down that Miss Cicely turned to her brother, saying quietly, "Papa wants to see you all in the library now, Geoff."

Geoff's handsome face grew a little sullen. He had other plans for the afternoon; but little Joe waved his cap to the rest. "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary," he called, and ran off toward the house.

"A decent regard for the opinions of others requires that they should declare the causes which compel us to the separation," muttered Geoff, and followed him; while Miss Cicely, holding Phil by the hand, and Lute, carrying the basket, brought up the rear.

It was a personable family which gathered around the library table a quarter of an hour afterward. Professor Harrington was still a fine-looking man, although age had lined his forehead, and the discomforts attendant upon failing eyesight had given his face a habitual expression of anxiety and peevishness. Geoffrey bore a strong likeness to what his father had been at sixteen. Lute, who was fourteen, came next. Lute was different. Cicely did not feel sure that she always understood Lute. He was slow; but sometimes she fancied that she saw possibilities of a different and stronger nature behind his everyday exterior. Phil was nine, and a family pet. Joe was twelve, and a clear-eyed, freckled, happy-go-lucky little youth, frank, and always jolly. Dear as all the boys were to their sister, it was little Joe who, though she would hardly have confessed it to herself, came nearest her heart. Some chord within her always vibrated to his merry voice; she loved to listen for his irresisti-

ble laugh, mended his shabby knickerbockers over and over again, and felt well repaid by an affectionate pat on the back for all her little sacrifices,—and these were many; for Cicely Harrington, at twenty-two, was the ruling spirit of the family.

In the opinion of the boys, expressed not so much at home as abroad, their sister was an unapproachable beauty; but though this may have been an overstatement, she was decidedly a pleasurable object to behold. Her brown eyes were ever shining with animation; she had a warm, pale complexion; and the brown hair on top of her head had a curious, but pretty, way of flying loose in the wind, surrounding her face like a halo. Everything else was taut and trim about Cicely,—no fluttering odds and ends, no “gew-gaws,” as Geoff called them, to come to grief on chance nails,—and in her belted gown of cream and brown challis she looked, as she was, ready for any emergency.

Professor Harrington cleared his throat, shaded his eyes from the light, and began to speak, nervously drawing lines upon the surface of the table with the point of a penholder. “I wanted to see you all together,” he said. “I have been thinking for a long time of making a change. How would you like to let this house, and move into the country?”

“Think it would be great,” answered Joe at once; “only the Jolly Fellows’ Debating Club will fall through.”

“What of that?” asked Geoff, in fine contempt. “Those fellows don’t know any more about parliamentary rules than a cat!”

“What sort of country, father?” inquired Lute, slowly. None of the family ever said “papa” but Cicely.

“A village,” answered Professor Harrington, “about seventy miles away, in the hills. Morse knows of a house we might have, as large as this one, on a hill almost at the end of the village, and he advises me to try the change of air. When your mother was with us (the penholder worked more nervously than before), this house of ours was quite in the suburbs; now that new railroad line has been cut through, and the factory people are moving up this way, it is growing too noisy, too noisy to endure.” He spoke in a depressed, cheer-

less voice. “Your studies need not suffer, Geoff. We can find some one to give you a few months’ training for college. The other boys will find a good school there. Rylestone is the name of the place—Rylestone. It is a fine place,—electric lights, plenty of nice people; and, in short, I have almost decided to try it. You need not stay any longer now, boys. Cicely, I should be glad if you would write for me an hour before tea.”

“Yes, papa,” said Cicely, making a sign to the boys to go. They disappeared as quietly as four boys could. When she came out an hour later, however, Joe stood waiting in the passage-way, freshly brushed, and shiny with soap and water, as he only shone once a day,—at tea-time. “Hush!” he said mysteriously, drawing her down the hall; “come out and walk on the veranda, Cis; it’s stopped raining.” They passed out through the long, open window. “I say, Cis, I don’t believe you more than half like it,” he declared, “honor bright, now?”

“If it is papa’s wish, I shall learn to like it,” said Cicely, steadily. “You know, Joe, papa has not been well this long time. If he gets any better, I don’t see that the rest matters.”

“If you should just go and tell him you hate to go, he’d give it right up,” persisted Joe.

“I wouldn’t do that for anything. Don’t you like it yourself? I thought you did.”

“Like it? Oh, yes—myself—but I was afraid you wouldn’t—and I don’t see how he can want to give up the house when it’s—because—you know—of mother!”

Joe’s burst of sentiment was incoherent, but Cicely understood it. “It will be just the same wherever we are,” she said, in her usual bright way.

Joe gave her hand a convulsive squeeze. “That’s all right then—keep jolly!” he said, and darted indoors.

But neither little Joe nor any one else knew that, after the rest of the family were asleep that night, Cicely stole downstairs to the parlor, and shut the door softly behind her. It was an old-fashioned apartment, furnished with gloomy state, all the coverings faded, but not worn. The writing-desk near the window, the square piano, still sweet-toned, but with its case much scratched by the boys’ buttons, the old-style portrait of Mrs. Harrington above

it, in a heavy gilt frame, received but a fitful illumination from the candle which she held above her head. It was at this last that Cicely looked longest. "It will be just the same always," she said, as if to the picture, "no matter where we are, if they are only happy;" and standing there for a moment, with her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, and the yellow candlelight strong upon her face, she looked like a medieval picture. Presently, wiping away a tear or two, she went smiling cheerfully out of the room up the staircase to bed. Miss Cicely Harrington never allowed sentiment to interfere with her duty.

NATURALLY, after the fiat had gone forth that they were to move, the younger Harringtons were all on fire with impatience to begin. Each of the boys had a trunk of his own, and these they dragged down from the storeroom days before the upheaval really began. Nothing could have shown the difference in their characters better than the aspect of those four trunks on the morning of the final departure. Geoff had had his ready for two days, locked and strapped, and no one knew what was in it. Lute packed his with as much slow deliberation as he packed his mind, forcing tight rolls of clothing into the chinks left by his books and mineral specimens, making the whole so heavy that it took two stout men to carry it out to the cart. Lazy Phil left his for his sister to attend to; and Joe's overflowed with a miscellaneous assortment of tennis rackets, wooden dumb-bells, fishing-rods,—whose long lines wound themselves hopelessly around a choice lot of unblacked boots, skates, and hair-brushes. "Take out the clothes then," he said, when Cicely remonstrated; "roll 'em up in a sheet, but these important things *must go*."

As for Cicely, she was everywhere, helping the two maids, making out lists in a vain hope of systematizing matters, and putting her hand to anything, while Professor Harrington, in his gray dressing-gown, roamed about the dismantled house like a restless ghost until Cicely coaxed him back into his library, where, in tying up his papers and arranging his books, he felt more at home. Janet, the cook, who had lived with them many years, went with them; but Norah gave warning, because to her New-York-bred mind "the coun-

try" meant nothing but a boundless stretch of desolate prairie, lost to all the "conveniences" and "privileges" of civilization. "Sure, it would be so *lonesome!*" she had said. It was a pity that she could not have seen the house as they saw it that first night,—a roomy, wooden house, brightly lighted, with a wide veranda around two sides, a garden stretching down hill a little at the back, and beyond only one more house between them and the open country. This other house was indeed almost concealed by thick shrubbery, and its red brick walls and square roof looked rather gloomy. The orchard and grass-grown yard sloped down towards them, making a sudden dip just the other side of the dense evergreen hedge which separated the two places. The boys were wild with delight, and made countless tours of investigation during the next week, coming back tired and hot, with grimy hands, to ask with tardy remorse if they should "take the nails out of those boxes," or "hang those pictures" for Cicely. One day they came in more loquacious than usual.

"It's a regular Giant Despair's castle, that's what I call it," said Geoff, sitting astride the veranda railing, and jerking his head in the direction of the red brick house; "and he's a precious old giant that lives in it."

"Why, Geoff!"

"Fact, we caught sight of him to-day, didn't we, fellows? He's got a kind of swing up in those trees you can see from here; and there he was, reading or something, with some odd kind of rig on, and I give you my word he's homely enough to stop an eight-day clock. A great tall man with a lot of bushy hair, and near-sighted,—sort of a doctor, has all kinds of queer things in his house, from live snakes up. What do you think, Cis? Great neighbor, ain't he?"

"But, Geoff, how came you to be near enough to see him?"

"Oh, we were on an exploring tour!" answered Geoff, carelessly; "and we got almost on to him before we saw him at all. I think he caught sight of us. Anyhow, we skipped back mighty lively. Then Lute went and got stuck in the hole in the hedge, and wasn't that a go! He couldn't crawl either backwards or forwards, so we had to take hold of him and shoot him

through ; and he's got a sweet scratch on his nose. Turn your nose this way, my precious child."

" But, boys, I don't like you to go trespassing upon a gentleman's property that way. Please don't do it again ; papa would be so vexed."

" Oh, that's all right ! It isn't likely we shall get the chance again, but I *would* like to have another look at that swing. It didn't hang like a rope one."

After two or three weeks among the hills, Professor Harrington's health began to improve. His eyes, however, still remained weak, and the demands he made upon Cicely were endless. " Cannot my daughter spare me a little more of her time ? " he would ask in his gentle, depressed way. " We are not making much progress."

" Why, yes, papa ; I will try to write for you in the evening if you wish," was her reply. " You know there is so much to be done about the house daytimes."

" You must get some one to help you if necessary. A good mistress should be head, not hands."

Cicely wisely made no reply. Soon afterward her father told her that he had hired a horse and a pony carriage on trial, and he would like her to drive with him afternoons. They enjoyed these little drives very much, and grew gradually familiar with the beautiful village and the outlying country. Sometimes the people they passed turned to look after them, saying, " That is Professor Harrington and his daughter. What a sweet-looking girl ! We must go to call." It was on her return home from one of these excursions one memorable day that Cicely, running into the house by the side entrance, encountered Joe in the dark passage, trying to slink unseen up the staircase,—Joe, muddy and dirty, Joe, with a smudge of clay on his cheek, a bruise on his forehead, and a bleeding gash in his chin.

" O Joe ! what is the matter ? " she cried, all pity.

" Oh, nothing," said Joe, trying to look as if this were an everyday occurrence. But Cicely was not to be put off that way.

" I insist upon knowing, Joe," she said decidedly, but with a friendly smile.

" All right then. Come into my room while I wash up, and I'll tell you." So Cicely seated herself anxiously on the bed ; and Joe ducked his head into a bowl of

water, coming out rather pale now that the dirt was gone. " Well, I've been pitched out of that Dr. Winthrop's swing," he announced.

" O Joe ! but how did you happen to be there ? "

" Never mind that now ; just let me tell you," continued Joe, artfully drawing her attention away from that dangerous point. " Geoff and I were in the swing, standing up,—it's a wire rope as big around as your little finger,—Lute was pushing us. All of a sudden we felt like fifty million needles had been stuck into us ; and of course we both let go, and got shot out like lightning. He turned his old electric battery on to us, don't you see ? —though how it was connected with the swing is more'n I know. Geoff's *mad*. He didn't get hurt any, either, only a bump. I hit a stone. I suppose he had a right to kick us out if he wanted," said happy-go-lucky Joe. " I don't care, only this cut won't stop bleeding."

" I care !" exclaimed Cicely, all aflame with indignation. " I never heard of such a cowardly performance. He ought to be ashamed of himself. He might have killed you."

" Guess not ; we're pretty tough," said Joe, soothingly. But Cicely refused to be soothed. She walked up and down, for once thoroughly excited. If it had been any of the others, it would have been bad enough ; but that any one should dare to hurt little Joe was too much. " The heartless old man ! " she ejaculated ; " I'll never, never forgive him ! " stamping her little foot on the floor, and then suddenly catching Joe in a vehement embrace which he hastily parried.

Geoff was in the dining-room when they went down. His face boded no good. Cicely always feared to see that sullen, determined look on his handsome face, and refrained from further hasty comment. After tea there was a whispered consultation among the three older boys over in the corner while Cicely was out of the room ; and their good humor apparently restored, they went up to bed at a surprisingly early hour.

Dr. Winthrop rang the Harrington's doorbell at four the next afternoon. He stepped frowning into the parlor, sent his card to Miss Harrington by Janet, and walked savagely up and down the room, waiting

for her to appear. He was in a mood of suppressed rage. A fine idea, truly, for him, who loved peace and quiet above all things, to be at the mercy of these lawless boys ! He wondered what kind of a family this must be to tolerate such conduct. What was their old maid sister about that she did not take better care of them ? And just here Cicely swept into the room like a goddess, and remained standing several feet away, with an outward air of frigid dignity, but secretly lost in wonder. Was this the old doctor?—this tall, commanding man, hardly more than thirty, who advanced to meet her, saying in a deep but well-modulated voice, “I beg your pardon, it was Miss Harrington I wished to see.”

“I am Miss Harrington,” responded Cicely without moving ; “and I am ready to listen to your apologies.”

“Ah, indeed ! I fancied, mistakenly perhaps, that I was the one to whom apologies were due,” said Dr. Winthrop in his turn. He also was surprised. Was this the “old maid sister,” this fresh young apparition in white flannel, who stood facing him proudly, like a bitter enemy?

“I suppose, then, that you have no apologies to make for having maliciously thrown my brothers out of your swing, and injuring my younger brother *severely* ! In that case, I will say good afternoon.”

“What a gentle face she has to speak so angrily !” thought the doctor. “Stay a moment,” he said, as she made a move to go. “I am very sorry indeed if the slight shock I gave them caused them so much injury ; but I do not think your brothers have told you that they came into my orchard last night, and stripped my best white plum-tree of all its fruit.”

“Dr. Winthrop, how dare you make such an accusation against my brothers !” exclaimed Cicely, white with indignation.

“Because I found this handkerchief under the tree,” he replied, handing her a shapeless wad. Alas ! alas ! where shall we find virtue in this world ? It was a bloody relic of Joe’s, printed in orange and brown in a series of comic pictures, representing the savage, half-civilized, civilized, and enlightened states of man. Cicely remembered having seen it in Joe’s hand the afternoon before. Her insulted dignity gave way on the instant.

“Oh, please wait a moment ! There

must be some mistake,” she said in distress, and went swiftly out of the room. In a minute or two she came back, leading Joe, with her hand on his shoulder. Her hold must have been a moral one, for her hand was light, yet Joe slunk in without any opposition, and stood downcast before the doctor. He was still a wretched-looking boy, with a great blue spot on his forehead, and a slit of sticking-plaster on the injured chin.

“Well, my boy, so you thought you would pay me off last night, did you ?” asked the doctor, with a glint of a smile in his eye.

“Yessir,” answered Joe, desperately ; “we were bound to somehow or other, you know, and it was a good chance last night, so we went together—”

“O Joe ! was Phil with you ?”

“No ; Kid didn’t go,—only us three,—and we meant to make a clean sweep ; and Geoff, he ate seventy-one, and Lute fifty-six, but I could only get down thirty ; they were precious green, sir,” he added, looking up into his judge’s face.

“I see,” the doctor said gravely ; “and naturally you are feeling indisposed to-day.”

“Oh ! nothing much. I say, I know it was a mean thing to do, and I’d say I was sorry now if it was any use.”

The last words were blurted out all at once. The doctor held out his hand. “It is of use,” he said, “because we can be friends now. I’m sorry I gave you that black eye. We’re quits. If you will come to see me as other people do, I’ll treat you as I treat other people. Next time tell your sister what you are going to do.” And with a bow to Cicely he went out of the room without waiting for a reply.

“Cæsar ! But he’s a decent sort of a chap, after all !” muttered Joe. But Cicely did not answer ; she was gone.

She got them into the library that evening, after Professor Harrington had gone to bed with a headache, and talked to them as she had never talked to them before. It was very affecting. Little Phil, who was perfectly innocent of the whole affair sobbed dolefully, and Cicely cried too. The boys were not used to seeing Cicely cry. She always showed them a cheerful face in the midst of all her worries. Once she had nursed Phil through a fever, when his life hung in the balance for days, and

she had not shed a tear ; and here she was with the tears running down her cheeks as fast as she wiped them away. "I have tried to fill mamma's place to you," she said, "and I thought you came to me just as you would to her, and I was so proud of you ; but I must have failed, *miserably* failed, if you could do a thing like this, — so wrong, so dishonorable ! " — the rest was lost. They were all melted, even Geoff ; and when he sat down on the arm of her chair, saying, in a voice from which every bit of obstinate pride was gone, "Don't cry, Cis. I promise you we'll never do such a thing again. I promise for the crowd. We aren't going to have you cry about us again !" she felt comforted and relieved.

But in her own room that night Cicely said to herself, as she brushed her hair, "Oh ! what did I say to Dr. Winthrop this afternoon ? I was so angry ; what must he have thought ? How can I ever look him in the face again ? Oh, I hope I shall not have to meet him very often ! but it is not in the least likely that I shall."

In which Miss Cicely was mistaken.

FOR some days after this unfortunate episode the boys' unusually angelic behavior made Cicely quite apprehensive. They wore down the door-mat wiping their boots, not to leave tracks upon the floors ; Phil's daily lessons were recited like clock-work ; Joe, in a fresh impulse of neatness, appeared in immaculate linen as becoming as it was agonizing, and Geoff and Lute vented their superfluous energies in giving the grass a fancy cut with the lawn-mower and raking all the gravel paths. Meanwhile Rylestone, with the cordiality of a New England village which has quite made up its mind, had called upon Cicely, and with several voice invited her to "return their calls soon and not wait so long as they had," "to come over to play tennis informally," and so on. Many of these invitations Cicely was obliged to decline ; but now there came a kind little note from Mrs. Pritchard, who lived at the other end of the village, asking her to "an informal seven o'clock tea, with music." To the surprise of the family, Professor Harrington made a decided stand. "I do not wish people to think that I keep my daughter at home like a nun," he said ; "I desire you to accept this invitation, Cicely.

You can write for me in the afternoon instead."

"Yes, papa," said Cicely, obediently, forbearing to explain that this would make an unusually hard day for her. After all, she was young, and "informal seven o'clock tea, with music," sounded interesting, though she had no idea what it would be like.

The Harringtons' parlor would have offered a pretty little *tableau vivant* to a chance passer-by upon that eventful evening. Cicely had been in Rylestone long enough to understand the requirements of the occasion and, in her pale pink gown, open at the throat and adorned by a nodding bunch of white asters, stood under the light surrounded by her brothers, each engaged in putting some finishing touch to her toilet. Phil, on his knees upon the floor, was smoothing out the ends of her sash, Joe was fastening her bracelets, and Lute was tucking a refractory loop of hair into place with a hair-pin. Geoffrey, overcoat on, stood near by, holding her wrap. "That pink thing is fetching," he observed. "Cicely is going to be the prettiest girl at the party," murmured Phil from the floor ; and Joe added in scornful assurance, "Of course she is ; she could give 'em all their own start and beat 'em !" They marched her triumphantly into the library to have their father see her, and he, after looking in silence at the happy group for a moment, said, "You grow very like your mother, Cicely." Greater compliment from Professor Harrington there was none.

Mrs. Pritchard's house, as they turned in at the gate, was brightly lighted, and, inside, figures were moving past the windows.

"What time do you want me to come for you ?" Geoff asked, ringing the bell.

"Oh ! any time after ten," said Cicely, carelessly.

Mrs. Pritchard came to meet her at the foot of the staircase. She was a warm-hearted, talkative little woman, rustling with silk and jingling with beads. "I am so glad to see you !" she said. "I have saved a place for you ; come this way." She took Cicely through the room, introducing her in passing to a group of girls, and left her at a little table in a cosy corner with a stylish youth who had for some weeks admired Miss Harrington from afar. Cicely was chatting gayly when, looking up

suddenly, she caught sight in the mirror of a pair of dark eyes regarding her intently. She recognized them only too well, and, dropping her own with a quick flush, she answered her companion's next remarks upon college life at random, smiling however so bewitchingly and with such an air of absorbed interest that he mentally pronounced her a delightful girl and went on talking for both, which was just what Cicely desired. Presently Mrs. Pritchard rustled into the seat next Cicely, bringing with her a solemn-faced, elderly gentleman, and tea was served. The large parlors were dotted with little tables, each with seats for four. Cicely could see the back of Dr. Winthrop's head from her corner. It looked very uncompromising. When tea was over, and the guests had begun to scatter about the rooms, some one rolled out the grand piano, and the music began. It was of all kinds. There were those who had to be asked to sing, lest they should be offended, and there were others who could play but had to be coaxed; but there were also several who played and sang remarkably well, and Cicely, who had by this time retreated to a corner sofa, listened with a pleasant feeling that this was one large family, where each one had his little part to do. So when Mrs. Pritchard came to her, saying, "My dear" (Mrs. Pritchard always "my dearest" everybody), "do you play or sing? We should be happy to hear you," she answered readily, "I sing a little, but I cannot play my own accompaniments."

"I will bring some one to you who can play any accompaniment," said her hostess, "if you will see if you can find anything you know in that pile of music over there." Cicely had selected a song she knew, when Mrs. Pritchard came up again, saying, "Let me introduce Dr. Winthrop to you, Miss Harrington; his powers in this line are famous." Cicely felt as if her breath had been swept away. She opened her lips, but no sound came.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harrington before," said Dr. Winthrop, bowing gravely. At this a memory of their former interview rushed over Cicely. She felt a burning desire to laugh, but instead demurely placed her music, a Spinning Song by Henschel, upon the rack, and Dr. Winthrop played the opening bars in a style which showed him to be no mean

accompanist. When Cicely had sung it through with dainty grace her audience was charmed and surrounded her at the piano, saying, "Sing something else, Miss Harrington, please do; it was delightful!"

"Exquisite!" said her hostess, adding, "How do you manage usually about your accompaniments?"

"Geoff plays all my accompaniments," answered Cicely, with a touch of pride.

And now it was half-past ten, and there was a general move toward departure, yet no signs of Geoff. "My dear, is some one coming for you?" whispered Mrs. Pritchard to Cicely.

"I expected my brother, but he has not come yet."

"Like all boys, my dear; but never mind, I will have some one ready for you when you come down."

The "some one," to Cicely's dismay, proved to be Dr. Winthrop, who "was going just her way, and would be happy to take Miss Harrington home." There seemed to be no help for it; so, with many parting words from their hostess, the door shut behind them, and left them starting on a half-mile walk together.

"Are you wrapped up warmly enough?" inquired Dr. Winthrop, as he opened the gate.

"Oh, quite, thank you!"

They turned the corner of the street. "We have had a very pleasant evening; don't you think so?" asked Dr. Winthrop.

"Very."

They walked on for some moments in silence. "How remarkably well that black lace sets off her face!" thought Dr. Winthrop. Intent upon this pleasing effect, he nearly walked his companion into a tree. "Oh, pray excuse me!" he exclaimed, quite startled.

"Not at all," murmured Cicely, inconsequently. She was inwardly wishing that she could get hold of Geoff and shake him for getting her into such a scrape. No signs of these revengeful thoughts appeared in her face. Another long pause ensued.

"Miss Harrington," began Dr. Winthrop, squaring his shoulders in sudden determination, "are we to go on like this forever, simply because we met each other first under trying circumstances? We are near neighbors; can we not be friends as well?"

"We have made an auspicious beginning," said Cicely, demurely.

The doctor threw back his head and laughed. "*Haven't we, though!*" he said. "The point is, shall our acquaintance progress that way? Wouldn't it be better to make a new beginning? Will you agree to try it?"

There was a gleam of fun in Miss Cicely's eyes as she turned them toward him. "When you come to our house,—if you will come," she said, "I will agree to receive you without any electrical experiments."

"Will you shake hands on that?" asked the doctor, earnestly.

So, standing before the door, they performed the little ceremony, and then, well pleased, the doctor tramped down the path as Cicely entered the house. A few minutes later Geoff rushed in, out of breath, and incoherent with remorse. "It's too bad!" he cried; "I'm downright sorry, Cis, on my word I am. You said any time after ten, and I met Jake Benson, and he wanted me to step around and see his new 'Victor,' and when I got round to Mrs. Pritchard's, I found you'd gone. Who came home with you?"

"Dr. Winthrop."

Geoff gave a long, low whistle of astonishment. "By Jove, Cicely, you're a witch!" he declared.

That was the beginning of a new era in the history of the Harrington family. Dr. Winthrop availed himself of an early opportunity to call, and was very soon on the footing of an old and valued friend. Professor Harrington, after an evening in his library, during which he had confided his cherished plans for his book on Persian Antiquities to a gracious and sympathetic listener, could not speak too highly of Dr. Winthrop. "A most agreeable man, Cicely," he affirmed. As for the boys, they were at first inclined to be shy; but after an enchanted day in "Giant Despair's Castle," among cabinets of curiosities, the case of guns on the wall of the smoking-room, quantities of unmounted amateur photographs, and horrible but fascinating glass jars full of preserved snakes and other "specimens," their delight knew no

bounds, and, generously wiping out old scores, they became the doctor's strongest allies.

By and by, as the winter wore away, they grew suspicious. "What has he been to our house for four times this last week, I should like to know?" inquired Geoff one day, stamping the ice to see if his skates were firm. "He needn't think I don't see through it. He's spoony on Cis, that's what's the matter."

"Just as if no other girl would do!" put in Joe, indignantly. "There are hundreds of girls in the world good enough for him, but *we've only got one Cicely!*"

"Yes," said Lute, clinching the matter in his slow way. "He's a good fellow, but we don't want to *strengthen* the friendship."

But in spite of all the forces arrayed against him, and various hints on the subject thrown out from time to time by the boys, who only had "one Cicely," Dr. Winthrop went steadily on his way with the quiet determination characteristic of him. Opposition was practically useless. In the end the boys gave in.

Two people stood in the window of the Harrington parlor one February afternoon at dusk, watching the fast-falling snowflakes outside. It was St. Valentine's Day, and the roses which, with a touch of romance forming a vital but unsuspected part of his nature, Dr. Winthrop had sent Cicely that morning shed more and more fragrance upon the air as the room darkened and the figures in the window were outlined like silhouettes against the fading light. Dr. Winthrop had been overwhelming Cicely with a torrent of eloquence; now, as he paused, her voice said, between laughing and crying, "It is no use; you know I could not do anything without papa's consent,—and the boys'."

Dr. Winthrop laughed triumphantly. "I have won them over, every one," he said; "they are all on my side, and I shall never cease to owe them a debt of gratitude, the boys especially, for their magnanimity in forgiving me for falling in love with 'their only sister'!"

## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

*By Edward E. Hale, D.D.*

**M**ISS READER. (To the Traveller.) It seems very unkind to say so, Mr. Traveller, but I am tired of this rushing over sea and land. You say no one sees me, but I am just as much exhausted as if they did see me. And I do not so much dislike to have people see me. What is more, you say you wish to improve and instruct people : really, the girls in my classes know a great deal more about the streets of Boston than you tell them about the streets of Washington or even of New York. I thought your letters were Tarry-at-Home Travel.

To this complaint much might be said in reply. But I do not charge her with ingratitude ; on the other hand, I am glad if the readers will condescend to say what they do want and what they do not want. One throws his little contributions into the sea, and, as I said the other day, one is not certain whether his bark boat or his shingle schooner drifts to Spitzbergen, or does not. The returns from Spitzbergen are very slow and irregular. If Miss Reader, there in Fort Wrangel, is willing to tell us what she does like and what she does not like, we are grateful.

I wonder how Miss Reader would like to have us describe the regular business of travelling down town, particularly since one does it by an electric car. I call the electric cars the "spinners," and I have been hoping to learn that somebody else calls them so, for I think they need a short name, and I think that is a good one. But thus far this addition to our language is confined to my own family.

My excellent and wise friend, Mr. Frederic B. Perkins, who did so much good to the city of San Francisco in the management of its library, used to say that if any man would give the history of one day, from its beginning to its end, in absolute literal detail, he would make the book of most curiosity and value two thousand years hence. Think how we read Horace's journey to Brundusium, and try to make out the details of a day's life. Think how doubtful we are whether Paul had or had not a toothbrush or a hairbrush, or a comb

in any sort like what we have now. Mr. Perkins would say that a man who would simply get up in the morning and describe the processes of life,—would tell even how he put his hand on a baluster as he went down stairs; how he unfolded his napkin or took it out of the ring if it had a ring,—would contribute to the benefit of the future as no one has chosen to do, who wrote of Plymouth Rock or the settlement of Boston. May it be possible that these readers in Fort Wrangel would like as much to know of the detail of life in such a village as Boston, as I should like to know about the canal boat or other boat in which Horace went to Brundusium?

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It is a rainy day, then ; the weather bureau says that it will be "fair, followed by light showers," and that it will be warmer. Now, if things were perfectly managed, I should have a little portable typewriter, and should take this upon my knees and should actually tell Miss Reader from moment to moment just what happens. I should say, "The conductor is now approaching, in the car. I am now putting my hand in my pocket, where I find a silver dollar. I give the conductor this silver dollar, and he gives me in exchange three quarter-dollars, a ten-cent piece, and two nickels." Then, with great rapidity, I should tell posterity what I mean by a nickel, what is the stamp on each side, and what I mean by a ten-cent piece and what there is on it ; and I should tell that pretty story of the face of the young lady who posed for the Goddess of Liberty. But, as Miss Reader is only a present posterity, I do not say this, which Horace should have said in describing his journey to Brundusium. Then I should tell her in the same absolute detail how the "spinner" stops at Northampton Street, and why, and how it does not stop at Chester Park, and I should try to guess why. And so, by quick stages and many stops, we should come cleverly down town.

But I am afraid to do this ; the high classical readers would score the margin

with the word "ultra-realism," and want our whole article left out in order that they may have room for some wildly exciting romance about a woman who had three husbands by accident, and saw two ghosts after she had been eating wedding cake. So we will not dare, even for Miss Reader's sake, to go into the fulness of this detail.

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It is borne in on my mind that Miss Reader wishes to go to the dogs. This is no slight on her, nor does it imply that she has been spending her money in card-playing or for more questionable purposes. It only means that the New England Kennel Club, whatever that is, has the great Mechanics Hall, which covers I do not know how many acres, in its possession for this week, and is showing the most wonderful and attractive dogs which can be got together in New England, not to say Old England and other countries. Come in, Miss Reader; they will not bite us, though they have not as yet any muzzles. We are proposing in Massachusetts to make them all go round, as Richard Cœur de Lion did at the moment of his fight against Saladin, with a grating over their faces. But we have not got quite so far as that yet. See those lovely Gordon setters! would it not be a shame to put visors or other muzzles on them? See those dainty little King Charles spaniels! I am sure you would not make them unhappy.

Do you know that Newfoundland dogs, the joy of my boy life and of boy romance, are disappearing? There is but one in all this great show. But instead of them, see those grand St. Bernards. I can believe any story of their intelligence, and the more that I saw their cousins—or their uncles, perhaps—at the Hospice. There are a great many hunting dogs, as we Americans say, meaning sporting dogs, and such intelligent creatures they are! Among them—those noble creatures—are the dogs which hunt men. These are the very dogs who were used at White Chapel, but discovered nothing more than their masters did.

What a charm there is in seeing creatures of the pure blood! There are ugly dogs here, but not one cur.

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BUT the prettiest sight of all is when the gentle dogs are turned into the great arena,

and the little blind children from the South Boston Institution are permitted to go in with them and fondle them. Notice has been sent round to all the exhibitors that the blind children will be here, and that, as they cannot see the dogs, they must feel them, which other people are not permitted to do. So here are the nice little children, and here are the gentle dogs who have been selected. There is our darling little Helen Keller; she can neither see nor hear nor speak. She is therefore so fortunate as not to know that there is any unkindness in this world. No one has ever treated her unkindly since she can remember; no one has ever spelled out a harsh word on that delicate little hand which receives everything, and through which she knows everything. So the dear child goes and comes, as I suppose we shall go and come in a heaven of perfect love; her face is always radiant with smiles, and she is perfectly sure that everybody wants to make her happy. See how she enjoys that little terrier; see how prettily she pets that tall greyhound; and see how nicely she thanks the gentlemen who have led her in!

I may add to what Miss Reader and I saw, that the next day Helen Keller wrote as pretty a note as anybody who reads these lines could write, as the representative of the children who went over to this spectacle. She thanks them for thinking of the children and for asking them, and for the pleasure which they have had in "seeing" the dogs. And now, she says, will not the gentlemen come over to the asylum, and let the children entertain them? The children will do their best to make the visit agreeable. Is it not charming to think that, through the marvellous inspirations of such a woman as Annie Sullivan, this child, who is not ten years old, is able to go and come and write and listen in such wise as this? A child who, not three years ago, was as ignorant of the outside world, I may fairly say, as an oyster in its shell.

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YES, this is an interesting corner, to me more than to you. That is our church. I think we had a picture of it in the Magazine at Christmas. That high and imposing building, ugly though so costly, is the Spiritual Temple. The large brick building on the other corner is the Prince School,

— a crack public school ; and this, which we will go into, is the Normal Art School, — yes, the school your friend Miss Van Dyck studied in. I do not wonder you wanted to see it. But the school is much better housed than it was in her times. And as Dr. Miner said yesterday, the old teachers teach better than ever, and they have added some capital new ones, so that Miss Van Dyck need not be afraid that the school is losing ground.

There, is not that a good study? Does Miss Van Dyck do better work than that? I shall be sending the draughtsman from the magazine round here, to get Mr. Bartlett's leave to copy some of these studies. I know Mr. Munsell is proud of them, and well he may be. He has imported the best Paris traditions, and all the Julien and Beaux Arts enthusiasm among these youngsters. Come into the modelling-room. Look at that copy of the Juno. Do you do better than that in Alaska?

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THIS is the way the commonwealth takes hold when she has a good thing to do. "Get the best"; and this normal work in art is not made into fiddle-faddle, far less is it amateurish. The state determined that every town of five thousand or more people should have a distinct drawing-school, for the special teaching of drawing and the arts of design. Drawing had already been introduced as a regular study into the public schools. Of course the Board of Education knew that there were not many teachers competent for the work thus ordered. In the first place, there were not many artists; in the second place, not one artist in five is a good teacher, particularly in such a varied round as must be entered upon in the instruction in all the schools. This State Normal Art School was founded, therefore, for the preparation of teachers. It began, they said, at their annual dinner-party, last night, in an attic; it has worked its way into public confidence, and the state has now built and equipped for it the admirable premises to which I take Miss Reader. It does not blow its trumpet at all; it need not: it has quite as many scholars as it knows what to do with. Well it may, for the state pays all their expenses; and well it may again, as Miss Reader and I saw in our visit there, for here is admirable work, in ele-

mentary drawing and the range of preparatory studies which occupy the students of the first year, and in color, where the technique in water-color and in oil is simple, strong, and good. Class C, as they call it, is given largely to studies which I should call studies of construction, or what we used to call mechanical drawing, but it is much more than the mere rule-of-thumb drawing of an old-fashioned architect's office. And Class D is the modelling-room. Miss Reader and I have both been surprised at the efficiency of the work in this room.

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Now observe, if you please, that to this school there come between two and three hundred students every year. And here is their list of graduates, which shows what good comes to this world from the spirit with which the commonwealth of Massachusetts is thus training first-class teachers. Here, on one page of perhaps twenty names, I find teachers who are at work in California, in Louisiana, in Minnesota, and in Missouri; the rest of them are in Massachusetts. At that dinner-party of the alumni they told me that nine of their graduates are now carrying on their studies in Paris. Some of the best of their teachers have done the same thing — have gone through this school, and then have worked in the best *ateliers* of Paris, to come home, as I said just now, with the best Paris traditions. This is the way to do a thing if you do it at all. Do not pretend that the necessity of public education is satisfied when you have taught the three R's, but give to every one the best training you can give, and then you have some right to thank God when, once in a while, he gives you a William Hunt or a Richard Greenough.

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THIS annual dinner was a charming entertainment, in which they congratulated each other on the success of the school, in which old friends who had been parted renewed old friendships and talked of new successes. Is it not a pathetic thing to think how all this New England instinct for fine art, which now appears on the right hand and on the left, was repressed for the first hundred and fifty years? When we went into that business of the revolution, here was Copley, a New Englander, painting in London, and entertaining George

III. and his crew by representing the Speaker Tyndall, who defied Charles I. We have that picture in our Public Library now. Excepting Copley, there was not a man, and there certainly was no woman, born in New England, who had shown any genius for the arts of design. Young Trumbull came to the front afterward. Yet there must have been latent in the blood of the boys and girls of that time, all this power of expression which shows itself now, and it had been pent up there.

The same thing is true, if you think of it, of what we call the New Englander's special ability—that of invention. Here we are, inventing everything; I can hardly pick a pin off the floor without having a special machine made, that I may pick it up more easily. And yet from the year 1620 to the year 1775, there is hardly a great invention which can be credited to the New Englander. He rested the same firelock over the breastwork at Bunker Hill which his great-grandfather had fired in King William's War; and the shirt he had on his back was woven on a loom the twin of that in which Madam Dudley wove the governor's shirts. This is what happens when you say to one country that it shall raise food for another, and to some other country that it shall do the manufacturing for the food-raisers. The benevolent mother-country for a hundred and fifty years did just what the same benevolent mother-country would be glad to do now. We in Boston were permitted to catch lobsters, to send out our boats for fish, and with that to supply the Lenten tables of the world; we might build wooden ships, and sell them to Europe; we might send them masts and beaver skins. And they would invent for us our spinning wheels and our muskets. But so soon as we took this matter into our own hands, so soon as we said, "If you please, we will do a little manufacturing for ourselves,"—so soon there sprang to light this marvellous genius for invention which has sent out Eli Whitney and the host of his successors,—such men as Bachelder, and Edison, and Bigelow, and Goodyear, and Goulding,—so that, if a man smells smoke from a broiling beefsteak, he invents a beefsteak-broiler which shall not tell secrets to the rest of the family. "Pity, pity, pity!" say the Cobden Club and Mr. Mills, "how much better if they were trapping beaver and catching lobsters!"

THIS time, Miss Reader, we will not try a spinner; there are no spinners in front of the Vendome. Let us take the more decorous and slower horse-car.

And will you tell me, Miss Reader, how the ladies behave whom you meet in horse-cars in Fort Wrangel? There is rather a curious observation made as to the breeding of Boston women. Just read these lines, which I received yesterday from one of the most charming women whom I have the pleasure of knowing:

"My experiences with Boston women to whom I have been introduced have been very charming in most cases; but my experience in shops, cars, and streets have been otherwise, and would fill a volume. I have been a stranger in New York, San Francisco, and Boston, and have lived in the three cities. In the first two I have asked for information, and offered small courtesies to total strangers,—women,—with the pleasantest results, in no case meeting with discourtesy. But in Boston my experience has taught me never to ask a question, or try to help a well-dressed woman, even when I know her to belong to 'one of the best families'!"

I have these lines in my pocket, as you see, and I read them to you because the last time I was on this line an interesting thing happened. A young woman, a little overdressed, if you please, stopped the car that she might leave it. She dropped the parcel which she had been down town to buy. I saw it fall, and touched her and told her that she had dropped her parcel. But, unfortunately, I had never been presented to her; we had not danced together at Papanti's, nor were we members of the same club. She, therefore, looked at me with the vigorous manner to which our friend alludes in the letter, a good deal as if I had struck her in the face, and in this way expressed her indignation that any man should have addressed her who had not the honor of her acquaintance. I am, however, sixty-eight years old, and I stand such things better than a boy does. So I said very pleasantly, "You have dropped your parcel, and it is under your feet." Again she resented the insult with a look,—not with a word, observe,—and swung out of the car, dragging the parcel after her by her dress, so that it fell in the mud in the street. There the next horse that came along trod upon it, I suppose, and I suppose what is left of it is there now. I am free to say I think it was good enough for her. I tell the story here, not because

you need it, dear Miss Reader, nor because I think it is of any use on the western side of the East or Hudson River, but because I think it may fall under the eyes of some teacher of youth on this side of those streams, and I think she may give her pupils a lesson in good breeding.

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HELEN KELLER in the arena with the great dogs and playing with them—is not that a pretty piece of evolution? Just look in with me here at Mr. Pope's studio, and let me show you the arena of Pompeii 1821 years ago. Mr. Pope has made the picture of Glaucus. Do you remember him in *The Last Days of Pompeii*? Oh, no; you are too young for *The Last Days of Pompeii*. We read it when I was a boy; but I suppose that you Russians at Fort Wrangel are reading Turgenieff and Tolstoi instead of Bulwer. Very well; Glaucus is the Christian around whom the novel centres; and Glaucus is condemned to be thrown to the beasts in the arena. And so Mr. Pope has given us the picture of the galleries of the arena, Glaucus standing quite far away in the middle distance, and in front a superb lion of the life-size, who is the lion against whom the naked Glaucus is to do battle. But the lion knows nothing of Glaucus, and cares nothing for the crowded galleries. With that quick instinct of the beasts, he knows that there is danger before noblemen and ladies know it; he scents the volcano, shall I say, from the arena, flings up his head in indignation; and so Glaucus is saved. It is the first indication of the ruin which is to fall upon Pompeii.

I am glad you should see the picture, Miss Reader. It is worth while to remember what is the world which we have outgrown in the evolution which has followed this Passion Week in which we are taking our ride and walk.

When I said that you should go to the dogs, I meant literally and not metaphorically; but when I said I would show you the lions, I meant metaphorically, and I forgot how visible Mr. Pope has made one of them. To tell you the truth, like other Bostoneers who have been in the business sixty or seventy years, I do it very well, or think I do. Have you not been delighted when Dr. Holmes took you across the long walk? The planks are still down, though

the snowdrops have come, and you shall go across that before we have done. One of my jokes is to invite strangers to hear my lectures on the streets of Boston, and offer them free tickets. The truth is that if you once know the law of the instrument you can find your way in Boston as well as in any checker-board city in the land.

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WHAT is more natural than that the streets of a town named Trimountain, or Tremont, should run around the curves of the hills which give it its name? It would have defied its name and history if it had cut straight trenches through these slopes, and bidden people dig down the cliffs on the sides of them for their houses. The "crooked streets" are curved streets, following the lines of hills or of the water. And also, in one exceptional series, they follow the equitable lines which Judge Shaw drew, in a remarkable decision which was based on what is called "horse common-sense," but which defied the traditions of the world of real estate.

Also if a town be built on a peninsula of an oval form, will not its streets "lead downward to the sea"? And if they do, will they probably be parallel with each? And, indeed, do you want them to be?

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Is it not, indeed, certain that by laying out your streets in a checker-board you make it sure sometimes that you must take the longest possible course from one place to another? You cannot go by a diagonal, as the Bostoneer who knows his ground generally can. Also, if you are in Philadelphia, and must walk four miles from north to south between half past eleven and half past twelve of the day, you would find it hard to select a shady side of the street; but you can always manage this in Boston by tacking a little. The life of a traveller on foot is therefore much more varied and interesting here than is that mathematical movement of a person in one of the checker-board cities.

As for the street cars the direction is simple. Find out in what direction you are going and take a car that is going the other way.

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YES! that is the Horticultural Building, but the Show is over. I wish you had

seen that. And this is the Tremont House on the other side. Now we are passing the place where I was born, but the room was not on this level, but on the third story of the house that stood here then. Here is School Street, so called because the Latin School was here. And there is where the boys coasted down the street till the servant of General Haldimand put ashes on their coat. The boys then appointed a committee to wait upon him and secure their rights, and what is more, they got them. It was the first victory of the American Revolution. And here is King's Chapel. We are just in time for the mid-day service. Let us come in.

THERE ! is not that a good way to spend half an hour? and are you not glad I brought you here? And I am glad you came in so simply, without asking any questions! And is it not a good thing to have this nice old church open for this service just in the middle of the town just in the middle of the week. Every loafing boy, every traveller from the hotels, every worried woman, and every puzzled man can look in for an hour; they can tell the good God their secrets, and each of them can listen for His answer. That stained glass is from Munich, and is of the best of that school. For my part, I like it, though it is not of that old kind which people rave about. But I want you to come and see the monument to the little Lady Shirley. She was hardly more than a girl, and he was commander-in-chief of British America. I believe people thought he ought not to have married her. I know Hutch-

inson thought so. But Shirley told her he loved her, and he married her. And then, just as the dear little old town was in greater danger than it ever was in before or since, the little lady died. It was just when the "Admiral D'Anville had sworn by cross and crown to ravage by fire and steel our helpless Boston town." "A pile of hen-coops," they called our dear Boston in Paris, and they meant to avenge Louisburg, and make an end of us. The admiral's fleet was the biggest fleet that has sailed from Europe to America since there was any America. And Shirley never heard of it, till it was off Newfoundland. Then a frightened fisherman scuttled into Boston Bay, and told him the story. They say Shirley lighted the beacon on Beacon Hill. If he did, I think it is the only time it ever was lighted. Somehow he brought the army of Massachusetts into Boston, and he had ten thousand men in camp on Boston Common,—more men than were ever encamped there before or since.

And while this spirited fellow was thus making ready to meet D'Anville, the little lady was dying, and at last died. And the newspaper says that "the train bands of the country followed her to her grave." And you may read all the newspapers of that summer, and that is the only reference you will find of the presence on Boston Common of "the train bands of the country." For Shirley did not print in the papers, for his enemy's benefit, an account of the preparations he was making to receive them. Such wisdom as that was reserved for the American press, on both sides, in the Civil War.

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## WASHINGTON'S INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

AN OLD SOUTH PRIZE ESSAY.

*By Julia K. Ordway.*

LITTLE is generally known of Washington's interest in education, or of his wise and generous plans for its advancement. His idea of education was so comprehensive, and his standard so much higher than that of his time, that to-day, when the best methods of making

education a means for the safety and improvement of society obtain such earnest consideration, his opinions and projects are of special interest.

In Washington's early youth, learning had made comparatively little progress in America. In Massachusetts, it is true,

schools had been established at the time of settlement, and later laws had been passed, providing that every town of one hundred families should support, in addition to a common school, a grammar school, and that if any town of fifty families failed to support a schoolmaster, it should be fined ten pounds. But in Virginia a less enlightened spirit prevailed, and education, especially for the common people, was for many years little regarded.

In 1671, Governor Berkeley wrote : "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing-presses ; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." Another governor taxed schoolmasters at twenty shillings a head. Many, including the royal governors, opposed education on the ground that it would rouse in the people a spirit of rebellion, and make them less submissive to His Majesty's good pleasure. Others, occupied with the business of their plantations, and delighting in cock-fighting, hunting, fishing, racing, and all vigorous bodily exercise, were too ignorant to know the worth of intellectual training. Nor were they more ignorant than the rest of their age. An attorney-general of Charles II. had replied roughly to some Virginia commissioners, pleading the cause of learning and religion, and remarking that the souls of the king's subjects needed attention as well as their bodies : " Damn your souls,—grow tobacco."

The best explanation, however, of the general lack of learning is probably found in the sparseness of settlement. In Massachusetts the people congregated in towns, but in Virginia the most important class were the large land-owners, who were the sole monarchs of their immense plantations. Travelling was accomplished either on foot, on horseback, or in boats, and the taverns and roads were bad. In this state of society there was little chance for the interchange of thought and knowledge. Norfolk was the only place that could pretend to the name of town. Williamsburg, indeed, contained the college buildings, and during the session of the House of Burgesses was gay with the pomp of a mimic court. The only professional men were the clergy, for until the Revolution there were few lawyers and fewer doctors.

For fifty years there were no schools, and down to the Revolution there were few. In these the instruction was confined

to the English branches. The sons of the wealthy planters were sent to England to attend the universities, make the grand tour, visit court, and come home fine gentlemen, but oftentimes with little solid knowledge. Those who stayed at home studied a little with their parish clergyman, entered the college of William and Mary, and graduated with a fair education, to exercise their abilities in managing their plantations and making laws for the colony in the House of Burgesses. The women had still less chance for mental development. They could not attend the college, and generally had more work and less contact with the outside world.

When such was the general system of education which prevailed in Washington's youth, it is interesting to consider his special training. Deficient in many respects as his education was, the knowledge and experience which he gained in early life was certainly a fitting preparation for his subsequent career. The mother of Washington was a woman of superior intelligence and foresight, and much that was good in his early training was due to her. At three years old he was taken to the banks of the Rappahannock to learn his alphabet under the charge of the sexton of the parish. After his father's death, he lived with his brother Augustine, and attended a small school kept by a Mr. Williams. The boy acquired the elements of a fair English education, studying reading, writing, and bookkeeping. His exercises were neat and correct, for he had even then established the valuable habit of order. His body also had developed ; he was strong, muscular, and active, delighting in all out-of-door sports and feats of daring. When about fifteen he began to study surveying, intending to make it his profession, and soon after took up his abode with his brother Lawrence. This residence with his brother was of great benefit to Washington. Lawrence had married the daughter of William Fairfax, and here Washington was in the society of cultivated men and women. Here he met Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who had exiled himself from England and come to live on his great possessions in the New World. This nobleman was graduated from Oxford, had written for the *Spectator*, and mingled much in the world of letters. Between this rather eccentric man and Washington there seems to have

been a bond of sympathy. Washington was hired to survey his estates, and journeyed with him to his land in the wilderness. In this rough life he was hardened to privations, and gained wisdom, skill, and foresight. His range of reading was also increased, for at Greenaway Court, Lord Fairfax's rude lodge, the young surveyor found the best of English authors. In 1751 his mind was further enlarged by a journey to the West Indies with his brother Lawrence.

His education strengthened him in mind and body, and taught him the valuable lessons of honesty, wisdom, and self-reliance; but no one realized the defects of his education more than he. Later in life he studied French, and acquired a correct and perspicuous English style by practice, care, and the study of the best authors. In whatever work he engaged, agriculture or war, he added the knowledge of the best writers on that subject to that which his own ingenuity and experience furnished him. He was fond of music and history, and we read with interest his order for busts of Alexander, Charles XII., Cæsar, Frederick of Prussia, Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, and for statues of two wild beasts. Although he had never attended college, he fully appreciated, perhaps with regard to himself rather over-estimated, the benefits of a college training. He labored to repair defects in writing and spelling, and it is almost pathetic to see how his own limited education haunted and troubled him. When urged by Humphreys to prepare a history of the war, he replied: "In a former letter, I informed you, my dear Humphreys, that if I had talent, which I have not, I have not leisure to turn my thoughts to commentaries. A consciousness of a defective education, and a certainty of lack of time, unfits me for such an undertaking." When the chancellorship of the college was conferred upon him, he was much pleased, but accepted it only with the greatest diffidence, and after he had ascertained that no duties were required which he was not qualified to perform. Then he strove to place the institution on the best possible basis. "I rely fully," he wrote to the directors, "on your strenuous endeavors for placing the system on such a basis as will render it more effective to the state and to the republic of letters, as well as to the interests of humanity and religion."

Doubting his own ability, he relied on Hamilton, at the time of his presidency, to clothe and polish his thoughts, although he could "express himself with nervous force, and genuine and stately eloquence when moved." His lack of schooling, however, only made him more anxious that others should have what he had missed. He paid the most earnest attention to the education of his own family, and gave bountifully to aid others. After reading his correspondence, one is surprised to see how fully he realized its importance, and how constantly he strove for its advancement.

Although Washington believed so strongly in application to books, his views of education were not so narrow as to be limited to this. He believed in practical knowledge also. He desired that young men should be prepared for their life work by knowing the business they were to pursue. He wished them to know how to care for their property, and to learn self-reliance. Nor did his scheme of education omit time for rest and exercise.

Washington had charge of the education of his wife's son and grandson, and in his letters to them, written with the greatest care for their welfare, we gain much advice that might well be followed to-day. After his marriage to Martha Custis, Washington took care of the education of her son John. He made the youth his friend, and spent much time and thought on his education, securing the best instructors for him, and giving strict personal attention to his progress. At the age of sixteen John Custis had been placed under the charge of the Rev. John Bouchier in Annapolis. Soon after, a plan for travel in Europe was devised by the teacher and pupil, and Mr. Bouchier wrote to Washington to gain his consent. He hesitated, on account of the expense and the youth of Mr. Custis. The following letter to the tutor is interesting as showing Washington's views on travel and education: —

"My own inclinations are still as strong as ever for Mr. Custis pursuing his travelling scheme, provided court should approve of the expense, and it should appear, when his judgment was a little more matured, that he was desirous of undertaking the tour upon a plan of improvement rather than a vague desire of gratifying an idle curiosity or of spending his money. Not that I think his becoming a mere scholar a desirable education for a gentleman, but I can say the knowledge of books

is the basis upon which other knowledge is to be built, and in travelling he is to become acquainted with men and things rather than books. At present, however well versed he may be in the principles of the Latin language (which is not to be wondered at, as he began the study of it as soon as he could speak), he is unacquainted with several of the classical authors which might be useful to him. He is ignorant of Greek, the divine advantages of learning which I do not pretend to judge, and he knows nothing of French, which is absolutely necessary to a traveller. He has little or no acquaintance with arithmetic, and is badly ignorant of mathematics, than which, at least so much as relates to surveying, nothing can be more necessary to a man possessed of a large landed estate, the bounds of some part or other of which are always in controversy."

The travelling scheme was finally abandoned, and in 1773 John Custis became engaged to Emily Calvert. Washington, fearing that ill might result from the marriage, on account of the age of the young people, urged that it be postponed, and it was agreed that Mr. Custis should be sent to King's College, New York, for two years. Washington accompanied him to college, and introduced him to the president, Dr. Cooper. Several letters to this gentleman show that he was as careful as ever of the young man's welfare. In May, 1773, he writes, enclosing bills for one hundred pounds, to be placed at interest to defray Mr. Custis's expenses in college. He asks Dr. Cooper to check the youth's extravagance, and closes by inviting him to pay a visit to Mount Vernon. John Custis, however, did not remain long at King's College, and in December Dr. Cooper received a letter from Washington expressing his pleasure at the favorable account he had received of Mr. Custis, and his sorrow that he must leave college on account of his approaching marriage. The letter ends by thanking him sincerely for his attentions to young Custis.

A few years after his marriage John Custis died, and Washington adopted his son and daughter as his own children. No father could have cared more earnestly for their moral and intellectual welfare. Nelly was instructed in music, and had her piano and harpsichord. Washington's namesake, George Washington Parke Custis, received all the care which had formerly been bestowed upon his father. Amid all the care of the presidency he found time to write to him at college. Of the many letters which passed between Washington and his adopted son one, written in 1798, is inter-

esting as giving minute directions for the disposal of his time, and bestowing much excellent advice. He begins by telling the young man that "system in all things should be aimed at, for in execution it renders everything more easy," and continues with the day's programme : —

"If now and then of a morning, before breakfast, you are inclined to go out with a gun, I shall not object to it, provided you return by the hour we usually sit down to that meal. From breakfast until about one hour before dinner (allowed for dressing, and preparing for it, that you may appear decent) I shall expect you to confine yourself to your studies, and diligently to attend to them, endeavoring to make yourself master of whatever is recommended to or required of you. While the afternoons are short, and there is but little interval between rising from dinner and sitting down to tea, you may employ that time in walking or any other recreation. After tea, if the studies you are engaged in require it, you will doubtless perceive the propriety and advantage of returning to them until the hour of rest. Rise early, that by habit it may become familiar, agreeable, healthy, and profitable. It may for a while be irksome to do this, but that will wear off, and the practice will produce a rich harvest forever after, whether in the public or in the private walks of life. Make it an inviolable rule to be in place (unless unusual circumstances prevent it) at the usual breakfast, dining, and tea hours. It is not only very disagreeable, but it is also very inconvenient for servants to be running here and there, when their duties and attendance on the company who are seated render it improper. Saturday may be appropriated to riding, to your gun, and to other amusements. Time disposed of in this manner makes ample provision for exercise, and for every useful and necessary recreation, and at the same time that the hours allotted to study, if really applied to it, instead of running up and down stairs, and wasting it in conversation with any one who will talk with you, will enable you to make considerable progress in whatever line is marked out for you."

John and George Custis were not the only boys who received Washington's paternal care. At various times different nephews were educated by him. In his correspondence we find a series of interesting letters to George S. and Lawrence Washington, beginning when they were at school at Alexandria. Mr. Hanson, the boys' tutor, seems to have been uncongenial to them, and the first letters are rebuking them for various misconduct. In a letter to George, written May 5, 1788, he chides him for absenting himself from his lodgings without permission. He commands him to be strictly obedient to Mr. Hanson in future, and urges him to remember that his future character and reputation depend very much upon the habits

and manners contracted at this period of his life. The boys, however, did not agree any better with Hanson, and in August Washington writes to him, stating that he had found Lawrence, who had run away from chastisement, at home. Although he rebukes George for aiding his brother's escape, he probably thought that the fault was not all on one side, as he gives strong advice to Hanson to treat his nephews as friends rather than as schoolboys. George, as the elder, received the greater share of the letters. One is interesting, recommending to him industry and application in his studies, and ending with directions about his clothes, the wearing of his best suit, etc. The boys were finally placed in charge of James Craik, and in September, 1789, Washington writes him from New York, expressing his pleasure at their good conduct, and stating the branches of study which he thinks necessary. "Those kinds of learning," he writes, "which are to fit them for the most useful and necessary purposes of life, among which writing well and the less abstruse branches of mathematics are to be certainly comprehended, ought to be particularly attended to, and it is my earnest wish that it should be so."

Washington's letters so well represent his sympathy and interest in studies, that abundant quotation from them is the best method of showing how constantly the thought of education was in his mind. In October, 1789, James McWhis received this letter concerning his nephews : —

"I have received your letter of the 12th ultimo, and am glad to learn from it that my nephews apply themselves with diligence to arithmetic and English composition. These branches I have always thought them deficient in, and have ever been pressingly desirous that they should be well acquainted with them. George may be instructed in the French language, but Lawrence had better apply himself for the present to his arithmetic, writing, and composition. As you failed in your endeavors to obtain a mathematical tutor, it is not probable that any success would attend an advertisement in a paper here. However, I shall have one inserted. I can give no particular opinion respecting the boy, whom you represent to be an uncommon genius. But I would cheerfully give any reasonable encouragement towards the cultivation of talents which bid fair to be useful."

At the close of this series of letters Washington sends to his nephews from Philadelphia a college prospectus, wishing them to decide about coming, and impress-

ing upon George, if he comes, the necessity of studying and wasting no time.

Washington also educated and counselled his nephew, Bushrod Washington. In 1793 he requested the widow of George A. Washington to allow him to educate her son, Fayette. Washington did not, however, limit his efforts in behalf of education to his own private family. Young men whom he knew to be earnest were gladly and generously aided by him. At the death of General Greene he wrote to his widow, offering to educate one of her sons. He did not wish that the young men aided should feel burdened by his help. Nothing can be more sincere or considerate than the following letter, proffering such assistance : —

"MOUNT VERNON, January 29, 1769.

"To WM. RAMSAY:

"Having once or twice heard you speak highly of the New Jersey College, as if you had a desire of sending your son William there (who, I am told, is a youth fond of study and instruction, and disposed to a studious life, in following which he may not only promote his future happiness, but the future welfare of others), I should be glad, if you have no other objection to it than the expense, if you would send him as soon as convenient, and depend on me for £25 a year for his support, so long as it may be necessary for the completion of his education. If I live to see the accomplishment of this term, the sum here stipulated shall be annually paid; and if I die, this letter shall be obligatory upon my heirs or executors to do it according to the true intent and meaning hereof. No other return is expected or wished for this offer than that you will accept it with the same freedom and good-will with which it is made, and that you may not consider it in the light of an obligation or mention it as such, for be assured that from me it will never be known."

Many were his private charities in behalf of education. He was specially interested in a school for the instruction of indigent children in Alexandria. In December, 1785, he writes to the trustees of the Alexandria academy as follows : —

"It has long been my intention to invest at my death £1000 current money of this state, the interest only of which to be applied in instituting a school in the town of Alexandria for the purpose of educating orphan children who have no other resource, or the children of such indigent parents as are unable to give it, the objects to be considered and determined by the trustees for the time being, when applied to by the parents or friends of the children who have pretensions to this provision. It is not in my power to advance the above sum; but that a measure that may be productive of good may not be delayed, I will, until my death, or until it shall be more convenient for my estate

to advance the principal, pay the interest thereof, to wit £50, annually. Under this state of the matter, I submit to your consideration the practicability and propriety of blending the two institutions together, so as to make one seminary under the direction of the president, visitors, or such other establishment as to you shall seem best calculated to promote the objects in view, and for preserving order and good conduct in the institution. My intention, as I have before intimated, is that the principal sum shall never be broken in upon, and the interest only be applied for the purpose above mentioned. It was also my intention to apply the latter to the sole purpose of education, and of that kind of education which would be most extensively useful to people of the lower class, so as to fit them for mechanical purposes, namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The fund, if confined to this, would comprehend more subjects; but if you shall be of the opinion that the proposition I now offer can be made to comport with the institution of the school which is already established, and approve of an incorporation in the manner before mentioned, and thereafter, upon a full consideration of the matter, should conceive that this fund would be more advantageously applied towards clothing and schooling than solely to the latter, I will acquiesce in it most cheerfully; and I shall be ready, as soon as the trustees are established upon a permanent footing, to vest the aforesaid sum of £1000 in them and their successors forever, with powers to direct and manage the same agreeably to these my declared intentions."

This proposal was accepted by the trustees, who agreed to do all in their power to comply with the benevolent intention of the donor. They also stated that it was best, in their opinion, that the fund should be appropriated to the institution as then established, and wholly for schooling. Washington was not satisfied with merely contributing money towards the support of this school. Some years later, answering a letter from James Muir, a clergyman, requesting his annual donation, he expresses his pleasure in appropriating and paying money for such a purpose. "I confess, however," he adds, "I should derive satisfaction from knowing what children have hitherto received the benefit of it, and who are now in enjoyment of it. Never since the commencement of this institution have I received the least information, except in a single instance, on this head, although application for it to individuals has been frequently made." The letter concludes by begging Mr. Muir to be kind enough to gratify his wish. In reply he received a particular account of each child, most of whom were of the poorer class and destitute of other aid. At his death Washington gave £4000 to this school, the princi-

pal bequeathed in perpetuity, and the interest alone to be used.

He felt sympathy in the efforts of other states or individuals to further the cause of education. In 1785 we find him writing to Chase concerning public schools:—

"The attention which your Assembly is giving to the establishment of public schools for the encouragement of literature does them honor. To accomplish this ought to be one of our first endeavors. I know of no object more interesting. We want something to expand the mind, and make us think with more liberality, and act with sounder policy, than most of the states do. We should consider that we are not now in leading strings. It behooves us, therefore, to look well to our ways."

Nothing that would be of the least benefit to educational institutions did Washington consider too trifling to be done by him. At one time, although burdened with heavy cares, he consented to sit for a picture to be presented to Harvard College, declaring himself most happy to aid it in this way. After his election as president, he wrote thanking Harvard and Dartmouth for their congratulatory addresses. His letter to the president of the University of Pennsylvania expresses his delight at being "considered by the patrons of literature as one of their number." Lamenting his lack of abilities to make his service greater, he states his full appreciation of the influence "which sound learning has in religion, manners, government, liberty, and laws." He also hoped that the arts and sciences might flourish more vigorously.

Washington, however, had broader plans for the advancement of education than what he might do for individuals or for the institutions of his state. The scheme of his old age, the founding of a National University, is of the deepest interest. To him it was more than "an enlarged plan"; it was a full idea. In his speeches to Congress, and in his private letters, he repeatedly considers this project, and carefully investigates any chance that is likely to further it.

The material basis for its advancement was gained through his interest in another plan to benefit the nation,—the opening of the great West. To show the many-sidedness of Washington's character, it will not be inappropriate to sketch briefly his part in this work. From his youth Washington had realized the immense value of the western lands. As early as 1749 his

brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, had been prime movers in the Ohio Company, for the colonization of the Ohio valley. Washington himself had borne a gallant part in the struggle between the English and the French for the possession of the West, and he had gained there, as bounties for his military service, immense tracts of land. Before the Revolution he had striven to incorporate a company for the extension of the navigation of the Potomac ; but this plan was frustrated by the outbreak of the war in 1775. At the close of the war his mind turned again to the establishment of a water communication between the eastern and western territory ; and even before the final declaration of peace he journeyed over the Mohawk route. Three months later he started on a more extensive exploring tour along the headwaters of the Ohio, and formed a project of establishing communication between the rivers flowing into the Ohio and those flowing into the Atlantic Ocean. Such a connection between East and West was badly needed, if they were to form one country. The western settlers, hemmed in by the Spaniards and the English, their rights disregarded, as they thought, by Congress, became more and more desperate, and even contemplated seeking support from England. "The western states," Washington truly wrote, "stand as it were upon a pivot. The touch of a feather would turn them any way." Considering also the great commercial value of such a connection, Washington wrote, on his return, to Benjamin Harrison, governor of Virginia, giving prospectus of routes, pointing out the advantages that would arise from the opening of the trade with the Indians and settlers, and insisting on the necessity of binding together East and West. The Virginia legislature took up the question, appointed a commission for surveys, and organized two companies, the Potomac and the James, to carry the plans into effect.

As a testimony to "the unexampled merits of George Washington towards his country," he was presented with fifty James and one hundred Potomac shares. Although deeply grateful to the legislature, the thought of personal emolument was intolerable to Washington "How would this matter be received by the eye of the world," he writes to Governor Harrison,

"and what would be the opinion of it, when it came to be related that George Washington has received twenty thousand dollars and five thousand pounds sterling of the public money as a mark of interest therein?" He was, however, unwilling that the undertaking should be hindered by his action, and therefore decided, if agreeable to the Assembly, to hold the shares in trust for "objects of a public nature."

Nothing seemed to him more likely to advance the national welfare than the establishment of educational institutions. A letter to Edmund Randolph shows his first plan for the disposal of the shares.

"Although it is not my intention to derive any pecuniary advantage from the generous vote of the Assembly of this State, in consequence of its gratuitous gift of shares in the navigation of each of the rivers Potomac and James [he writes], yet, as I consider these undertakings of vast commercial importance to the states on the Atlantic, especially to those nearest the centre of the Union, and adjoining the western territory, I can let no act of mine impede the progress of the work. I have, therefore, come to the determination to hold the shares which the treasurer was directed to subscribe on my account, in trust for the use and benefit of the public; unless I should be able to discover before the meeting of the Assembly that it would be agreeable to it to have the product of the tolls arising from these shares applied to a fund, on which to establish two charity schools, one on each river, for the education and support of the children of the poor of this country, particularly the children of those men of this description who have fallen in defence of the rights and liberties of it. If the plan succeed, of which I have no doubt, I am sure it will be a very productive and increasing fund, and the moneys thus applied will be a beneficial institution."

In October, 1785, Washington communicated to the legislature through Patrick Henry, then governor, his "profound and grateful acknowledgments for so signal a mark of their beneficent intentions" towards him.

"But [he adds] I must pray that their act, so far as it has been for my personal emolument, may not have its force. But if it should please the General Assembly to permit me to turn the destination of the fund vested in me from my private emolument to objects of a public nature, it will be my study in selecting them to prove the sincerity of my gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, by preferring such as appear most subservient to the enlightened and patriotic views of the legislature."

The Assembly passed an act by which the shares were assigned to such public objects as he should direct during life or

by will. As before stated, the purpose which he had in view was the encouragement of education, and he now set about determining the most efficient means for the advancement of his views. His original purpose, as shown in his correspondence with Edmund Randolph and Thomas Jefferson, was to appropriate the Potomac and James River stock for the establishment of two charity schools, one on each of the above rivers, for the education and support of the children of the men who had fallen in defence of American liberty. Afterwards he declared his conviction that it would be better to concentrate all the shares upon the establishment of a national university in the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the national government. Yet, from a desire to reconcile his gratitude to Virginia with great public good, he decided to lay the matter before the Assembly, and concentrate all upon the university, or divide it, as they willed. Writing to Robert Brooke, governor of Virginia, he states that it has ever been his desire to appropriate the shares to a worthy object. He continues that he has seen with regret the youth of the United States going abroad to college, and that the time has now come to establish a plan of universal education in the United States. "It has been represented," he writes, "that a university considerably endowed is contemplated to be established in the Federal City." As it was near to Virginia, he proposed to donate to it the Potomac shares. The James River shares, as he thinks it will be more agreeable to the legislature, he will reserve for a seminary in that state. He closes by stating his opinion that it would be better to give all the shares to the proposed university, and begs that the letter be laid before the Assembly. They resolved that the plan for the national university deserved the countenance of each state, and that the Potomac shares be appropriated for it, but "that he be requested to give the James River shares to some seminary in the upper country of Virginia."

In September, 1796, Washington announced to Robert Brooke his intention to give, in accordance with their wishes, the James shares to Liberty Hall Academy, at Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia. "I am disposed to believe," he writes to the governor and legislature of Virginia,

"that a seminary of learning upon an enlarged plan, but yet not coming up to the full idea of a university, is an institution to be preferred for the position which is chosen. The students who wish to pursue the whole range of science may pass with advantage from the seminary to the university, and the former by a due relation may be rendered co-operative with the latter." Liberty Hall Academy was incorporated in 1789. In 1798, in consideration of this endowment, it was named Washington Academy, and in 1812 was chartered as Washington College. In 1821 the stock was so valuable that the annual income from the donation was two thousand four hundred dollars. Since the presidency of General Robert E. Lee, and his death there, the name of the college has been changed to Washington and Lee University.

Strangely enough the Potomac shares, in which Washington placed such great hopes for the founding of a national university, have never become productive, and the national university has never advanced beyond the recommendation of the first President. Yet for the success of this favorite scheme Washington strove with great earnestness, and nothing which hinted at a promise of advancing it was counted unworthy of his careful consideration. Before the manner of dividing the shares had been decided, he wrote to Edmund Randolph, asking him to lay his plans before the Virginia Assembly, that he might know what steps to take with regard to the university. This letter, marked private, is as follows: —

PHILADELPHIA, December 15, 1794.

"DEAR SIR, — For the reasons mentioned to you the other day, namely the Virginia Assembly being in session, and a plan being on foot for establishing a seminary of learning upon an extensive scale in the Federal City, it would oblige me if you and Mr. Madison would endeavor to mature the measures, which will be proper for me to pursue, in order to bring my designs into view, as soon as you can make it convenient. I do not know that the enclosed or sentiments similar to them are proper to be engraven in the communications which are to be made to the legislature of Virginia, or to the gentlemen who are named as trustees of the seminary which is proposed to be established in the Federal City; but as it is an extract of what is contained in my Will on the subject, I send it merely for consideration."

The extract from the will referred to in this letter is well worth quoting, as showing

what great importance Washington attached to the founding of a national university, and the studies in which he thought it necessary for such an institution to ground its pupils. After stating the manner in which he became possessed of the James and Potomac shares, he proceeds : —

" I proceed, after this recital, for the more correct understanding of the case, to declare that, as it has always been a source of serious regret to me, to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purposes of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own country; contracting too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome; for these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised, on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away with local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation), my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than the establishment of a university in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature, in the arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government; and, as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies, which have been just mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquiet to the public mind, and pregnant with mischievous consequences to the country. Under these impressions so fully dilated, I give and bequeath in perpetuity the fifty shares, which I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforesaid acts of the legislature of Virginia), towards the endowment of a university to be established within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the general government, if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand towards it; and until such seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the bank of Columbia, or some other bank, at the discretion of my executors, or by the treasurer of the United States for the time being, under the direction of Congress, provided that honorable body should patronize the measure; and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock, are to be invested in more stock, and so on until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object shall be obtained, of which I

have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by legislative authority, or from any other source. The hundred shares, which I hold in the James River Company, I have given, and now confirm, in perpetuity, to and for the use and benefit of Liberty Hall Academy, in the county of Rockbridge, in the commonwealth of Virginia."

In 1794 and 1795 a plan was proposed which seems so impracticable than we cannot believe that Washington would have thought it even worth his consideration, had it not been connected with his beloved university. A revolution had demolished the college at Geneva, and proposals were made to Washington, John Adams, and other leading Americans, by M. D'Ivernois, a Genevan, for the transference of the college to America. The plan seems to have been to remove to the United States all the professors, and to establish the academy under the supervision of the government, and supported, in part at least, by it. Washington's chief objections to the scheme are set forth in this letter to the Vice-President, John Adams : —

" I have not been able to give the papers herewith enclosed more than a hasty reading, returning them without delay that you may offer the perusal of them to whomsoever you shall think proper. The picture drawn of the Genevese is really interesting and affecting. The proposition of transplanting the members entire of that place to America, with the requisition of means to establish the same, and to be accompanied by a considerable emigration, is important, requiring more consideration than under the circumstances I am capable of bestowing on it. That a national university is a thing to be desired has always been my decided opinion; and the appropriation of grounds and funds for it in the Federal City has long been contemplated and talked of, but how far matured, or how far the transplanting of an entire seminary of foreigners, who may not understand our language, can be assimilated therein is more than I am prepared to give an opinion upon; or indeed, how far funds in either case are attainable. My opinion, with respect to emigration, is, that except useful mechanics and some particular descriptions of men or professions, there is no need of encouragement; while the policy or advantage of its taking place in a body (I mean the settling of them in a body) may be much questioned; for by doing so they retain the language, habits, and principles, good or bad, which they bring with them. Whereas, by an intermixture with our people, they or their descendants get assimilated to our customs, measures, and laws; in a word, become one people. I shall, at any leisure hour after the session is fully opened, take pleasure in a full and free conversation with you on this subject."

Although Washington desired the establishment of a university, he wished it to be

more essentially American. He did not think the transplanting of professors advisable, as it would not only lead to the spread of foreign ideas, but exclude Americans of ability, and thus remove a desired impetus to study. Although the matter was discussed in the letters of Washington and other prominent men, the plan was finally abandoned and other projects for a university were considered. Indeed, as Professor Adams says, "Washington's letters after 1794 are full of allusions to this new scheme, and he never tires of expatiating upon the advantages which would arise from a school of politics where the future guardians of liberty might receive their training." He expresses his intentions and sentiments concerning such an institution in a letter to the commissioners of the Federal District :—

"GENTLEMEN,—A plan for the establishment of a university in the Federal City has frequently been the subject of conversation, but in what manner it is proposed to commence this important institution, or on how extensive a scale, the means by which it is to be effected, how it is to be supported, or what progress is made in it are matters altogether unknown to me. It has always been a source of serious reflection and sincere regret with me that the youth of the United States should be sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education. Although there are many who escape the danger of contracting principles unfavorable to republican governments, yet we ought to deprecate the hazard attending ardent and susceptible minds from being too strongly and too early prejudiced in favor of other political systems, before they are capable of appreciating their own. For this reason I have greatly wished to see a plan adopted by which the arts, sciences, and belles-lettres could be taught in their fullest extent, thereby embracing all the advantages of European tuition, with the means of acquiring the liberal knowledge which is necessary to qualify our citizens for the exigencies of public as well as private life; and (which with me is a consideration of great magnitude) by assembling the youth from the different parts of the rising republic, contributing from their intercourse and interchange of information to the removal of prejudices which might sometimes arise from local circumstances. The Federal City, from its centrality and the advantages which in other respects it must have over any other place in the United States, ought to be preferred as a proper site for such a university. And if a plan can be adopted upon a scale as extensive as I have described, and the execution of it should commence under favorable auspices in a reasonable time with a fair prospect of success, I will grant in perpetuity fifty shares in the navigation of the Potomac River towards it. What annuity will arise from these shares, when the navigation is in full operation, can at this time only be conjectured; and those who are acquainted with it can form as good a judgment as myself. As

the design of this university has assumed no form with which I am acquainted, and as I am equally ignorant who the persons are, who have taken or are disposed to take the maturing of the plan upon themselves, I have been at loss to whom I should make this communication of my intentions. If the commissioners of the Federal City have any particular agency in bringing the matter forward, then the information which I now give is in proper course. If, on the other hand, they have no more to do with it than many who are desirous of seeing so important a matter carried into effect, they will be so good as to excuse my using them as a medium for disclosing my intentions; because it appears necessary that the funds for the establishment and support of the institution should be known to the promoters of it, and I see no mode more eligible for announcing my purpose. For these reasons, I give you the trouble of this address."

In March of this same year, 1795, in a letter to Jefferson, he states that he was always disposed to give the shares to found a national university, and mentions his letter to the Federal Commissioners, here quoted. He sets forth his reasons for preferring the Federal City for the location of the proposed university. As the seat of government it would be free from local prejudices, and because of its centrality it could be easily reached. The general government could then have jurisdiction over it, and the pupils, by attending the debates, might learn the principles of government. Then, too, Virginia would profit by such a situation.

Nor did Washington's efforts cease with private letters. He strove zealously for the advancement of education, in his official capacity. In his first speech to Congress, after begging them to provide a proper military establishment, he made an elaborate appeal in behalf of education, and urged the foundation of a national university. He said :—

"Nothing can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge is in every country the earnest of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately from the community as in ours, it is proportionately essential. To the security of a free country, it contributes in various ways; by convincing those who are intrusted with the public administration, that every valuable end of government is best answered by the enlightened confidence of the people; and by teaching the people themselves to know and to value their rights, to discern and provide against invasion of them; to distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority, between burdens proceeding from a disregard to their convenience and those resulting from the inevitable exigencies of society; to discriminate the spirit of liberty from

that of licentiousness, cherishing the first, avoiding the last, and uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance against encroachments with an inviolable respect to the laws. Whether this desirable object be best promoted by affording aids to seminaries and institutions of learning already established, or by the institution of a national university, or by any other expedients, will be worthy of a place in the deliberations of the legislature."

In 1796 he again urgently called the attention of Congress to the subject of education, and forcibly represented to them the benefits which would result from the founding of a university, concluding:—

"Among the motives for such an institution, the assimilation of the principles, opinions, and manners of our country-men by the common education of our youth from every quarter well deserves attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars, the greater will be the prospect of permanent union, and a primary object of such a national institution should be the education of our youth in the science of government. In a republic what species of knowledge can be equally important, and what duty can be more pressing on its legislature, than to patronize a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the country?"

Washington had desired to insert a clause concerning a national university in his Farewell Address, but Hamilton persuaded him to urge it in this last speech to Congress instead. Yet even in the address his thoughts turned to education as an important factor in the welfare of a country. In his Farewell Address to the people of the United States, Sept. 17, 1796, he exhorts them to promote the cause of learning. "Promote, then," he urges, "as objects of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

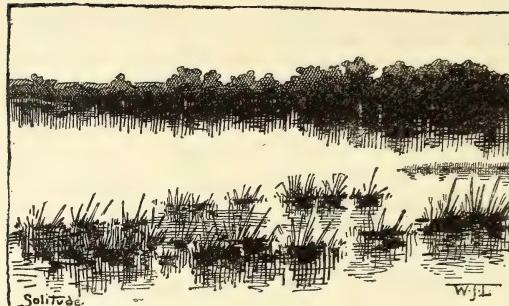
It is probable that all the benefits which Washington desired would not have sprung from the founding of a national university; yet the comprehensiveness of the scheme, both in regard to the branches of study to be pursued, and the effect of such an institution upon the nation, makes it well worthy attention. As has been shown, Washington's letters clearly define his ideas on this subject. The university was to be strictly national. Here the pupils were to gain knowledge of the true glory of their country, and establish principles which would make them wise and loyal citizens. Here they would learn to love their country as one and indivisible, and the "local preju-

dices" and sectional jealousies which Washington had just reason to deplore deeply would vanish before this broader view of union. This institution also was intended to furnish the tools with which the future of the nation should be shaped. In the Federal City the students could see the practical workings of the government. The "principles of politics and good government" are maintained as worthy of special attention in the course of study at the university.

"In these days of striving for a broader knowledge of economic laws [says Professor Herbert Adams], for a better civil service, and for a thorough understanding of the principles of legislation, is it not well to consider for a moment Washington's plan for the education of our youth in the science of government? Since it is purely a matter of fact that the most trusty and efficient servants of whom this country can boast are trained at a government institution which was suggested by George Washington in a speech to Congress as second only to a national university, it is not unlikely that there may be some essence of political wisdom even in the larger project. Washington said, 'the art of war is at once comprehensive and complicated; it demands much previous study.' The American people found out some years ago that Washington was right; and they are now beginning to suspect that even the art of government requires study, and that possibly a 'flourishing state of the arts and sciences contributes to national prosperity and reputation.'

This university, however, was to be no mere school of politics. Washington wished the advantages for intellectual training which it should offer to equal those of the best universities in Europe. He fully appreciated the civilizing influence of literary culture, and regarded such training of the mind as essential to the highest welfare of a nation. He knew that if the experiment of a republic was to succeed, public sentiment must be pure and enlightened. He wished that at this university the youth of the United States might be able to complete "their education in all branches of polite literature," and "in the arts and sciences." His extensive scheme even included botanical gardens.

Although each state in the Union provides, and for the most part generously, for the education of its people, we cannot avoid regretting that Washington's experiment was not tried. The plan of such a national school appears feasible and wise; yet it remains for future generations to make the desire of our first President a reality.



## STAR OF HEAVEN, LOOKING DOWN.

*By Charles Knowles Bolton.*

STAR of heaven, looking down  
From thy cloud-land to the town  
Where my fair one sits to-night  
In the dream-land of thy light,  
Tell me, dost thou see her face  
At the curtained window-place,  
Peering out across the day,  
As it draweth more away  
To the purple gates of rest  
Through the pillars of the west?

Star of heaven, look at her,  
As I look at thee, nor stir,  
Overcome with thought that thou  
Seest her fair face and brow  
Far away within the west  
Ere the night hath yet caressed  
The still hamlet on the stream  
Where I live in halcyon dream.

Look at her as thou wouldest gaze  
On some sylvan shadow maze  
Of intwining leaves, and still  
Leave thy image on the rill,—  
Sleeping deep within the dell;  
Look in her fair eyes and dwell;  
As my eyes look love to thee,  
Look at her until I see  
Flush of crimson in the sky,  
Telling she is conscious I  
Send by circuit of a star  
A love whose borders boundless are.

## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

IN his last article upon the Siberian outrages, in the *Century Magazine*, Mr. George Kennan, speaking of the hanging of three of the survivors of the Yakutsk massacre, relates how one of the sufferers, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, "We are not afraid to die, but try—you—to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan." "The appeal to me," adds Mr. Kennan, "shall not be in vain. If I live, the whole English-speaking world, at least, shall know all the details of this most atrocious crime." Mr. Kennan has already roused the English-speaking world to the monstrous character of the present Russian régime. By his tireless investigation and exposure of the atrocities in Siberia and in the prisons of Russia itself, he has rendered a service to humanity such as has been rendered in this general field by no man certainly since Howard. It is sure that his voice will not be hushed nor his pen grow rusty. But it is high time, as the report of the latest Siberian horror, which has inspired Mr. Cross's indignant lines, brings home to us anew, that a thousand pens and a thousand tongues should take up these crimes perpetrated in the name of law as they have not yet been taken up. "Is it possible," asks the *London Times* in its comments upon the Yakutsk tragedy, "that these things can be done with the knowledge of the Czar, who passes for a humane man? Is he so blinded by absolutist theories as to harden his heart against all these tales of sufferings, of stupid repression, and of the cruelty which infuriates the class against which it is directed? If not, he has a magnificent opportunity of, once for all, putting a stop to scenes and systems which disgrace his government and his religion?" It is much too late an hour in history for the dungeoning and torturing of men for opinion's sake to continue possible, even in Russia. Russia is not Congo, and she is not Beloochistan. She claims a place in the family of civilized nations. She therefore makes herself amenable to the enlightened public opinion of mankind, and it has become the duty of all men to see to it that such things as we have been reading of in Siberia in these months are stopped. It is the duty of Americans to see to it, to become every one a Kennan in such sort as he may, until even the subject of the Czar may demand those rights which the American would not live without for a day, without having his life or liberty endangered for it. No nation can any longer be a law unto itself in things like these; in such provinces there can be no Monroe doctrine. It may be that governments as such cannot speak here; but government is not now the only organ of national feeling. A Kennan may do more than a king to right a wrong. But the Kennan, like the king, if he is to do his work, must have a roused people behind him.

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MR. SALTER speaks of the reform of our city governments, in administration and organization, as among the reforms upon which it would seem

that all good men might agree, irrespective of party. However far away the complete separation of national politics from city affairs, a consummation so devoutly to be wished for and so clearly prescribed by common sense, it is certain that never were so much attention and intelligent study being given to the various problems of municipal government and reform as to-day. The flocking of men to cities, the immense increase of the population of cities as compared with the country, is one of the remarkable and distinguishing facts of this time. It is in our cities that the battle of our civilization is to be chiefly fought in the immediate future. From our cities radiate the strongest influences, and in our cities the greatest dangers centre. It is becoming more and more apparent that no field of politics is more important here to-day than municipal politics. The wise organization and administration of our cities demand the highest political talent. The time has passed in which adventurers and apprentices can be longer tolerated in our city councils and in the mayor's chair. The time is rapidly coming, if it has not already come, in which service in these places will be as commanding and as inviting for the ablest men in our cities as legislative or executive service for the state or the nation. We shall see Josiah Quincy's in the mayor's chair again.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship devoted an entire course of lectures a year ago to this general subject of municipal government and reform, and a second similar course, under the society's auspices, is being given at the Old South Meeting House at the present time, before audiences, we are glad to say, twice as large as those of last year. These lectures on municipal matters are, to our thinking, so important, and they have certainly done so much good in Boston, that we give the programmes, in the hope that they may suggest similar courses in other cities.

Last year's lectures were nine in number, as follows: "The Trustworthy Citizen," by Rev. Charles F. Dole; "The Rise of American Cities," by Prof. Albert B. Hart; "Birmingham: a Study of City Government in England," by Rev. John Cuckson; "Berlin: a Study of City Government in Germany," by Sylvester Baxter; "The New Ballot System," by Richard H. Dana; "The True School Board," by William A. Mowry; "The Government of Boston," by Henry H. Sprague; "Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor," by Mellen Chamberlain; "The Possible Boston," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. The present year's course consists of six lectures, as follows: "Economic Friction and the Problems of Cities," by Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University; "Modern Systems of City Government," by Prof. Woodrow Wilson; "The Reform of the Caucus," by James M. Olmstead; "The Tenement-House Question," by Robert Treat Paine; "Boston City Government," by Charles W. Ernst; "The Citizen's Duty to the City," by Rev. Phillips S. Oxon.

The good influence of these lectures is not limited to the audiences. They are widely noticed in the newspapers, not only of Boston, but of other

cities, and have furnished texts for many useful articles upon municipal reform. Several of the last year's lectures have been printed as magazine articles or in pamphlet form. A general report of the course was published by the Good Citizenship Society. This can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Dr. C. F. Crehore, P. O. Box 1252, Boston. We shall refer again to this Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. There should be such societies in every state, and there is no more important matter to which they can turn their attention than that of municipal government.

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In the January number of the Magazine an account was given of the Old South Essays, which constitute so important a feature of the Old South work. Mention was made of the fact that it is the custom of the directors of the Old South work to place upon their list of lecturers each summer one of the first-prize essayists; and the admirable lecture on "Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase," by Mr. Robert Morss Lovett, published in the January number, will be remembered. We publish in the present number one of the first-prize essays for last year. The two subjects proposed for the year were: "The influence of French political thought upon America during the period of the American and French Revolution," and "Washington's interest in the cause of education, with special reference to his project of a National University." The two best essays submitted upon the latter subject were so excellent and so equal in merit that first prizes were awarded to both. Of Miss Stecker's essay something was said in the March number of the Magazine. That essay has been published in pamphlet form, and the directors of the Old South Studies will gladly send a copy to any person writing for it. Miss Ordway, the writer of the essay which appears in our present number, is a graduate of the Boston Girls' High School, class of 1889. A reading of these two essays will give a good idea of the excellent work in history which is being stimulated among the young people of Boston by the Old South prizes.

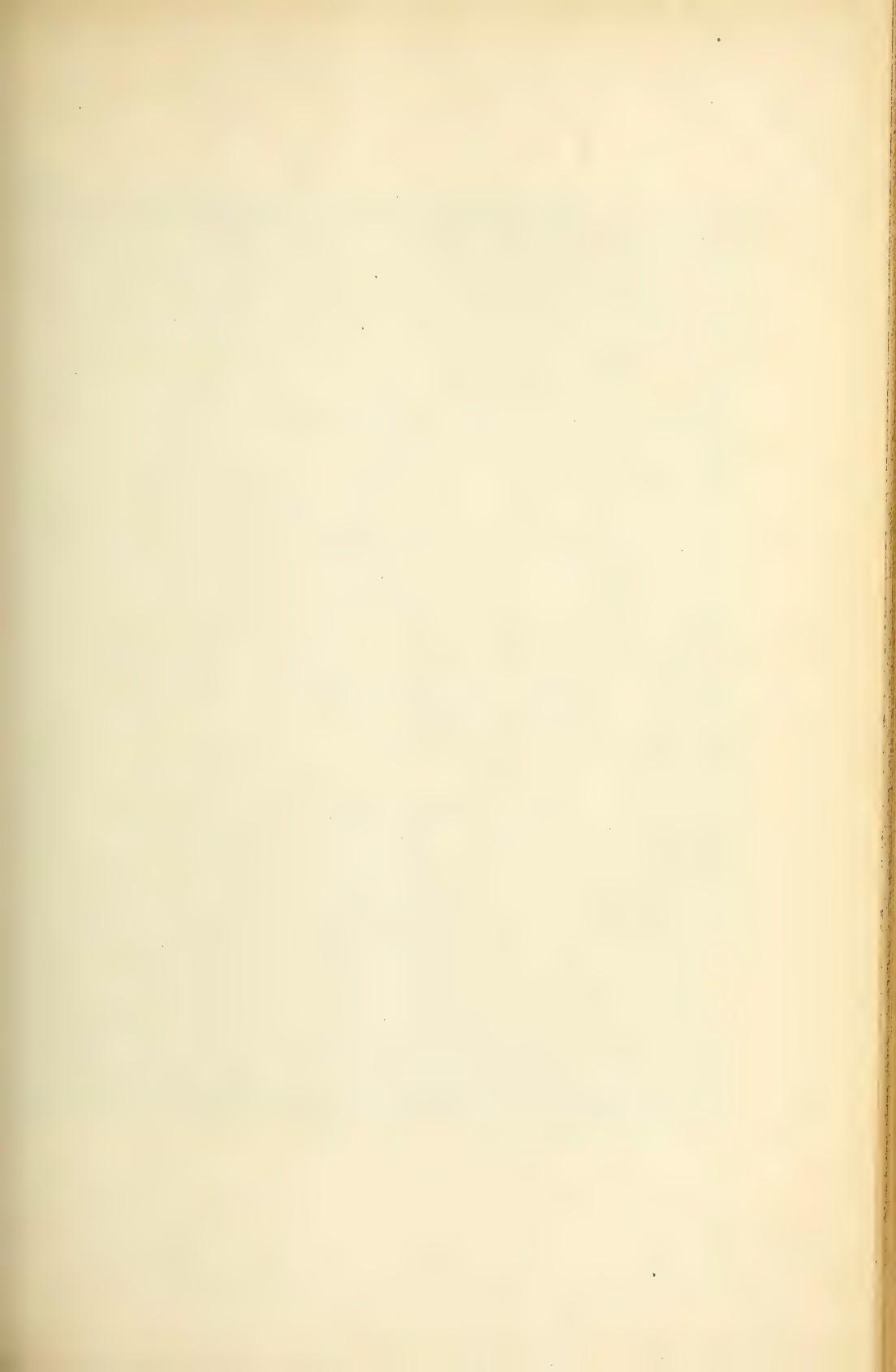
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A CURIOUS mistake occurred in connection with one of the illustrations to the article on the Astor Library, in the last number of the Magazine. The Book of Hours, a page of which was shown in *fac-simile* on page 157, is really not in the Astor Library at all, but in the Library of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison. The photograph from which our engraving was made had found its way from Madison into the Astor treasury, and was forwarded by mistake, so similar are many of these illuminated pages in general appearance, instead of a reproduction of a page from one of the many works of this class in the Astor. But our Madison friends, not so rich in monastic manuscripts, immediately recognized their child. "Having but one really good literary relic of this sort," writes Mr. Thwaites, the secretary, "we naturally do not like to have our thunder stolen"; and Mr. Saunders, it hardly need be said, is not less anxious to have exact credit given. It should be added that the date of this manuscript is 1386, instead of 1350, as printed.

THE series of articles on the New South, upon the publication of which the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE has entered, and which it means to make a special feature for a long time to come, is awakening a degree of interest in the South itself, and bringing every day warm letters of approval, which are most gratifying. We shall continue these articles until the remarkable new development and the great opportunities of the South are fully appreciated throughout New England and the North. We trust that in doing this we may also contribute something toward the solution of those social and political problems which have so constant and important a bearing upon the industrial situation. The New England social and political doctrine is well understood, and it is well understood, we think, that it will always be preached very plainly in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. But we shall always speak the truth, as we understand it, in love; and we are glad to believe that our brethren of the New South perceive this, and, however much some of them may differ from us, are disposed to respect and to desire the outspoken word. The secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in one of the large Tennessee towns writes us as follows. He speaks, we are sure, for many young men of the South; and it is through the growth and the controlling power of such sentiment as this that the South is to find her true development.

"I am a young man, just entering my thirty-second year. I therefore belong to the 'New South'; and I say to you with all earnestness and truthfulness, that we care nothing for any man's honest opinion or conviction, so long as these are tempered with justice. Such an one must recognize us as loyal citizens of this grand republic, and being such, as therefore his brethren. He must realize that our interest in the perpetuation of this nation of ours equals his, and that its welfare is as sacred to us as our own homes. We want men who come South to live to stand upon a broad patriotic platform; we want men who can see great possibilities in any people; men who will enter heart and soul into our endeavors to secure better educational advantages, a better form of government for ourselves, and a more extensive material development. If such a man will come and do this, he may circulate his opinions and convictions as freely as the most blatant ward politician. He will not be harmed or ostracized; on the contrary, he will be admired as a courageous man. He may be a Democrat, Republican, Prohibitionist, Greenbacker, or Woman Suffragist, if it pleases him so to be. All that we of the South ask is that he be honest in his professions of friendship and interest in us.

"Grady's death was a severe blow to us. He was the brilliant representative of the young South. But I thank God we have thousands who are as patriotic, if not as eloquent, as he. I love my country and my country's flag. I love her past and her present; I pray for her future. I detest the merest hint at distinguishing lines between sections. While I have no objections to religious denominations, I dislike a Northern Church and a Southern Church of the same name. Why should you or I be made to feel like aliens in our own country, and with our own people? There is no reason for it."





SETH LOW, LL.D.,  
PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1890.

VOL. II. No. 4.

## COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

By *J. Howard Van Amringe, A.M., Ph.D.*

THE design of establishing a college in New York was fifty years or more in contemplation before it was carried into effect. Active measures began to be taken in 1746, at which time provision was made by law for raising money by public lotteries. Five years later, in 1751, the proceeds of these lotteries, about seventeen thousand dollars, were vested in trustees. The fact that two-thirds of the trustees of this educational fund were in communion with the Church of England, and some of these were also vestrymen of Trinity Church, excited opposition to the scheme and delayed the procurement of a royal charter. The friends of the enterprise proceeded, however, with the arrangements for opening the college, and elected a president.

The president chosen was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson of Stratford, Connecticut. He was fifty-eight years of age at the time. The uncertainty with regard to the charter, and his advancing years, made him hesitate to accept the presidency. As he was assured that the project was likely to come to nothing if he did not, he consented to make a trial, and came to New York in April, 1754. He entered upon the duties of the presidency in the following July, on the 17th of which month he began, in the school-house belonging to Trinity Church, the instruction of the first class of students, eight in number, admitted to the nascent institution.

The charter of King's College, the granting of which had been bitterly opposed, finally passed the seals on Thursday, October 31, 1754, from which day the college dates its official existence. After the gov-

ernors named in the charter had qualified, Trinity Church, according to a promise previously made, conveyed to them for the college a portion of a grant of land, known as the *King's Farme*, with the stipulation that its president forever, for the time being, should be a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and that proper selections from the liturgy of that church should be used in the religious services of the college. This stipulation, which was also contained in the royal charter, caused a great deal of angry controversy. Some of the gentlemen named as governors, e.g. Archibald Kennedy and William Livingston, declined to qualify or to serve, and the incipient university was subjected to a great deal of obloquy as a church establishment and a probable supporter of royal prerogative. The fear of exclusiveness and of toryism was perhaps natural at the time, but, as events proved, was really not well founded.

The charter itself denied to the college the right to exclude any one from its benefits, immunities, or privileges (except the privilege of being president), on account of his particular tenets in matters of religion. One of the first acts of the governors, after qualifying in May, 1755, was to adopt unanimously the proposal of the senior minister of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, himself one of the governors, asking for an additional charter; which charter was granted, and delivered to the governors at a subsequent meeting in the same month of May, providing: "That the Dutch shall here enjoy the Liberty of their Consciences in Divine Worship and Church Discipline . . . there may

and shall be in the said College, a Professor of Divinity of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, for the Instruction of such Youth as may intend to devote themselves to the sacred Ministry in those Churches, in this Our Province of New York, . . . such Professor shall be from Time to Time,



Samuel Johnson, S.T.D.,

PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1754-1763.

and at all Times hereafter, nominated, chosen and appointed by the Ministers, Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in the City of New York, for the Time being, when they shall see fit to make such Nomination, Choice and Appointment . . . provided always, such professor so to be chosen from Time to Time by them, be a Member of, and in Communion with the said Reformed Protestant Dutch Church."

No advantage of this provision seems ever to have been taken. The fear that the college would be a bulwark of royal prerogative was contrary to the history of educational institutions generally, and, in the crucial period that occurred about twenty years after the establishment of the college, was shown to be groundless as to King's College. The Rev. Myles Cooper,

a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, who came from England in 1762 to assist Dr. Johnson and succeeded to the presidency in 1763, indeed espoused the royalist side in the fierce controversies that immediately preceded the Revolutionary War; but his course cost him his place, and compelled him to flee the country. He went to England in the early part of 1775, and did not return. In a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, December 13, 1776, in which he assigned "The Causes of the present Rebellion in America," he feelingly refers to his own efforts in the royal cause and his hasty departure as follows: "The Remonstrances of his Majesty's well-affected and Loyal Subjects could avail but little; the voice of Reason, drowned in the din of licentious Tumult, was not to be heard; and they, whether Speakers, or Writers, or Printers, who endeavored to withstand the Torrent, were treated with the greatest insolence, abuse, and insult,—to which permit ME to add, That Some of them were in the utmost danger of suffering the very last of human evils, by open violence, or more private Assassination."

Notwithstanding the example and the influence of President Cooper, the graduates and the students of the college gave ample evidence of their loyalty to the cause of the people. Alexander Hamilton, a student in

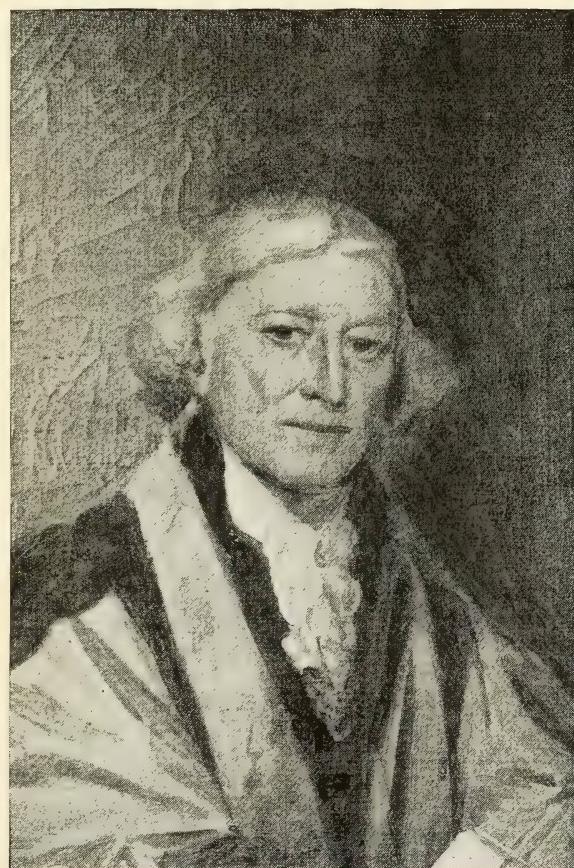
one of the younger classes at the time, is said to have entered the lists against the president and to have worsted him in the argument. King's College indeed played a conspicuous part in securing and confirming the independence of the United States. The names of Richard Harison, John Jay, Egbert Benson, Robert R. Livingston, Gouverneur Morris, Alexander Hamilton, with those of others who arrived at less distinction but did effective service, as Henry Rutgers, John Doughty Philip Pell, Edward Dunscomb, Robert Troup, etc., testify to the influence of the college in council and in action. Its influence in the church is attested by the fact that it furnished, in Samuel Provoost and Benjamin Moore, the first and the second bishop, respectively, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York.

The educational advantages offered by the college in its first period are set forth in the following extract from a document found among the papers left by President Cooper, and presumed to have been written by him about the year 1773: "The Governors of the College have been enabled to extend their plan of education almost as diffusely as any college in Europe, herein being taught, by proper masters and professors who are chosen by the governors and president, divinity, natural law, physics, logic, ethics, mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, chronology, rhetoric, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, modern languages, the *belle lettres*, and whatever else of literature may tend to accomplish the pupils as scholars and gentlemen. To the college is also annexed a grammar school for the due preparation of those who propose to complete their education with the arts and sciences."

The activities of the college were practically suspended during the Revolutionary War, though some instruction appears to have been given. Early in 1776 the college building was converted into a military hospital, and the college remained in abeyance for eight years. It was then revived, May 1, 1784, by act of the legislature, and placed, under the name of Columbia College, in charge of what proved to be a temporary government, viz., the Regents of the University of the State of New York. The first student of the college under its new name was DeWitt Clinton. On the 13th of April, 1787, the legislature of the state of New York passed an act reviving the original charter with amendments, ordaining "That the style of the said Corporation shall be The Trustees of Columbia College in the city of New York," abolishing *ex officio* membership of its governing body, cancelling the requirements that the president should hold a certain form of religious belief and that a

certain form of prayer should be used in the morning and evening services of the college, and at the same time naming a body of twenty-nine trustees. This body of trustees, after it became reduced by resignation of its members, or otherwise, to twenty-four, was made a self-perpetuating body. Under this government the college has since remained.

The first president of Columbia College was William Samuel Johnson, son of the first president of King's College. When he became president in 1787, he was in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a man of learning and piety, distinguished as a jurist and a statesman. He was the first senator in Congress chosen by the state of Connecticut, and combined the duties of the presidency and the senatorship till the sittings of Congress were removed to



William Samuel Johnson, LL.D.,  
PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1787-1800.

Philadelphia, when he resigned the senatorship. He continued president of the college till 1800, and conducted the office with dignity, usefulness, and honor.

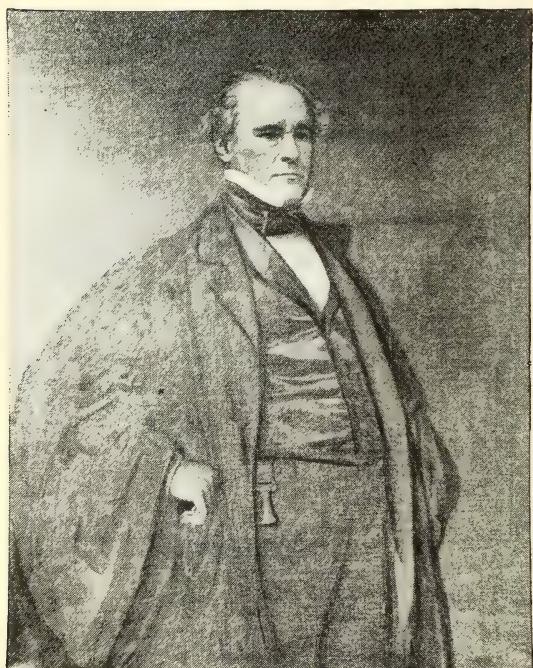
Immediately upon the revival and rechristening of the college, its governing body began its rehabilitation. The scheme projected in 1784, involving, as it did, Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Medicine and Law, was too extensive to be practicable with an income from real and personal property that did not exceed twelve hundred pounds. During the control of the Regents, 1784-1787, there appear to have been appointed eight professors in the Faculty of Arts and six professors in the Faculty of Medicine. Their terms were, for the most part, brief, and when the trus-

and proceeded regularly through to his junior year.

The medical faculty was reorganized in 1792, and a professorship of law was established in 1793. For seventy years after the revival of the charter in 1787, it may be said, however, that the income of the institution from its property was too meagre to permit any effective attempt to go beyond "the instruction of youth in the learned languages and liberal arts and sciences" as practised in the undergraduate course of a literary college. That this function was well discharged is fully evidenced by the catalogue of graduates, "rich in noble names." During this period, many of her own alumni, *e.g.* Nathaniel F. Moore, class of 1802, the refined scholar and writer; John McVickar, class of 1804, professor of philosophy and political economy; James Renwick, class of 1807, a physicist and writer of wide repute; Charles Anthon, class of 1815, the classical scholar, whose labors in his chosen field "constituted an era in that department of learning"; Henry James Anderson, class of 1818, the accomplished linguist and profound mathematician; Henry Drisler, class of 1839, the distinguished lexicographer, filled chairs of instruction in the college that had trained them.

"Her sons have come to honor, and reflected back honor upon her. They have taken high rank, each in his own department of life; they have distinguished themselves at the bar; worn and kept unsoled the ermine robe; stood prominent in the councils of the nation; maintained its honor abroad; fought gallantly under its banner in the field; have poured the strains of holy eloquence from the sacred desk, and have had the mitre as a crown of honor on their brow. And even the less distinguished mass of her alumni have carried with them from her halls an enduring fondness for classical studies, and a classic purity of taste, which have borne out that high repute for classical superiority which has been so generally bestowed."

(Address before the alumni of Columbia College, October 5, 1842, by Hugh Smith, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, N.Y.)



Charles Anthon, LL.D.

tees were placed in charge, and Mr. Johnson became president, there were but three professors in each of the faculties mentioned. There were thirty-nine students in the college at the time, and the annual income was about thirteen hundred and thirty pounds. One of the students in these early years was John Randolph, afterwards celebrated as "of Roanoke," who entered the freshman class in 1788

In 1854, favorable disposal was made, by sale and lease, of a portion of the property owned by the college. In anticipation of this, the trustees had, a year previously, appointed a committee to inquire into the best method of using the expected

" 1. A school is established, called the School of Letters, in which shall be pursued the following studies : —

" Moral and mental philosophy, including an analysis of the moral and intellectual powers : æsthetics, or the principles of



Columbia College in 1855.

increase of revenue in liberalizing and extending the course of instruction. This committee applied itself to the work entrusted to it with great zeal. It made an extended examination of various systems of education, reported from time to time, and finally completed a statute, which, after discussion and some amendment, was adopted by the trustees, July 6, 1857. When the state of education throughout the country as it existed at that time, a third of a century ago, is considered, this statute shows very great knowledge, foresight, and wisdom. It contains within itself the potential university, and nearly all the progress and extension that have characterized the course of Columbia College of late years seem but a carrying out of the plan set forth in it. This statute, after making provision for an extended and very liberal undergraduate course, provided further for a university course of study as follows : —

" Lectures shall be delivered in the college, which shall be conducted in three distinct schools. They shall be open to any person, under such regulations as the trustees may from time to time prescribe.

taste and art ; the history of philosophy ; appropriate literature of the Greeks and Romans ; oriental and modern languages, as far as possible ; comparative philology ; ethnology.

" 2. A school is established, called the School of Science, in which shall be pursued the following studies : —

" Mechanics and physics, astronomy, chemistry and mineralogy, geology and palæontology, engineering, mining and metallurgy, arts of design, history of science, natural history, physical geography.

" 3. A school is established, called the School of Jurisprudence, in which shall be pursued the following studies : —

" History, political economy, political philosophy, the principles of national and international law, civil and common law, the writings of the Greeks and Romans, and of the modern civilians and jurists, appropriate to the last three subjects.

" The conjunction of the above three schools shall form the university course.

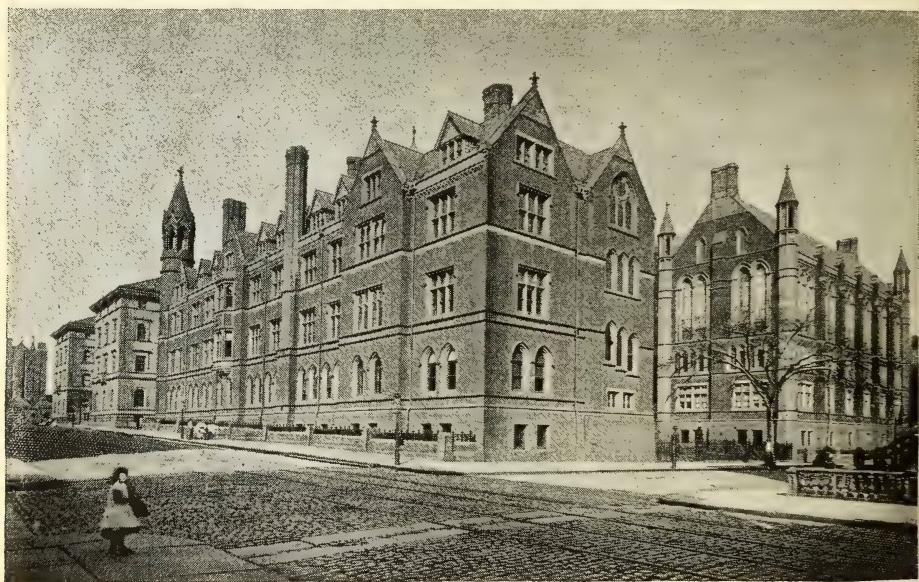
" Any person who may enter either of the said schools may receive the degree of master of arts, after having pursued for

a space of time not less than two years, to the satisfaction of the trustees and faculty, such of the studies thereof, and under such regulations as the trustees may from time to time prescribe.

"There shall be fellowships, with or without stipends, to be filled by the Board of Trustees, upon such examination, and upon such rules and regulations as may hereafter be prescribed."

A full execution of the scheme was not attempted at the time for want of the requisite funds. The Faculty of Arts was enlarged by the addition of Professors Charles A. Joy, Charles Davies, William G. Peck, Charles Murray Nairne, and Francis Lieber. In November, 1858, a university course, necessarily less extensive than the statute called for, was opened, and lectures were delivered by Mr. George P. Marsh, Professors Arnold Guyot and Theodore W. Dwight, and others; but the encouragement given by the public was not

livered a course of lectures. He held that appointment for five years. Thirty years afterwards, in 1823, he was again appointed, and it was during the period of this last appointment that he delivered the courses of lectures which developed into the first two volumes of his famous commentaries. In 1848, William Betts was made Professor of Law in the place of Chancellor Kent, who had died not long before. In the following winter, Mr. Betts delivered a course of lectures on international law. But the law lectures seem to have been intermittent; they led to no degree, and for several years prior to 1858 there was no systematic instruction in law given in any public institution in New York City. Several attempts had been made to establish a course of legal instruction in the city, and had failed of success. The establishment of the Columbia College Law School under the extraordinary professor who, in the course of a



Columbia College in 1890.

sufficient, and the course was relinquished after one year's trial. The present law school was, however, an immediate outcome of that tentative university course.

As was indicated in a previous part of this article, the college early provided for instruction in law. In 1793, James Kent was appointed Professor of Law, and de-

few years, attracted attention to it from all sides, was a distinct and very great advantage to the legal profession, in providing a systematic and comprehensive course of instruction different from and superior to that which had ever prevailed in that branch of learning. "Professor Dwight, who has a reputation throughout

the whole Union as the greatest living American teacher of law, has in substance founded and keeps alive, simply by his own capacity as a teacher, one of the best schools of law, in which one generation of

the part of the students, and by familiar expositions given by thoroughly qualified instructors. In the adoption of this method of instruction by daily recitation, the custom, usually observed at that time and sub-

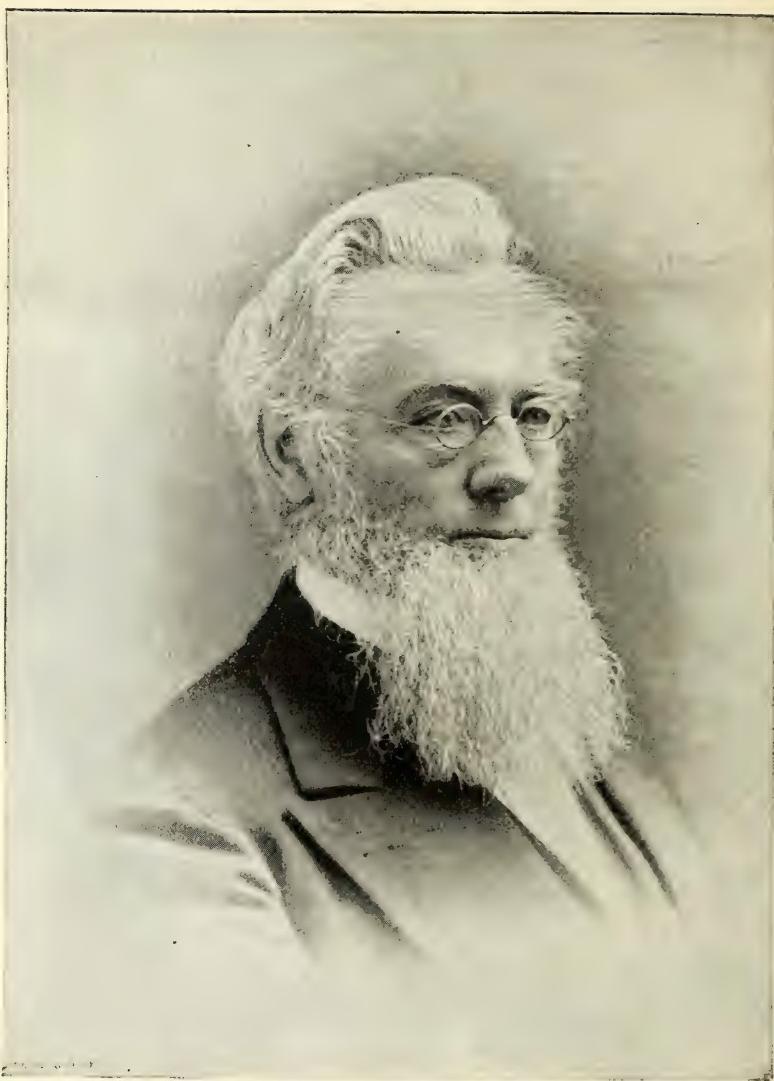


Francis Lieber.

pupils after another learns those elements of English law which, according to a certain number of good people, cannot be taught from a professor's chair." (A. V. Dicey, now Professor of Law in the University of Oxford, *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XXV., p. 127.) "Better law teaching than Mr. Dwight's it is hardly possible to imagine; it would be worth an English student's while to cross the Atlantic to attend his course." (Professor James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XXV., p. 209.)

One of the chief objects of the school was to impart to the study of jurisprudence a more scientific character, and to inculcate a knowledge of legal principles by the constant drill of oral recitations on

sequently in similar institutions, of teaching by the mere reading of lectures to the students, was designedly much qualified, and this essential feature of the plan upon which the school was founded for a long period constituted its distinguishing characteristic as compared with other law schools. The entire direction of the school, and for many years a very large part of the entire instruction, was under Professor Dwight, personally. Francis Lieber, Professor of History in the college, gave, 1860-72, a yearly course of lectures upon those special subjects in which he had gained great distinction for his learning, originality, and independence of thought, extensive research and sound judgment, namely, the history of political literature, the origin, development, objects and history



President F. A. P. Barnard,  
LATE PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

of political society, constitutional government, etc. Lectures were also delivered by Professor Ordronaux on medical jurisprudence, and by the accomplished Professor Charles Murray Nairne upon the ethics of jurisprudence. As originally designed, the course of study occupied two years, and was so arranged that a complete review was given during each year of the subjects embraced within it. The two years' plan continued until 1888. At that time, after a thorough examination of the best methods

of extending the scientific study of the law, a three years' course was decided upon, and all students who entered the school for the first time in 1888 and thereafter were required, as a condition for a degree, to attend regularly for the entire three years' course. The extension consisted principally in this: there was to be given as complete a view as practicable of as many of the subjects of private law as could be treated in the three years; the curriculum was to provide a course of at

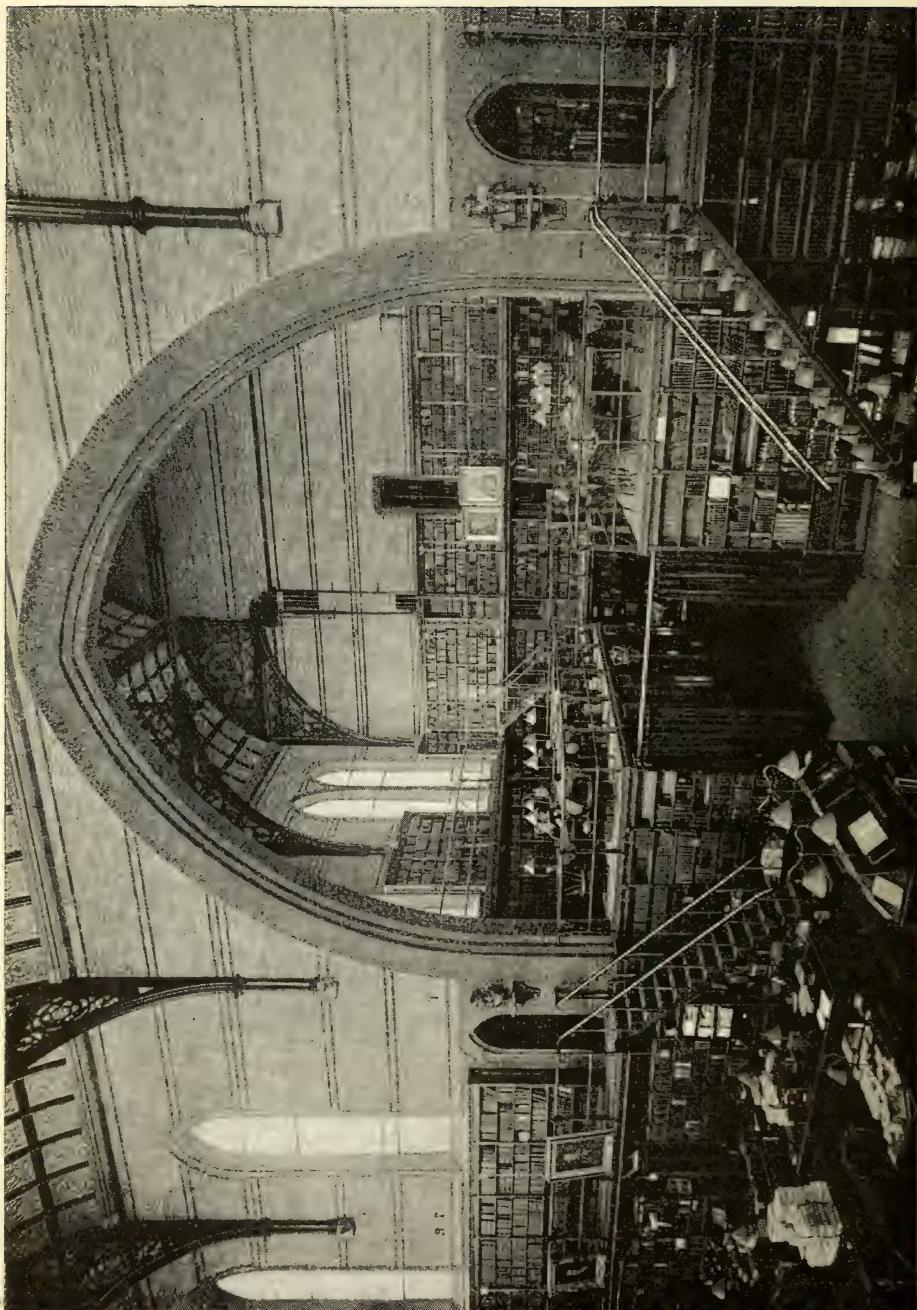


Professor Theodore W. Dwight.

least ten lectures upon the sources of the different branches of law and their relation to each other, and in the studies of the third year, two elective courses, one of private law, and the other of international and public law and comparative jurisprudence. During the present year provision has been made, by the addition of two professors and of several lecturers, to carry out to the fullest extent and with the greatest efficiency the enlarged scheme laid down; so that it seems more than probable that the success of the school, under

its accomplished warden, will be continued in the more extended course undertaken.

A medical faculty was established in King's College in 1767, and consisted at first of six professors. Three of these professors, Doctors Middleton, Jones and Bard, were the most active promoters of the New York Hospital, and the first suggestion relative to its establishment was made in a discourse delivered by Dr. Samuel Bard at the college commencement, at which the college granted its first degree in medicine, in May, 1769.



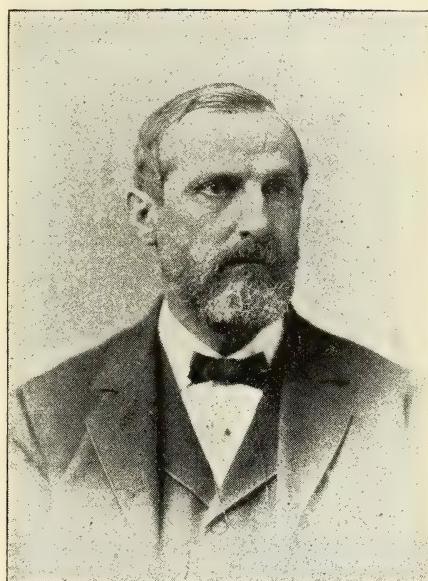
THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

On the revival of the college in 1784, the regents re-established the medical faculty ; and in 1792, the trustees of Columbia College placed that faculty on a better footing than ever before by the appointment of Dr. Samuel Bard as dean, and of several of the most eminent physicians of the day as professors. This faculty was discontinued in 1813, because of the establishment, a few years previously, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. No degrees in medicine were given by Columbia College after 1810 for fifty years, and the whole number of such graduates, 1759-1810, was thirty-five, of whom one was Valentine Mott, the great surgeon, who was the solitary graduate of the class of 1806.

In June, 1860, by an agreement between the trustees of the two institutions, the College of Physicians and Surgeons became the Medical Department of Columbia College. "By this means a union was effected between the two oldest and most prominent institutions in the state for general academic and professional education. In their earlier history they had already been connected with each other. When the medical lectures of Columbia College were suspended in 1813, it was only that the same professors might continue their courses under the new organization, and for more than ten years thereafter they constituted the Faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons." (*Dalton's Hist. Coll. Phys. and Surg.*, p. 106.) The first class after the union that received diplomas from Columbia College was that of 1860, fifty-three in number.

The history of the Medical Department from 1860 to 1887 is a history of steady and sure growth. During that period, the alumni became actively interested in its welfare, and contributed to it funds for special purposes, as well as their constant influence and encouragement ; improved methods of instruction and examinations were introduced, demonstrative apparatus and collections were increased, the College Clinics grew greatly in number, the term was lengthened, the requirements for graduation raised, and medical education generally placed upon a higher plane. Toward the close of the period, the building at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue was taxed beyond its capacity, and the need of enlarged accommodations be-

came imperative. With the imperative need came also the generous benefactor to supply it. "In October, 1884, Mr. William Henry Vanderbilt gave to the institution the land which it now occupies, comprising nearly half the block between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets, Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and a fund of three hundred thousand dollars for the erection thereon of new buildings. As the cost of the land was two hundred thousand dollars, the value of the whole donation was half a million." (*Dalton's Hist. Coll. Phys. and Surg.*, p. 156.) The building so opportunely provided for was ready for occupancy in the fall of 1887, and the annual medical session was opened in it on October 3 of that year. In the same year, 1887, two important measures were determined upon and promulgated, viz. : the requirement of an entrance examination in English, Latin and Mathematics,



Professor Thomas Egleston.

equivalent to that required for entrance to a literary college of good standing, and a three years' medical course in the college as a prerequisite to graduation. These changes went into effect in the fall of 1888. The scholastic year extends from the first of October to the middle of June, and the curriculum is "so arranged as to carry the student in regular order from

one year to another, beginning with the general and elementary branches and ending with the more specific and practical." (*Dalton's History*, p. 195.)

In 1887, then, the Medical Department of Columbia College took a long leap forward. The buildings which it occupies are thoroughly equipped in the very best

from among the graduates of this medical school. The members of the graduating class in medicine are divided into sections of six; one section is on duty each week of the term. The students occupy during this week of service rooms in the McLane Dormitory, upon the hospital grounds, free of charge; these rooms are connected by electric wire with the hospital, thus enabling the occupant to attend, at a moment's notice, emergency cases. From the time of the opening of the hospital to May, 1890, a period of two years and five months, over nine hundred cases have been treated. These, with their proper proportion of operations, and with the subsequent treatment of women and infants, have afforded invaluable bed-side experience to the students. No charge is made for these privileges, and no similar experience can be obtained at any other school in this country. Prior to the creation of this hospital, students of medicine were obliged to go abroad in order to obtain a practical education in this branch of their profession.

The Vanderbilt Clinic was built and endowed, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, by the four sons of the late William H. Vanderbilt, each contributing an equal sum, as a memorial of their father. It provides a fully equipped dispensary service for the sick poor, and for the medical school, whose professors have entire charge of its practice, a field for extended and practical clinical instruction and research in all branches. Every variety of ambulant disease can be seen and studied here, and the students of the school have free access to all its departments. The building contains numerous small rooms for the direct practical teaching of diagnosis and treatment to groups of learners, and a theatre, which accommodates about four hundred persons, for clinical lectures. No charge is made to the students for the educational advantages afforded by the Clinic; in fact, attendance is compulsory under the new curriculum. During the year 1889 over one hundred and two thousand persons were treated in the Vanderbilt Clinic.

The hospital building was erected by William Douglas Sloane, at a cost of about two hundred thousand dollars. It contains thirty-nine beds, which are all endowed and free in perpetuity, by the gift of Mrs. Sloane, a daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. The service here is under the exclusive direction of the professors of midwifery at the college. The resident physicians, two in number, are appointed

Professor John W. Burgess.



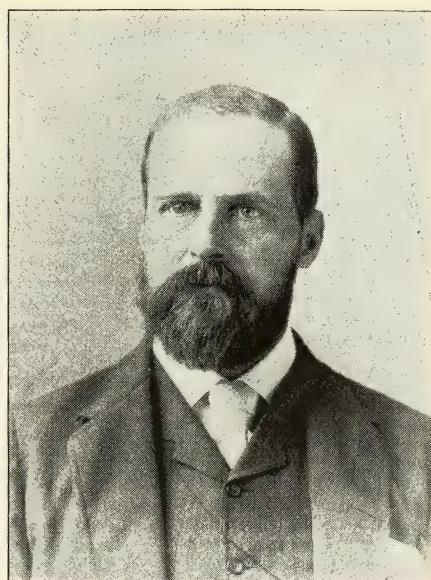
The President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons is Dr. James W. McLane. To professional skill of high order he joins great business and administrative capacity, the tact and address of a

man of the world ; and to him more, perhaps, than to any other living person is due the present effective condition of the Medical Department of Columbia College.

A great step in advance was made by Columbia College in 1864, in organizing a School of Mines and Metallurgy. In the year 1863, a year of great gloom in the affairs of the country, the project of establishing such a school began to be agitated. The necessity of developing the material resources of the country, the great attention which was then directed to the vast mineral riches of the West, made this a favorable time for founding a school which should have for its especial object the development and utilization of that source of natural wealth. The establishment of the School of Mines, though a direct following out of the purpose of the trustees expressed several years before, was due to the exertions and the influence of Thomas Eggleston. In March, 1863, he drew up a plan, setting forth the object of the school, outlining a course of instruction, and giving an estimate of its cost. It is a commentary on the resources of the college at that time, that while the trustees approved the plan as one likely to promote the interests of the college and of the community at large, nevertheless, so small was the income of the college that the necessary outlay, which was estimated at between seventeen and eighteen thousand dollars, was regarded as inexpedient, if not impracticable. The trustees, however, set apart rooms in the college building for a mineralogical and geological cabinet, expended the necessary amount for fitting up cases for specimens, etc., and on February 1, 1864, made Mr. Eggleston Professor, without salary, of Mineralogy and Metallurgy. In the following autumn Francis L. Vinton and Charles F. Chandler were appointed Professors, respectively, of Mining Engineering and Chemistry. Several professors of the college volunteered their services in their respective departments, and on Tuesday, November 15, 1864, the School of Mines was opened in a basement of the old college building in Forty-ninth Street. The success of the school was immediate and great. It was the first school of its kind in the country. When it was begun there was scarcely any such thing as the science of mining adapted to American needs. The school did much to supply it.

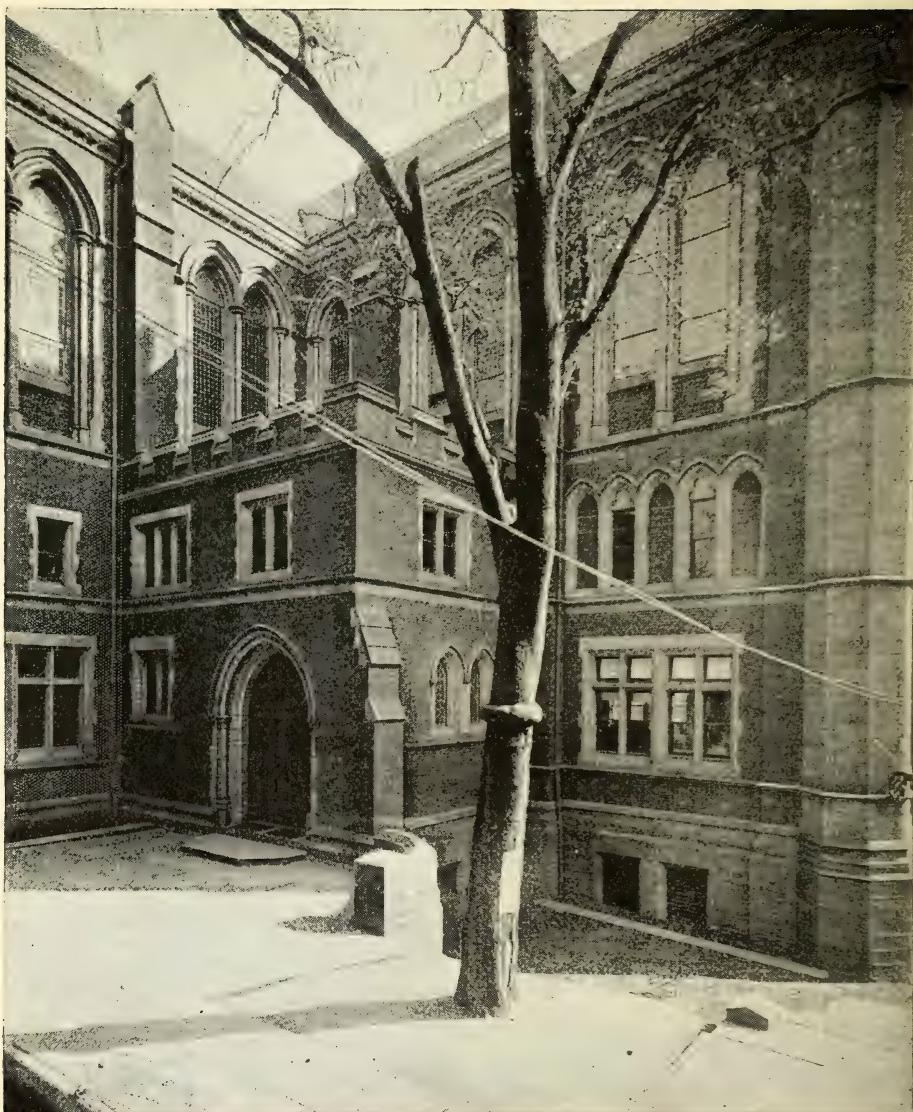
Through the excellence of the engineers it sent into the field, it did much to compel the employment of technically educated men in the working of mines, a service of conspicuous advantage. The entering wedge of common sense into the hard prejudice against study and skill was largely due to this school, which a writer in the *North American Review* for January, 1871, declared had "already become one of the best schools in the world ; more scientific than Freiburg, more practical than Paris."

The intent of the School of Mines, as first established, was the thorough equipment of mining engineers and metallurgists ; but the trustees, in giving it their encouragement and support, had fully in mind the development of the plan of 1857. They spoke of it and urged it upon the friends of the college and of education, as the first step in the direction of a school of science as a part of the university courses in the college. The school has justified the statement of the trustees ; it soon en-



Professor James W. McLane.

larged its boundaries, and has become a school of Civil Engineering, of Applied Chemistry, of Geology, of Architecture, of Sanitary Engineering, of Electrical Engineering. It is a school of Applied Science, though the name by which it first became known, and which belongs really to but



Courtesy of Columbia College — Entrance to Library

one of its courses, is still its official designation.

The collections belonging to the school are of the first order. It would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to give an adequate idea of their extent and variety. They include models of mine shafts, ventilators, hoisting engines, shaking tables, stamps, crushers, mining machines, blasting apparatus, etc.; caloric and gas engines, a Fairbanks testing ma-

chine, a seventy-five ton Emery testing machine, models of transmissive machinery and kinematic combinations, etc.; models of beams, beam joints, roof and bridge trusses, bridges, canal locks, etc.; a cabinet of minerals, comprising about thirty thousand specimens arranged in cases, and including collections illustrating the physical characters of minerals, etc.; a complete collection of metallurgical products, illustrating the different stages of the type

process used in the extraction of each metal in this country and in Europe ; an extensive collection of models of furnaces ; a geological collection of over one hundred thousand specimens, including a systematic series of the rocks and fossils characteristic of each geological epoch, believed to give the fullest representation of our mineral resources of any collection yet made ; a paleontological series, including the largest collection of fossil plants in the country, containing over two hundred species, of which representatives are not known to exist elsewhere ; the most extensive series of fossil fishes in America ; fine skeletons of the great Irish elk, the New Zealand moas, etc. ; several thousand specimens of materials and products, arranged in a cabinet of industrial chemistry ; an architectural collection of books and illustrative matter, containing, among other things, complete sets of bound volumes of architectural periodicals, including nearly all the prominent publications of England, France, and the United States, and about eight thousand photographs of architectural subjects, covering the whole range of architectural history, from the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Egypt to the "cottages" of Newport and the "Auditorium" at Chicago.

In all its departments the school has bred, and continues to breed, well-trained, self-reliant, and reliable men, whose services are largely and continuously in demand as teachers, chemists, geologists, metallurgists, engineers, and architects. Two of the courses, namely, those of sanitary engineering and electrical engineering, are courses for the graduates of the School of Mines, and other schools of like grade and standing. These courses, and others that are likely to follow them as university courses, are but the natural sequence of the efforts which the school has made from the beginning to promote advanced courses and original research. All the university scientific courses throughout the college (excepting the Medical Department) have just been placed by the trustees in charge of the faculty of this school, and the School of Mines, as a natural crown to its labors, is now not only a school of applied science, but also a university school of mathematics and pure science.

The development of the School of Mines, the carrying on of the School of

Law, and efforts to put the financial affairs of the college upon a proper basis, occupied the attention of the college sufficiently for several years.

In 1880, a School of Political Science was opened. Professor John McVickar had delivered, in 1818 and subsequently, courses of lectures on political economy, the first, perhaps, that were ever delivered in an American college. Instruction in political science was part of the university plan of the trustees, and Professor Francis Lieber, by the importance he gave it in connection with his historical and legal lectures, laid the basis for its fuller development in the college ; but no scheme of systematic, extended, and independent instruction in the subject was provided for till the establishment of this school, the initiation of which was due to John W. Burgess, Professor of History, Political Science, and International Law since 1876.

The purpose of the school is to give a complete general view of all the subjects both of internal and of external public polity from the threefold point of view of history, law, and philosophy. Its prime aim is, therefore, the development of all the branches of political science. Its secondary and practical objects are : first, to fit young men for all the political branches of the public service ; second, to give an adequate economic and legal training to those who intend to make journalism their profession ; third, to supplement, by courses in public law and comparative jurisprudence, the instruction in private municipal law offered by the Law School ; fourth, to educate teachers of political science.

The work done by this school has been of the highest order, and has merited and received the commendations of eminent men and competent judges in this country and abroad. Not only has it served a most valued end in the studies of the great questions with which it deals, and conferred distinction upon the college, but it has also, through the writings of the professors and the admirable *Political Science Quarterly*, which it established and now conducts, disseminated sound views on political subjects of fundamental importance and stimulated political and economic research. Professor Gustav Cohn, in *Schmoller's Jahrbuch*, 1889, says of the *Quarterly* : "This review makes a most favorable impression : we find here that

scientific atmosphere which we are accustomed to breathe in the technical reviews of Germany. It deserves all the more credit in that it discusses, in this spirit, not purely theoretic problems only, but the vital political and economic questions of the great Republic. It portrays for us, in its series of annual volumes, the most important and the most mooted questions of the day, and introduces to us, at the same time, the strongest of the American writers on political science."

In 1880, the trustees also authorized an extensive system of post-graduate instruction throughout the college. Advanced courses have since grown steadily, but their development, being largely the concern of individual departments rather than of individual faculties, has been somewhat irregular. No serious difficulty has ever arisen from this somewhat anomalous mode of growth, but confusion might at any time occur from lack of definiteness and singleness of control. One of the first official acts of President Low was to arrange a scheme of proper university organization. As a result, the college has now a University Council, which is charged with the general supervision of university work as a whole, and university faculties of Philosophy, Science, and Jurisprudence, the last represented now by the faculties of Law and Political Science, each with its own special function — thus practically carrying into effect, after the lapse of thirty-three years, the requirements of the Statute of 1857.

The library of the college began with the college itself. The contributions of the founders and friends, and particularly a gift from the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, laid the foundation of a collection of books when books were scarce in America. This library disappeared during the Revolution, and scarcely a book can now with certainty be identified as having belonged to it. The growth of the library, on the revival of the college after the Revolution, was slow and gradual. It has received some important gifts, among them the law libraries of William Samuel Johnson, the first president of Columbia College and one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States; the mathematical library of the late Professor Henry James Anderson, presented by the alumni; a collection ob-

tained through the gift of several thousand dollars by A. A. Low, Esq., father of President Low; and the fine collection bequeathed by Stephen Whitney Phoenix, consisting of seven thousand choice volumes, many of great value. With the founding of the allied schools, separate libraries of considerable extent had been formed.

The present library building was completed in 1883. The several libraries were then united into one, and a broad and liberal policy of administration and development adopted. The entire collection did not, at the time, exceed fifty thousand volumes. It has since more than doubled, and is now growing at the rate of one thousand volumes a month, and is surpassed in number by but two university libraries in America, and in usefulness by none. It is open throughout the entire year from half past eight in the morning until ten at night, and no student or investigator who comes to it is turned away. While it loans books to officers, students and alumni only, it is practically free for study and research to all who have occasion to use a library for scholarly purposes. The ample funds which the trustees place at its disposal render it possible to have at hand the newest and latest material, and in many particulars it can challenge comparison with any collection of books in the country. What the authorities of the college have really done within the past ten years is to create for scholars a fine library with every facility for work. In its rapid development, during the past six years, many notable private libraries, which have been sold here and in Europe, have contributed to enrich the current of books which is constantly flowing into it. "There is no library in the city, I venture to think there is none in the country," said President Low at his installation, "where the student is more welcome, where the facilities granted him are so great. No part of the college system is more liberally supported or more generously dealt with, for it is recognized to be a laboratory of all the departments of the college."

As a result of the long-continued and earnest recommendations of President Barnard, the trustees provided, in 1883, that a course of collegiate study, equivalent to that provided for the young men in the college, should be offered to such women

as might desire to avail themselves of it, to be pursued under the general direction of the faculty of the college. The collegiate course for women was, accordingly, opened. The faculty of the college did not pretend to conduct instruction in this course themselves. Their function was simply that of advisers and examiners. The principal advantage of the course was that it gave opportunity to test the instruction of young women, from time to time, by a standard the same as that applied to the instruction of young men, and thus to encourage the better education of women. This course continued until provision was made by some public-spirited citizens for the commencement of a separate college for women. In March, 1889, the trustees gave their official approval to a plan for founding a college, where women studying for the Columbia degrees could receive instruction from the faculty and other officers of instruction of Columbia College. This college is now in the first year of its operation, and, in honor of Dr. Barnard, in grateful recognition of his faith and energy, it has been named Barnard College.

After twenty-five years of service, President Barnard died on Saturday, April 27, 1889. He made the college the residuary legatee of all that he possessed. He came to the college when the number of students in all departments was six hundred and twenty-two; he left it with seventeen hundred and twelve upon the roll. "In 1864, at the date of Dr. Barnard's accession to the presidency, the college was at a critical period of its history. It was ready for development and had begun to develop. The Law School had been established a few years previously and was in successful operation. The School of Mines was in process of organization. The trustees had for several years been considering the expansion of the under-graduate course, and in connection therewith a system of university education. At this crucial period, the college happily obtained, as its chief counsellor and guide, Dr. Barnard,—a profound student of education, in sympathy with all forms of higher development, literary as well as scientific; of quick perception; peculiarly open to new ideas and prolific of them; of learning deep, exact and extensive in many fields; a classical and an English scholar, a fine mathematician, physicist, chemist, and

adding to his severer accomplishments that of being a poet and a musician of no mean quality; a prolific, elegant and persuasive writer; a logical and convincing speaker; of sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, bold and persistent in the advocacy of his opinions and impervious to discouragement. He quickened into organic life the School of Mines; he gave vitalizing force to the extension and liberalization of the under-graduate course, to the founding of fellowships for the encouragement and assistance in their higher studies of earnest and able young men, to the extension of the library and the liberalization of its management, to the project of a course for the higher study of political and historical subjects, and to the scheme for a broad and liberal system of post-graduate or university instruction, which the college had long but vainly desired. In brief, he gave Columbia College a new life and a new significance, and by his commanding position in many learned societies, by the force and elegance of his published writings, scientific, literary, legal, political, educational, and by his wide acquaintance with the foremost men of his time, he attracted attention to the college and did much to interest the community at large in it." (Extract from Minutes of Memorial Meeting of Columbia College Alumni, June, 1889.)

The Honorable Seth Low, of the class of 1870, was installed President of Columbia College on Monday, February 3, 1890. George William Curtis gracefully wrote of the man and the occasion: "The installation of the new President of Columbia College in the city of New York was an event of very great interest and significance. A man of scholarly accomplishment and training, of great experience in public and commercial affairs, of a singularly sound and wise judgment, of tried administrative skill, and of tranquil independence and courage, blended with admirable moderation, is called, in the full vigor of his manhood and before middle age, to the conduct of a college which had a close and intimate relation to the local and national life of the last century, but whose influence upon the modern life of New York and the country has been less marked."

At his installation, President Low declined to outline a policy; but, from his

several admirable addresses on that occasion, it may be inferred that he has in mind: the preservation of the original college, now known for distinction as the School of Arts,—“I believe in doing better than ever, if we can, the work that the college has been doing from the beginning”; the moulding into a homogeneous whole the various departments and schools which have gradually grown, each by itself, —“We must conceive of the college as a single institution. In my view, its various schools are as much integral parts of the college as the under-graduate department itself”; the development of all the schools, each on its own lines, but made dependent, as far as possible, upon the academic department,—“This suggestion is entirely consistent, in my mind, with a belief that the School of Arts, the historic side of the college, is the foundation of the whole.” “I do not believe in destroying the old foundation in order to rest a new structure upon an uncertain base. While I say this, I am in entire sympathy with the desire to see the college continue its development into a complete university adapted to the largest possible service to American needs”; the encouragement of the higher education of women,—“For its name’s sake and for its work’s sake,

Barnard College may rest assured of my hearty and willing help”; the cultivation of a closer and more sympathetic union of the college with the city of New York, through the alumni and by all means in his power,—“Columbia College, in my view, has an unequalled opportunity by reason of its position in the city of New York. Its position here confronts it also with its special difficulties. The city is a great city, and it is not easy for any institution to make itself powerfully felt in so large a community. Nevertheless, gentlemen of the alumni, that is precisely what we have to do.” “The city may also be made, to a considerable extent, a part of the university. All about us lie its galleries, its museums, and its libraries. Best of all, here are its men, the most eminent in their callings in every walk of life. Let us bring these men in every possible way into vital touch with our work, and we shall see a university of which the whole country shall be proud.”

These aspirations befit the great office of President; their realization might satisfy to the full the highest ambition. That President Low may, in his own administration, witness their complete fulfilment, is the fervent hope and eager expectation of all friends of Columbia College.

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## DECORATION DAY THOUGHTS.

*By General M. M. Trumbull.*



S the man who fought in the war looks into the faces of those who gather now at Decoration Day celebrations, he is solemnly admonished that his muster-out roll is nearly ready, and that he is only loitering here for a few days among the people of a generation to which he hardly belongs. He sees before him men and women to whom the great war is only a tradition and a history. It was ended before they were born. He sees others who, although they were living at the time of the war, are too young to

remember its incidents. He sees others, a little older, who have some youthful remembrance of “the spirit-stirring drum,” the ear-piercing fife, the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of the war. They remember the excitements of the time; they heard the newsboys crying the battles of the previous day, and they saw the soldiers marching through the streets to take the places of their brothers dead in battle. Some were grown-up men and women at the beginning of the war. They have a vivid recollection of its anxieties and its trials. There are also present a few men who shared in the marches and the counter-marches; in the toils, trials, tribulations;

in the hardships and privations of the camp and of the march ; who participated in the charges and the counter-charges, the noise and uproar, the wounds, the dangers, the defeats, and the victories of battle. It is to such that this word is chiefly spoken.

That the war and the moral of it should gradually fade away into a dim sentiment and a dead issue is natural enough. The masses of our people have no personal recollection of its agonies. With us it never can be so. There is no oblivious corner in our hearts, where the war, as in a cellar, can be stored away. The facts of it and the lessons of it are written upon our memories in the blood of our comrades slain. That red record grows plainer, brighter, and more vivid as time rolls the war backward into history. As for me, the war is an omnipresent reality. Many and many a time, in my feverish dreams at night, I hear the long roll beating. I spring to my place in the ranks, and fight the battle again. Often when I am neither asleep nor dreaming, in the calm quiet of my own room, I am honored by the company of men who fell by my side in battle, and whom I buried where they fell. At the bivouac of memory, around the old camp-fire, we sit and smoke our pipes together once again. I listen to their boisterous laughter and their merry jests. Again I hear them singing, "Glory Alleluia," "Rally round the Flag," and I know they are not dead.

We played for a high stake in that rough game between '61 and '65. We carried on our bayonets the destinies of empire, the fortunes of a great people, not only the fortunes of the thirty or forty millions who occupied the country then, but also the fortunes of the sixty millions who occupy it now, and the fortunes of the hundreds of millions who will occupy it in the centuries to come. Had we lost, this nation would have been divided, into how many fragments it is not possible to tell. The South, having separated from the North, the West would have separated from the East ; the Pacific states would have established a government of their own, making the Rocky Mountains a barrier between them and the great valley, even as the Alps divide France from Italy, and the Pyrenees from Spain. After that the other individual states, prompted by jealousy, ambition, or discontent, would

have set up in the Home Rule business, until at last the great republic would have been a broken chain of petty states, provinces, and principalities, mutually injurious, instead of mutually beneficial, having no moral or political influence among the nations of the earth, — the pity of its friends and the derision of its enemies. It was a hard sum, but we worked it ; and the quotient was a demonstration that there is no chain of mountains tall enough, no river broad or deep enough, to constitute a boundary line between two separate nationalities carved out of the American republic.

Had we been defeated, the Mississippi would have been another Rhine, with hostile nationalities contending for the right bank of it and the left bank of it and its entrance to the sea. But we were not beaten ; and the Mississippi, instead of being a frontier line, is a commercial thread, running through the centre of the nation, absolutely free, from Itasca to the sea. The rains and snows of the great Northwest furnish the water for the Mississippi River ; and so long as that water runs, it will carry on its flood the produce of Northwestern farms and factories, un vexed by any tariff, toll, tax, or tribute whatever, in its journey to the markets of the world.

I might continue long to explain the material advantages of the whole Union to each separate and individual part of it. I might continue long, congratulating both North and South, that because of our victory they are spared the necessity of establishing a double row of custom houses along a frontier line of three thousand miles, with a double army of civilian officials inside of them and a double army of soldiers outside, watching one another across the frontier, as the French watch the Germans, and the Germans watch the French ; but I prefer a grander theme.

We fought for human freedom, and therein lies the splendor of our victory. It is true that many of us did not know we were fighting for liberty, and some of us did not intend to fight for liberty. I have heard officers and soldiers ostentatiously declare that if they supposed for a moment that the question of human liberty was involved in the struggle, they would lay down their arms and go home. Ah ! distinctly I remember when the American

Congress passed a resolution, proclaiming to the world that there was no moral issue in the fight ; that the soldiers, like the statesmen, were only striving for a restoration of the Union "as it was." How vain and impotent was all this abdication of duty, this renunciation of the vital principle involved ! How puny and weak the arrogant efforts of men to resist the moral powers of the universe, working out the eternal scheme of justice !

Willing or unwilling, we were only instruments in the hands of the Power that makes for righteousness ; and we fought better than we knew, better than we intended to fight. For months and months we stumbled along, fighting an illogical battle, the sword in the left hand for the disloyal master, the whip in the right hand for the loyal slave, trying with the left hand to preserve the Union, and with the right hand to save the slavery that was breaking it. For that folly we were scourged with sore and ignominious defeats. Not until we threw away the whip, and took the sword in the right hand, did we roll back the tide of disaster. Not until we magnetized our bayonets with the Holy Spirit did we "turn back Pharaoh's army, Alleluia."

It need not be wondered that mere marching, fighting soldiers could not read the motto that we carried on our own banner. Our commanding generals could not read it. Grave statesmen in the Senate could not read it. Ministers of the gospel, whose voices thundered across the land from ten thousand pulpits, could not read it. Moral philosophers and political philosophers, the fame of whose wisdom filled the world, could no easier decipher it than they could explain the hieroglyphics on the monuments of Egypt. It took the President of the United States a year and a half to learn it. And yet there was one man who read it easily from the beginning. The unlearned, unlettered slave, leaning on his hoe in the cotton-field, and gazing in rapt wonder at our long lines of infantry stretched for miles and miles along the road, their bayonets glittering in the gorgeous sunshine of the Southern land,—he could read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel ; he could read the occult message that we carried on our flag as easily as Daniel the prophet read Belshazzar's warning. His translation of it was, "Wages for work ; freedom, equal rights, for all."

One day in the year, in the resurrection time of the year, when the buried seeds are bursting from their sepulchres, when the fruits and the flowers are budding and blossoming with a new promise of beauty and abundance,—one day in the year has been set apart as a memorial day in honor of the dead soldiers and sailors who, in the time of their living manhood, fought for the Union and for Liberty. On the 30th of May the gratitude of a generous people falls in flowers upon the graves of our comrades, as they will fall upon ours in due time. We gratefully join with our fellow-citizens in thus honoring the dead. As I lay my wreath of loving memory upon the graves of my old comrades who sleep among the daisies here at home, I long to strew some flowers upon those unmarked graves which lie all along the victorious pathway of our banner from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Missouri to the sea. Because of those graves, that land is now the Holy Land to me ; and when I take my spirit pilgrimages to those familiar battle-fields, as I very often do, I seem to hear murmuring through the trees the warning voice that spoke to the prophet of old, "Take off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

On those well-remembered fields our comrades poured out their blood for liberty. The thirsty earth drank it up ; and by the grace of that sacrament their graves are consecrated ground forever. In the coming generations the children of the emancipated race will gather about the ashes of the Union soldiers on those famous battle-fields, and sing in grateful tribute to their memory the hymn that Whittier gave :—

"We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
We own de hands dat hold;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But neber child be sold."

In the years before the war it was my fortune to reside in the South. One day I went up to the shambles at Richmond, and there I saw a woman sold at auction. She had a baby at her breast ; and the man who bought her said to the auctioneer, "I don't care for the baby ; I only want the woman." Then the auctioneer held the baby up by the arm, and said to the crowd, "Anybody want this baby ? Stout

boy baby, eight months old ; bring him up by hand ; he will be worth considerable money some day." For expressing disapproval of this cruelty, and for criticising more wickedness of a similar character, I was marked as an Abolitionist, and warned that I must go. So I went, and sought another home on the free prairies of the West. When I left the slave land for "God's country," I might have said with Coriolanus in the play, "I go, but I return"; and when I did return, I went with the crusaders. I saw the castles of slavery, the towers and ramparts of iniquity, crumble under the evangelizing cannon-shots of the new dispensation. When at last rebel resistance ended, and the national authority was acknowledged over all the territory of the United States, the market in Richmond for the sale of women and children was closed for evermore.

We recognize with pride, comrades, the honor paid us by our fellow-citizens when they decorate the graves of our dead ; but shall the gratitude between the citizens and the soldiers be one-sided? Is there nothing due from us to them? Everybody could not go to the war. Some had to stay at home to support the government here, to keep our industries in activity in order to earn something to sustain the civil service in the North and the armies in the South. What would all our efforts have availed had we not been assisted by the material and moral sympathy of the loyal men of the North? I do not think that in the history of patriotism it is written that any people ever made greater sacrifices to strengthen and encourage their armies in the field than were made by our people from 1861 to 1865. Whatever share of war glory may be coming to me, I cheerfully share it with them.

But I have not yet pointed out the exact spot where the sublimest heroism of the war was found. It was in the patient suffering, the serene hope, the spiritual strength, the calm resignation, the consecrated self-devotion of the women of this land. What was our bravery in comparison with theirs? We fought under the stimulus of sulphurous intoxication. We had the excitement of noise, the shouting of our own side, the yelling of the other side, the spiteful talk of the Minie-bullets, the scream infernal of the shells, the musketry debate, — fifty thousand speaking at

once ; we had the magnetic elbow touch of the man on our right, and of the man on our left ; we had the cheer of the captain : "Steady, men, steady ; close up there ; steady!" What stimulus had the women at home? Nothing but their own love, and faith, and loyalty. In the silence of the day, and the still more awful stillness of the night, they held their hearts from breaking, during four long years of anxiety for father, husband, brother, lover, son, fighting the battles of liberty five hundred miles away. Many of them went down to the field, that they might nurse and cherish and comfort the sick and wounded men. They walked the hospitals absolutely fearless of the fever and the pestilence. Those who staid at home spent all the time they could in contriving and preparing delicacies and comforts for the soldiers in the field. They used to send us hundreds of useful and of useless things, some of which we got. I can appreciate the gratitude of the English soldier who kissed the shadow of Florence Nightingale as it fell upon his pillow, and in that spirit I thank these devoted women for their healing shadows which for four years they cast upon our pillows of sorrow and of pain. Theirs was the courage that sanctified the war.

In my original company, raised at the beginning of the war, was a man of wealth and influence, about forty-five years old. He was blessed with a devoted wife and eleven children. His eldest son enlisted with him, and when we marched away we passed by his plantation, and there at the gate were his wife and the other ten children, each of them waving the flag, even the baby. In our first battle the young man fell, shot through the body. "Tom," said a comrade, "are you badly hurt?" "Yes," he said ; "I am shot through the body. Give my love to my mother." As his gallant spirit fled, I could hear his father cheering on the men. He was only a quartermaster-sergeant, but he rallied and cheered the boys like a general. I went up to him and told him his son was dead. The word struck him like a bullet ; he fell forward on his horse's neck, and a great sob burst from his heart. In a few moments he straightened himself in the saddle, and exclaimed, "Thank God, he died like a brave man!" and until the fight was over, I could hear him encouraging

the men. After the battle, I assisted him to prepare the body of his son for burial, and together we laid the brave youth in his grave, not far from the spot where he fell.

That same evening I wrote a letter to the boy's mother, telling her as tenderly as I could how bravely her son had died. The news was terrible; but she bore it with heroic resignation, and carried her dread anxiety for her husband wherever she went, through the duties of the day, and the silent watches of the night. In the course of a year he had been made a lieutenant-colonel, and one day came news of a great battle in which his regiment had been engaged. Eagerly she looked over the paper for the name of her husband, and there among the dead she found it. He had been killed at the front.

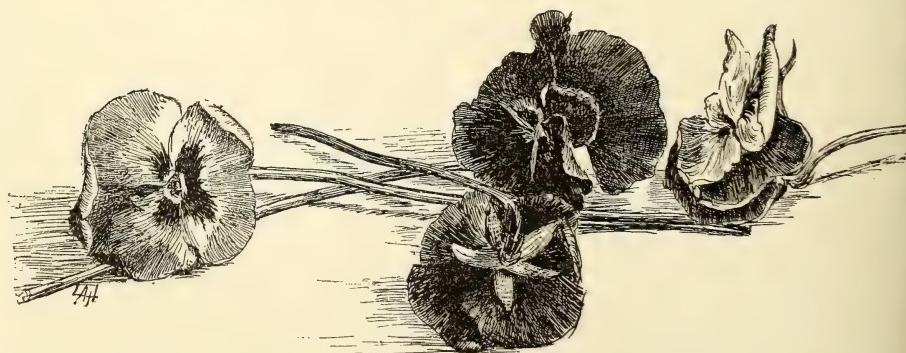
"Mother," said the second son, "I think I ought to go"; and she said, "Go." He went, and again she watched and waited, hearing the sound of battle in every breeze from the South. One day a man came from the post-office with a newspaper in his hand. A great battle had been fought. Eagerly again she searched among the names of the killed and wounded, while her heart stood still with fear, and there was her boy among the dead, killed at the front. Then the third son said, "Mother, I think I ought to go"; and she said, "Go." He went; and like his father and his brothers he also fell bravely in the fight.

One day, just after the war, I had occasion to travel from Waterloo, in Iowa, to Independence. As I took my seat in the car, I noticed a lady who was evidently

very ill. They had made a sort of couch for her with cushions, and a young lady was fanning her to keep her as cool as possible. I did not recognize the lady, but she recognized me; for I saw her whisper to the girl, who immediately came to me and said, "My mother wishes to see you." I went over, and at once recognized her as the mother of the three boys. Taking me by the hand, she said, "I want to thank you for the kind letter you wrote me the day that Tom was killed. The war is over, the country saved, and I am satisfied; but my heart is broken, and I am going to my old home in Ohio to die."

Stand forth, brave soldier of twenty battles, who under the stimulus flinched not, but did your duty well; stand forth and tell me if you dare, that your courage would compare in moral grandeur with the courage of that woman. She was a type of the women we were fighting for. When I think of her example, I have no fears for the republic. That race of women may always be depended on to bear heroic sons.

We may offer proud congratulations on Memorial Day, because not only was the nation saved, but also established on the solid foundation of justice. Henceforth, no slave can breathe the air of the United States; and although we are of different nationalities by birth, of different sects, of different creeds in religion, of different parties in politics, this is our common country, the common inheritance of all our children, and the flag is our common flag, with no other ever to be enrolled, except in friendship, within the limits of our national domain.



## AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD.

*By Richard E. Burton.*

A PLACE for reminiscence strange and deep !  
Turn up the soil, and lo ! a battered pole  
Where once a flag depended ; now a heap  
Of dust, though erst a quickener of soul  
To half a million men. And look ! a mole  
Unearths a skull with gaunt and orbless eyes ;  
And something shapeless, dread, stuffs yonder hole.  
Meanwhile, the spring smiles down from placid skies,  
And apple-blossoms urge that every cynic lies.

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## STORIES OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

### III.

#### SIMS.

*By Nina Moore Tiffany.*

  
**D**o you want a cook aboard?"  
The speaker was a negro, who had come alongside the brig *M. & J. C. Gilmore*, as it lay at a Savannah wharf; a young fellow about twenty-two years old, quite dark.

John Ball, a sailor on the brig, looked up as he heard the question, and observed the man. The vessel was not in need of a cook; the negro was answered and forgotten. All hands were busy getting in the cargo, and no one gave him a second thought. Five or six days after that, the *M. & J. C. Gilmore* sailed for the North, and in due time came to anchor inside of Boston light. The mate, Cephas Ames, went down into the forecastle with a lantern, to see how much chain was out.

"Have we got up?" said a voice at his ear.

Startled enough, the mate exclaimed, "Who are you?"

There was no answer, but a dark figure sank back among the shadows. Flashing his light in that direction, the mate was able to trace the dim outline of a man, who lay outstretched, feigning to be asleep.

"Come out!" shouted Ames, seizing him. "I've found a prize," he boasted exultingly, as he dragged the stowaway down into the cabin. Ball, upon going down into the cabin to inspect the "prize," discovered the negro who had accosted him at the Savannah wharf. The man was no other than Thomas Sims.

Sims was the slave of Mr. James Potter, whose home was about ten miles from the city of Savannah. Ten dollars a month Sims had earned for his master, by working in the city; he had not lived on the plantation for some years. The thought of freedom had long been present with him. Bent upon getting to the North, he had stowed himself in the forecastle of the brig, and lay thus until discovered by Cephas Ames.

Ames anticipated a liberal reward for his discovery. He locked Sims into the cabin for safe-keeping, intending to hand him over to the proper authorities when he found the opportunity. By the next morning, however, Sims was gone. During the night he unscrewed the hinges of the cabin door,—so he said,—stole on deck, lowered a boat, and pulled for the South Boston shore. A stranger, and friendless, he made his way into the city.

Seeking work, perhaps, or perhaps looking for a chance to escape still further north, he had the misfortune to stray upon Long Wharf. The sailors of the *M. & J. C. Gilmore* had by this time come ashore. They saw him on the wharf, and by the captain's orders fell upon him and forced him back to the brig. Having put him into the run of the vessel, they drew off from land.

It was February,—that same February that witnessed the arrest of Shadrach,—and the night was extremely cold. Sims almost perished, but prudence, or some spark of humanity, saved him from actually dying. "We did not like to see him frozen," says John Ball, in his testimony, "so we put him into the cabin."<sup>1</sup>

Thence, for the second time, Sims made his escape. That he was able to do so awakens the suspicion that he had aid from some one on board the brig. His first question to Cephas Ames, "Have we got up?" also indicates his expecting to see some one who was friendly to him; but of this there is no proof.

For more than a month Sims, keeping out of harm's way, led the life of a quiet, hard-working citizen of Boston. But on the night of Thursday, April 3, as he stood talking with another fugitive, in Richmond Street, not far from his Ann Street lodgings, he was suddenly set upon by two men who had orders to arrest him. Both fugitives made fight, but Sims's comrade, after getting a hard blow, fled, and Sims was left to struggle as best he might alone. With a long knife that he carried about him he dealt one of his assailants a thrust in the thigh; but the knife broke, and he had no other weapon. He then tried to wrench himself away from his captors, and had nearly succeeded in writhing out of his clothing, when a posse of watchmen arrived and he was overcome. A prisoner, he was hustled through the streets to the court-house, where he was confined in a room upon the third floor. W. F. Channing, who afterward visited him there, says: "I found the door firmly fastened on the inside by iron bars, and guarded by fifteen or twenty officers with police badges on. Sims was handcuffed."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For this, and other details, see *Slave Law Cases*, a collection of pamphlets in the Boston Public Library.

<sup>2</sup> *Boston Commonwealth*, April 12, 1851.

Sims's one petition, now, was that he might be allowed to put an end to his life. He would far rather die, he said, than be made a slave again. Efforts were made for his release. The Vigilance Committee, who had secret means of knowing when warrants were to be served, were aware of the arrest, and tried to save him. Samuel E. Sewall, who had heard a rumor that the trial was to take place that night, and wished to act as counsel for Sims, met Marshal Riley in Court Square just after Sims had been carried into the court-house, and asked when the examination was to begin. Marshal Riley did not answer. Mr. Sewall repeated the question with some vehemence, whereupon Riley had Mr. Sewall arrested and taken to the watch-house. The captain of the watch had the good sense to release Mr. Sewall without delay; but the fact that Riley dared to order the arrest shows what public feeling then was toward those who shouldered the cause of the fugitives.

The next morning saw the court-house surrounded by chains. A picture of the building, in one of the papers of the time, shows it girt by its chain defences and paced about by guards. Sixty men were on duty there by day, twenty-five at night. The Abolitionists, who held indignation meetings in Faneuil Hall, said that chains were a fit decoration for a building wherein a man could be condemned to slavery. With the greater part of the people, however, the cry ran, "The law must be maintained." They were not yet willing to pay the awful price finally to be wrung from them, and still regarded the work of the Abolitionists as a rushing upon the sword.

The throng pressing to secure seats in the court-room was so great that the entire force of police and a number of men from the watch department had been called out to maintain order. Members of the bar and men connected with the press were admitted, and a few others known to the guard were allowed to pass, but unknown persons were ruled out. The Shadrach affair was to find no repetition here. An eye-witness reports that an acquaintance of his, being denied admittance, confidentially let it be understood that he came from Virginia, and gained entrance at once.

At about nine o'clock Sims was taken from the "prison-room" in the court-

house—the United States authorities having provided one by this time—to the United States court-room, in the same building. Mr. Bacon, who acted for Sims's master, was there with his counsel, Seth J. Thomas. Robert Rantoul, Jr., Charles G. Loring, and Samuel E. Sewall were counsel for Sims.

At twenty minutes past nine the commissioner, George T. Curtis, took his seat. Sims's counsel asked for a delay, and a delay of twenty-four hours was granted. The trial, which began on Saturday, April 5, was a hard-fought battle, lasting for nearly a week. The length and earnestness of Mr. Rantoul's appeal in behalf of Sims and against the Fugitive Slave Law were equalled only by the close attention given him by the commissioner.

Meantime, outside of the court-room, there was much skirmishing with legal devices and counter-devices. Bacon and De Lyon, Bacon's companion, were arrested as kidnappers, but released on bail. Richard H. Dana and Robert Rantoul applied on April 8 for a writ of *habeas corpus*, "setting forth," says the *Commonwealth* of that date, "that Sims was illegally and unconstitutionally held in custody"; for a strong effort was being made to get the Fugitive Slave Law declared unconstitutional. The application was, however, refused, and Judge Shaw published in the *Advertiser* of April 14 his opinion on the subject.

In the *Advertiser* for April 9 is this item:—

"The friends of Thomas Sims . . . have . . . made complaint against him for the assault upon Officer Butman at the time he was arrested. This is done in order to detain Sims here as amenable to Massachusetts law. . . . We learn, however, that Marshal Devens has made a similar complaint in the United States Court, has obtained a writ, and has served it upon Sims, so that the state and United States courts having concurrent jurisdiction in this case, and the United States officer being first in the field, the writ from the state court will not avail for its object."

It was on Friday, the 11th of April, that the commissioner gave his decision. He decided that Sims must be given up to the men who claimed him. Sims was carried back into the barred room; the crowd dispersed; nothing remained to prevent a prompt removal. The removal was planned with all secrecy; it was to take place at daybreak on Saturday morn-

ing. But the Vigilance Committee kept men on the watch for any movement at the court-house; and when dawn came, a little knot of sorrowful and sympathizing spectators had gathered in Court Square to see the last of Sims. Theodore Parker was there.<sup>1</sup> W. F. Channing was there. Says Channing:—

"I went to the court-house about quarter past four, where there was a body of about one hundred men armed with swords, marching and counter-marching; there were one hundred and fifty men—half, or more, watchmen—near Court Street, armed with their hooks. A large number of the first-named had police badges on their hats. The other persons, with the watchmen, were armed with sticks. There was a third body of twenty, armed with swords. At about five, the armed body came to the east door of the court-house, and stopped before it. In a few minutes the door was thrown open. Some fifteen persons descended, among whom was Sims. Marshal Tukey, as I supposed, came out at the head. I was on the opposite side of the street, and it was not quite light. . . . The body of watchmen had previously marched to the outside of the hollow square of officers. There were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred spectators present. The body of men marched into Court Street and down to Long Wharf. There were a few hisses and a few exclamations of 'Shame!' but no attempt at disorder. When they reached the head of Long Wharf, Sims, with a body of men, went on board the *Acorn*, which was lying at the wharf. Within three minutes, the vessel began to move down the harbor. The officers returned in a body. Immediately, as the vessel left, by a spontaneous movement, the Reverend Mr. Foster, of Concord, offered a prayer, in which the members of the Vigilance Committee and others joined. Some remarks followed; and a hymn was sung, 'Be thou, O God, exalted high,' as the spectators made their way up the wharf."

An easily recognized pen wrote for the *Commonwealth* of April 14, under the heading of "The Stain":—

"At last the fair fame of Massachusetts is blackened. She is fallen. In the dark days of her own slavery she held slaves, but she nobly burst her own chains, and still more nobly struck off those of her bondmen. And till now she has been true to her word of liberty. . . . She has never till this day been guilty of betraying the fugitive. . . . She sits in the dust, the slave of unutterable meanness, trying in vain to solace her self-respect with the lie that she has performed a constitutional duty. . . . Men of Massachusetts,—we speak not to the dogs,—men of Massachusetts, let us bury every hatchet of domestic discord . . . and fan into a fervor of patriotic detestation of slavery every smallest spark of manhood in this continent. There must be hearts, even in Georgia,

<sup>1</sup> See his MS. in the scrap-book in the Boston Public Library.

which will turn with loathing from the brig *Acorn* and the sacrifice to despotism with which she is freighted. . . ."

Sims made one brief comment, as the brig carried him away: "And this is Massachusetts liberty!" On arriving at Savannah, he was severely flogged and was thrown into prison, where for two months he lay in a wretched cell. Then he was taken out and sent to a slave-pen in Charleston, but there must have been difficulty in selling him, for he was removed again and sent to New Orleans. In New Orleans he was purchased by a brick mason and taken to Vicksburg, where, as we are told in Austin's *Life of Wendell*

*Phillips*, he escaped, in 1863, to the besieging army. General Grant, it is said, gave him transportation to the North.

The *Liberator* for September 5, 1851, quoting the *Commonwealth*, says:—

"We learn that Sims had received one flogging of thirty-nine stripes, the extent allowed by the law, and was about to receive another, for the crime of running away from Mr. Potter. He was promised that the last flogging should be remitted if he would ask Mr. Potter's forgiveness for the offence, but he refused."

It reminds one of Socrates' declaration that "neither in war, nor yet in law, may a man use every means of escaping death!"



## THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

*By Eugene Barry.*

I'VE lived here now for thirty years, and, stranger, I'll be bound  
There's not a better farm in all this western country round ;  
But somehow at this time of year, like fever in the blood,  
A restless feeling o'er me steals that's hard to be withstood.  
I cannot work, I cannot rest, but far away would roam,  
For now the orchards are in bloom in my New England home.

I've prospered well ; these level fields, as far as you can see,  
They all are bought and paid for, and they all belong to me.  
I never could have done so well at home, you may be sure ;  
I smile sometimes to think upon those farms so thin and poor ;  
But as I sit behind my team and plough the deep black loam,  
I see the apple-trees in bloom round my New England home.

Straight east I draw my furrows wide to meet the rising sun,  
Then turn and drive straight westward, and so till day is done ;  
And then in autumn's glorious time, when days are calm and bright,  
Miles upon miles of ripening grain wave in the golden light.  
But when at night I seek my bed, in visions sweet I roam  
The hills of old New England around my childhood's home.

My boys are grown to stalwart men, my girls are fair to see,  
They're proud of this free western land, and wonder much at me ;  
But they have never stood upon the mountain's summit grand,  
Nor seen old Ocean's crested waves break foaming on the strand,  
Nor ever known the sweet delight in forest wilds to roam,  
Nor seen the apple-trees in bloom round my New England home.

The swallow seeks the grove where first it saw the sun's bright gleam,  
The salmon leaps the torrent's fall to reach its native stream,

A thousand leagues the wild goose flies on tireless wing o'erhead,  
Straight as an arrow to the bleak, bare North where it was bred;  
So in the spring my faithful heart, holding all else in scorn,  
Turns back to old New England and the home where I was born.

Though here I've cast my lot for life, and here I must remain  
Till Death shall plough me under like stubble on the plain,  
Make not my grave in this far land, but place me if you will  
Within my father's burial lot, upon the wind-swept hill,  
Where I may watch the mountains glow and ocean break in foam  
And see in spring the orchards bloom round my New England home.



## THE GREAT DORR WAR.

*By Charles H. Payne.*

**A**BOUT fifty years ago, the little state of Rhode Island was agitated by a controversy which so nearly brought its citizens into armed collision with each other as to receive the name of a "war." Though the circumstances were then familiar to the whole country, they have so far faded from memory and are in themselves so curious as to merit a fresh recital.

Though Rhode Island began as an innovator and boasts of having been first to proclaim and practise the doctrine of "soul-liberty" or freedom of opinion from the control of the civil power, she soon became very conservative, and some of her people recall the facts that she was the last state to ratify the Federal Constitution and the last to adopt a written constitution of her own, with as much pride as if a wise act necessarily grew wiser by postponement.

In 1663, the colony of Rhode Island obtained from King Charles II. a charter, erecting a form of government. Under this charter, colony and state continued to be governed until 1842, no constitution being adopted at the Revolution, but the charter being still regarded as the fundamental law. In the course of a hundred

and eighty years, however, this form of government became, in the opinion of many Rhode Islanders, too old-fashioned for further service. The principal grounds of complaint were the restricted suffrage and the unequal representation in the legislature. The suffrage was confined to owners of a freehold of the value of one hundred and thirty-four dollars, and the eldest sons of such freeholders. The assignment of representatives, made by the charter, had come to involve such absurdity as that Newport, with a population of about eight thousand, had six representatives, while Providence, with a population of twenty-three thousand, had but four, and the town of Jamestown, with a population of three hundred and sixty-five, had two.

These defects led to agitation for a change, and for the adoption of a more liberal written constitution, as early as 1797. Nothing, however, was then done. The subject was discussed again in 1811 and 1820, and in 1824 a constitution (making, however, no extension of the suffrage) was proposed to the freeholders and rejected. In 1829, upon a petition for extension of suffrage, Benjamin Hazard made a report, famous in the annals of the

state, which is an elaborate and powerful defence of a restricted suffrage, and contains the much-quoted description of immigrants to Rhode Island as "persons who have adventured among us from other states or countries to better their conditions . . . and upon whose departure there is no restraint." In 1832 and 1834 other ineffectual efforts were made in the same direction.

These repeated failures and the deprivation of what they regarded as their right produced deep discontent in the minds of the disfranchised portion of the citizens, who despaired of ever obtaining what they sought through the regular channels of authority. As early as 1832 a party movement was begun with the object of awakening the public feeling and concentrating the efforts of those who desired a change. Frequent meetings were held, and inflammatory speeches were made. The landholding electors were generally substantial, well-to-do people, and their leaders, the men who became governors, senators, and members of the Assembly, belonged chiefly to old and wealthy families, lived in substantial, roomy, "colonial" houses, where they dispensed a liberal hospitality in the midst of the memorials of an ancestry of which they were as proud as any feudal nobles. The advocates of extended suffrage, on the other hand, were mostly mechanics and tradesmen, some of foreign birth or parentage, and generally not so rich as the members of the other party. Naturally, therefore, the controversy took on to some extent the form of a contest between the "aristocracy" and the "people," and the suffrage orators were liberal in the use of such terms as "aristocrats," "ruffled-shirt gentry," and the like. To emphasize the contrast they took pains to appear upon the rostrum arrayed in jackets of green baize and other styles of dress intended to mark their separation from the tyrannical wearers of ruffled shirts.

Little was accomplished by this movement, and it nearly died out; but in the spring of 1840 it revived and presently increased to greater strength than before. In the meantime, some lawyers and some of the freeholders, some even of the higher class among them, had joined the movement. Chief of these was Thomas Wilson Dorr, who was to bear the most conspicu-

ous and trying part in the events which followed. Dorr belonged to an old, wealthy, and influential family, and was connected by blood and marriage with most of the leading "aristocrats" of the northern part of the state. He was born in 1805, graduated, with honor, at Harvard College in 1823, studied law in New York under Chancellor Kent, and in Rhode Island under some of the best lawyers in the state. He was now practising law in Providence, taking, at the same time, a warm interest in politics. He was a man of strict honor and integrity and high character, and to good abilities he joined an untiring patience and an indomitable will.

Between the spring of 1840 and that of 1841, the organization of the Rhode Island Suffrage Association, with branches in various parts of the state, was carried rapidly forward. Its declaration of principles was based upon the assertion that all men are created free and equal, and that the possession of property should create no political advantage. It maintained the right of the people to assemble by delegates and form a constitution, without regard to the absence of any authority for such proceedings from the existing government of the state. The right of the people to adopt a constitution in this way, and the legality of such a proceeding, were vehemently asserted by the supporters of the suffrage cause and as strongly denied by the friends of the charter government, who maintained that only through a convention legally called by the existing government could the people speak with authority. The discussion caused a general ploughing up of fundamental principles and a vast deal of talk about the rights of man, principles of '76, popular sovereignty, etc., etc., in which much enthusiasm was displayed, mingled with a small proportion of thought and learning. The theory of the suffrage party was succinctly expressed in the famous question of a suffrage orator, "If the sovereignty don't reside in the people, where the —— does it reside?"

At the January session of the General Assembly, 1841, a convention was called, to meet in November, to frame a constitution. But this convention, like the previous ones, was to be elected by the "freemen," or qualified freeholders, only, and was regarded by the suffragists as a mere expedient, a device to quiet the agitators,

without effecting any reform. Determined, accordingly, to take independent action, they called a mass meeting of the friends of extended suffrage to meet in Providence on April 17, 1841.

The appointed day was ushered in by the ringing of all the church bells, and though a fine, drizzling rain fell during the whole of the proceedings, a great procession was formed and marched, to the music of a band, through the principal streets to an open space on the top of Federal Hill. The column was headed by butchers in white frocks, mounted, and bearing a banner with the figure of an ox and the inscription, "I die for liberty." They were followed by a body of nearly three thousand citizens, each wearing a badge with the legend, "I am an American Citizen," and carrying banners with appropriate inscriptions, among which were, "Worth makes the man, but sand and gravel make the voter"; "Virtue, Patriotism, and Intelligence vs. \$134 worth of Dirt." A good many of the freeholding voters took part, whether induced by love of free suffrage or a desire to share in the patriotic feast which followed may perhaps be a question. According to a suffrage newspaper of the day, "a dead silence, broken only by the martial strains of three or four powerful and excellent bands, pervaded the immense column from right to left, and the expression of stern resolve sat on the brows of those who composed the congregated host." Arrived upon the ground, these sternly resolute patriots, after singing *Old Hundred* as a sort of grace, unbent so far as to consume an ox, a calf, and a hog, which had been roasted whole for the occasion, together with a loaf of brown bread ten feet long and two feet wide, and "several barrels of beer." The procession then re-formed, perhaps with somewhat smaller numbers, marched back to the "Town House," which was to Providence what the Forum was to Rome, and listened to several speeches on the great subject of the day.

Little attention was paid by the charter party to these proceedings and no alarm was excited; but the suffragists were much encouraged by the success of the mass meeting and pushed forward their preparations for a direct appeal to the people. On the 5th of May another meeting was held in Newport, where, on the same day,

the newly elected state government was being inaugurated. This was not quite so large or successful as the one in Providence, but was still pronounced by the suffrage organ "a glorious affair." It adjourned to meet in Providence on the 5th of July, when Independence Day was to be celebrated, and the patriots on their way home were warned of "the danger of the People where the Iron Sceptre of Aristocracy and Despotism prevailed."

Before the date of the adjourned meeting an effort was made by Samuel Y. Atwell, one of the best men in the suffrage party, a leader of the bar and a man respected by all parties for his character and ability, to induce the General Assembly to modify the act calling a convention, previously passed, so as to give better representation to the popular feeling, but his proposals were voted down. The suffragists were afterwards blamed for going on with their plans for an independent people's convention, while the convention called by the Assembly, afterwards called the "Landholders' Convention," had not yet shown what it would do; but it was replied, with much force, that previous experience and this action of the General Assembly showed that it would do nothing on the main question unless forced into it.

On the 5th of July, pursuant to a resolution of the May meeting, a mass convention was held in Providence. The city was unusually full of strangers, many of whom were drawn from the country towns by interest in the suffrage meeting. A long procession, in which were two of the independent military organizations of the state, escorted the orators to the ground, and a very large crowd was present at the meeting. Emphatic resolutions were adopted, the state committee was directed to call a convention to frame a constitution, and the unanimous vote of the meeting pledged its members to sustain and carry into effect such constitution, if adopted, "by all necessary means."

The ground upon which all these proceedings were taken and upon which the suffrage party acted was briefly this: that, under the American system of government, the absolute sovereignty resides in the people; that, at the Revolution, the sovereignty and the rights of the British crown passed to them, and the charter derived from a British king ceased to

have any binding force; that a fundamental principle of American public law is "the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government"; that, though this right had not been exercised since the Revolution, it had not been and could not be abandoned or lost; and that, in pursuance of it, the people, at any time, upon their own motion, without the aid or in spite of the opposition of any existing form of government, might assemble by delegates, form and submit a constitution which, upon adoption by a majority, would become the supreme law of the land. Though it is not difficult to find defects in this theory, it contains a large measure of sound truth, and, beyond all doubt, it was sincerely and conscientiously believed by the suffrage party.

On July 24, 1841, the state committee issued a call for the election of delegates to a convention to meet in Providence, October 4. Every male American citizen, twenty-one years old, who had resided one year in the state, was entitled to vote, and delegates were apportioned strictly on the basis of population. On the 28th of August, delegates were elected, under this call, from nearly every town in the state. Three days later, at the regular town-meetings, delegates were elected to the Landholders' Convention (called by the General Assembly), which was to meet in November.

On October 4, the "People's Convention" met and proceeded to its work. Its sessions attracted little attention. As yet, the public failed to recognize the fact that the suffrage party was in earnest, and seemed to expect that its present undertaking would end in talk, if it was even intended to do more than influence the action of the authorities. The sessions of the convention lasted only from Monday to Saturday; but in that time, under the leadership and guidance of Thomas W. Dorr, they framed a constitution not only embodying their great objects of contention,—extension of suffrage and equality of representation,—but limiting and changing the old system in many important points, so as to bring it into harmony with modern ideas of American constitutional law. A strong effort was made to include negroes among those entitled to suffrage,—and this was supported by Mr. Dorr, who followed his principles to their logical conclusions,—but it was unsuccessful.

Early in November, the Landholders' Convention assembled. By this time, the agitation and arguments of the suffragists had convinced many of the charter party that some extension of suffrage was advisable. But the majority in the convention was determined to cling fast to the old order, and drafted a constitution in which the only substantial change was an equalization of representation, the suffrage being still confined to the freeholders. This done, they adjourned to February, to consult the people upon their work. The People's Convention had adjourned to November, for the same purpose, and re-assembled soon after the adjournment of the Landholders'. Making some trifling changes, they directed the "People's Constitution" to be submitted to popular vote on the 27th–29th of December, 1841.

On these days, accordingly, the vote was taken. Each person voting was required to state in writing on his ballot whether he was or was not a qualified voter under existing laws. On January 12, 1842, the convention met again, counted the votes, and announced that 13,944 votes had been given for the constitution, 4960 of them by "freemen." This being a majority both of the adult male population and of the freemen, as their numbers were estimated, the constitution was declared adopted, and was proclaimed by the officers of the convention, and, with the votes upon it, communicated to the General Assembly. It was to go into effect May 3, 1842, and elections under it were to be held April 18.

In February, the Landholders' Convention re-convened. Events, since their last meeting, had sharply reminded the conservative members that others were likely to take a hand in affairs, and that it might be dangerous to hold back too long. The suffrage provisions in their constitution were now liberally extended, and made substantially like those of the People's constitution. The General Assembly also had now directed the constitution to be submitted not only to the qualified freemen, but to all who would be entitled to vote under its provisions.

A warm contest now began over this constitution. The charter party made every effort to secure its adoption, and many of the suffragists were disposed to adopt it, drop the People's constitution,

and, by accepting the practical benefits of the Landholders', avoid any trouble. Such was, no doubt, the prudent course, and that which would probably have been chosen by a wise statesman. But Mr. Dorr was not prudent: he was logical, and had the courage of his convictions, and he threw all his influence with his party against such a course, saying, "The People's constitution has been adopted and is the law; this device of our enemies to perplex the decision should be voted down." The constitution was defeated by a majority of 676.

Again Mr. Atwell in the General Assembly tried to obtain recognition for the People's constitution, but, instead of this, resolutions were passed declaring that the existing government would be sustained.

The suffrage party, on the other hand, appeared equally determined. The convention had pledged the party to support and defend the constitution "by all necessary means"; and this pledge was repeated by numerous meetings, and supported by much tall talk about the use of force and the interference of armed men from other states, as well as from Rhode Island. Armed bands were organized and drilled and almost nightly paraded the streets, and two or three chartered military companies embraced the suffrage cause. In consequence of this, the charter party, who were called "Algerines" by the suffragists, because of the alleged tyranny of their measures, assumed for themselves the name of "Law and Order" party, and claimed to represent the respect of the community for peaceful obedience to the law and the constituted authorities.

At an extra session of the General Assembly, held as soon as the rejection of the Landholders' constitution was known, the first active step toward a suppression of the plans of the suffrage party was taken by the passage of the "Algerine Act," which made it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to act as moderator or clerk at any election meeting under the People's constitution, and treason for any one to accept office under it. At the same time, Governor King warned the militia to be in readiness for service at thirty minutes' warning.

The passage of this act produced a great

outcry from the suffragists, to whose cause, indeed, it was a serious blow. Many persons who had gone thus far with them, finding now that the Law and Order party was in earnest and that nothing could be done without a resort to force, which their wisest leaders had never sanctioned, fell away, and ceased to countenance or assist the party; and they were followed, of course, by many timid persons, scared by the penalties of the act.

The governor and his council, after watching the preparations and listening to the threats of the suffragists for some time, still hoping that the trouble would blow over without action on their part, at length decided to act, and, distrusting the efficiency of the militia, applied to President Tyler for military aid, on the ground that Rhode Island was "threatened with domestic violence." The President declined to grant the request, before an actual insurrection existed, promising, however, in that case, to come to the aid of the established government. President Tyler, who pursued a conciliatory course in this matter, with the usual fate of peacemakers, was berated by each party for not espousing its cause more decidedly; but he seems to have followed the only course legally open to him, and to have given good advice to the excited disputants.

The President's letter, which was immediately published by the governor in a proclamation, still further damped the ardor of some of the suffragists; but a large portion of the party stood firm, and vehemently declared their intention to establish their constitution, "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must." On April 18 election meetings were held, and a full set of officers elected, including T. W. Dorr as governor.

On the 3d of May, according to the constitution, the People's government was organized in Providence. The streets were crowded, and friends and foes watched with anxious interest to see what the revolutionists would do. The governor and General Assembly were escorted to the place of meeting by a procession of nearly two thousand people, including two military companies in uniform, who marched on either side of the carriages containing the officers-elect, having their muskets loaded, it was said, with ball-cartridge, and prepared to resist any attempt to

arrest Mr. Dorr or his colleagues or to interfere with the organization of his government. No such attempt was made, however, and the martial spirit of the troops was not yet put to the test. The Law and Order party, who enjoyed that possession which is nine points of the law, had closed and barricaded the State House, so the People's legislature was forced to meet elsewhere, and they selected an unfinished building, intended for a foundry. It was not a very imposing senate house, being somewhat imperfectly protected from the weather and only partially floored. It contained but one room, in a part of which the House of Representatives assembled, while the Senate sat on a platform at one end, on the edge of which also sat the Speaker, in front of the Senate and overlooking the House. The two houses were soon duly organized and the officers sworn in, and in the afternoon Governor Dorr delivered his message, a calm and temperate document rehearsing the career of the suffrage party and justifying its course. The houses at once proceeded to business and, after requesting Governor Dorr to proclaim the organization of the government and communicate the same to the President of the United States (which he presently did), repealed the obnoxious "Algerine" law. Another session was held on the next day; some officers were elected, some criminal laws directed at the suffrage party were repealed, and resolutions passed demanding the surrender to the officers under the People's constitution of the state property. The Assembly then adjourned till July.

If the suffrage cause ever had a chance of success, or the People's constitution a chance of becoming the acknowledged law of the state, it was at this point. The bulk of the state property was in the city of Providence, which was favorable to the suffragists. The failure to enforce the Algerine law had created some doubt of the purpose of the Law and Order party. If Mr. Dorr and his officers, supported by the armed men then at their command, had taken possession of the State House, Arsenal, and other state property, and acted as if they had confidence in themselves and their cause, the result might have been different. This was the course desired and advocated by Mr. Dorr, but he was overruled by more timid men, who

dared go just far enough to commit themselves, disturb the peace of the state, and provoke the Law and Order government, but not far enough to give themselves a chance of success.

While the People's government was being organized in Providence, the regularly elected General Assembly met on the same day at Newport, inaugurated the officers as usual, and passed resolutions declaring that an insurrection existed in the state and calling on the President for aid, which was again declined with good advice as to amnesty and concession, which was not heeded. On the following day, a member of the People's legislature was arrested under the Algerine law, and this arrest was followed by others, which in turn produced a plentiful crop of resignations from that body. The Law and Order *Providence Journal* published several of these; but presently announced that, as they had ceased to be news and came in such large numbers, it must cease to insert them except as advertisements. The rats were beginning to desert the sinking ship. No attempt was made to arrest Mr. Dorr, who was staying at the house of one of his supporters, his father being one of the most vehement of the Law and Order party and his home therefore not a comfortable place for the People's governor. An armed guard of suffragists was maintained about the house, who promised to resist any attempts to arrest him.

At the request of his legislature, Mr. Dorr now went to Washington and unsuccessfully tried to secure the aid and countenance of President Tyler. He returned by way of New York, where he was welcomed and feted by sundry Democratic politicians who embraced his cause, probably because many of its leaders at home were Democrats. He was given a reception in Tammany Hall, and made a speech, professing entire willingness to become a martyr,—“a profession,” says the *New York American*, “which is likely very soon to be put to the test.” From this meeting he rode to the boat in an open carriage, escorted by a procession and a band of music. Two New York militia companies offered him their services as escort to Rhode Island, but this he wisely declined. His friends, however, met him on the way with an armed guard, by which he was

escorted to his headquarters and there installed under the protection of four pieces of artillery. He immediately issued a proclamation, in which he announced that armed assistance had been promised from other states, declared that, "as soon as a soldier of the United States shall be set in motion against the people of this state," he should call for such aid and resist force with force, and directed the military to prevent any further execution of the Algerine law.

During Mr. Dorr's absence, both parties were pushing on military preparations. The charter authorities caused the militia companies to be filled up and drilled, placed a guard in the State Arsenal, a strong stone building containing several pieces of artillery and a quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and called upon the citizens to arm for the defence of the city, furnishing all who applied with arms for this purpose. The suffrage party also were doing all they could in the same direction; but though they succeeded in collecting a considerable quantity of arms, chiefly from without the state, they had some difficulty in finding men to use them, for in proportion as the regular authorities showed more energy, and the prospect of aid from the general government grew stronger, the number of active supporters of the Dorr government diminished, though enough still remained to hold meetings and pass very valiant resolutions. In fact, no contest of the same duration was probably ever so prolific of resolves and counter-resolves, proclamations, letters, and manifestoes. But blood flowed much less freely than ink. The excitement at this time was naturally great, though many were still inclined to ridicule the popular fears, and the wildest rumors filled the air. Governor Dorr was accused of trying to raise an army of mercenaries in other states to invade Rhode Island, and of having promised his supporters that the city of Providence should be given up to pillage, its sons to slaughter and its daughters to outrage, with many similar absurd fancies. According to report among the Law and Order party, the rallying cry of the suffragists was "Beauty and the Banks."

Mr. Dorr at once saw that, if his government were not to die of inanition, some decisive step must be taken to assert his authority, and he determined to attack

the Arsenal and take possession of the property there. He was not aware of the strength of the guard, and his own constancy and belief in the sincerity and steadfastness of men prevented his seeing the defection of many of his followers and the hesitation of those who remained. A summons was issued to his military forces, ordering them to muster at his headquarters on Tuesday, May 17. A large crowd assembled at the appointed time, and a small number of troops, consisting partly of regular chartered companies which had embraced Dorr's cause, and partly of the volunteers who had been enrolled and drilled during the past few months. They were not well equipped, and were in numbers, as in all other respects, much inferior to the forces of the government. Early in the day a body of the volunteers marched coolly into the centre of the city to the armory of an artillery company, halted in the street before it, loaded their muskets and quietly took possession of the two field-pieces deposited there, without resistance from any one, and to the great surprise of a crowd of spectators. This movement convinced the last doubter that the Dorrites, as they were now called, meant business. Forthwith the governor was summoned from his residence, the military companies were ordered under arms, troops were summoned from other parts of the state, and hand-bills were scattered through the town, calling on all good citizens to arm and repair to the Arsenal for its defence. To borrow the words of a contemporary historian, "From the hoary-headed sire of seventy winters to the stripling just advanced to the verge of manhood, all ages and all conditions looked defiance, uttered the war-cry, and clad themselves for the battle-field."

At one o'clock on the 18th of May, the signal gun from Dorr's headquarters struck terror into the hearts of his followers, warning them that the battle was at hand, and notified the garrison of the Arsenal to prepare for the attack. The attacking forces had already begun to disperse, and when at last they got under way, at two o'clock, they numbered only two hundred and fifty men, with the two six-pounders captured in the afternoon. With this force, the undaunted Dorr, who had never seen a battle or any other military operation, marched to the attack of a strong

building standing in an open plain, well garrisoned and well armed.

Arriving at the spot, Dorr sent a flag to demand surrender of the post, which was contemptuously refused, causing great disappointment to many of the besiegers, who had expected the garrison to yield without resistance. The night was very dark and foggy, and gave opportunity to many of the attacking force to steal away unperceived, and to emissaries from the garrison to mingle with the ranks of the besiegers and report their weakness. On the return of the flag, the cannon were wheeled into position and the match applied. Again, quoting the same historian, describing the terrors of the night, "The heart of the devoted wife and the fond mother sickened with anguish, as she thought on all that was dear to her on earth and listened, with agonizing suspense, for the cannon's dreadful roar that might tell the tale of death and leave her a childless widow!" But, instead of a "dreadful roar," the unfortunate cannon produced only a flash in the pan,—in short, refused to go off, though the governor's own hand applied the match. Perhaps the powder was damp; perhaps some enemy, under cover of the fog, had spiked the guns. The poet who, after the "war" was over, celebrated it in the *Dorriad*, suggests another cause and thus describes the scene:—

"Th' impatient chief looked on with ire;  
Blanched was his cheek, but ten-fold fire  
Was flashing in his eye.  
He threw his martial cloak aside,  
And, *waddling* up, — he meant to *stride* —  
'Give me the torch,' with fury cried,  
    'And d—— it, let me try!'  
He seized the match with eager hand,  
While backward his brave soldiers stand;  
Three times he waved it in the air  
The cursed Algerines to scare,  
And bid them all for death prepare;  
Then down the glowing match-rope thrust  
As though he'd have the cannon burst.  
Had they not *put the ball in first*,  
    It very likely would!"

The scanty force was melting away, meanwhile, and, unable to discharge his guns or to hold his men together, the unfortunate Dorr was obliged to withdraw the remainder of his troops, now amounting to about thirty men, to his former quarters.

By nine o'clock in the morning, the charter government, by the arrival of mili-

tia from out of town and the mustering of citizens in arms, had gathered a considerable force. The mayor issued a request to citizens to close their places of business, which was generally obeyed, guards were posted at important points, the streets were filled with excited crowds, some in search of martial glory, others merely gaping at the unusual sight. The force which finally set out to take the dreaded Dorr from the hands of his few remaining defenders amounted to upwards of seven hundred men, with twelve pieces of artillery. Arriving at the spot, they cautiously proceeded to surround the house where Dorr was supposed to be, no resistance, beyond threats, being made by the guard, and then to search for the late People's governor. But the search was vain: Dorr had fled. Convinced that the people were not ready to support him in arms and that any further attempt at hostilities or resistance to the authorities would be useless, and that efforts would at once be made to seize him, he had left the state early in the morning, and was now in Connecticut. After some parley with the guard remaining at Dorr's headquarters, who refused to allow their captured guns to be taken from them, but agreed to return them if left unmolested, the charter army returned to the city and dispersed, without having discharged a gun, unless by accident.

A reward of one thousand dollars was offered for the apprehension of Dorr, and for several weeks every effort was made to find him, but he evaded his pursuers and remained concealed. During this time, great uncertainty prevailed in the state, though nearly all fear had vanished. Some supposed that the attempted revolution had entirely collapsed; but others, knowing Dorr's perseverance, expected a renewal of the enterprise. The Dorr party, at first large and respectable, had been reduced by the defection of those who thought the Landholders' constitution a sufficient reform, of those who disapproved the use of force, and those who were terrified by the action of the government, until now the leader, who was undoubtedly actuated by pure motives, was supported chiefly by an irresponsible body of those who had either gone too far to retreat or were led on by desire of excitement and hostility to the constituted authorities.

Such followers, however, as remained to

him, soon after the defeat at the Arsenal, began to make preparations for a renewal of hostilities. In sundry towns the volunteers reorganized and paraded under arms, and efforts were made to collect munitions of war, which were at least so far successful as to fill the ears of the Law and Order party with stories of thousands of stands of arms, parks of artillery, hosts of men from other states, and the like. The friends of Dorr within the state were encouraged by those without who, at the safe distance of New York and Philadelphia, published glowing articles and held enthusiastic meetings in his favor.

A fresh military demonstration in Providence seemed hopeless, but the village of Chepachet, situated about sixteen miles from Providence, offered marked advantages in the favorable disposition of its inhabitants, and in being but six miles from the Connecticut line, thus leaving open a convenient line of retreat to foreign soil. About June 20, men, armed and unarmed, began to gather at this point, and presently they formed into a camp and erected a slight fortification on Acote's Hill, a gentle slope overlooking the turnpike which led from Providence, through the village, to Connecticut.

Alarmed at these proceedings, the General Assembly authorized the governor to proclaim martial law, which he did on June 25, summoning also the militia from all parts of the state, and calling out the volunteer companies of the city. Sentries were posted along the city line and guards patrolled the streets. The Dorrite newspapers were suppressed in no very gentle manner, and the friends of Law and Order undoubtedly took advantage of their position to rebuke and chastise some of the opposite party with less respect for their feelings and even their skins than they considered to be their due. Another of the florid historians of the period thus described the state of things: "The jails . . . were soon filled with men who had been arrested and bound and brought to prison by armed free-booters. . . . The Sabbath was profaned and the church desecrated; priests and deacons readily surrendered the temple of the Most High to bands of rapacious men, and brutish soldiers took up their abode in the holy tabernacle. The stillness of the sanctuary was broken with the loud clanks of armor

and the rude trappings of an infidel soldiery. The church was converted into an arsenal, weapons of death were piled in the chancel, and men thirsting for blood surrounded the altar. Instead of anthems of praise and orisons of peace, the sacred choir resounded with beastly orgies, and the house of prayer became a den of thieves. Gangs of armed men, as ruthless as ever sacked a conquered city, patrolled the state; dismay went before them and shame followed after." This must probably be taken with at least a grain of salt.

On Saturday, June 25, Governor Dorr arrived at the camp in Chepachet. The gathering there had been without his orders, and he doubted its wisdom or prudence, but thought it best, since the men were there, to make another appeal to the people to sustain what he always considered their chosen government. He at once issued a proclamation calling his General Assembly, which had adjourned to July 4, to meet on that day at Chepachet, Providence being no longer available for the purpose. But before the 4th of July the last vestige of the People's government had evaporated.

There was now an appearance of two hostile camps within a few miles of each other. Providence was garrisoned by militia whose numbers, in a day or two, reached three thousand, while at Chepachet, lodged partly in tents within the entrenchments on the hill, partly in barns and farmhouses in the village, was a motley crew, armed and unarmed, amounting, according to the rumor in the city, to eight hundred men, but according to Governor Dorr's own account, never rising above three hundred. Among them was "the Spartan Band," from New York, led by one Mike Walsh, a sort of knight-errant of the Bowery. The presence of these "foreign mercenaries" was a source of much concern to the Law and Order people, but they seem to have done no harm. The troops professed to be regularly organized, but little discipline was maintained. Soldiers came and went at will, as their thirst for glory or the weariness of camp life or fear of consequences prevailed; visitors, friends and foes, came from all directions, inspected the camp, brought and carried away the news unmolested. At intervals, however, greater strictness was used. One dark night two

Law and Order men set out on a scouting expedition in a sulky. Reaching Chepachet about two o'clock, they were stopped by some Dorrite sentinels and taken into custody. In company with two other equally unlucky scouts they were presently bound and marched off to Woonsocket, twelve miles away, under a guard of thirty men with a cannon. One of the party, too stout to keep up with the regulation step, was assisted from time to time by the prick of a Dorrite bayonet in the rear. Similar treatment was accorded by the Law and Order troops to sundry suspects within their lines, whose houses were searched and themselves committed to prison on rather flimsy grounds, giving rise to loud complaints of "outrages," which were described in a great quantity of affidavits published in the newspapers.

On the 27th of June both sides had completed their preparations, but with very different results. In Providence a body of three thousand militia and volunteers were assembled, on the whole well armed, equipped, and organized. Orders were issued dividing the force into three divisions, which were to march upon Dorr's camp on the 28th, from as many different directions, one in the rear between the camp and the Connecticut line, to cut off his retreat. On the other hand, in spite of all his exertions, Governor Dorr had been able to collect and hold together only about two hundred and fifty men, ill-armed and undisciplined. At last he saw the hopelessness of his position, realized that the people were not with him in the attempt to appeal to arms, and made up his mind to submit to the inevitable. He writes: "In dismissing our brave men at Chepachet, I had to perform a hard duty; but being a duty, as I believed, it was done. It would have been easier to have buried our small force in one of the enemy's divisions. Defeat or victory would have been honorable to us in the judgment of the world. But the people were not with us. We deemed it our duty not to fight against our friends and our enemies." Accordingly, after consultation with his officers, he dismissed his men and ordered them to disperse and abandon the camp. It was presently deserted, and an hour after the dispersion of his forces, Governor Dorr left the spot and again retreated into Connecticut. At

the same time, he despatched a letter for publication in one of the friendly newspapers in Providence, announcing the dismissal of his forces. This letter fell into the hands of the governor and council and caused them much satisfaction.

Not relying entirely, however, on the voluntary dispersion of the insurgents, the Law and Order forces were still pushed forward, and on the morning of June 28 were in full march for the seat of war at Chepachet. The abandonment of the camp was not known, and the soldiers undoubtedly expected a fight, but the column had nevertheless much the appearance of a holiday procession. Bands were playing, colors flying, militia companies in various brilliant uniforms were mingled with citizens in no uniforms at all, armed with all sorts of weapons, from a pistol to a spear, and the column was accompanied by a numerous body of spectators out to see the fun, some on foot, some on horseback, some in carriages or carts. Among these was Thurlow Weed, who had come from New York to watch events, and entered so much into the spirit of the day, that he attached himself to a company and marched the whole sixteen miles in the hot sun, without fatigue. As they approached Chepachet, they fell in with numerous stragglers from Dorr's force, who were hanging about to see what happened, and were at once taken into custody and put under guard. At length they reached the foot of Acote's Hill, from the top of which frowned down five cannon which Dorr's men had neglected to remove, and where, in the imagination of the approaching Law and Order troops, the Dorrite battalions were lying behind their entrenchments, ready to pour a deadly fire into the devoted ranks of the assailants. The commanding officer of the advanced guard rode boldly up the hill, "every one expecting," writes Mr. Weed, "when he reached the summit, to see him fall." But he found only a deserted breastwork, with a few cannon, a broken ammunition wagon, and some dilapidated tents — not a living being was on the hill. The main body of the troops now came up, took possession of the village, taking also some more prisoners, and assuring themselves that the Dorr "army" had really disappeared. There was a slight scrimmage at the tavern in the village, which was kept by a

well-known sympathizer with Dorr. The reason of it was not very clear, unless it was the excited spirit of one of the Law and Order officers who, on being warned not to fire into the tavern, lest he should wound some of his own men, exclaimed that he "didn't care a —, if he could kill somebody."

The following announcement of this bloodless victory was sent, express, to Providence : —

"ORDERS, No. 54.

"HEADQUARTERS, &c.

"The village of Chepachet and fort of the insurgents were stormed at a quarter before eight o'clock this morning, and taken, with about one hundred prisoners, by Col. Wm. W. Brown. None killed, none wounded."

The officers of the victorious troops then established headquarters in a grove near the village, where hampers of poultry and game and baskets of champagne were presently spread out for the refreshment of the exhausted warriors. With patriotic toasts and speeches and recital of incidents of the campaign, the feast was continued till about six P.M. when the general and his army, triumphant and hilarious, returned to Providence, the procession graced by a hundred or more prisoners, bound with bed-cord and marching at the point of the bayonet.

The only blood shed during the "war" was on the night preceding the "storming" of Dorr's camp. At that time, a body of Dorr's sympathizers and a crowd of lookers-on gathered in the town of Pawtucket. Their shouts and threatening demonstrations on former occasions had alarmed the good people of the town, and on this evening a company of militia had been sent to preserve order. The hostile demonstrations were renewed and the soldiers fired upon the crowd, slightly wounding several persons and killing one Alexander Kilby, who, as is usual in such cases, turned out to be only an inoffensive spectator.

The reward for Dorr's arrest was now increased to five thousand dollars, and he was pursued by a party which included some of his own relatives; but he again escaped and found a refuge in New Hampshire, where Governor Hubbard received him with honor and refused to surrender him.

In Rhode Island, the triumphant Landholders were actively at work, stamping

out the remaining embers of the blaze. The General Assembly appointed a commission to examine prisoners, of whom a large number were now brought in. Some of these were the men captured at Chepachet; others were picked up here and there by wandering parties of Algerine militia, who, no doubt, disregarded pretty often the courtesies, not to say the laws, of military discipline, and against whose alleged "barbarities" a great cry was raised by the Dorrites. The unaccustomed power conferred on the citizen-soldiers to enter and search the houses of persons whose supposed Dorrite plots had for some time been the terror of the community, and to terrify them by a display of arms and chains was a temptation not to be resisted. In one instance, a party searching for a certain Liberty Howard, supposed to be a dangerous person, were opposed by his mother, who thus describes what followed : ". . . he came up to me, laid his hands on me, and shook me and said in a very loud voice, 'Do you know that you are under martial law?' He then took his bayonet and put the point of the bayonet against the pit of my stomach : he pressed the bayonet against me and said, 'I will run you through,' looking very angry and spiteful. The point of the bayonet went through my clothes and fractured the skin, but did not break it, but caused the blood to settle the size of a ninepence or larger. With my hand I knocked the bayonet away and he stepped back and looked at me with a stern look, and then went out of the house." In another instance a "hired man" of a pursued Dorrite, less bold than Mrs. Howard, was captured while attempting to crawl under a bed which was so low as to admit him only half-way.

Most of the prisoners, after being detained a short time and examined by the commissioners, were discharged; others were bound over and subsequently tried and convicted. Little damage was done to private property, though, during the occupation of the village of Chepachet by the charter troops, some liberties of this kind were taken, floridly described by the Dorrites as the "sacking of Chepachet," which caused the loss of sundry pewter spoons, a cooking-stove, and a pair of lasting garters, the property of a damsel rejoicing in the name of Ripsy Tift.

In June, 1842, while the excitement was

still at its height, the General Assembly had called still another convention, which met in September and, under the leadership of the chiefs of the Algerine party, framed the present constitution, making an extension of the suffrage nearly equivalent to that demanded by the suffrage party previous to 1841. In November this constitution was adopted, and in May, 1843, went into effect with a set of officers chosen from the leaders of the Landholders' party, the same men who had always ruled the state. The suffrage provisions of the constitution of 1843 continued unchanged until 1888. About 1880 a new agitation for their enlargement was begun, the main point then in view being the extension of the suffrage to foreign-born citizens, not owners of land. After eight years of effort, this was accomplished by an amendment adopted in April, 1888.

Order and peace had been now entirely restored, the troops were long since dismissed, the trials over, and though party feeling ran high and the embers of the conflagration glowed under its ashes, the danger of an outbreak was past. The Dorr party had been defeated and had failed in their immediate object, the establishment of their constitution and the independent power of the people; but they claimed, and probably with justice, that, without their efforts, the Landholders' party would never have yielded an extension of suffrage, or a reasonably satisfactory constitution.

Early in August, Governor Dorr, who had remained beyond the reach of the authorities, against his own will and in deference to the wishes of his friends who still hoped, issued an address explaining and justifying his course and announcing that he should soon return to Rhode Island. Accordingly, on October 31, he returned to Providence, without concealment, and registered himself at the principal hotel. Soon afterwards, he was arrested and committed to jail, without bail, to await trial for treason under the "Algerine" act.

The spirit in which this trial was conducted does no credit to the fairness or magnanimity of the court or of the Law and Order party. Under an unusual provision of the act, although all Dorr's acts had been done in Providence County, he was tried in Newport, the most unfriendly county in the state. The jury was selected

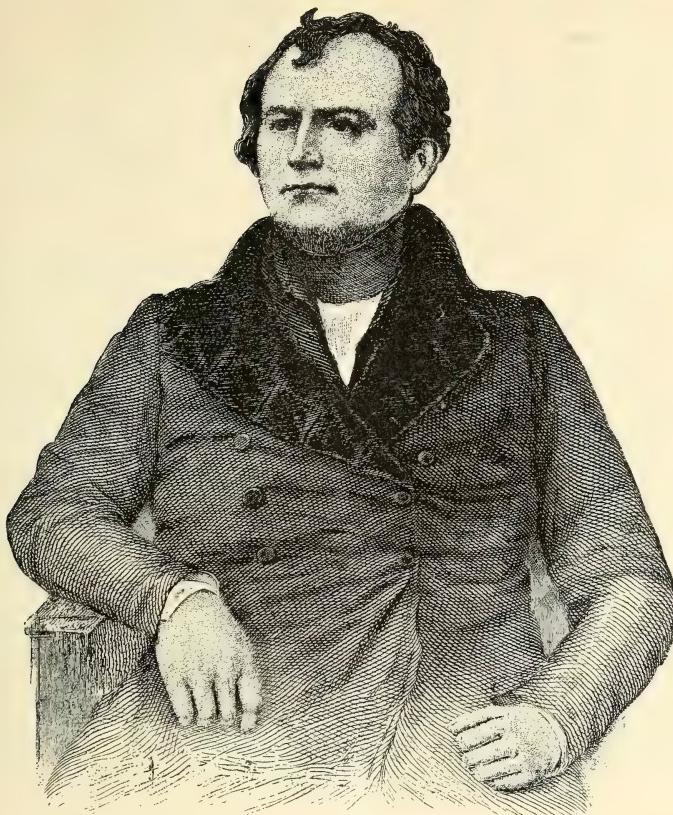
from a panel of 108, of whom 107 belonged to the Algerine party; Mr. Dorr was given scant time to investigate them, and the jury, as made up, consisted entirely of his political enemies. Mr. Dorr conducted his own defence. He made no attempt to disprove the state's case, but claimed a justification and undertook to show that the people's constitution was lawfully adopted. This the court (no doubt correctly) refused to permit. Every point was ruled against Mr. Dorr, and the charge to the jury, while sound in law, plainly showed the opinion and wishes of the court. It was promptly followed by a verdict of guilty, and on this verdict Mr. Dorr, on June 25, just two years from his joining the camp at Chepachet, was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In response to the usual question, whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Mr. Dorr addressed the court in a speech, the closing paragraphs of which were as follows:—

"All these proceedings will be reconsidered by that ultimate tribunal of public opinion, whose righteous decision will reverse all the wrongs which may be now committed, and place that estimate upon my actions to which they may be fairly entitled.

"The process of this court does not reach the man within. The court cannot shake the convictions of the mind nor the fixed purpose which is sustained by integrity of heart.

"Claiming no exemption from the infirmities which beset us all, and which may attend us in the prosecution of the most important enterprises, and, at the same time, conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and of having acted from good motives in an attempt to promote the equality and to establish the just freedom and interest of my fellow-citizens, I can regard with equanimity this last infliction of the court; nor would I, even at this extremity of the law, in view of the opinions which you entertain and of the sentiments by which you are animated, exchange the place of a prisoner at the bar for a seat by your side upon the bench.

"The sentence which you will pronounce, to the extent of the power and influence which this court can exert, is a condemnation of the doctrines of '76, and a reversal of the great principles which sustain and give vitality to our democratic repub-



*J.W. Dorr*

lic, and which are regarded by the great body of our fellow-citizens as a portion of the birthright of a free people.

"From this sentence of the court I appeal to the people of our state and of our country. They shall decide between us. I commit myself, without distrust, to their final award."

Declining an offer of liberation if he would take the oath to support the new constitution, Mr. Dorr went to prison and remained in close confinement until June, 1845, when an act of amnesty was passed, and he was released. A great concourse greeted him with cheers at the prison gates, and escorted him with music and banners to his father's house, which he had not entered since he began his contest for the

establishment of the People's constitution. The newspapers all over the country, which favored his cause, congratulated him and spoke of the event as an act of tardy justice to a martyr in the cause of freedom and popular rights. At Cambridgeport a salute of one hundred guns was fired; he and his principles were toasted and cheered at public banquets in Philadelphia and elsewhere; he was invited to attend demonstrations in his honor in New York and Albany. But Mr. Dorr's active life was over. He had left the prison broken in health and visibly declining to his end. The close confinement, dampness, and bad air had shattered his constitution, and fixed upon him a disease from which he never recovered. He lived nine years

longer, but in feeble health and much suffering. During this time, though he took no part in public affairs, there is nothing to show that he ever changed his opinion of the correctness of his principles or the legality and patriotism of his acts.

In 1854, Mr. Dorr's political friends came into power in the state, and at once passed an act reciting that his trial had been unfair and illegal and his conviction unjust, and directing the clerk of the Supreme Court to write across the face of the record, the words, "Reversed and Annullled by order of the General Assembly."

Whatever satisfaction this may have given to Mr. Dorr, he did not long enjoy. He died December 27, 1854, aged forty-nine years. He had adopted a theory of constitutional law and political action which time and experience have caused to be generally discarded. Having no personal ends to serve, but abandoning bright prospects of professional and political success

under the old order, he attempted to obtain for his fellow-citizens the privileges which he believed they justly claimed. Having entered on a course of action, in the interests of others, which he believed to be right and patriotic, his firmness and logical consistency forbade him to abandon it, as a demagogue or self-seeker would have done, at a point where he might have avoided the final disaster.

The theories advocated by Mr. Dorr and his party would now find but few defenders, and can be seen to be unsound, though they were then sincerely believed in by many. In our political system, which is the liberty of law, reforms are to be safely sought and securely maintained only under the authority of law; but this conflict, so stormy while it lasted, and the fires of which have even now scarcely died out, may remind the possessors of power that it is dangerous to withhold too long that which men regard as their right and upon which they have a reasonable claim.

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## THE HOME OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

*By Rev. Alfred Sereno Hudson.*



LTHOUGH but little more than a quarter of a century has passed since slavery ceased to exist in this nation, the system has lost much of its reality and vividness even to the minds of those who were then active citizens. This is not merely by reason of lapse of years. When slavery perished, a great war was in progress. There were the hurried movements of men to the front, and the institution of unparalleled measures to save the nation's life. Attention was diverted from old subjects of thought, and sympathy was drawn to new objects. It was a time when history was making rapidly. Homes became desolate by the news of an hour; and the wild rumor which might be borne by any breeze from the south, that "another draft" was called for, was amply

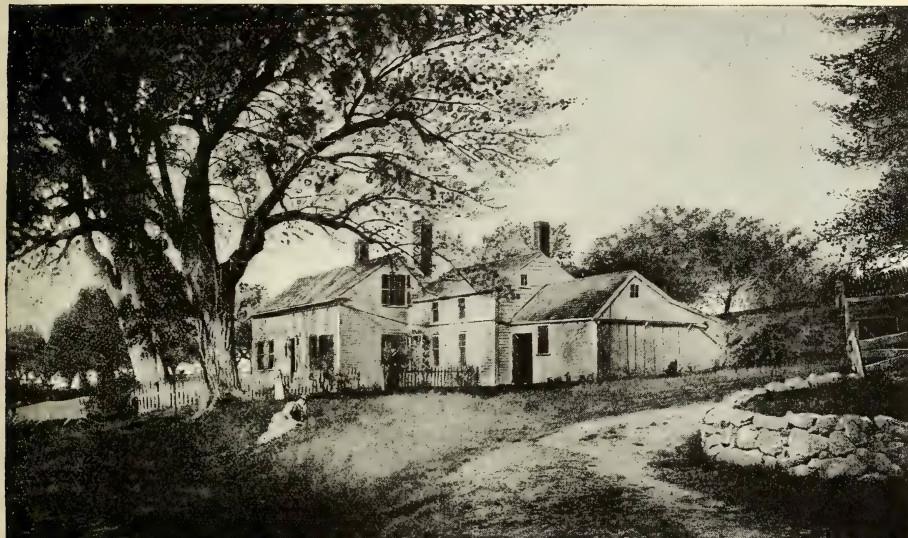
sufficient to turn the mind from tamer things. It is no wonder that the scenes just preceding the war should partially pass out of the common mind, and that martial events should recently have predominated in our literature.

That which has brought a certain indifference to ante-bellum events has brought like indifference to the actors in them. Perhaps this is no truer of any class than of those once styled Abolitionists. Between 1840 and 1860 these were prominently before the public; since then they have been partially forgotten. They are not dead in the nation's esteem, but in the medley of subsequent events have been laid on the shelf. This ought not so to be. The nation should still keep at the front those staunch, indomitable characters, but for whose fearlessness of tongue and pen we might still hear the groan of the slave. It is the design of this article to revive the memory of one of these, by giving some account of the home and home life

of Lydia Maria Child. We purpose to present a few facts not hitherto published, and thus perhaps save from oblivion some pleasant reminiscences of this famous reformer and authoress.

Mrs. Child was a daughter of David Francis of Medford, and was born in that town, February 11, 1802. Her father was

followed until her reputation stood second to that of no prose author in America. In his biographical introduction to the *Letters of Lydia Maria Child*, John G. Whittier says, "It is not too much to say she was the most popular literary woman in the United States"; and the *North American Review*, then the high literary authority,



The Child Cottage, Wayland, before the Recent Alterations.

a baker and a worthy and enterprising citizen. It is said that the "soft crackers" of Mr. Francis were much in demand, and that he received orders for them from as far off as Russia. In early life, Miss Francis received some educational advantages from her brother Convers, who was subsequently a professor in theology at Harvard College; but her first teacher was an old lady who was called "Marm Betty," whose school was in her bedroom,—a place untidily kept, but to which the children were attracted and made welcome by Marm Betty's warm heart.

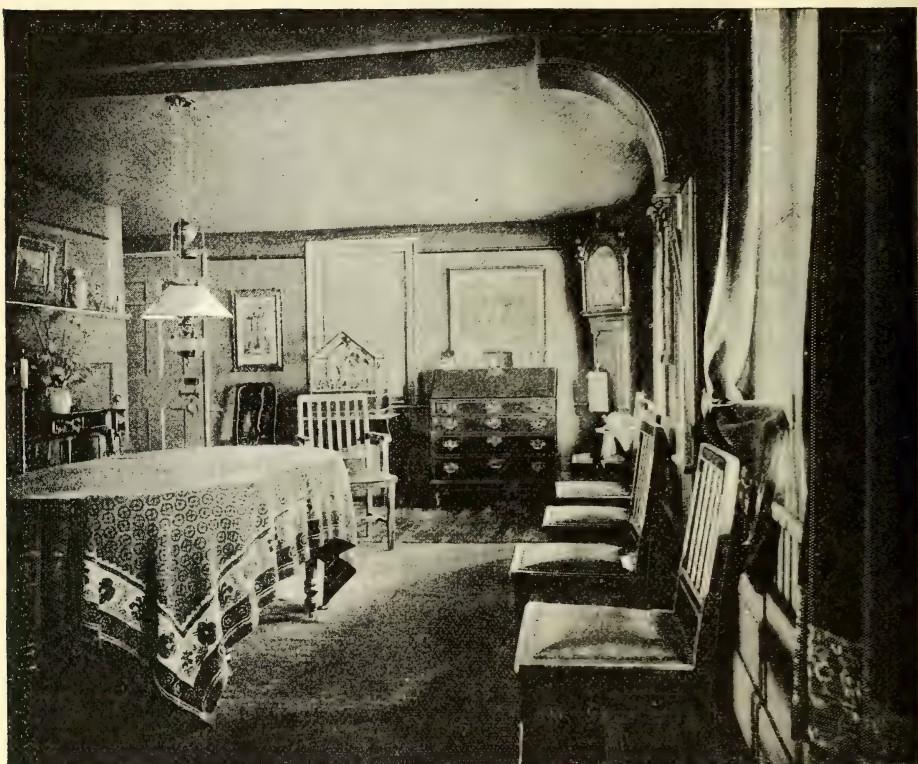
At the age of twelve, she went to Norridgewock, Maine, where she remained some years, after which she went to Watertown, Massachusetts. In Skowhegan, Maine, she read her first work of fiction. At its close she exclaimed, "Why cannot I write a novel?" In her twenty-first year she published *Hobomack*, her first book, and soon after her second, entitled, *The Rebels: a Tale of the Revolution*. Others

stated, "We are not sure that any woman of our country could outrank Mrs. Child. . . . Few female writers, if any, have done more or better things for our literature in the lighter or graver departments."

As she advanced toward middle age, Mrs. Child became interested in subjects of a social and political nature, and as an earnest worker in the field of reform she was as conspicuous as in the field of letters. Her name was associated with those of the great leaders of the antislavery movement. Her views were advanced, well matured, and sought for by men high in authority. Says Mr. Whittier, "Men like Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Salmon P. Chase, and Governor Andrew availed themselves of her forethought and sound judgment of men and measures." As one of the pioneer writers in the great cause of Abolition, she appeared sometimes almost in the role of a martyr. When, in 1833, the American Antislavery Society was formed, she published the work, *Af-*

*peal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans.* She met with a storm of indignation from an incensed public. Justice, charity, and self-control were almost laid aside. She received harsh criticism and censure from her literary associates, the maledictions of foes, and a

she states concerning her attitude : "I am fully aware of the unpopularity of the task I have undertaken ; but though I expect ridicule and censure, I do not fear them. A few years hence the opinion of the world will be a matter in which I shall have not even the most transient interest ;



"The East Room, which was Mrs. Child's sitting-room, is, except in the furnishings, about the same."

threatened withdrawal of patronage by a large portion of those who had previously delighted in her books. Wendell Phillips states in his appendix to Mrs. Child's letters that the trustees of the Boston Atheneum, which, because of the merit of her first works sent her a free ticket of admittance to the library, immediately withdrew it after that appeal was published. He also states that a prominent lawyer of Massachusetts "is said to have used tongs to fling the obnoxious volume out of his window." But all this in nowise deterred her from her noble purpose. She knew herself, though others did not know her. She knew her motives and the justice of her cause. In the preface to her book

but this book will be abroad on its mission of humanity long after the hand that wrote it is mingling with the dust. Should it be the means of advancing even one single hour the inevitable progress of truth and justice, I would not exchange the consciousness for all Rothschild's wealth or Sir Walter's fame." These words represent the woman at the time and as she was ever after. In those sentences were both history and prophecy. She never recast her character. She went on irresistibly in the course begun, till victory came to her cause.

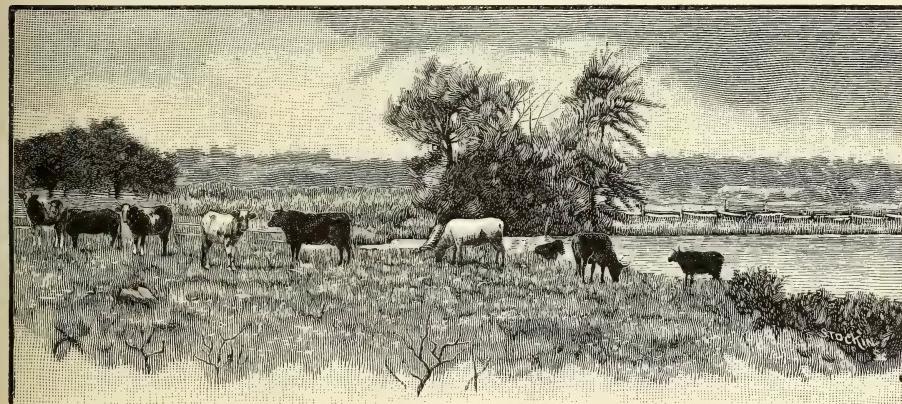
In 1828 Miss Francis married David Lee Child, a young lawyer who was in full sympathy with her views and work. For

a time they lived in Boston, then in New York, where they made a home at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. Subsequently they lived at Northampton, Massachusetts, then at Newton, and in 1852 they went to Wayland, where they made their permanent home, and where a large share of her work was done.

In order to give a better understanding of this home of Mrs. Child's later years, its surroundings and associations, we will first notice the town in which it was located. Wayland is in Middlesex County, about fifteen miles west of Boston. Until 1778, it was a part of the old town of Sudbury, popularly known as the place of the Way-side Inn, and known to historians as being in the Revolutionary War the most populous town in the county. It is also known in the history of King Philip's War, as the place of the "Wadsworth Fight." For years after the division of Sudbury, the territory now Wayland was called East Sudbury; but in 1835 it took its present name, in honor of Dr. Francis Wayland, President of Brown University. The place was small in population, secluded, and slow-going in many of its ways. It was reached by a stage-coach, whose termini were Stony Brook in Weston and South Sudbury, and which passed Mrs. Child's

far as the means of ingress and egress were concerned, the busy authoress had all that she desired. To have a railroad there was far from her wish. The very thought of it was repulsive. In expressing herself to a friend she one day exclaimed, "A railroad would be a nuisance, it would bring so much company from Boston. If we had a railroad to Wayland, the people would want to follow the Boston fashions."

Perhaps this famous woman is in no way more vividly remembered by her fellow-townspeople or by the travelling public about there, than in connection with this old-time stage-coach. Says Mr. Whittier: "A gentleman, who was at one time a resident of Wayland and who enjoyed her confidence and warm friendship, gives the following impression of Mrs. Child's life: 'My earliest recollection of Mrs. Child in Wayland is of a gentle face leaning from the old stage window, smiling kindly down on the childish figures beneath her; and from that moment, her gracious motherly presence has been closely associated with the charm of rural beauty in that village, which until very lately has been quite apart from the line of travel, and unspoiled by the rush and worry of our modern steam-car mode of living.'" The feeling here expressed is doubtless that of



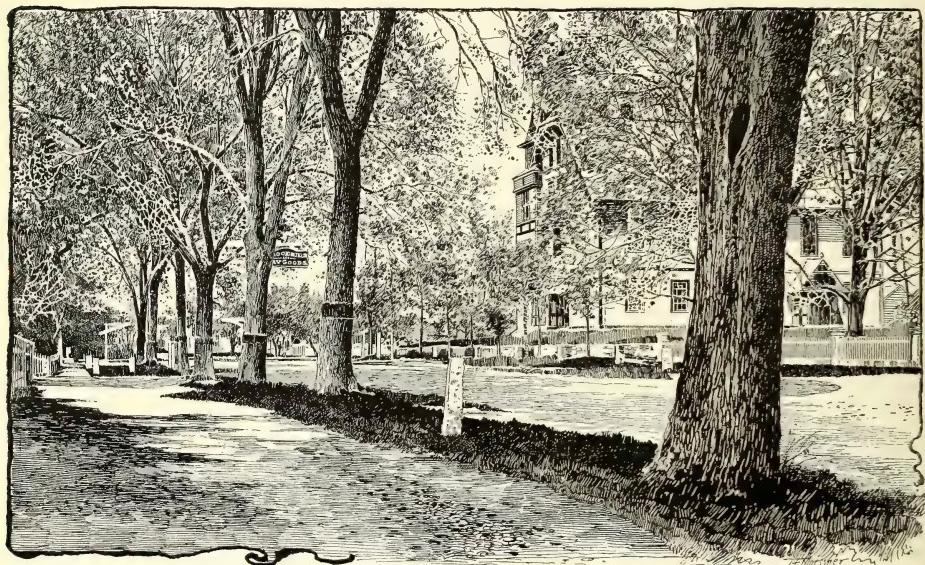
"By the margin of the pond a herd of cows grazed in the summer time."

residence twice each twenty-four hours, carrying and bringing the daily mail. The passing of this old coach by her house was about the only especially noticeable event of the day, and all that to an ordinary observer was there to break the monotony of that very quiet neighborhood. But so

many who lived along that stage route. Strangers who were fellow-passengers with her were often struck with the vivacity and elegance of her language and her ways, and, not knowing the name or celebrity of their interesting companion, would express admiration or wonder.

Though Wayland was a place of staid habits, where commercial conveniences were few and the means for communication with the outside world were meagre, yet the selection of it by Mrs. Child for a permanent home was, all things considered, a good one. She was busy with her books. She could take in the great outer world with her thought, and the monotony and quiet ways of a sparsely peopled community were just what she desired. As her neighbors expressed it, "she did not want much

community made Wayland an agreeable locality for one of literary habits and tastes, it was made still more so to Mrs. Child by the residence there of one who was nearly if not fully her peer. This was the Rev. Edmund H. Sears, then pastor of the Unitarian Church in Wayland. As a prose writer Dr. Sears excelled in strong thought and clear statement, and as a poet in his sweet expression and sentiment. Where American literature goes, so far will his name be carried, who wrote the hymn



In Wayland Village.

company; she was too busy to give her time to it; she came into town to be by herself." So prevalent was this feeling among her neighbors and friends, and so well known was her wish in the matter, that but few people called.

But not alone by its seclusion was Wayland suited to be the home of the authoress. There was much there that was congenial in its character and in accord with her tastes. It was more than abreast of the average New England town in an appreciation of authors and books. As early as 1797 it had a small circulating library, with an organization for its permanent maintenance; and it was the first town in the state to establish a free library to be supported at public expense. But though the general intelligence of the

beginning with the well-known and beautiful lines,—

"Calm, on the listening ear of night,  
Comes Heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains";

and that other, beginning,—

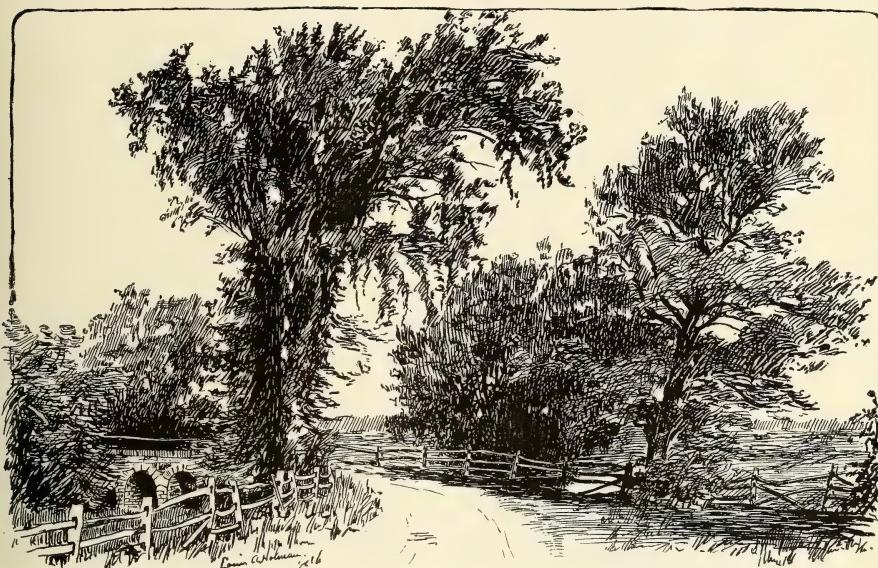
"It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold."

That Mrs. Child recognized and appreciated the ability of Dr. Sears is indicated by the extract from his *Foregleams of Immortality*, which she has inserted in her *Looking toward Sunset*. There amid the clustering gems from many favorite and prominent authors has she given a

glimpse of her pastor's writings and an evidence that he was not forgotten when she compiled that book of choice thoughts.

The chief cause of Mrs. Child's making her home in Wayland was the residence there of her father, who was aged and infirm. Mr. Francis, after leaving Medford, purchased the place which afterwards became his daughter's home. He was a man with some oddities, and for a time lived by himself. His daughter occasionally visited him, and then moved there.

is in the westerly portion of the town, near the Sudbury River. Near by is an expanse of broad meadowlands, whose deep emerald verdure at some seasons marks a line, which at other times divides the upland from river flood. These meadows, now green with their grassy covering, now brown with the frosts of autumn, give a variety of landscape that is somewhat rare. In the spring overflow, when the waters, as they sometimes do at that season, cover the causeway and almost the



The Old Town Bridge.

They for a time lived as two families, but later became one, and so continued till the parent's death.

Mr. James Francis, a brother of Mrs. Child, also lived at Wayland. He owned and occupied a well-kept farm about a half-mile distant. He was a fine specimen of a New England farmer of that time. He was quite unlike his sister in politics, being an "old line Democrat" of the Jefferson-Jacksonian stripe, and perhaps more pro- than anti-slavery in sentiment. It is said, he used to declare that "his sister's attitude on the slavery question had caused him much grief."

The Child cottage is located in a part of Wayland which is interesting both in its natural and historic features. In these respects few places are more favored. It

bridge, the scene presented is like that of a beautiful lake, on which the sunlight shimmers, and whose farther border it skirted with forest and hill. Sometimes the wild sheldrakes come in flocks and sit on these waters, and their quick movements, as they plunge over the glittering flood, give the prospect a look of life. In summer, the scene was more lively. It was haying time then, and men and boys with slow, steady ox-teams repaired to these meadows for hay.

"Then merry mowers hale and strong  
Swept scythe on scythe their swaths along."

and at early morning, for weeks, the white-sleeved laborers moved over these meadows like bees. At evening, at all seasons, it was a place of silence; and the words

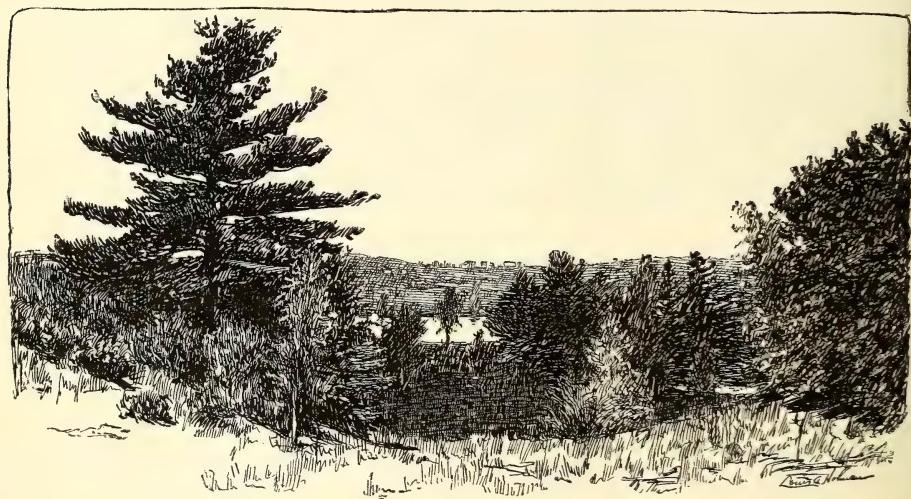
of Longfellow, applied to the neighborhood of the "Wayside Inn," would fitly apply to this : —

"A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams."

Except in the fall, when the marketer went down with his produce, and thus occasionally broke night's stillness with the jar of his jostling team, a sweet quiet prevailed. The whistling wing of the distant night bird, as it hovered in the spring season high over the meadows and dropped suddenly upon its feeding or nestling place, was a sound not infrequently heard; but being of a lonely and somewhat monotonous nature, it in effect but deepened the stillness that, low-brooding, sat on the place.

Quite near, at the north, is a beautiful pond, partially surrounded by pasture land, with a small strip of woods at one side. By the margin of this lakelet, a herd of cows grazed in the summer time; and near it was a sand-bank about which swallows twittered and flew, and in which they

which the sun early sank, and where long shadows were cast. "Nobscot," the highest landmark for miles, was in full view from the door; while other and lesser hills, whose slopes descended almost to the meadow margin, gave to the country beyond the Sudbury River an appearance of roughness. Because of these distant hills the twilight in the neighborhood was long. There were fine views at sunset, and frequently that beautiful reflection so peculiar to a place of hills. It may be that looking toward sunset suggested the book of this name. Those evening reflections were conducive to thought, and their counterpart in the lives of her aged friends was easy to find. How natural, also, to find hope for herself in that scene! Her steps were far sped on their way; her day was almost done; there were shadows darkly reclining between the tops of her sunlit hills. How natural to look upward in trust and hope that her life might reflect its rays, that her influence might be exerted when her hands were still, and that in the twilight that attended her declining



Looking toward Sudbury — Distant View of the Pond.

made their nests. The pond was much admired by Mrs. Child. When she had company she took them there. It was their short evening walk after tea; and the bank gave a fine view of the pond, the meadows, and the winding river. To the far westward of the cottage was a fine view upon wood-covered hills, behind

years there might be a beauty and warmth which would make the world glad! But whether these twilight scenes suggested her book or not, there was in them a prophecy concerning herself which was amply fulfilled. Beyond the dark, winding river was the sunset light; beaming upwards, above those rough, shadowy hills

in the stillness of the mild blue, was the radiance that lighted the sky. So passed the twilight of her well-spent life ; beyond the gray and the gloom and the river that she long since crossed, there remains that which tells of her worth, and of an imperishable influence put forth for the oppressed.

The historical relations of the neighborhood are various and full of interest. The river near by is historic. It is the "Musketahquid," or, as the settlers called it, "the great river that runs through Sudbury." The Indian word means "grassy brook" or "grassy meadow-brook." This stream passes through Concord, and is crossed by the "Old North Bridge," memorable for the engagement of April 19, 1775. It is the famous Sudbury River of legislation and litigation. Its case has again and again been brought into court for adjustment. In the colonial, provincial, and federal periods it has been all the same—a vexed question, an irrepressible conflict, with the same old claims and complications. At one stage of the controversy, Mr. and Mrs. Child took a prominent part, and presented a paper to the legislature, which was prepared in behalf of the meadow-owners. The Child home-stead is on the county road, about an eighth of a mile from the river. From its door-yard several bridges are in sight, the nearest of which is the "old town bridge." The earliest built on this spot is said to be the first framed bridge in Middlesex County. Its locality is rich in colonial and provincial history. Over this crossing the Indians were forced April 21, 1676, when King Philip attacked the town. At the bridge's foot lie buried the bodies of eleven Concord soldiers, who were slain near by on the meadows as they came for the defence of the town. On the Sudbury side, by the "Gravel Pit," was the beginning of the "old Lancaster road," built about 1653. Washington passed here on his way through Sudbury to Boston.

Such are some of the reminiscences of this memorable spot—which are in accord with its natural loveliness. When the meadows grow green in the spring time, as the river floods begin to subside, and the willows, standing in hedge-rows like silent sentinels, put forth their perfume, here surely is a fit place for meditation on things which were long ago. Just over the river,

in Sudbury, was the "old Haynes Garrison," to which the inhabitants fled in war time. In full view also is Goodman's Hill, wood-crowned and rough in its aspect. This was the home of Goodman or Karte, the Indian owner of the township. A spur of this hill is Green Hill, on which occurred the "Wadsworth Fight." Between this and the river is Sand Hill, where there were government storehouses in the Revolutionary War. But nearer there are objects of historic interest. The sheltering ridge upon whose slope the house stands skirts the first street of the settlement. The Child place is at the western extremity, while easterly, about half a mile away, is the site of the "John Carpenter ordinary," the last inn to the westward, in 1639, of all the inns in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Along the base of this ridge, and between these two places, were the cabins of the town's original grantees ; while about midway of the ridge was the first meeting-house and burial place. The distance of these latter places from Mrs. Child's residence was but a few steps. The graves skirted the very way-side, and in her walks to and from Wayland Centre she might pass under the shadow of the out-reaching pines of that "thickly peopled ground." In this burying-ground are many objects of interest, chiefly in the way of quaint epitaphs and old tombstone inscriptions. The site of the first meeting-house is on the edge of the "half acre" first used for interments ; and the spot is kindly designated by rows of evergreen-trees set by a friendly hand.<sup>1</sup> The space from the highway to the very line of that first meeting-house wall is now filled with old graves ; as if the mute members of the congregation of those far-away years still press for admittance to their ancient meeting-house, but pause in reverence at its threshold.

This burial spot is beautifully situated, and like Mrs. Child's own door-yard looks down on an expanse of broad meadow-land. The space by the roadside has but few tombstones, and the wild grass covers the toughened and irregular sod ; but the uneven surface has a tell-tale look, and indicates quite plainly to the passer-by that it was long ago broken by the sexton's spade. In fact, everything betokens that it was a place early used for burial, and that —

<sup>1</sup> James Sumner Draper.

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

In one part of the yard are the graves of two slaves. These are placed at right angles to the others, and at the feet of master and mistress. At the head of one is a low slatestone thus inscribed : —

FLORA  
A Coloured Woman  
Æt 91.

At the head of the other is a similar stone, inscribed : —

PETER BOAZ  
A Coloured Man  
Æt 63.

The graves at right angles to these are the descendants of Mr. Peter Noyes, "gentleman," who came to America in the *Confidence* in 1638, and was one of the town's early grantees. Surely a slave's grave is a strange sight in God's acre to any, but to the subject of this sketch, whose soul was so sensitive to inequality in human rights, the sight must have been stranger yet. The road by the Child cottage was probably a part of the Watertown trail through the primitive woods. Later, it was a great thoroughfare from Boston to Worcester, through South Sudbury, by the Wayside Inn, which is four or five miles distant, and is at present known as the road from Wayland to Sudbury Centre. Along its course, by the sight of the Child place, was probably a part of the battle-ground of April 21, 1676, when Philip's forces were driven over the river. History states that about two hundred Indians had crossed to the "East Side," as this territory was then designated, and had begun plundering the dwelling-houses, but that the English "fell upon them with great fury," that there was a "running fight," and that they were forced over the causeway and bridge, "which pass the English kept."

In describing the Child cottage, let us view it by an approach from the west. We cross the "old town bridge," pass the site of one of the town's old brick school-houses, six of which, seventy-five years ago, cost East Sudbury twenty-six town-meetings to build; also the grass-grown site of the old Baldwin ordinary, which years since was

destroyed, — and by a few steps we reach the place. First we see a garden patch extending towards us, of about a quarter of an acre, which being on a hill-slope is arranged in low terraces. In front of it is a low wall surmounted by a plain picket fence. Walking in the garden may be two aged forms : the one tall, slightly bent, with a wrinkled face and sandy complexion ; the other of medium height, somewhat plump, and quite fair. The former is David Lee Child ; the other is Lydia Maria Child, his wife. If it is morning, they may be gathering flowers or fruit, for there were a few apple-trees there, or early vegetables, which they raised to some extent. If it is evening, they may be looking toward sunset. Before the house stand a willow and an elm, both of which have an ancient look, as if the spot were selected for a homestead by one of the town's early grantees. So tall is the elm, that the view southerly is but little obstructed by its low-drooping boughs, and the slanting beams of the setting sun shine broad and full on the window-panes. In short, the structure and its surroundings are such as are aptly described in the following verses from one of Mrs. Child's own selections in *Looking toward Sunset* : —

"The trees fold their green arms round it,  
The trees a century old,  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold."

"The cowslips spring in the marshes,  
And the roses bloom on the hill,  
And beside the brook in the pastures  
The herds go feeding at will."

These trees so near the meadow-lands were favorite perching-places for the early spring birds, especially for flocks of blackbirds, which in the migratory seasons would light on them and sing, as if to pay for their friendly halting-place. On the day of Mrs. Child's burial, a beautiful incident occurred which is still remembered and spoken of by those present. As the casket was being removed from the house, a flock of blackbirds came and perched on these trees and poured forth one of their beautiful songs. The air was filled with their melody, and it was felt to be a fit tribute of Nature to the great authoress who had loved her so well.

The house on the Child place was small and unpretentious. As the Englishman said of the humble home of the Dairyman's

daughter at the Isle of Wight, in his impatience to hurry the tourist to the train : "Hit's nothing to see, I assure you, being as common a cottage as there is on the whole island ; I can show you many a one like it." The place was not designed for an authoress, nor for one of renown, but for some humble inhabitant of plain Wayland. Little did the stranger who passed it mistrust the name of its inmate or think of the books that were written beneath that low roof. But Mrs. Child and her husband were greatly attached to this little cottage. The following verses, signed L. M. C., in her *Looking toward Sunset*, entitled "Old Folks at Home," may be an expression of her fondness for it and descriptive of her own home life :—

"More pleasant seem their own surroundings,  
Though quaint and old,  
Than newer homes, with their aboundings  
Of marble, silk, and gold.  
For 'tis the heart inspires home feelings,  
In hut or hall,  
Where memory, with its fond revealings,  
Sheds a tender light o'er all.

"They love the wonted call to meeting,  
By their old bell;  
They love the old familiar greeting  
From friends who know them well.  
Their homesick hearts are always yearning  
When they're away;  
And ever in their memory turning  
To scenes where they used to stay."

Their furniture was plain and old-fashioned. A few pictures were upon the walls, and various keepsakes were about the room, some of which were quite choice. After her husband's death, feeling her loneliness and the infirmities of age, Mrs. Child spent some of her time in Boston at the house of a friend. Before going, she collected the souvenirs which adorned her rooms and, carefully packing them, sent them to the original donors. Her home was enlivened by no caged pets. She abhorred the confinement of anything. Her liberty-loving spirit, in its restless rovings to set human captives free, took in the rights of God's lower creatures also. The family who for years lived in a part of her house, and for whom she had great regard, had a pair of white rabbits, which were kept as pets for the children. These disappeared one night in an unaccountable and mysterious way ; but no questions were asked.

Mrs. Child, with much painstaking, sought to embellish her little home with flowers. She worked much in her garden, of which she took excellent care. Said a friend : "I think Mrs. Child took as much pleasure in covering up her flowers for winter as some people do in making their children comfortable for the night." She had some very choice plants which had been sent her from distant parts. There were forget-me-nots that came from Italy, and a foliage plant sent by Charles Sumner, which, being rare in those days, the children called the "Charles Sumner plant."

After the death of her husband Mrs. Child lost some of her attachment to the hitherto happy home. In a letter to Miss Butler, a member of the family just referred to, she wrote as follows : "I expect to go back to Wayland early in the spring ; but however much I try, I cannot make the little old nest seem like home, since I lost my kind old mate."

After the death of Mrs. Child, the place passed into the hands of Mr. Alfred Cutting, a merchant of Boston and a native of Wayland. Mr. Cutting has remodelled the house, made some alterations and additions, but has been careful to retain the main outlines of the original structure. The east room also, which was Mrs. Child's sitting-room, is, except in the furnishings, about the same. There is the same old fireplace, mantel, and end door, with its old-fashioned latch. The grounds are about the same as of old. The garden, the elm, and the willow are still there ; also the terrace, the low wall, and the sloping bank. The blackbirds still make a halting-place in spring time on those ancient trees ; the meadows in summer stretch out their acres of green, the lilies still bloom in the pond, the cows graze by its quiet margin ; and in autumn the distant hill-sides are still decked in rich yellow and red ; but the eyes that saw and the ears that heard are gone.

On one of the bright, beautiful days of the past winter, when the ground was bare, and the fields were as sunny as in the days of spring, the writer visited the Child lot in the old burying-ground, and then walked to the homestead. The shutters of the tenement were fastened, and the windows and doors all closed. But, I thought, the tenants are somewhere ; they are gone, yet they still exist. So thought I of the silent

tenements at the burial place on the hill ; the tenants are gone, yet they still exist. Then I remembered the words on the tombstone : —

“ DAVID LEE CHILD  
Came to this world in West Boylston, Mass.,  
July 8th, 1794;  
Vanished from this world in Wayland  
Sept. 18th, 1874.”

Yes, vanished, changed, but living yet !

The home ways of the Child family were simple. Their manner of living was plain. Mrs. Child did her own housekeeping, and in the art of cookery was considered an expert. A large share of the day was spent in writing, and at night she would read what she had written to her husband, and submit it to his criticism and suggestion. The dependence upon each other in their happy home life was mutual, and each appreciated the other. Her husband said to her once, “I wish for your sake, dear, I was as rich as Croesus.” Mrs. Child replied, “You are Croesus, for you are king of Lydia.”

Notwithstanding Mrs. Child was busy with her books, she interested herself in good works of a miscellaneous character. During the troubles in Kansas, in which she had a great interest, she did some sewing for the sufferers ; and during the Civil War she sometimes met with the townspeople to work for the soldiers. Occasionally she would call on some sick or aged person, and she was kind to the poor. She appeared to manifest no fear lest violence be done to her house because of her ultra-antislavery views, but rather laughed at the suggestion. The people of her immediate neighborhood were no more familiar with some of her affairs than the public at large. When she applied to Governor Wise of Virginia for the privilege of acting as John Brown’s nurse, while he was in prison, her townspeople were first apprised of it through the newspapers.

In religious matters she did not identify herself with any local society, or anything strictly denominational. She attended Dr. Sears’s preaching, because she liked the man, but was in full sympathy, we judge, with only her own standard of faith. In earlier life she was nominally a Swedenborgian. She said of Spiritualism, “They have had wealth, and investigated, but found nothing.” She says of Christ, in

her great work entitled *The Progress of Religious Ideas* : “ It was reserved for Him to heal the broken-hearted, to preach a gospel for the poor, to say, ‘Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.’ Nearly two thousand years have passed away since these words of love and pity were uttered, yet when I read them my eyes fill with tears. I thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for all the messengers Thou has sent to man ; but, above all, I thank Thee for Him, Thy beloved Son ! Pure lily-blossom of the centuries, taking root in the lowliest depths and receiving the light and warmth of heaven in its golden heart ! All that the pious have felt, all that poets have said, all that artists have done, with their manifold forms of beauty, to represent the ministry of Jesus, are but feeble expressions of the great debt we owe Him who is even now curing the lame, restoring sight to the blind, and raising the dead in that spiritual sense wherein all miracle is true.” This sentiment was largely in accord with Mrs. Child’s life, as summed up in these words to her father : “In what way can I serve God better than by serving His creatures?”

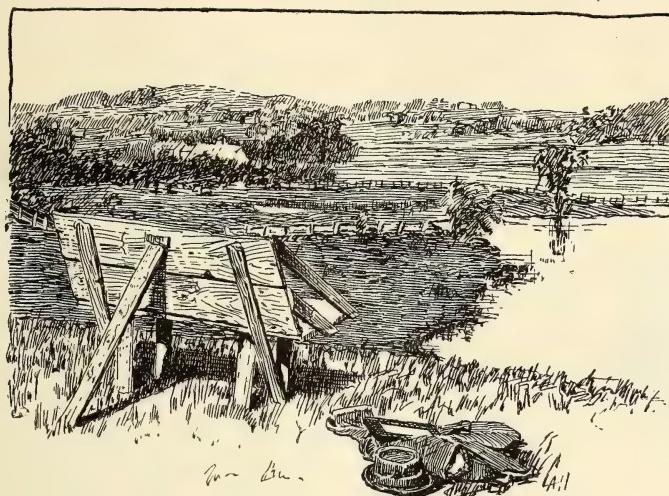
Whether at home or abroad, she was plainly dressed. This may have been through a slight oddity or eccentricity, and a reluctance to appear extravagant. She was especially peculiar in what she wore on her head. The writer recently held in his hand two bonnets, the last ones worn by Mrs. Child. They were almost alike, and evidently the old was not exchanged for the new because of change in the style. It is said that one of her distinguished literary friends, when he saw her one day in Boston with a new bonnet, exclaimed, “There will be a change soon, for Maria has got a new bonnet !” A minister, who was spending a day at Wayland, seeing her go by and not knowing who she was, exclaimed, “I have seen what I never expected to see again,—a woman with a bonnet on !” Her bonnets were large, and green was the color that usually predominated ; and at one time, when New York friends sent her one, she trimmed it over to suit her own taste.

She received company at her house with characteristic simplicity, and with a warmth which made one feel welcome. The writer once called there for a recipe for some article of domestic use ; and although the hour

was unseasonable and the errand commonplace, he was received with cordiality, and the desired information was given with apparently as great interest and enthusiasm as if the matter had been one of much greater concern.

In her relations to the family living in her house she was cordial and free. When she went to Boston she would buy trinkets for the children. Says one of them : "When

planned by herself. These were marked by a characteristic simplicity and absence of display. Much as she loved flowers, she requested that none be brought to her funeral. She expressed a wish to be buried "wherever she dropped," but if a burying-ground for colored people were there, she wanted to be buried in it. When a friend remarked to her that she would be buried in Mount Auburn, "No," she exclaimed,



Beside the Pond.

I called upon her, after we left her house, she would say to me, 'Now, come right up here and let us have a good talk'; but the talk was mostly on one side."

A large share of her works were written at her Wayland home. The one which cost the most labor was *The Progress of Religious Ideas*. This was published in three octavo volumes, and she said she had worked upon them seven years. After the death of her husband she wrote the book entitled *Aspirations of the World*.

October 20, 1880, Lydia Maria Child passed away. She had been somewhat ill for some time, but the day before she died she was dressed and sat up. It had been her strong desire not to outlive her usefulness. In a letter to a friend at Wayland, dated at Boston, February 14, 1879, she wrote : "The only strong wish I have is to retain my faculties to the last, and slip away quietly out of this world, so as not to make anybody much trouble." More or less of her burial arrangements were

"I will not ; it would be too near the Boston aristocracy." In accordance with her request, the funeral was without display. The service was at the house, the officiating minister was the village clergyman, and the pall-bearers were plain fellow-towns-men. After the clergyman's remarks, Wendell Phillips pronounced an appropriate eulogy. The day of the funeral was such a one as sometimes occurs, when sunshine and shadow alternate. The distant landscape was decked in anything but funeral drapery, and the dark background of evergreens beyond the broad brown meadows was all that was sombre in the beautiful scene. As the service closed at the cottage and the procession was forming to bear the remains to their last resting-place, the sun flashed full on the scene, and the birds on the tree-top, as has been described, poured forth their sweet song.

The spot of interment is at the northerly part of the cemetery, near a line of thick woods, the branches of whose nearer trees

reach out their shadows almost to the burial lot. On either side of the yard are rows of thick evergreens, and the spot is one of rare seclusion. In the open space allotted to graves the sunlight streams and rests through the day, while at evening there is hardly a near sound heard save the occasional lone note of a night

bird. In such a spot stands a marble headstone with this simple inscription :—

“LYDIA MARIA CHILD  
Born Feb. 11, 1802  
Died Oct. 20, 1880.  
*You call us dead  
We are not dead  
We are truly living now.*”

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## A WOMAN OF SHAWMUT.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL TIMES.

*By Edmund James Carpenter.*

### I.



HE triple peaks of Shawmut rose clear and sharp against the cold, blue sky, and upon their summits rested the morning sunlight. The few warm days of early spring had long ago dissolved the last remnant of snow. In the forest of Roxbury alone, hidden in the glades, lay little patches of white, through which a stray green shoot here and there sought to push itself. But the spring sunshine had beaten back into the forest depths the chill of winter, leaving a broad belt of warm woodland, where the fallen leaves rustled again as when, months before, they covered the earth. Now they were blown about in little heaps, eddying about the stumps and fallen logs, and filling the hollows. On the tree-tops the chipmunk chattered, and below him the robin chirped a welcome to the springtime. This was their domain. Save when the light tread of the Indian was heard in the forest their sway was seldom disputed.

The broad surface of the basin of the Charles sparkled in the morning sunlight, and its ripples reflected the rays of gold and crimson which quivered on the hill-tops and glanced downward. Little clouds of white, tinged with the sunrise glow, sailed slowly across the sky. A soft breeze, cajoling all nature into song, just ruffled the surface of the bay. It was

one of those warm, generous days of early spring which come once in a while at that season in New England, as if to console us for our long waiting, and to promise fuller joys in the days to come.

The chipmunk and the robin, on this May morning of 1640, failed to hold their undisputed sway in the forest of Roxbury. A step was heard among the rustling leaves, and the chipmunk shook his tail and flashed from tree to tree in sudden alarm. The robin turned his head, and ceased to plume his crimson breast as he looked downward upon the intruder. He saw a young man, attired in fantastic garb. A hat pointed in crown and generous of brim covered his head; upon his shoulders hung long, curling locks of fair hair, which across the forehead was combed smoothly down and clipped squarely, much after the fashion followed by some young girls to-day; he wore a belted tunic, with broad buckle and ample skirt; small-clothes, confined at the knee with saddle-colored ribbons, and heavy, knitted stockings covered his legs; a broad, square linen collar covered his shoulders and breast; and shoes with great silver buckles completed the costume.

Ezekiel Bolt had come forth from the quaint settlement of Shawmut, then a little hamlet engirdled by the sea. Before the day broke he had risen, stolen softly through the quiet streets of the village, traversed the narrow “Neck,” where two seas well-nigh met, and skirted the shore of the bay. He walked slowly along the sandy beach, his feet crunching the moist

pebbles. As he reached the margin of the wood, the first ray of sunlight shot across the sky and lighted up the beacon upon the distant hill with a glow, as if the warning signal had suddenly burst into flame. Ezekiel paused in his walk, and bared his head to the morning breeze, as he gazed out upon the placid water. A moment he stood as if in worship, and then forth upon the morning air burst from his lips the words of the Puritan version of David's psalm :—

" Fret not thyself because of those  
That evill workers bee,  
Nor envious bee against the men  
That work iniquity.  
For like unto the grasse they shall  
Be cut down suddenly,  
And like unto the tender herb  
They withering shall dye.  
Upon the Lord put thou thy trust,  
And be thou doing good,  
So shalt thou dwell within the land,  
And sure thou shalt have food.  
See that thou set thy heart's delight  
Also upon the Lord,  
And the desyres of thy heart  
To thee He will afford."

The psalm ceased, and as the last echo died away over the hills Ezekiel plunged into the forest. With eyes fixed upon the ground, he wandered up and down, pushing the dry leaves aside, and now and then stooping, as his search appeared to be rewarded. So quiet and gentle was he, that the startled robin resumed his song, and the squirrel, peeping from his door in a hollow tree, ceased to marvel at the invasion of private grounds.

An hour passed, two hours, and the sun climbed steadily into the heavens. The spring air lost its morning chill ; the waves lost their lines of crimson and took on a deeper hue of blue. Suddenly from out the Cambridge shore shot a birch canoe. It had but a single occupant, a young girl, who plied the paddle with such energy and skill that she soon became distinctly seen. She, too, was clad in the Puritan garb. A closely fitting cap covered the head ; a broad white kerchief was crossed upon the bosom, almost concealing the gown of sombre hue ; long gloves, which covered the hands and arms, fell slightly away from the short, simple sleeve, reveal-

ing a bit of the arm as blooming as the soft cheeks.

With sturdy movements of the paddle the light craft was propelled over the water toward the Roxbury shore. Then the girl ceased to labor for a moment and looked upward and around. She gazed on the triple hills, up whose sides were creeping the modest homes of the people of Shawmut. She gazed upon the blue sky above, and upon the broad surface of the water, and then she, too, with the spirit of devotion which characterized those early settlers of Massachusetts Bay, gave voice in song to the emotions with which her nature throbbed in the freshness of the morning. Clear and sweet across the water came the words of the psalm of trust :—

" God is our refuge, strength, and help,  
In troubles very neere,  
Therefore we will not be afrayd  
Though th' earth removed were.  
Though mountains move to midst of seas,  
Though waters roaring make,  
And troubled be at whose swellings  
Although the mountains shake."

Ezekiel paused as the words of the psalm came wafted to the forest, and peering through a glade discovered the canoe. A flush and look of pleasure rose upon his face. Still he appeared in doubt, and remained in his place of concealment, watching intently the girl's approach. The canoe, following two or three rigorous strokes of the paddle, grounded lightly upon the beach. The girl sprang out, and with a dexterous pull, dragged the canoe high upon the shore. She ran lightly across the beach, climbed the grassy bank, and entered the forest. Again the squirrel and the robin fled in alarm. The young man, from his hiding place, watched the maiden as she wandered slowly up and down, as he had done. Snatches of the psalm came bubbling from her lips at times. At others a slight frown gathered over her face, as if her search were not so successful as she had hoped. Now and then she stooped close to the ground, as had Ezekiel, and arose with a smile.

Occasionally Ezekiel would take a step forward, as if determined to advance at all hazards. Then he would check himself, and remain content with longing looks. At last the girl approached the spot where

<sup>1</sup> This and the following psalm are from the *Bay Psalm Book*, Cambridge, 1639, doubtless the first book published in America.

he stood, and glancing upward, saw him half concealed by a sturdy oak. With a little cry she turned to flee.

"Pray thee, good Mistress Penelope, do not fear. It is I."

"Ezekiel, is it thou?" said the girl. "What doest thou in the forest so early?"

"Nay, what doest thou, Penelope? I saw thee as thou crossed in thy canoe, and heard thy psalm. It is early for thee to go abroad, and so far from home. Dost thou not fear?"

"There is naught to fear. The Indian is my friend. Did I not bind up the wounds of the brave Wachita, as he lay in the forest, wounded by the deer? Did he not give me his canoe, and swear the fealty of his tribe to me? Have I aught to fear in the forest?"

"Thou art brave and true, Penelope. But tell me, what seekest thou in the forest?"

"I came, Ezekiel, hoping mayhap to find some of the early mayflowers, which blossom here. But they seem shy as yet."

"Hast found none, then?"

"Only these," said the maiden, as she laid her finger upon a small spray of the delicate pink blossoms, which peeped forth from the folds of her kerchief.

"I sorrow for the disappointment. But mayhap the blame may be with me."

"With thee, Ezekiel?"

"Yes, with me, Penelope."

"Thou speakest in riddles," said the girl.

"Nay, not so, for here behold the proof," said Ezekiel, as he drew forth from the ample crown of his hat, which he had held carefully before him, a large bunch of the fresh arbutus. The dew still sparkled on the delicate petals. The girl dropped her eyes in embarrassment, and with one foot pushed away the dry leaves, and softly tapped the ground.

"Wilt thou not take them, Penelope?" asked Ezekiel. "I picked them for thee."

"For me, Ezekiel?" — and the blue eyes glanced up wonderingly.

"For thee alone, Penelope. Wilt thou not take them?"

"In truth, Ezekiel, and I would like them," answered Penelope.

Ezekiel stepped quickly to the girl's side, and placed the blossoms in her hand. Their eyes and their fingers met, and with the glance and the touch the blossoms

fell upon the ground. Both blushed, then laughed. Ezekiel dropped upon one knee and, casting his hat upon the ground, gathered the scattered blossoms. Then, still kneeling, he again offered them to the blushing girl.

"But stay," said he, hesitating, "mayhap thou wilt drop them again."

"Indeed, good Master Ezekiel, it was thou, not I, who dropped them," said Penelope, with a little show of indignation and a deeper blush.

"Was it I, fair mistress? Stay yet again, and let me bind them for thee"; and Ezekiel quickly plucked the ribbon from his knee and twisted it about the blossoms. Then, still kneeling, he again presented them to the maiden. "Wilt thou not take them now, Penelope?"

"And I thank thee for them, Ezekiel," said the girl as she bent forward. Again their eyes met, and again the young man felt the soft touch of her fingers, and as she took the flowers, one long braid of fair hair fell from her shoulders and rested upon his knee.

"Wilt thou not give me one back for a remembrance?" asked Ezekiel.

"Truly, if it would please thee, Ezekiel," was the answer; and selecting a fine spray of the blossoms, she fastened it in his collar. "But if thou givest me thy garter, what will take its place?"

"Wilt thou not give me this, Penelope?" he asked, seizing the ribbon which bound the girl's fair tress. She started with a slight cry and a blush, as if to detain him, but in a moment said: —

"Thou art bold, Ezekiel; yet now that thou hast the ribbon thou mayst keep it."

"I would, Penelope, that I might gain and keep thy heart so easily. Truly hearts are not given so readily as flowers and ribbons. But,—Penelope,—I have long loved thee. O, Penelope,—Penelope,—wilt thou not be my wife? In faith, my heart is bound as firmly in thy keeping as are thy flowers with the ribbon from my knee."

The young man still knelt, as when offering the flowers. His curling locks fell back upon his shoulders; his hands were outstretched toward the maiden; his face glowed with the intensity of his feelings. The girl shrank backward, clasping the flowers to her bosom, as if to check the beating of her heart. Her cheek paled

for an instant. Then the rich hue deluged her face, her eyes dropped before Ezekiel's gaze, and she hid her sweet face among the blossoms.

"Thou wilt ! thou wilt, dear Penelope !" exclaimed the youth joyfully, as he leaped to his feet and gently seized her hands. For an instant she glanced shyly from among the flowers, and then said softly : —

" Yes, Ezekiel, if the Lord will."

The robin leaped upon the topmost bough and twittered forth his song. The sunbeams danced upon the waters, and a gentle breeze stirred the budding branches of the forest. All nature sang joyfully, and with her sang, in unison, the hearts of the youth and the maiden.

## II.

Two centuries and a half have passed since Penelope and Ezekiel met thus in the forest of Roxbury. It was a quaint little village which had, within a half-dozen years, sprung up upon the peninsula of Shawmut, environed by the sea. There were few houses that were pretentious. At the foot of the loftiest of the three hills the people, in their settlement, reserved a large open space for a common ground, where cattle might range under proper restrictions. At a little distance, but overlooking the place reserved for a market-stead, they built their meeting-house, — a rude structure, with roughly hewn walls and thatched roof. The dwellings of the people, save it may be one or two, were as rudely built, with such materials as they might get from the forest.

Strange people were these. They lived in huts upon the verge of the wilderness. They drew their sustenance from the waters, or forced it from the unwilling earth. They sang psalms, and their lives were austere. It was the day of small things in New England.

With perhaps a faint recognition of their Norman ancestry, the settlers called their new home *Trimountain*, because of the three peaks which overshadowed them. A year or two later, one Isaac Johnson, a man of wealth and much influence, with his wife, the beautiful Lady Arbella, the daughter of an earl, came among them. Their former home had been in Boston in Old England. So great was the respect

which the people felt toward this excellent man, and so much did they desire to do honor to him and to his wife, that they resolved to discard *Trimountain*, and to call their settlement *Boston*.

It was a great day for the colonists when a ship arrived, bringing fresh additions to their number. With the first appearance of a sail in the harbor, the news spread rapidly through the town, and the populace, of all ages and both sexes, flocked to the wharves to witness the arrival. There were men of grave demeanor and silver hair; sturdy young men, who had left their tasks undone, as if to perform a religious duty; matrons and maidens, decorous of speech and attire, but not a little attractive, despite their sombre gowns. All talked eagerly among themselves concerning the new-comers, and who and what they were, until the splash of the anchor was heard and the ship swung round at her moorings. Then a solemn hush fell over all. As the comers stepped upon the wharf they paused a moment, and with uncovered head, and face upraised, whispered a few words of thanksgiving and prayer. In a Roman Catholic country the on-lookers would have made quickly and silently the sign of the cross. But these Puritans, abhorring the forms of Rome, stood in silence with bared heads, while the women folded their hands and reverently dropped their eyes upon the ground. Then calmly, but fervently, came the greetings of the people to the newly arrived. In those early days, the governor deemed it not beneath the dignity of his station to be present amid the throng. His greetings were the first extended. When these had formally been made, and his deputy and assistants had also bidden the strangers welcome, the people crowded about with handshakings and cordial greetings, and with a thousand inquiries concerning matters political and religious in their old home across the sea.

Such was the scene upon the wharf in Boston upon a spring morning in the year 1635, five years before the occurrence in the forest of Roxbury. It was the ship *Susan and Ellen* which swung at anchor on that morning. An unusually large number crowded the wharf upon this day, and no little commotion was created when, with unusual ceremony, Governor Haynes and his assistants arrived in a group to-

gether, and stood a little apart, watching the ship with interest.

"Why is his worship so bravely appareled?" quoth one. "Doth he expect some person of note? Canst thou tell, John Mylom?"

"Hast not heard, Jacklin," replied Mylom, the cooper, as he twirled a heavy mallet in his hand, "that the honorable knight, Sir Richard Saltonstall, is expected by this ship? And I doubt me not that he will bring with him a goodly company. His worship, without doubt, comes hither to greet Sir Richard."

"Aye, goodman, I do now remember me," said Jacklin, the glazier.

At that moment the crowd parted, and a figure advanced clad wholly in black. A Geneva cloak covered his shoulders. His broad, square collar was of unusual whiteness, and the silver buckles upon his shoes were polished with the greatest care. Upon his head, in place of the hat with pointed crown, he wore a closely fitting skull-cap of black silk. His manner was solemn and dignified; and as the crowd made way, they all observed toward him the greatest veneration. As he drew near the group of magistrates, the same tokens of respect were visible in those worthies.

"Good-morrow to thee, reverend sir," said the governor.

"And to thee, also, worshipful sir," returned the Reverend John Wilson.<sup>1</sup> "Thou, too, and these honorable magistrates await friends from the ship. I had but just now been warned of her arrival, and hastened away, thinking it meet that our friends should receive a proper greeting."

"Yea, in truth," said the governor, "it were well that so they should. Our last advices concerning the coming of Sir Richard and his company, as thou well knowest, foretold his embarkation in the ship *Susan and Ellen*. Happy are we if so be heaven hath so ordered it."

At that moment Arthur Perry, the town drummer,<sup>2</sup> leaped upon the cap-log of the wharf, with his drum upon his hip, and sent forth a rolling salute to the strangers. A dignified, martial figure appeared at the

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Wilson, minister of the First Church in Boston.

<sup>2</sup> Vide *Boston Town Records*, Vol. I., "Reports of Record Commissioners": "This 28th of 12th moneth, 1641, It's Ordered that the Constables shall pay unto Arthur Perry 4 £, 10 s. for his service in drumming the last yeare, Ending this present day."

vessel's side, and carefully descended by the ladder of ropes to the boat, which tumbled and tossed with the tide below. He wore the same broad collar of white which adorned the shoulders of his friends upon the wharf. His tunic of dark brown was delicately embroidered with gold thread, and a sword, with hilt and scabbard elaborately wrought, hung at his side. His bared head disclosed his hair combed forward and clipped squarely across the forehead. His hands were covered with gauntlets of yellow leather.

When Sir Richard had entered the boat, he looked upward and saw, standing where he had stood, a stately lady. By her side was a slighter form, that of a fair-haired girl of sixteen. We have seen her already, her form a little fuller and more perfectly rounded — Penelope Pelham,<sup>1</sup> who, five years later, gathered mayflowers in the forest of Roxbury, and there promised her love to Ezekiel Bolt.

The greetings of the governor and the lesser magistrates to Sir Richard and his company were warm, yet of great dignity. When these were over, and Penelope had dropped her modest courtesy, with her brother, John Pelham, who had accompanied her on the ship, she entered a boat and proceeded at once to a little settlement across the basin of the river to which the colonists had given the name of King Charles. This little settlement the home-loving people had called Cambridge. Here, upon the plantation of her brother, William Pelham, Penelope found rest from her journey and a home which she soon learned to love. She roamed the forest freely, and penetrated the wigwams of the savages, who were enchanted by her bright, sweet ways, while they wondered at her fair, soft skin and yellow hair. The Indians soon became her friends, and she had nothing to fear from them, as we have already heard her say to Ezekiel.

### III.

"EZEKIEL," said Deputy-Governor Richard Bellingham, "I would have speech

<sup>1</sup> Vide *New England Historic - Genealogical Register*, 1850, p. 299. "Penelope Pelham, sister of Herbet Pelham, came over on the *Susan and Ellen* in 1635. . . . She was then 16 years old." Sir Richard Saltonstall and his wife are recorded as coming in the same ship.

with thee, this morning, upon a matter that closely concerns me and thee also. Thou hast been of my household these five years now agone, and hast ever been faithful. Thou art well conditioned among the people."

The deputy-governor hesitated for a moment, and cast a somewhat wistful glance at his young secretary, as if to beseech him to divine his meaning without further explanation. But Ezekiel's face wore a puzzled look, and Bellingham stirred the fire uneasily with the long, brass-handled poker. It had never occurred before that Ezekiel had seen the deputy-governor ill at ease before him. But he waited for the mood to pass. In another moment Bellingham resumed :

"I am the deputy-governor ; but why deputy? Am I not as wisely read and as well able to fill the governor's seat as Dudley.<sup>1</sup> I say this to thee in confidence, Ezekiel. But tell me, am not I as well thought of among the people as are Thomas Dudley and John Winthrop? What claim have they upon them that Bellingham hath not? Hast thou, Ezekiel, held speech among any of them concerning these things?"

"Nay, sir," answered Ezekiel, "but I have heard certain whisperings among them, to the end that thou shouldst be the governor, in Dudley's stead."

"Oh! sayest thou so, Ezekiel?" said the deputy, quickly. He gave the coals a final thrust, and then dropped the poker upon the hearth. It struck the stone with a sharp ring. The motion betrayed his agitation and the unusual interest which the secretary's communication had excited.

"But yet thou knowest that the general court hath much power over the people in the choice of a chief magistrate," added the secretary, fearing lest he had raised the hopes of the deputy to too high a point.

"Yea, Ezekiel, the power of the magistrates is great among the people. But who chooseth the magistrates themselves? The people ! yea, the people ! The time draweth near when new deputies for the service of the general court shall be chosen. Shall we not look to it that true and godly men are chosen, who will not fail to guide the people aright?"

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1640, Thomas Dudley was governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and Richard Bellingham, deputy-governor.

"But how may this be done?"

"I must, forsooth, leave that with thee, Ezekiel. Canst not thou, with thy persuasive tongue and thy fluency of speech, make such give ear to thee as have been admitted to be freemen? But speak not to such of me, nor of thy purpose. Mark out such men for the office of deputy as thou art persuaded will deal righteously. Talk then with such, not as from me, nor as of a purpose, but strive to learn and to guide their inclinations. When thou art well satisfied, go thou among the people where they most congregate. Canst thou not find many at the ordinary of William Hudson?<sup>1</sup> Good Master Hibbens, he who is the husband of my sister Ann, will aid thee. Thou shouldst gain also Nicholas Willys, the constable, for he hath a goodly acquaintance.<sup>2</sup> Remember Thomas Marshall, who hath the conduct of the ferry to Winnisemett.<sup>3</sup> A garrulous fellow he, and mayhap will do good service. Do as best thou may, and I doubt me not that righteous magistrates may be chosen. Teach the people that the office of chief magistrate should not rest with one man, year by year, as hath too long been the case with Winthrop. I have heard speech to the end that he should again be returned to the governor's seat. But do thou as I have said and righteousness shall prevail. When Richard Bellingham shall be the governor, then shall thy reward come."

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Boston Town Records*, 1640, p. 41; *Second Report of Boston Record Commissioners*, p. 51 : "The 30th day of the 1<sup>st</sup> moneth, March, 1640. At a Meeting this day of M<sup>r</sup> John Winthrop, Governor, Captaine Edward Gibon, Mr William Colbrow, M<sup>r</sup> William Ting, M<sup>r</sup> John Cogan and Jacob Elyott . . .

Also it is agreed that William Hudson, the Elder, shalbe Commended to the Court, that he may have Allowance to Keepe an Ordinary."

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5: "The 8th day of the 6<sup>th</sup> moneth, 1635. "Nicholys Willys was Chosen a Constable for this following yeare and hath taken his oath accordingly." *Ibid.*, p. 87: "23, 1 mo., 46, Nicholas Willis, James Everill, Tho. Grubb, Robt. Tourner, Shoomaker, Constables, for this year."

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 7: "The 23d of the 11<sup>th</sup> moneth, 1635. Att a general meeting upon publique notice. Imprymis at this meeting, Thomas Marshall is, by generall consent, chosen for the Keeping of a ferry from the mylne point into Charletowne on to Wynnseemett and to take for his ferrying into Charletowne, as the ferry man there hath, and unto Wynnseemett for a single person, 6d.; for two, 6d.; and for every one above the number of two, 2d. a peece."

"Troth, I would gladly do according to this thy word, good sir," said the secretary. "But I do it not for the desire of a reward. Thou hast dealt kindly with me. But naught can be said ill concerning the worthy Governor Winthrop. To say aught ill would be but to defeat our cause."

"Nay, Ezekiel, I would not have thee say aught against his worship. He hath ever filled his place right worthily. But he hath filled a place of honor these many years, as hath Dudley likewise. Why should not another as worthy sit in the seat?"

"Why, truly? What may be done in the fear of God shall be done soon, thou mayest trust me for it," said Ezekiel. As he spoke he drew from the pocket of his tunic an ample handkerchief of homespun linen. Unnoticed by him, a knot of sad-colored ribbon fluttered down and fell upon the rug at the deputy-governor's feet. It fell at the moment when Bellingham, who had regained his self-assurance during the conversation, stooped to recover the poker, which he had dropped upon the hearth. He was in a remarkably good humor; for Ezekiel had assented to his plans more readily than he had feared would be the case. He was therefore in a mood for rallying, and seizing the token he held it toward Ezekiel, exclaiming:—

"How, now, Master Ezekiel? In truth I had thought thou hadst no time for love-making. But here, behold the favor of thy fair mistress. Thou art-sly, indeed."

Ezekiel was, for a moment, disconcerted, but he soon recovered his composure.

"It is a matter," said the secretary, gravely, "upon which I fain would seek counsel."

The deputy's manner instantly changed.

"Speak freely, my son," said he.

"The lady is Mistress Penelope Pelham, who dwelleth with her brother, William, beyond the river."

"And hast thou proceeded far with her?"

"She hath, indeed, given to me her promise, with the ribbon from her hair."

"Then, forsooth, thou hast little need of counsel."

"Yea, but it were scarcely meet that I should take more important steps without thy consent."

"Mistress Pelham, thou sayest. Is it not she who came in company of Sir Richard?"

"The same, your worship. It is her brother, Herbert, who hath in charge the moneys of the college across the river."<sup>1</sup>

"She hath a goodly reputation. She it is, with hair like unto gold, who sitteth oft with her brother and oft with Madame Saltonstall, in the meeting-house."

"The same."

"From aught that I have heard thou canst do no better than to take her for thy wife. If it would do thee a service I will have discourse for thee with Master Pelham."

"Nay, sir, but Master Pelham hath already been apprised of the affair, and hath graciously signified his approval."

"A good wife is of the Lord, my son. Thou hast done well in thy choosing. But bring her to me that I may have discourse with her. I am exceedingly lonely. My good wife, Elizabeth,<sup>2</sup> who came with me hither from old Boston, is dead. Samuel, my son, hath returned to England.<sup>3</sup> Save thee and the others of my household, I am alone. Bring young Mistress Pelham hither, that her brightness may cheer this desolate room. I would fain assure her also of my regard for thee and her."

"Thou doest me too great honor, kind sir."

"But thou wilt fetch her?"

"If so be she will incline to my desire, and of this I give little doubt."

Who can measure the rapture of a young girl's mind, newly awakened to thoughts of love? It is then that the slightest wish of her lover is a law to her. Moreover what young girl of the colony would not feel herself honored by the invitation of the deputy-governor to visit his mansion? It was with a beating heart that Penelope ascended the steps. It was one of the most pretentious of the dwellings of the

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Pelham was treasurer of Harvard College in 1643,—a slight anachronism.

<sup>2</sup> Bellingham and his wife Eliza—or, as one authority says, Elizabeth—became members of the First Church, Boston, in 1634. There is no record of her death upon the town records, but it must have occurred between that date and 1641, the date of his second marriage.

<sup>3</sup> The author has taken some liberties with the exact chronological order of events. The date of Samuel Bellingham's return to England cannot be fixed, but it must have been subsequent to 1645, since a deed of Edward Bendell, witnessed by Samuel Bellingham, and bearing that date, is recorded in *The Book of Possessions*, p. 43.

colony, and stood upon the slope of Cotton Hill, the hill afterwards called Pemberton. It was built of brick imported from Holland, as was the old Province House, a few years later. When Mr. Bellingham first arrived in Boston, from old Boston, in the year 1634, he purchased of Henry Symons, after being admitted an inhabitant, a dwelling upon the slope of what was then known as Cornhill, now the lower portion of Washington Street.<sup>1</sup> Later he purchased a lot upon the eastern slope of Cotton Hill, and erected a fine mansion. Across the highway, even then known as Tremont Street, was Boston's earliest burial-place, where a century later Sir Edmund Andros, the royal governor of the province, erected the first King's Chapel.

It was the steps of this mansion which Penelope ascended, in company with Ezekiel. The door swung open at the tap of the great brass knocker. A black serving-man, clad in a livery of blue, wrought with silver lace, ushered the two into a wide hall panelled in dark oak. At its extremity the oaken stairs ascended to a landing, where a wide arched window, with diamond-shaped panes of glass set in leaden sashes, gave light to the sombre hall. A heavy curtain of rich crimson stuff checked the full flow of sunlight, and gave a roseate hue to that which entered. The walls were hung, after the ancient English fashion, with a long line of ancestral portraits, whose eyes glared forth from the dingy backgrounds and seemed to follow the young girl with their gaze. The great romancer tells us, too, of heavy carved furniture, a massive table, whereon rested a great pewter tankard, and upon the walls a suit of glittering armor.<sup>2</sup>

"His worship is above, Master Bolt," said the servant, "and awaits thy coming. Is it thy pleasure that I announce it?"

"Nay," answered Ezekiel. "We will go up at once."

The deputy-governor himself responded

<sup>1</sup> *The Book of Possessions*, p. 5, records this as "One house and Lott, about a quarter of an acre, bounded on the east with the street; Christopher Stanley, John Biggs, James Browne and Alexander Becke on the south; Joshua Scott on the west; and Mr. William Tyng on the north." The lot upon Cotton Hill, upon which Governor Bellingham built his mansion, is described in *The Book of Possessions* as "a garden plott, bounded with Mr. John Cotton and Daniell Maude on the north; the highway upon the east; John Coggan on the south."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *The Scarlet Letter*, chap. vii.

to the tap upon the door of his library, and bade Penelope a dignified but cheery welcome. He took both her hands in his, and with courteous grace led her to a great carved and cushioned chair before the fireplace. A glorious fire blazed upon the hearth and reflected its glow upon the shining brazen fire-dogs and fender. With his own hands the deputy-governor brought a footstool, and placed it beneath the young girl's feet. The action displayed the elegant lace ruffles about his wrists.

It did not escape Ezekiel's attention that the deputy had arrayed himself with more care than was his wont upon occasions of ordinary moment. In place of the gown and velvet cap which it was his custom to wear within his library, the magistrate was clad in his dress of ceremony. He wore a tunic of black velvet embroidered with gold, above which arose a broad ruff of white linen edged with costly lace. His small-clothes were likewise of black velvet, confined at the knee with buckles of gold. His stockings were of the finest and whitest of silk. The silver buckles upon his shoes were brightly polished. Even his dress-sword, worn only upon occasions of the greatest ceremony, lay upon the table, and the firelight gleamed upon the ruby in its hilt.

Penelope had never before beheld such magnificence, save at a distance and upon occasions of state. A year before, when Captain Robert Keayne had first led forth the Company of Artillery,<sup>1</sup> to do honor to the chief magistrate upon his investiture with his office, she had seen such costly arrays. But among these stern people plainness of attire was a rule of life. For a while, therefore, the girl could scarcely reply to the kind and flattering words with which the deputy addressed her. But the warmth of his greeting and his gentle manner soon aided her to gain her self-possession. This once effected, the hour passed delightfully. When, escorted by Ezekiel, Penelope arose to take her leave, the deputy-governor gracefully accompanied her to the door of the apartment and dismissed her with a courtly bow.

"I pray, Master Ezekiel, may I not see

<sup>1</sup> The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston was founded by Robert Keayne, who was its first commander, in 1638. The company has had a continuous existence to the present time.

Mistress Pelham with thee here again?  
She will ever be gladly welcome to my  
mansion."

The deputy's urgent invitation was not unheeded. As the long winter closed in upon them, and the landscape grew dreary, when ice and snow lay upon the bay and in the forest, it was not uncommon for the passers-by to see a little drab-robed figure, always attended by Ezekiel, ascending the steps of the deputy-governor's mansion. Quite often, too, they caught a glimpse of a golden-haired young girl seated at the deeply embrasured windows, absorbed in her book or her embroidery. Once, indeed, a magistrate, who came to consult the deputy concerning a matter of grave import, heard the hum of the spinning-wheel and caught through a half-open door a gleam of golden hair and a white hand deftly twirling the thread.

"Pray, sir, who hast thou below, so busy at her wheel?" inquired the magistrate. "I knew not that thou hadst so fair a guest within thy household."

"The young woman," answered the deputy, "is Mistress Pelham, who is ready to be contracted to my secretary, Master Ezekiel Bolt. I have often urged her that she visit my mansion, and she hath yielded graciously to my desire. Her presence hath wonderfully brightened this lonely household. But she cometh but for an hour, or to perform some gentle act of kindness, even as thou hast seen. I have greatly urged that Ezekiel will yet abide, together with his wife, beneath my roof, when they shall at length be made one flesh."

"And will this soon take place?"

"Nay, I have not had speech with Ezekiel of late concerning that point. But the bans will be published soon."

The deputy but told what had long been of common speech among the gossips of the colony. There was no surprise when, a few weeks later, the Rev. Mr. Wilson arose in the meeting-house, with a demeanor even more grave than was his wont. Young men and maidens, old men and the aged women seated in the fore seat grew attentive, as he drew from the psalm-book a folded paper. Slowly unfolding, he read:—

"Marriage is intended between Ezekiel Bolt, of this town, and Penelope Pelham, of Cambridge; and this is the first publication of the bans."

## IV.

THE winter passed slowly, but it seemed none too long to Ezekiel. He was burdened with a heavy care which Bellingham had laid upon him. He was totally unaccustomed to political intrigue. Yet he was only too glad to do what lay within his power, honorably, to further the interests of his patron. He diligently, but cautiously, canvassed the town, chatting with fishermen upon the wharves, with the groups which gathered in the public house kept by William Hudson, with the ferryman, Thomas Marshall, who like many of his kind kept himself acquainted with the gossip of the town and fulfilled many of the purposes of a daily newspaper. They were an unsuspicious people, and political parties in local affairs were unknown among them. It is not surprising then that, little by little, a sentiment arose among the people favorable to the promotion of Bellingham from the position of deputy-governor to that of chief magistrate of the colony. His entire familiarity with public affairs, his education and social position, his dignified manners, each was urged by his adherents. Each of these imagined himself to have been the originator of the idea of Bellingham's advancement. So skilfully had Ezekiel managed the affair, that no whisper was afloat that Bellingham himself had been the father of the thought, and that public opinion was being formed by his shrewd secretary. To be sure, a slight hauteur in the deputy-governor's manner and a somewhat overbearing nature had not in the past added to his popularity as a citizen. But all this appeared to be forgotten, for surely none could be more genial in his every-day intercourse with his fellow-men. His air was as balmy as the spring-time. If there was a slight chill beneath this warmth, if there was a certain grimness in the smile when its brightness had faded, it was either unnoticed or ascribed to his well-known austerity. He was ever ready with a cheery word for rich or poor. Even the children were not overlooked, but were greeted with a thawed-out smile, a pat of the head, or a present of a penny. In certain cases in which the father of the child so honored chanced to be a man of some influence among his fellows, the gratuity reached the sum of sixpence.

Mothers with children in their arms were complimented upon the beauty of their offspring. Elderly ladies were greeted with earnest inquiries concerning their health, and went away impressed with the courtliness and dignity of the deputy-governor. Always attentive upon the stated religious exercises, he relaxed none of his vigilance in this regard. He was even more punctual than ever in his attendance upon the weekly lecture and the public services on Sunday. Once or twice his voice was heard in chanting the psalm, although he had not before been accustomed to join this exercise. He was often seen to drop a jingling coin into the poor-box. Now and then a pumpkin from his garden was sent, in manner perhaps unnecessarily public, to some poor widow, or a bottle of wine was sent from his cellar to an invalid. This latter, indeed, he always carried and presented in person, with many assurances of sympathy; and in his homeward walk he never failed to mention his visit to some one whom he met, quite incidentally, to be sure. Subscription papers upon matters of private charity or of public interest never failed to receive his signature, with a generous sum against it.

A rap was heard one day upon the great knocker of the deputy's mansion. A man of unusually dignified mien was escorted at once to the library upon the floor above. The deputy glanced up from his desk, where he was engaged in carefully computing his chances of obtaining the governorship from some data furnished by Ezekiel. A generous smile overspread his features as he recognized his visitor. But as he rose to greet him the deputy did not forget to place the paper upon which he had been making his computations safely beyond the reach of possible scrutiny. The deputy-governor was careful about these little matters.

"Thou art well come, Master Maud," said the deputy, as he extended his hand. "It is long since this pleasure has been mine, and yet thou art my nearest neighbor."

"Verily, thou sayest truly, worshipful deputy. Yet it hath been no unfriendliness, but thy engrossment in public affairs, that hath made me seem to be unneighborly. But it hath been borne upon me to-day to have speech with thee upon a

matter that doth greatly concern the public weal," said Daniel Maud.

"Sayest thou so, Master Maud? I pray what is this weighty matter?"

"It hath been thought needful that a school be established in the town, at which the children of all the people may be taught without price. It hath been decided that the inhabitants most greatly blessed in worldly goods shall be sought of, that they may contribute to this end, according to their ability."

"A wise course, Master Maud, and one which I do heartily commend. The more wise is it, if so be it that thou shalt be chosen to be the master thereof."

"Such hath been the intent of those who have been the leaders in the matter," said Master Maud, with Puritan directness.

"It is well," said the deputy-governor. "And now, hast thou already some assurances?"

"Yea, verily, the governor, likewise good Master Winthrop, have each given his promise in the sum of ten pounds."

"More, forsooth, than I can well afford. Yet I will add according to my fortune," said the deputy. "Hast thou here the scroll? Shall it be forty shillings?"

"As thou wilt, good sir," answered the schoolmaster.

The deputy-governor placed his signature beneath the others.<sup>1</sup>

"I will give thee the money at once," said he, opening a secret drawer. "It were well that this matter were wholly completed." He handed his visitor two broad pieces of gold. The schoolmaster placed them with others in his purse, which hung at his belt, but uttered no word of thanks. He sat a moment, as if in thought. Finally he spoke:—

"I had thought to hold speech with thee

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Second Report of Boston Record Commissioners*, p. 160, *Boston Town Records*, Vol. I. p. 165: "12th of the 6th, August, 1636. At a general meeting of the richer inhabitants there was given toward the maintenance of a free school master for the youth with us, Mr. Daniel Maud being now also chosen thereunto: — The Governor, Mr. Henry Vane, Esq. x<sup>1</sup> / The Deputy Governor, Mr. John Winthrop, Esq. x<sup>1</sup> / Mr. Richard Bellingham, x<sup>1</sup> s" — etc.

It will be seen that the author has taken some liberty with the chronological order of events, committing a slight anachronism. The date of the above record is 1636; the author places it at 1640. Vane returned to England in 1637, and was knighted in 1640.

concerning yet one thing more; yet I know not if it be well."

Bellingham looked at Maud inquiringly. He surmised at once that the subject uppermost in the schoolmaster's mind was that which had now grown to be the chief topic of the town; yet he was far too crafty to assist the schoolmaster in solving the doubt which was in his thought as to the proprieties of the occasion. None should be able to say that Bellingham had sought to be elevated to the chief magistracy. It was not that the deputy-governor shrank from seeking office. He had no conscientious scruples upon this point. But he wished not to seem to seek it; he wished that his election might appear to be spontaneous, the general uprising of an enthusiastic people. In short, he had "placed himself in the hands of his friends." And so he craftily waited for Maud himself to broach the subject. He maintained the same inquiring, somewhat mystified expression which he assumed at Maud's remark. Guileless himself, the schoolmaster could not fancy dissimulation in others. Hence he regarded Bellingham's affectation of ignorance of his purpose as undoubtedly genuine. Had a doubt of this overshadowed his mind, the mental shock would have closed his lips. But no such catastrophe occurred, and Maud continued:—

"I have heard much speech among the people of late, worshipful deputy, to the end that thou shouldst be the follower of Thomas Dudley, in the governor's seat. I know not if this be more than idle gossip, yet I am persuaded there existeth a strong desire that this should come to pass."

"Sayest thou so?" asked Bellingham. The expression of his face instantly changed from that of inquiry to one of intense surprise. "Indeed, sir, my secretary, Master Bolt, hath informed me that such speech hath been heard among those who frequent the public house. But the speech of idlers hath little weight."

"Nay, sir, it is not alone the speech of idlers. Many who are deemed men of wisdom approve this thing. Nay, indeed, I also approve it," said Daniel Maud, his directness of speech again asserting itself. The look of surprise had gradually melted away, and in its place appeared an expression of undisguised pleasure.

"Thou art over kind, good Master

Maud," said the dissembler; "yet I scarce count myself worthy to sit in the seat which Haynes and Vane and Winthrop have filled so worthily, not to mention the worshipful Governor Dudley, who hath well pleased the people."

"Others may judge of thy fitness. But I pray thou wilt not refuse, if so be it that thou art called to be the governor!" The deputy did not reply for a moment, and seemed to be lost in deep thought.

"I will answer thee frankly," he said at length, "even as thy speech has been plain with me. Thou knowest that I do not seek advancement. I fain would be a follower rather than a leader of men. Yet I would not shrink from serving the people. Far be it from me that I should shrink from that."

"It is well, then," said the schoolmaster, rising. "It hath been asked of me, being thy nearest neighbor, if, in my belief, thou wouldest accept the trust. I may say, then, that thou wilt do even according as the people will."

"Even so, good Master Maud."

The schoolmaster, without further ceremony, withdrew and left Bellingham alone and wrapped in thought. Whether it was the result of this conference, or by some other means, it would be difficult at this day to determine; but it is quite certain that a rumor of the deputy's humility, of his reluctance to assume grave responsibilities, but of his willingness to serve the people, became current, and greatly increased his already wide-spread popularity. Some indeed ventured the suspicion, quite unreasonable, of course, that his humility, so suddenly born, would not be lasting, and that beneath the remarkable affability lurked a manner of thought and mind quite at variance with the outward appearance. But none of these cavillers could, when confronted, give a valid reason for his suspicions.

A sentiment arose, too, looking toward a frequent rotation in the office of governor. Many feared that the too frequent placing of one man in the office of chief magistrate would tend toward the establishment of a life-tenure of the office. But a strong feeling also arose favorable to a return of Winthrop to the chief seat for yet another term. So day by day the controversy waxed warmer and warmer.

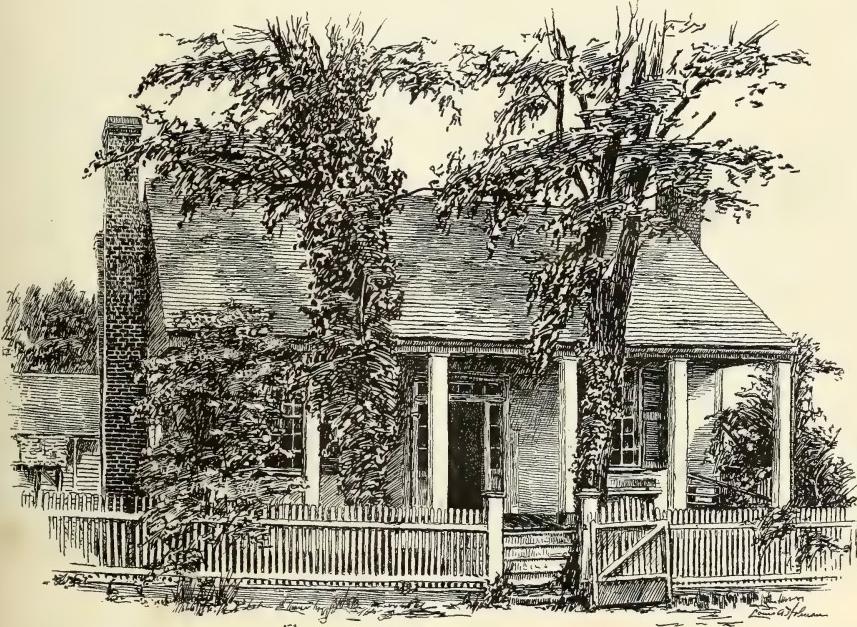
## THE EARLY HOME OF HENRY W. GRADY.

*By T. Remsen Crawford.*

**N**ESTLING between the rising hills and sunny slopes of Northeast Georgia, and bearing on every side the evidences of Southern wealth and culture, was the smiling, prosperous town of Athens, just a decade before the gloomy days of secession. An air of contentment marked her citizens in their walks of life, and with the simple customs and faith of Southern gentlemen they followed with thrift and industry their different pursuits. The centre of education and refinement, the home of chivalry and honor, the birthplace of men who were at that time

which much concerned the events that soon followed.

Under such circumstances and amid such surroundings, on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1850, Henry Woodfin Grady first opened his eyes to the light of day, and started on that voyage of life which after thirty-nine years has ended in splendid renown. In view of the fact that the seal of death has been placed upon his manly brow, and stillness has gathered upon his eloquent lips, that the genius of the man who was fast bringing North and South together in fraternal friendship has faded from the earth, and that the doctrines he espoused and the patience he asked for are meeting generous attention at the bar of human judgment, — his



Henry W. Grady's Birthplace, Athens, Georgia.

commanding the attention of the world, and the training-school through which the brightest intellects of Georgia blazed out their shining pathway to fame, — an interest hovered over this little Georgia town

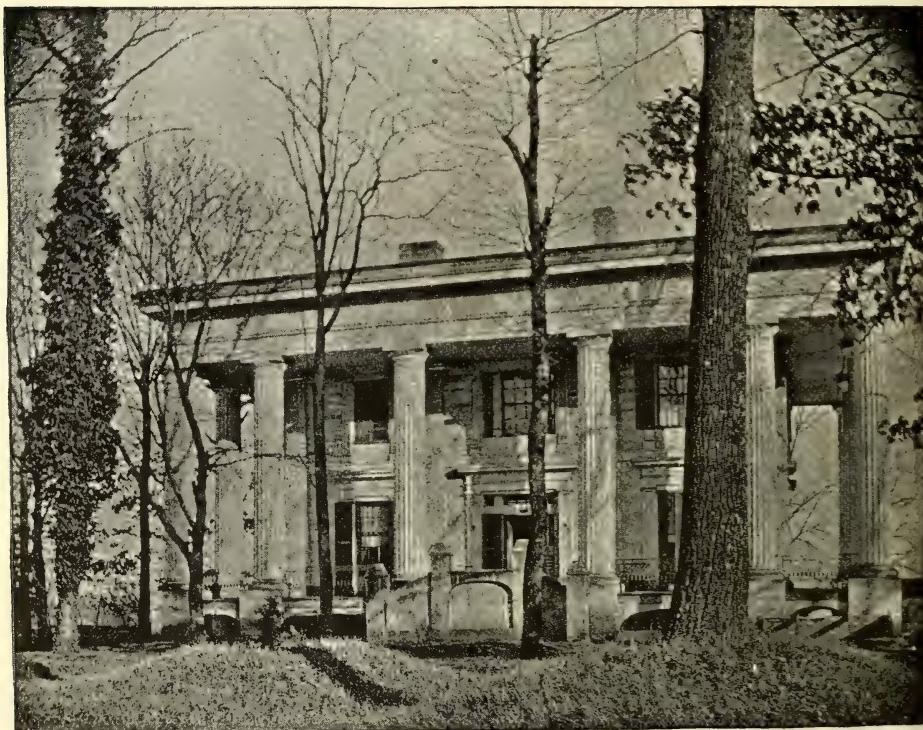
friends delight to look upon the house in which he was born, to go over the ground on which he spent his boyhood days, and to recall the many pleasant early memories of him.

The house in which Georgia's illustrious journalist and orator was born is standing to-day, just as it was in those antebellum times. A four-room, frame building, with veranda in front, over which the fragrant honeysuckle gracefully climbs, modest and lowly, yet comfortable and convenient, it served as the home of Mr. William S. Grady and his wife, and their infant son, Henry. To-day the old house has an air of interest to all who pass it by, calling to mind as it inevitably does the youthful scenes in the life of him who was born beneath its roof, and who will ever be remembered with double love and admiration in Athens, the place of his nativity.

William S. Grady, the father of the

he realized the necessity of close application to business; and with indomitable energy and perseverance, he was not long in accumulating quite a comfortable fortune through mercantile pursuits. Soon after he came to Georgia he married Miss Ann Eliza Gartrell, whose family was and still is one of the most estimable and most popularly known in Georgia.

Soon after the birth of their first-born child, the parents of Henry Grady moved from their humble cottage to a handsomer residence on Prince Avenue, which is still one of the most fashionable streets in Athens. This house is a true type of the old-fashioned, elegant Southern home, the style and design being peculiar to the Southern architecture of those times. It is a



Mr. Grady's Early Home in Athens.

orator, was a North Carolinian by birth, and moved from that state to Athens just as he was entering upon his earliest manhood. He came to Athens a poor man, though born of excellent family and blessed with a lofty character.

Starting out in life with but small means,

large, square house, with a spacious veranda in front and on each side, its roof being upheld by mammoth pillars extending from the first floor to the top of the house. The houses were all painted in pure white, with green blinds, and removed some distance from the street; were surrounded by large



Henry W. Grady and his Brother.

FROM AN EARLY FAMILY PICTURE.

front yards, densely shaded by the foliage of stalwart oaks and carpeted with the thickly growing verdure. There was that in their very appearance that betokened the warm-hearted kindness and generous hospitality of their inmates, and through their elegant drawing-rooms and spacious halls ran a vein of good cheer and happy contentment.

Such a house as this was the early home of Mr. Grady. Here he spent the brightest days of his boyhood, and he was taught the first lessons of citizenship at his mother's knees. From that altar, upon which he first offered sacrifice, he never learned to stray, and the precepts inculcated by a mother's love when he was but a little boy were his guiding stars through the many trials of mature manhood.

When but seven years of age, the creative genius of the boy asserted itself in an enigma which he prepared with great care

for the *Sunday School Visitor*, a paper that had come beneath his approving eye. This was the first time his name ever appeared in print. The paper in which his enigma was to appear came duly to hand. There was the production of his precocious mind; but, to his horror and dismay, the printer had made a terrible typographical mistake, which mutilated the enigma and mortified the keen pride of the youthful Grady. Thus early in life he met with an obstacle which he was destined to encounter frequently: the "typo" had his revenge on the first piece of copy ever written by the distinguished journalist.

The first school that Mr. Grady attended was taught in an humble little ivy-covered, one-room, frame building, by a lady who came to Georgia from New England several years before the war. Young Grady was nine years old when first placed under the tutorship of this estimable and culti-

vated lady, and continued under her training and guidance for two years. But about this time the first guns of the civil war were summoning fathers of both Southern and Northern children to the front; and



Henry W. Grady in his Boyhood.  
FROM A FAMILY PICTURE.

among the first that left Athens was Major W. S. Grady. He was ordered to go to Asheville, N.C., where he was placed in command of several companies that were mustering for the great conflict. Here he was in camp for many months, drilling his companies and schooling them generally in matters of warfare. While thus occupied, Major Grady was often visited by

young Henry Grady and his mother; and it is said that even then, while but a ten-years-old boy, his sympathies were so evenly balanced that he gave utterance to similar sentiments to those which in after days were so characteristic of his great speeches. In fact, all through his boyhood he was known among his schoolmates to have been, while a loyal lover of his native South, always seriously thoughtful of the nation's welfare, as truly as on the night when, as has been said, "he planted the standard of the Southern democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and discussed the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner."

The war was an obstacle to education in the South, and impeded Mr. Grady in his youthful studies. He was quite fond of visiting the camp of his father's soldiers, and through his youth evinced such a profound interest and sympathy for the soldiers of both the Confederate and Union armies as was remarkable in a child so young. He never suffered one in need to pass him by without an interview about his adventures; and these interviews always ended with a charitable division on the part of young Grady of the contents of his pockets. Many a wounded and worn-out soldier found a warm friend in the youthful Grady, and went away with clear profit from his acquaintance, whether he wore the blue or the gray.

Four years of warfare had thinned the ranks of Lee's army, until, forced to evacuate Richmond, the army of Northern Virginia had made its last great stand for the Confederacy. In one of the battles around Petersburg, Major Grady lost his life, and his remains were brought home to his loved ones, and now rest beneath the sod of Oconee cemetery. His sword and flag still hang upon the wall at the home of his widow. While the father gave his life in defence of the old South, the son laid down his upon the altar of his country in maintaining the honor and integrity of a new South, which promises so much at this stage of the nation's history.

In the year 1865, Henry Grady entered the sophomore class of the University of Georgia, at Athens. He was only fifteen years old, but, possessing a brilliant mind, and best of all a firm and resolute determination to acquire knowledge, he was recognized in a very short time as the

readiest youth in the class. He had no love for mathematics, and consequently devoted most of his attention to the languages and literature. He was a great reader, and spent almost every hour of the day, when not at his recitations, in the great college library. The list of books that he read is recorded in the registry book of the library, and those books are still to be seen in its alcoves. He was a great reader of Dickens, and spent much of his time in studying the quaint characters described in the works of that novelist. He also formed a great attachment to essays and criticisms on different subjects, and, by a large and extended course of reading, secured that full vocabulary which he handled so easily and fluently in after years.

While in the university Mr. Grady, with several fellow-students, established the Eta

eral warfare which was at that time prevalent among the fraternities at the university. In these debates Mr. Grady was as eloquent a peacemaker as he afterwards proved to be in matters that were of national importance; and to his conservative stand and good advice to his fellow-students is due the satisfactory adjustment of a fraternity battle that came near causing bloodshed among the boys. He never forgot that battle, and only a few years before his death he referred to it most pleasingly in an impromptu speech made to a convention of more than one hundred members of Alpha Tau Omega, which was the fraternity that antagonized his own. The convention was held in Atlanta, soon after Mr. Grady's New England speech; and when the members called upon Mr. Grady, in the *Atlanta*



The University Campus, Athens.

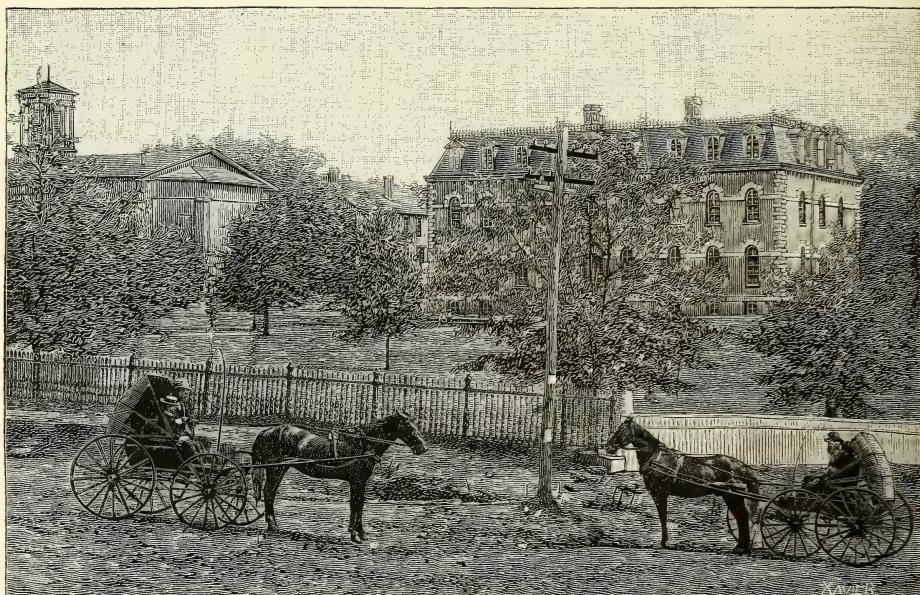
Chapter of the Chi Phi fraternity, of which he was always a loyal member. He held many offices of honor in the fraternity in college, and afterwards as an alumnus. As an active member he often had occasion in college to engage in some very enthusiastic debates, which arose in a gen-

*Constitution* office, and asked him to make a speech, he said:—

" Gentlemen: I don't know that I can say anything to you except to welcome you, and to acknowledge the honor of your visit. I don't think there is a building in America that would not be honored by the visit of one hundred earnest,

active young men, college trained and cultured, and ardently eager to do their part in the upbuilding of their country. There is no building that would not be honored by such a visit, but it is impossible for a man whose brain has been sucked all day by work for a newspaper to talk to a lot of bright young fellows as the present occasion requires. But I made a speech the other day in which I talked about reconciliation of the two sections. I believe I showed the North that we were reconstructed.

one would not have thought it, but the crowd had only to assemble around him when he would commence to relate some anecdote in such a manner as to convulse every one with laughter. He had an imitable way of expressing himself, and never failed to bring a laugh when he desired to do so. Yet the change from



The State College of Agriculture, Athens.

"But I do want to say to you that the old rivalry between the Alpha Taus and the Chi Phis has died out. We used to fight each other, and your crowd once gave me an awful whipping. But it is all over; we are all reconstructed, and we will shake hands across the bloody chasm.

"There is one thing that every young man living has cause to congratulate himself on: that is, that his life was pitched just at this time. I do not believe there was ever more for a young man with a strong heart and a lofty principle and purpose to do,—especially for those who live in the South, in this land once desolated and ravaged by war. To those of you who live in the North, there is work to do in helping us along and letting us know that everything that ought to be forgotten is forgotten, and each accorded his own views.

"I thank God that my life was pitched just where it is. I believe that we can do more for the common prosperity of our country than men who fought in the forum and with the sword.

"We are glad to see you, and when my boy goes to college, if he can't get to be a Chi Phi, I want him to be an Alpha Tau."

Mr. Grady was one of the most humorous men of the time. In looking at him

laughter to serious thought was sudden. He would be sitting at a table telling some side-splitting joke, when suddenly his face would assume a serious expression, his manner would change, and in a flash he would rise up and, slamming the door of his office, disappear to go to work.

Throughout his entire life, Mr. Grady delighted to roam through the woods and along the river banks, listening to the soft, still voice of Nature, and drinking in with eager eye and ear the lessons which she taught him. A few short months before his death, he paid a visit to Athens, and one afternoon, when everything around him bore an air of stillness, he took two of his youthful friends and went over to a favorite resort bordering on the Oconee River, where oft in the gay morning of his boyhood he had sported and played, with no cares in his pathway and nothing to disturb the serenity of his thoughts. Here,

in that calm summer afternoon, together with the friends of his youth, he lay upon a rock projecting into the river and cracked hickory nuts and jokes. He never ceased to love the rural retreats of Athens and her surrounding country. It always bore a charm to him, and the sweet singer of the forest and the gentle breeze wafting perfume over the grassy meadows were as rich gifts as he ever desired from Nature's hands.

He always loved to recall his boyhood days; and in every visit he paid his mother in Athens, in late years, he would go over all the scenes of his earliest youth alone, oftentimes spending the day out on some suburban spot where he used to play. On his return home, he would throw himself on a sofa like a big boy, and tell about his day's jaunt and the sweet memories it recalled, until his gentle heart would melt in childish tears, and the man would be transformed into a boy again. The love which Mr. Grady always bore his mother was one of his chief characteristics. Even after he had grown to be a journalist of

he spoke of her in those speeches,—whether in the open streets of a Texas town, or amid the revelry of a New England banquet hall,—he always lowered his voice, and spoke softly the noble sentiments that spontaneously arose in his heart. In facial outlines Mr. Grady was the living picture of his mother, and from her he inherited his sweet temper and gentle manner. The mother now resides in a cosey little cottage in Athens, on Barber Street, with her daughter, Miss Mattie Grady. Their home, though one of bereavement at present, is yet one of comfort, peace, and happiness. They have always preferred to live quietly in Athens, the city of their early associations.

The city is now undergoing a change in its history, and is a typical illustration of Georgia thrift and Southern progress. Since Mr. Grady, as a young man with a promising future before him, left the classic shades of Athens to seek renown upon a broader and more crowded arena, the shifting scenes have brought to his native city many changes. From a small town,



Street Scene in Athens in the Cotton Marketing Season.

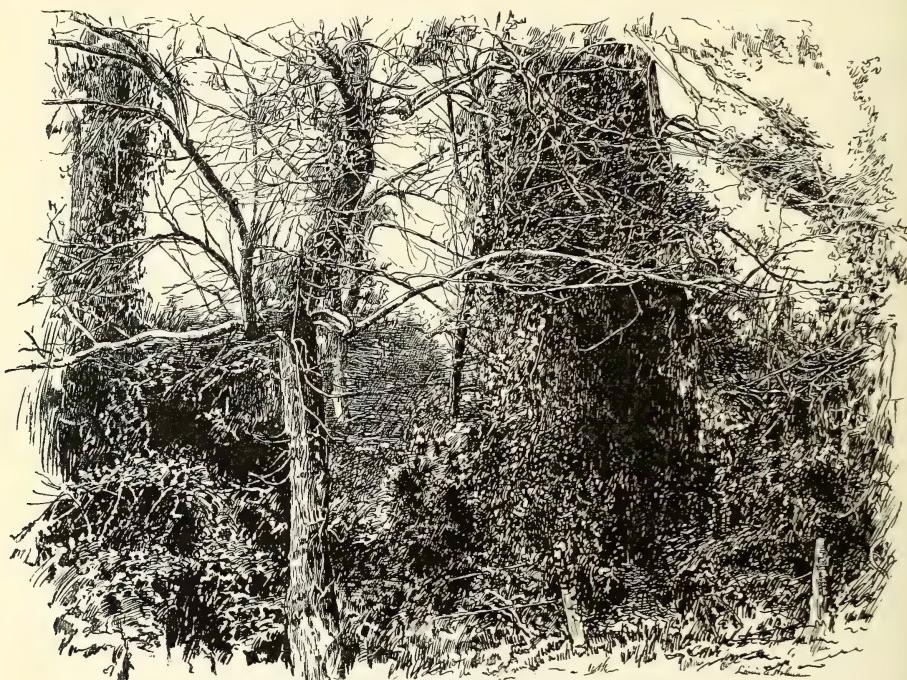
such renown, bringing upon himself the unceasing labors of an editor and a public man, he would always find time to write her frequent letters, telling her of his successes, and asking her guidance in many of his greatest undertakings. To his mother he paid beautiful tributes of oratory in all of his great speeches; and whenever

where the merchant carried on his average trade and the student revelled and sported on the college campus, Athens, grasping her opportunities with firmness, and advancing with a spirit of determination, has grown to a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, whose very countenances sparkle with enthusiasm, and whose business and cus-

toms exhibit the prevailing sentiment of that New South, of which Henry W. Grady was the chief and most illustrious exponent.

High above the sea level, perched serenely among the peaks of the Blue Ridge, with a climate unsurpassed for its health-

city, the farmer plants his crop, tends it with care throughout the varying seasons, and in the fall and winter brings it to market, to get his money for his labor. The streets of Athens during the cotton season are beautiful to look upon, as wagon after wagon rolls by, loaded with the



In Oconee Cemetery, the Burial Place of Mr. Grady's Father.

giving qualities, and with natural resources scattered around her in abundance, her people deem themselves happy that their lot has been cast upon such a goodly spot of earth, among such glorious traditions and such brilliant prospects. Her people are noted for thrift and enterprise, and on every side can be noted the indications of prosperity and contentment. Capital abounds in the city, finding ready fields for operation; and labor is plentiful, satisfied, and well compensated. The sound of saw and hammer furnishes sweet music to the lover of his city's prosperity and advancement; and the numerous edifices as they rise throughout the city give unmistakable signs of improvement.

Athens is the third largest cotton market in the state, receiving each year over one hundred thousand bales of the fleecy staple. On the rich farm lands lying around the

whitened crop, and managed by the old-time darkey of thirty years ago. A great deal of this cotton goes directly into the factories in the vicinity of the city. The water power around Athens, on the Oconee River, is superb, and suffices to turn the machinery of seven large factories, only a small portion of the power being utilized, while the greater part goes on with the rippling waves as they dance toward the Atlantic.

Railroad development has lately seized upon the minds of Athens people, and their gates are now open to several new roads, which will do much good for the city and for the section. The great trunk line of the Georgia, Carolina, and Northern is nearly completed from Monroe, N.C., to Athens, Ga., and when finished will be a great help to Athens.

As an educational centre, Athens stands

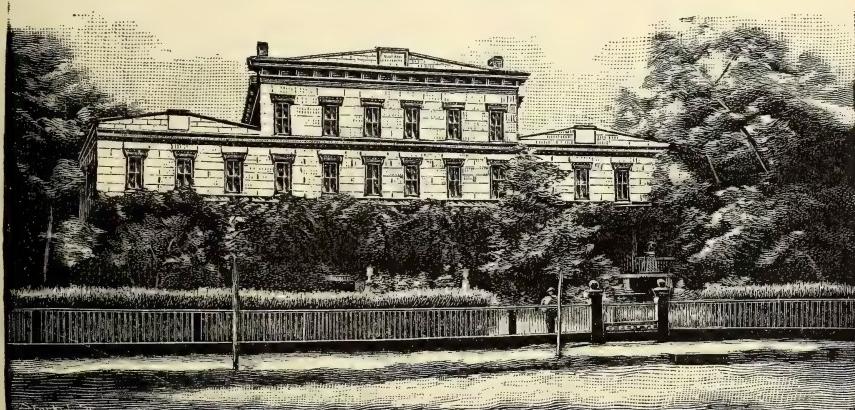
among the most interesting spots in Georgia. The home of her university and of two excellent schools for young ladies, a lively interest attaches to her future, as to her past. The university which has given to the world the genius of Robert Toombs, the eloquence of Benjamin H. Hill, the statesmanship of Alexander H. Stephens, the chivalry of T. R. R. Cobb, the legal light of Joseph Henry Lumpkin, the brilliant mind of Howell Cobb, and in later years the renown of Henry W. Grady, cannot fail to inspire intense interest as to its welfare and prosperity. It can be truthfully said that never before in its history has the university been in so flourishing condition as at present. It is feeling the influence of that broader public spirit and stronger perception of the importance of education which is affecting the whole South, planting everywhere better common schools and improving everywhere the higher institutions of learning. In January, 1888, Chancellor P. H. Mell, one of the most prominent Southern educators, whose life had been devoted to the upbuilding of the university, died, leaving the old college without a guide amid the storm which of late years has gathered around higher education in Georgia. Rev. William E. Boggs, who now holds the position of chancellor, is a man of fine attainments and culture. He is doing great good in the educational ranks of Georgia, and is keeping the university up to its high standard.

The university of Georgia comprises the academic department, known as Franklin College, the State College department, law

and medical departments, and four branch agricultural departments in different sections of the state. The three first-named departments are situated in Athens; the medical department is in Augusta. Franklin College offers three courses, leading respectively to the degrees of B.A., B.S., and B.Ph., the student having the liberty of choosing for which degree he will study. The State College offers courses in agriculture, engineering, and applied chemistry. The students have access to the college library of about fifteen thousand volumes and to society libraries. The laboratory presented to the State College by the city of Athens is a fine three-story building, costing twenty-five thousand dollars. As regards facilities for scientific instruction, the university is not excelled by any institution of the South.

The Lucy Cobb Institute, the largest school for young ladies, was founded by General Thomas R. R. Cobb, and crowns the loveliest hill in classic Athens. It is an important educational centre for young ladies in Georgia, one of the most admirable institutions of its character, indeed, in the whole South, and is efficiently managed by its principal, Miss Millie Rutherford, who is a niece of the founder of the institution.

In the railroads that enter her gates Athens recognizes the most potent factors of her future growth; in the fleecy cotton, whitening in her broad and fertile fields, and pouring into her warehouses in unmeasured quantity, she knows she controls the staple crop of a great section; in her mills and



The Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga.

Athens Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1858

MY DEAR UNCLE

I RECEIVED YOUR KIND LETTER AND WAS VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU AND TO SEE THAT YOU HAD NOT FORGOTTEN ME. I SHOULD LIKE VERY MUCH INDEED TO GO HOME WITH YOU. I HAVE MADE UP <sup>my</sup> MIND THAT AUGUSTA IS A GREAT PLACE AND I WOULD ENJOY THE VISIT VERY MUCH INDEED. THE ATHENS GUARDS LOOK VERY PRETTY BUT I EXPECT YOUR MILITARY COMPANIES LOOK A GREAT DEAL PRETTIER. WE HAVE TWO FIRE COMPANIES AND A HOOK AND LADDER COMPANIES THEY CAME OUT LAST WEEK AND I THOUGHT THEY LOOKED VERY PRETTY. BROTHER AND I WENT OUT TO UNCLE GRAHAMS AND WE SPENT IT PRETTY MUCH IN THE WOODS HUNTING NUTS FANNY AND RATE MAINE WERE THERE WE ENJOYED OURSELVES VERY MUCH INDEED. BROTHER SENDS HIS LOVE TO YOU AND SAYS HE WILL PRINT YOU A LETTER IF HE EVER LEARNS TO PRINT GIVE MY LOVE TO COUSIN WILBY AND COUSIN GUS TELL THEM I WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO SEE THEM PLEASE WRITE SOON TO YOUR AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW HENRY W GRADY

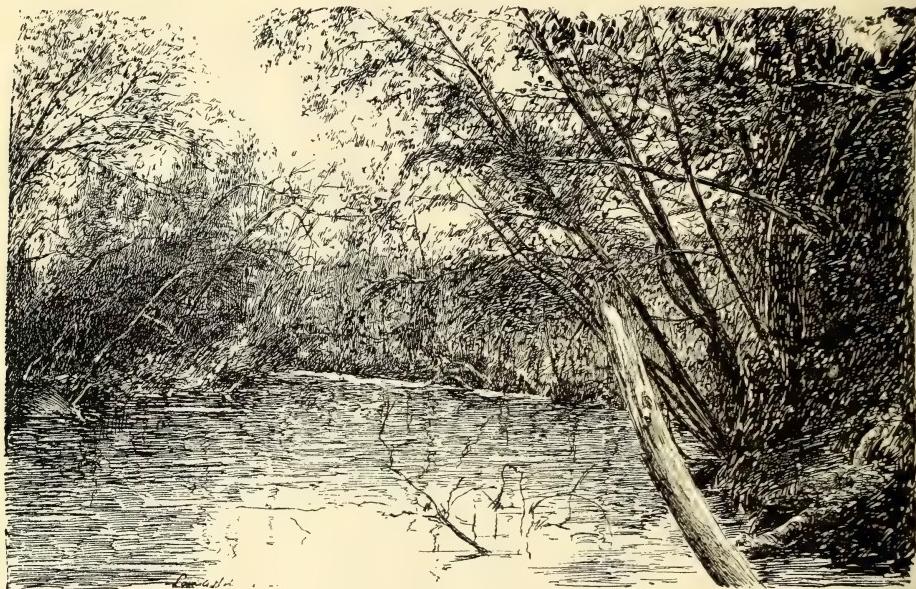
My Dear Mattie I send you an Insurance Policy  
for \$5000. It is payable at once, or in 20  
years, or in 20 years in case I don't die. I  
hope I won't die but will live, see you  
soon it - Talk it my darling little Sister, I  
wish it was \$500 Cash instead of  
a Policy - What is Brother doing now?  
Write & tell me all about it - I  
enclose Mother a receipt from E. B. May  
for full payment of his account  
against her this wind it up - Let  
me know for you - I am mighty  
anxious for you Matthew to  
come up see us - By mother to  
come just for a little while  
Please come - We are very anxious  
to see you all - Please

Thank Mrs. Hadley  
on the cake & cake  
Matt for the card & cake

Very truly Harry W. Grady

workshops, the busy hum of machinery tells how her workingmen are employed ; in her schools she perceives a cluster of jewels of peculiar worth ; and in her peo-

ple she is persuaded that she has a heritage of pluck and determination which will not brook adversity. She is as confident in her future as she is proud of her past.



One of Mr. Grady's Favorite Retreats by the River.



## WHY I MARRIED ELEANOR.

*By Dorothy Prescott.*

IT has often been remarked that if every man would truthfully tell how he wooed and wed his wife, the world would be the gainer by a number of romances of real life which would put to shame the novelist's skill. "How" is the word usually employed in such cases, and, indeed, properly enough. There are a number of marriages where the reason is sufficiently palpable, and where any stronger one fails there is the all-sufficing one of propinquity. But none of these were allowed in the case of my marriage with Eleanor. Why did I do it? was the absorbing nine days' wonder ; for, as was unanimously and justly observed, if it were a matter of propinquity alone, why did I not marry — ? but I anticipate.

To begin at the beginning, then, and to tell my tale as truthfully as if I were on oath : there was no reason why Eleanor, or any other girl, should not have married me. I was by all odds the best match in New England, being the only son and heir of Roger Greenway, third of the name. Whether my father could ever have made a fortune any more than I could is doubtful ; but he inherited a considerable estate, so well invested that it only needed letting alone to grow, and for this he had the good sense. Large as it was when I came into it, it was more than doubled by my prospective wealth on the other side, for my mother was the oldest of the four daughters of old Jonathan Carver, the last of the Massachusetts vikings, whose

names were words of power in the China seas.

My father was an elderly man when he married, and my mother was no longer young. She and her sisters were handsome, high-bred women, with every accomplishment and virtue under the sun. They did not, to use the vulgar phrase, marry off fast. Indeed, the phrase and the very idea would have shocked them. They were beings of far too much importance to be so lightly dealt with. When, only a few years before her father's death, Louisa married Roger Greenway, it was allowed by their whole world to be a most fitting thing; and when I appeared in due season, the old gentleman was so delighted that he made a will directly, tying up his whole estate as tightly as possible for future great-grandchildren. Some years after his death, my Aunt Clara, the second daughter, married a Unitarian clergyman of good family, weak lungs, æsthetic tastes, and small property, who never preached. He lived long enough to catalogue all our family pictures and bric-a-brac, and arrange the "Carver collection" for the Art Museum, and then died of consumption soon after my own father, leaving no children. By the time these events had passed with all due observances, Aunt Frances and Aunt Grace thought it was hardly worth while to marry; there had been a sufficient number of weddings in the family, and they were very comfortable together,—and then how could they ever want for an object, with that fine boy of dear Louisa's to bring up? We all had separate households; but my aunts were always at "Greenways," my place on the borders of Brookline and West Roxbury, which my father had bought when young and spent the greater part of his life in bringing to a state of perfection; and my mother and I were apt to pass the hottest summer months at Manchester-by-the-sea, where Aunt Clara, during her married life, had reared a little fairy palace of her own; and to spend much of the winter at the great old Carver house on Mount Vernon Street, which Jonathan Carver had left to his unmarried daughters for life. I was the first object of four devoted and conscientious women. The results were different from what might have been expected. The world said I would be spoiled, and then marvelled that I was not; but my

mother's and aunts' conscientiousness outran their devotion, and they all felt, though they would not acknowledge it to each other, that I had rather disappointed them. I grew up a big, handsome young fellow enough, very young-looking for my age, with a trick of blushing like a girl at anything or nothing, which gave me much pain, though it won upon all the old ladies, who said it showed the purity of my mind and the goodness of my heart.

By the way in which my moral qualities were always selected for praise, it will be augured that but little could be said for my intellectual. Had I been a few steps lower on the social ladder, something might have been said against them. It was only by infinite pains on my own part and that of the highly salaried tutor who coached me, that I was ever squeezed through Harvard University. I did squeeze through, and with an unblemished moral record; my Aunt Clara, the pious one of the family, said it might have been worse, and my mother, to whom my commencement day was a blessed release from four years of perpetual worry, said she was highly gratified at the way in which dear Roger had withstood the temptations of college life. For this I deserved no credit. The temptations of which she thought were none to me. Where would have been the excitement of gambling, when I had nothing to lose? and one brought up from infancy in an atmosphere of fastidious refinement the baser female attractions repelled at once, before they had the chance of charming. I hated tobacco, and liquor of all kinds made me deadly sick. A more subtle snare was set for me.

Time slipped away for the first few years after I left college. We all went to Europe and returned. I pottered a little about my place, and discharged social duties, and such few local political ones as a position like mine entails even in America. I did not know why I did not do more, or what more to do. I did not think I was stupid exactly; it seemed to me that I could do something, if I only knew what. Perhaps I was slow,—I certainly was in thought; but sometimes I startled myself by hasty action before I thought at all, which gave me a dim consciousness of the presence of my "genius." My mother's expectations had just begun to take an apologetic turn, when my Aunt Frances, the clever

one of the family, put forward a bright idea. She said that it was all very well for a young man who had his own way to make in the world to wait awhile ; a man with my opportunities could never be in a satisfactory position to employ them until he was married. While I remained single there must always be speculations, expectations, and reports. Once let me be married, and all these worries, troublesome and distracting at present, would receive their proper quietus. The sisters all applauded her penetration, and all said with one voice that if Roger were to marry, he could not do better than — but I anticipate again.

Greenways and the neighboring estates were large, and the only very near neighbors we had were the Days and the Beechers ; in fact, they were both my tenants. When my father bought the place there was an old farmhouse on it, which, though it stood rather near the spot where he wished to build, was too well built and too picturesque to pull down. Old Sanderson, our head gardener for many a year, lived there with his wife, and their house, with its own pretty garden and little greenhouse, was one of my favorite haunts when a child. When the old couple died, nearly at the same time, Sanderson had long left off active work, and his deputy and successor, Macfarlane, lived in another house some distance off. My mother said of course she could never put him into the Garden House with all those children ; she could never put another servant there at all ; she hated to pull it down ; she did not know what to do with it. My Aunt Grace, the impulsive one of the family, broke in, and all the others followed suit with, "Why would it not be just the thing for Katherine Day?"

Katherine Day had been Katherine Latham, an old school friend of my Aunt Grace. She was the daughter of a country clergyman, a pretty woman of fascinating manners, and her relations were very well bred, though poor. The friendship was an excellent thing for her ; I don't mean to say that it was not so for my aunt also, for I never knew a woman who could pay back a social debt to a superior more gracefully than Mrs. Day. She was always a little pitied as not having met with her deserts in marriage, though Mr. Day was a handsome man, with good connections and a

fine tenor voice. He had some kind of an office with a very fair salary, but his wife said, and it was a thing generally understood, that they were very poor. They felt no shame, rather a sort of pride, in getting along so well in spite of it. They went everywhere, and all her richer friends admired Mrs. Day for being such a good manager, and dressing and entertaining so beautifully on positively nothing, and showed their admiration by deeds as well as words. One paid Phil's college expenses, another took Katie abroad, and they were always having all kinds of presents. They were invited everywhere in the height of the season, and always had tickets for the most reserved of reserved seats. My mother, or my guardian for her, let them have the Garden House at a mere nothing of a rent, but we said that it was really a gain for us, they would take such beautiful care of it.

Phil Day, though he was some years younger than I, was my classmate in college, and graduated far ahead of me. My mother was consoled for his superiority by thinking what a nice intimate friend he was for me. That he was my intimate friend was settled for me by the universal verdict. In reality I did not like him at all, but it would have been unkind to be as offish as I must have been to keep him from being always at my house, sailing my boats, riding my horses, playing at my billiard-table, smoking my cigars, and drinking my wines, as naturally as if he had been my brother, albeit I had a suspicion that these luxuries were not as harmless to Phil as they were to me. He was a clever, handsome fellow, and very popular. What I really disliked in him was his being such a terrible snob, but this was an accusation that it seemed particularly mean for us to make against him, even to my own mind.

Phil's sister Katie was worth a dozen of him. She was a beautiful creature, tall and lithe, with a rich color coming and going under a clear olive skin, and starry dark eyes that seemed to shoot out rays of light for the whole length of her long lashes. She was highly accomplished, and always exquisitely dressed. Mrs. Day said it did not cost much, for dear Katie was so clever at making her own clothes. To be sure, she could not make her boots and gloves, her fans and furs, and these were

of the choicest. Their price would have made a large hole in her father's salary, but probably he was never called upon to pay it,—for I know my Aunt Grace, for one, thought nothing of giving her a whole box of gloves at a time. Katie inherited all her mother's fascination of manner and practical talent, and, like her, well knew how to pay her way. She was a great pet of my mother and aunts. She poured out tea, and sang after dinner, helped in their charity work, and chose their presents. They had an idea that I could marry whom I pleased, but I knew they felt I could not do better than marry Katie. It was their opinion, and that of every one else, that she deserved a prize in the matrimonial line. Providence evidently designed that she should get one; for, as all her friends remarked, "If Katie Day could do so beautifully with so little, what could she not do if she were rich?" Providence as evidently had destined me for the lucky man, and even the other young men bowed to manifest destiny in the united claims of property and propinquity.

The Beechers lived a little farther off the other way. About them and their dwelling there was no glamour of boyish memories. The bit of land on which it stood had always cut awkwardly into ours, and my father had longed to buy it; but it had some defect in the title which could not be set right until the death of some old lady in the country. She died at last just about the time that he did, and in the confusion caused by his sudden death the land was snapped up by O'Neil, an Irishman, who turned a penny when he could get a chance by levying black-mail upon a neighborhood,—buying up bits of land, building tenement houses on them, and crowding them with the poorest class of his country people, on the chance of being bought off at last at an exorbitant rate by the neighboring proprietors.

In this present case O'Neil had mistaken his man. My guardian and first cousin once removed, John Greenway, was the last person alive to screw a penny out of. He would have borne any such infliction himself with Spartan firmness; judge with what calmness he endured it for a ward. He built a high wall on O'Neil's boundary, planted trees thickly around that, and then proceeded to harass the unhappy tenants by every means within

his power and the letter of the law, so that they ran away in hordes without waiting for quarter-day. O'Neil failed at last, and my guardian bought in the concern for a song. Before this, however, O'Neil, in desperate straits, had made a few cheap alterations in the house, advertised it as a "gentleman's residence," and let it to the Beechers, who were only too glad to get so well-situated a house so low.

Mr. Beecher was well educated and of a good family, though he had no near relations who could do anything for him. He had married early a young lady much in the same condition, and had done but poorly in life, hampered in all his efforts by a delicate wife and a large family. When we bought the place I had not attained my legal majority; but I was old enough to have my wishes respected, and I said positively that I would not have him turned out. As I used to meet the poor old fellow,—not that he was really old, though he looked to me a perfect Methuselah,—with his gray head and shining, well-brushed coat, trotting to the station, a good mile and a half off, at seven in the morning, through winter's cold and summer's heat, and back again after dark, for nine months in the year, my heart used to ache for him. But I could not tell him so, and of course there was precious little I could do for him. My mother and aunts were eminently charitable, but what could they do for Mrs. Beecher? Her hours and ways and thoughts were not as theirs. She did not come very often when they invited her, nor seem to enjoy herself very much when she did. There was but little use in taking her rare flowers and hot-house grapes, and they could not send her food and clothes as if she were a poor person. The Beecher house had a garden of its own, out of which Mr. Beecher, with a little help from his boys, contrived to get their fruit and vegetables, though it always looked in very poor order. We were thankful that it was so well shut out from our view, and poor Mrs. Beecher was equally thankful that her boisterous boys and crying babies were so well shut in. My mother did not approve of her much, and said she must lack method not to get on better. Jonathan Carver's daughters had been so trained by their father that any one of them could have stepped into his counting-house and balanced his books

at a minute's warning. They kept their own accounts, down to the last mill, by double entry, and were fond of saying that if you only did this you would always be able to manage well. They were most kind-hearted, when they saw their way how to be, but they had been so harassed from childhood up by begging letter-writers and agents for societies that they had a horror of leading people to expect anything from them ; and as the Beechers evidently expected nothing, it was best that they should be left in that blissful condition. They were indeed painfully overwhelmed by their obligations in the matter of the house. I made the rent as low as I decently could, and put in improvements whenever I had the chance. I used to rack my brains to think what more I could do for them ; but in all my wildest dreams it never occurred to me that I might give them a lift by marrying Eleanor.

Eleanor was their oldest child, and a year or two younger than Katie Day. She was really as plain as a girl has any right to be. She had the light eyelashes and freckles which often mar the effect of the prettiest red hair, and hers was not a pretty shade, but very common carrot. Her features and her figure were not bad exactly, and her motions had nothing awkward,— one would never have noticed them in any way. It might have been better for her had she been strikingly ugly. Anything striking is enough for some clever girls to build upon ; but whether Eleanor were clever or stupid, no one knew or cared to know. She was a good girl, and helped her mother, and looked after the younger children,— but then, she had to. Her very goodness was a mere matter of course, and had nothing for the imagination to dwell upon. She was not a bit more helpful to her mother than Katie Day was to hers, and if Katie's path of duty led to trimming hats and writing notes, and Eleanor's to darning the children's stockings and washing their faces, why, that was no fault in the one nor merit in the other.

I felt very sorry for Eleanor, when I thought of her at all, which was not often, but I could do even less for her than for her father. We used to invite them when we gave anything general, but they did not always come, and when we sent them tickets they often could not use them. They

had not many other invitations, and could seldom accept any, on account of the cost of clothes and carriage hire. My mother, of course, could not take them about much, for there were our own family and the Days, whom she took everywhere, and who enjoyed going so much. I always asked Eleanor to dance, but as she was dreadfully afraid of me, I fear it gave her more pain than pleasure. She did not dance well, and I could not expect my friends to follow my example. Phil Day, indeed, once declared that he "drew the line at Eleanor Beecher." I remember longing to kick him for the speech, and that was the liveliest emotion I ever felt in connection with her.

Why I did not marry Katie is plainer,— to myself, at least. I came very near it, not once alone, but many times. I do not think that there was any man who could have seen her day after day, as I did, and not have fallen in love with her, unless there were some barrier in the way. Mine was fragile as a reed, but it proved in the end to be strong enough. It arose in the days when I was a green, young hobble-de-hoy of nineteen, dragging along in my freshman year, and she was a bright little gipsy four years younger. At a juvenile tea-party at the Days' we were playing games, and one—I don't know what it was, except that it demanded some familiarity with historical characters and readiness in using one's knowledge. The little wit I had was soon hopelessly knocked out of me, while Katie, quick and alert, was equally ready at showing all she knew, and shielded herself by repartee when she knew nothing. I made some absurd blunder, perhaps more in my awkward way of putting things than in what I really meant, between the two celebrated Cromwells, giving the impression that I thought the great Oliver a Catholic. I might have made some confused explanation, but was silenced by Katie's ringing laugh, a peal of irresistible girlish gayety, such as worldly prudence is rarely strong enough to check at fifteen. Perhaps she was excited and could not help it, but I thought she laughed more than she need, and there was something scornful in the tone that jarred on me painfully. I could not be so foolish as to resent it, but I could not forget it, and often when she has looked most lovely, and the star of love has shone most propitious,

some sharper cadence than usual in her voice, or a hint at harder lines under the soft curves of her face, or a contemptuous ring in her musical laugh, has withered the words on my lips, and the hour has passed with them unspoken. It was, I dimly felt, only a question of time ; the flood must some day rise high enough to sweep the frail barrier away.

Katie and Eleanor had but little in common on the surface, nor were there ever any deeper sympathies of thought and feeling between them. Still, they were girls, living near together, and with all the others much farther off. It was impossible that there should not be some little intercourse of business or pleasure, though never intimate and always irregular ; and one pleasant September it came about that we spent a good many hours together, playing lawn tennis on my court. There was another young man hanging about ; an admirer of Katie's, he might be called, though he was not very forward to try his chances, thinking, as I plainly saw, that they were not worth much. Herbert Riddell was not much cleverer than I was, and, though not poor, had no wealth to give him importance. He was a thoroughly good fellow, and felt no jealousy of me, and it was pleasant for him to loiter away the golden autumn days with beauty on the tennis court, even if both were another's property. We were well enough matched, for, though Herbert and Katie were very fair players, while Eleanor was a perfect stick, yet I played so much better than the others that I generally pulled her through. She really tried her best, but somehow the more she tried the more blunders she made, perhaps from nervousness, and one afternoon they were especially remarkable. We were hurrying to finish our match, as it was getting late and nearly time for "high tea" at the Days', to which we were all asked, though Eleanor, as usual, had declined, and Katie, as usual, had not pressed her. It was nothing to either Herbert or me, for we both found Mrs. Day a much more lively *pis aller* in conversation than Eleanor. Katie was serving, and sent one of her finest, swiftest balls at Eleanor, who struck at it with all her force, and did really hit it, but unfortunately and mysteriously sent it straight up high into the air. We all watched it breathlessly, as it came down—down—and fell on our side of the net.

Katie, warm and excited, laughed loud and long. I thought that there was a little affectation of superiority in her mirth, and something there was in the high, clear, scornful music that woke the echoes of long ago, and I in turn lost my self-possession, and returned my next ball with such nervous strength that it flew far beyond the lawn and over the clumps of laurels into the wood beyond. We had lost the set.

"Really, Mr. Greenway," cried Katie, "you must have tried to do that ; or have you been taking private lessons of Eleanor?" She stopped, her fine ear perhaps detecting something strained and hard in her own voice. I see her still as she looked then, poised like Mercury on one slender foot, one arm thrown back and holding her racket behind her head, framing it in, the little dimples quivering round her mouth, ready to melt into smiles at a word, while from under her dark eyelashes she shot out a long, bright look, half saucy defiance, half pleading for pardon. It was enough to madden any man who saw her, and it struck home to Riddell. Poor fellow ! it was never aimed at him, and it fell short of its mark :

"My heart's cold ashes vainly would she stir,  
The light was quenched she looked so lovely in."

Eleanor, meanwhile, was bidding her usual quiet goodby, nothing in her manner showing that she was at all offended. She need not be, for of course Katie could not seriously intend any slight to her, any more than to a stray tennis ball to which she might give a random hit. But I could not let a lady go home alone from my own ground in just this way, and I had a sort of fellow-feeling with her, which I wanted to show.

"I will see Miss Beecher home, and then come back," I said, and hastened after her, although I had seen, by the prompt manner in which she had walked off, that she did not intend, and very likely did not wish, I should. I was glad to leave the ground and get away from them. I kept saying to myself that after all Katie was not much to blame ; girls would be thoughtless, and Katie was so pretty and so petted that she might well be a little spoiled ; and then I asked myself what right I had to set myself up as a judge of her conduct. None at all ; only I wish that women, who

can so easily and lightly touch on the raw places of others, would use their power to heal and not to wound. I could picture to myself some girl with an eagerness to share the overflowing gifts of fortune with others, a respectful tenderness for those who had but little, a yearning sweetness of sympathy that should disarm even envy, and give the very inequalities of life their fitness and significance. We men have rougher ways to hurt or heal; and though I tried desperately hard, I could not hit on anything pleasant or consolatory to say to Eleanor.

She had got pretty well ahead of me, and was out of sight already. Her way home was by a long roundabout walk through our place, and then by a short one along the public road. When I turned into the winding, shady path which led through the thick barrier of trees hiding the Beecher wall, she was loitering slowly along before me; and though she quickened her pace when she heard me behind her, as a hint that I need not follow, I soon caught up with her, and then I was sorry I had tried to, for I saw that she was crying most undisguisedly and unbecomingly.

"Miss Beecher—Eleanor—" I stammered out, "you mustn't mind it—she didn't mean it—it was too bad—I was a little provoked myself—but don't feel badly about it."

"Oh, it's not that," said Eleanor, stopping short, and steadyng her trembling voice, so that it seemed as if she were practised in stifling her emotions. The very tears stopped rolling down her cheeks. "It's—it's everything. You don't know what it is," she went on more rapidly; "you never can know—how should you—but if you were me, to see another girl ahead of you in everything—to have nothing, not one single thing, that you could feel any satisfaction in,—and no matter how hard you tried, to have her do everything better without taking any trouble, and to know that if you worked night and day for people, you could not please them as well as she can without a moment's care or thought, just by being what she is,—you would not like it. And the worst of it all is that I know I am mean and selfish and hateful to feel so about it, for it's not one bit Katie's fault."

"Oh, come!" I said; "don't look at it so seriously. You exaggerate matters."

"I should not mind it," said Eleanor, gravely, "if I did not feel so badly about it. Now I know that's nonsense. I mean that if I could only keep from having wrong feelings about it myself, it would not matter much if she were ever so superior in every way."

"Are you not a little bit morbid? If you were really as selfish as you think, you would not be so much concerned about it. It seems to me that we all have our own peculiar place in this world, and that if we fill it properly, we must have our own peculiar advantages; no one else can do just what we can, any more than we could do what they could; we must just try to do well what we have to do."

"It is very well for you to talk in that way," said Eleanor, simply.

"I?" — a little bitterly. "I am a very idle fellow, who has made but little effort to better himself or others. But we won't talk of efforts, for I am sure your conscience must acquit you there. I suppose you were thinking more of natural gifts,—of pleasing, which is after all only another way of helping. One pleases one, and one another, and it is as well, perhaps, to be loved by a few as liked by a great many. Don't doubt, my dear Miss Beecher, that any man who truly loves you will find you more charming even than Katie Day."

What there was in this harmless and well-meant speech to excite Eleanor's anger I could not imagine; but girls are queer creatures. She grew, if possible, redder than before, and her eyes fairly flashed. "No one—" she began, and stopped, unable to speak a word. I went on, as much for a sort of curious satisfaction I had in hearing my own words, as for any consolation they might be to her. "Beautiful as she is, she only pleases my eyes; she does not touch my heart. I am not one particle in love with her, and sometimes I scarcely even like her."

"Stop!" cried Eleanor; "you must not say such things—I did very wrong to speak to you as I did. You mean to be kind, but you don't know how every word you say humiliates me. Surely, you can't think me so mean as to let it please me, and yet, perhaps, you know me better than I do myself. There is a wretched little bit of a feeling that I would not own if I could help it, that—that—" She was

trembling like a leaf now, and so pale that I thought she was going to faint away. I did not know whether to feel most sorry for her or angry with myself for having made things worse instead of better by my awkwardness. There was only one way to get out of the scrape. I threw my arm round her shaking form, took her cold hand in mine, and said with what was genuine feeling at the time, "Dearest Eleanor!" Of course there was no going back after that.

Eleanor, equally of course, made her escape at once from my arm, but I still held her hand as I went on. "Do—do believe me. I love you and no one else." She seemed too much astonished to say anything. "Could you not love me a little?"

She looked at me still surprised and incredulous. "You can't mean it—you don't know what you are saying."

I remember feeling well satisfied with myself, for doing the thing so exactly according to the models in all dramas of polite society; but Eleanor, it must be owned, was terribly astray in her part. I went on with increasing energy, "Plainly, Eleanor, will you be my wife? Will you let me show what it is to be loved?"

Poor Eleanor twisted her damp little handkerchief round and round in her restless fingers without speaking for a moment, and then said in a frightened whisper, "I—I don't know."

I tried to take her hand again, but she drew it away, and said shyly, "Indeed, I don't know. I never dreamed of any one's loving me, much less you. I don't know how I ought to feel."

"Have you never thought how you would feel if you loved any one?" I asked, her childish simplicity making me smile, and I felt as if I were talking to a little girl; but, to my surprise, she blushed deeply, and then answered firmly, as if bound to be truthful, "Yes! I have felt—all girls have their dreams"; here a something in her tone made her seem to have grown a woman in a moment; "I thought I should never find any real person to make my romance about, and so for a long time I have loved Sir Philip Sidney."

"Who?"

"Because he would have been too much of a gentleman to mind how plain and insignificant I was; it isn't likely he

would have loved me,—but I should not have minded his knowing that I loved him."

"And do you think that there are no gentlemen now?"

As I looked at her, the surprise and interest roused by her words making me forget for a moment the position in which we stood, I saw a sudden eager look rise in her eyes, then fade away as quickly as it came; but it showed that if no one could call Eleanor beautiful, it might be possible to forget that she was plain. She walked along slowly under the broad fir boughs, and I by her side, both silent. She was frightened at having said so much. But as we drew near the gate which opened to the public road, I said, "Will you not give me my answer, Eleanor?"

"I cannot," she murmured, "it is so sudden. Can you not give me a little time to think about it?"

"Till this evening?"

"No—no. I have no time before then. Come to-morrow morning,—after church begins, and I will be at home,—that is," she added apologetically, "if it is just as convenient to you."

Poor child! she did not know what it was to use her power, in caprice or earnest, over a lover. Every word she said was like a fresh appeal to me. I told her it should be as she wished, and but little else passed till we reached her father's door, which closed between us, to our common relief.

Instead of appearing at the Days' tea-table, which indeed I forgot, I walked straight to the darkest and remotest nook in the fir-wood, flung myself flat on the ground, and tried to face my utterly amazing position, and to realize what I had been about. It was evident that I had irrevocably pledged myself to marry Eleanor Beecher, but still I could hardly believe it. It seemed too absurd that I, who had been proof against the direct attacks of a hundred pretty girls, and the more delicate allurements of the prettiest one I knew, should have been such a fool as to blurt out a proposal because a plain one had shed a few tears, which, to do her justice, were shed utterly without the design of producing any effect on me.

In this there lay a ray of hope. Eleanor, I had fully recognized, was transparently sincere; if she did not love me, I was

sure she would tell me so frankly ; and after all, should I not be a conceited fool to think that every girl I saw must fall in love with me ? If she refused me, as she very likely would, I should be very glad to have given her the chance ; it would give her a little self-esteem, of which she seemed more destitute than a girl ought to be, and it would not diminish mine. I felt more interest in her than I could have thought possible two hours ago, but I did not love her, and did not want to marry her. I did not feel that we were at all suited to each other, and I hoped that she would have the good sense to see it too ; and yet, would she — would she ?

Next day at a quarter past eleven I ascended the Beecher doorsteps in all the elegance of array that befitted the occasion, and, I hope, no unbecoming bearing. I had had a sleepless night of it, but had reasoned the matter out with myself, and decided that if I had done a foolish thing, I must take the consequences like a man, and see that they ended with me. Eleanor herself opened the door and showed me into the stiff little drawing-room, which had to be stiff or it would have been hopelessly shabby, at once. The family were at church, and it was the only time in the week that she could have had any chance to see me alone. She had made, it was plain, a great effort to look well, and was looking very well for her. She had put on a fresh though old white frock, had stuck a white rose in her belt, and done up her hair in a way I had never seen it in before. She looked very nervous and frightened, but not unbecomingly so, I allowed, though with rather a sinking of the heart at the way these straws drifted. We got through the few polite nothings that people exchange on all occasions, from christenings to funerals, and then I said :

" Dear Eleanor, I hope you have thought over what I said to you yesterday, and that you know how you really feel, and can — that you can love me enough to let you make me — to let me try to make you — I mean — " I was blundering terribly now, and getting very red. Yesterday's fluency had quite deserted me. But Eleanor was thinking too much of what she had to say herself to heed it.

" Oh ! " she began, " I am afraid — I know I am not worthy of you. It was all so sudden and so unexpected yesterday.

But I know now that I do not love you as much as I ought, — as you deserve to be loved by the woman you love. I ought to say that I will not marry you, — but, — " she looked up beseechingly, — " I can't — I can't."

She paused, then went on in a trembling voice, " You don't know how hard a time my father and mother have had. There has hardly a single pleasant thing ever happened to them. Ever since I was a little girl I have longed and longed to do something for them, — something that would really make them happy, — and I never could. I never dreamed I should have such a chance as this ! and then all the others ! I have thought so what I should like to give them, and I never had the smallest thing ; and then myself, — I don't want to make myself out more unselfish than I am, — but you don't know how little pleasure I have had in my life. I never thought of such a change as this, — all the good things in life offered me at once, — and I cannot — cannot let them go by."

She stopped breathless, only for a moment, but it was a bitter one for me. I had one of those agonizing sudden glimpses such as come but seldom, of the irony of fate, when the whole tragedy of our lives lies bare and exposed before us in all its ugliness. So, then, even she, for whom I was giving up so much, could not love me, and I was going to be married for my money after all ! Then with another electric shock of instant quick perception, it came across me that I was getting perhaps a better, certainly a rarer thing than love. Many women had flattered my vanity with hints of that ; but here was the only one I had ever met who I was sure was telling me the absolute, unflattering truth. The sting of wounded pride grew milder as Eleanor, unconsciously swaying toward me in her earnestness, went on :

" Will you — can you love me, and take my friendship, my gratitude, and admiration, — more than I can tell you, — and wait for me to love you as well as you ought to be loved ? I know I shall, — how can I help it ? "

As things in our family were always done with the strictest attention to etiquette, I informed my mother, as was due to her, during our usual stroll on the terrace after our early Sunday dinner, that

I was paying my addresses to Eleanor Beecher, and intended to apply for her father's consent that afternoon. It was a great and not a pleasant surprise for her. My mother was celebrated for never saying anything she would be sorry for afterwards, an admirable trait, but one which frequently interfered with her conversational powers ; and unfortunately, on this occasion, to say nothing was almost as bad as anything she could have said. It was rather hard for both of us, but after it was over, she could go to her room and have a good cry by herself, while I was obliged to set off for an interview with my intended father-in-law, whom I found in his little garden, in shirt-sleeves and old slippers, cutting the ripest bunches from his grape-vines. It was the blessed hour sacred to dawdle,—the only one the poor old fellow had from one week's end to the other. He was evidently not accustomed to have it broken in upon by young men visitors in faultless calling trim, and starting, dropped his shears, which I picked up and handed to him ; dropped them again, shuffled about in his old slippers, and muttered something of an apology. Evidently I must plunge at once into the subject, but I was getting practised in this, and began boldly : "Mr. Beecher, may I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter Eleanor ?"

"Eleanor at home ? Oh, yes, she's in. Perhaps you'll kindly excuse me ?" and he looked helplessly toward the house door.

"I don't think you quite understand me. I spoke to Eleanor last night about my wishes—hopes—my love for her, and she promised to give me an answer this morning. She has consented to become my wife,—of course, with your approval."

"Lord bless my soul !" exclaimed Mr. Beecher, throwing back his head, and looking full at me over the top of his spectacles ; "who would ever have thought it? I mean—you seem so young, such a boy."

"I am twenty-six, and Eleanor, I believe, is twenty."

"True, true; yes, she is twenty last June,—but—but—why, of course, she must decide for herself—that is, if you are sure you love her."

I felt myself growing red; but Mr. Beecher seemed to interpret this as a sign of my ardent devotion and anger at its

being doubted, for he went on : "Yes, yes ! I beg your pardon. I never heard anything about you but in your favor. Of course, I have nothing to say but that I am very happy. Of course," more quickly, "it's a great honor ; that is, of course you know my daughter has no fortune to match with yours."

"I am perfectly indifferent to that."

"Of course — of course — well, it must rest with Eleanor. She is a good girl, and I can trust her choice. Will you not go in and see my — Mrs. Beecher ?" he added with relief, as if struck with a bright idea ; and I left him slashing off green bunches and doing awful havoc among his grape-vines. He did not appear so overwhelmed with delight at the prospect of an alliance with me as Eleanor had seemed to expect. Mrs. Beecher, on her part, took the tidings in rather a melancholy way ; she wept, and said Eleanor was a dear good child, and she hoped we should make each other happy, but there was more despondency than joy in her manner ; either she was accustomed to look at every new event in that light, or, as I suspected, this piece of good fortune was rather too overwhelming. I thought many times in the next two months of the man who received a gift of an elephant. I played the part of elephant in the Beecher *ménage*, and was sometimes terribly oppressed by my own magnificence. Perhaps an engagement may be a pleasant period of one's life under some circumstances ; decidedly mine was not. I insisted on its being as short as possible, thinking that the sooner it was over the better for all parties. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher might have had some comfort in getting Eleanor ready to be married to some nice young man with a rising salary and a cottage at Roxbury ; but to get her ready to be married to me was a task which I was afraid would be the death of both of them. Poor Eleanor herself was worn to a shadow with it all, and I remember looking forward with some satisfaction to bringing her up again after we were married.

My mother, of course, could not interfere with their arrangements, even to offer help. She asked no questions, found no fault, but was throughout unapproachably courteous and overpoweringly civil. Once, and once only, did she speak out her mind to me. The evening after the wedding-

day was fixed, she tapped late at my door, and when I opened it, in she walked in her white wrapper, candlestick in hand, for the whole house was long darkened, her long, thick, still bright, brown locks hanging below her waist, and a look of determination on her features,—looking like a Lady Macbeth, who had had the advantages of a good early education.

“Roger!” she began, and paused.

“Well.”

“Roger,” as I placed a chair for her, and she sat down as if she were at the dentist’s, “there is one thing I must say to you. I hope you will not mind. I must be satisfied on one point, and then I will never trouble you again about it.”

“Anything, dearest, that I can please you in.”

“Roger, did you ever—did you never care for Katie Day?”

“I always liked her.”

“I mean, Roger, did you ever want to marry her? And, oh, Roger! I hope, I do hope that if you did not, you have never let her have any reason to think you did.”

“Never! I have never given her any reason to think I cared for her more than as a very good friend.”

“I felt sure you would never wilfully deceive any girl,” said my mother, with a sigh of relief; “but I am anxious about you yourself. Did you and Katie ever have any quarrel—any misunderstanding? I have heard of people marrying some one else from pique after such things. Do forgive me, Roger, dear; but I should be so glad to know.” My poor mother paused, more disconcerted than she usually allowed herself to be, and her beautiful eyes brimming over with tears.

“Don’t worry about me, dearest mother,” I said, kissing her tenderly; for my heart was touched by her anxiety. “I can tell you truly that I have never really wanted to marry Katie, though once or twice I have thought of it. I have always admired her, as every one must. She is a lovely girl; and seeing so much of her as I have, it might have come to something in time, if it had not been for Eleanor.”

“If it had not been for Eleanor!” My mother was too well-bred to repeat my words, but I saw them run through her mind like a lightning flash. She looked for a moment as if she thought I was mad,

then in another moment she remembered that she had heard love to be not only mad but blind. Her own Cupid had been a particularly wide-awake deity, with all his wits about him; but she bowed to the experience of mankind. From that hour to this she has never breathed a word which could convey any idea that Eleanor was anything but her own choice and pride as a daughter-in-law.

The Beechers got up a very properly commonplace wedding, after all, though nothing to what my wedding ought to have been. Eleanor herself, like many prettier brides, was little but a peg to hang a wreath and veil on. Her younger sisters did very well as bridesmaids. The only will I showed in the matter was in refusing to ask Phil Day to act as best man, though I knew it was expected of me. I asked Herbert Riddell; and the good fellow performed his part admirably, and made the thing go off with some life. I verily believe he was the happiest person there. They only had a very small breakfast for the nearest relations, my mother remarking that we could have something larger afterwards; but the church was crammed. The thing I remember best of that day, now fifteen years ago, was the expression on Mrs. Day’s and Katie’s faces. It was not pique,—they were too well-bred for that, nor disappointment,—they were too proud for that, even had they felt it. And I don’t believe there was any deep disappointment, at least, on Katie’s part. I had made no undue advances; and she was far too sensible and sunny-tempered a lassie to let herself do more than indulge in a few day-dreams, or to wear the willow for any man, even if he were a good match, and had pleased her fancy. She married, as every one knows, Herbert Riddell, and made him a very good wife. But neither mother nor daughter could quite keep out of their faces, wreathed in smiles, as befitting the occasion, the look of uncomprehending, unmitigated amazement, too overpowering to dissemble. I suppose it was reflected on many others, and I remember overhearing Aunt Frances severely reprimanding Aunt Grace for so far forgetting herself as to utter the vulgar remark that she “would give ten thousand dollars to know what Roger was marrying that little fright for.”

The Roger Greenway and Eleanor

Beecher of ten years ago are so far past now that I can talk of them like other people. That Roger Greenway ranked so low in his class at college is only remembered to be cited as a comfort to the mothers of stupid sons,—Roger Greenway, now the coming man in Massachusetts. Have I not made a yacht voyage round Southern California, and is not my book on the deep-sea dredgings off the coasts considered an important contribution to the Darwinian theory, having drawn, in his later days, a kind and appreciative letter from the great naturalist? Do I not bid fair to revolutionize American agriculture by my success in domesticating the bison on my stock farm in Maine? Have I not come forward in politics, made brilliant speeches through the state, and am I not now sitting in Congress for my second term? The world would be incredulous if I told them that all this was due to Eleanor. She did not, indeed, know exactly what deep-sea dredging was; but she said I ought to do something with my yacht, and had better make a voyage, and write a book about it. She is as afraid, not only of a bison, but of a cow, as a well-principled woman ought to be; but she said I ought to do something with my stock farm, and had better try some experiments. She is no advocate of women's going into politics; but she said I was a good speaker, and ought to attend the primary meetings. And when I said the difficulty was to think of anything to say, she said if that were all, she could think of twenty things. So she did; and when I had once begun, I could think of them myself. I have had no military training; but if Eleanor were to say that she was sure I could take a fort, I verily believe I could and should.

Not less is Eleanor Beecher of the old days lost in Mrs. Roger Greenway. As she grew older she grew stouter, which was very becoming to her, as she had always been of a good height, though no one ever gave her credit for it. Her complexion cleared up; her hair was better dressed, and looked a different shade; and she developed an original taste in dress. She developed a peculiar manner, too, very charming, and quite her own. She showed an organizing faculty; and after getting her household under perfect control, and starting her nursery on the most systematic

basis, she grew into planning and carrying out new charities. The name of Mrs. Roger Greenway at the head of a charity committee wins public confidence at once, and, seen among the "remonstrants" against woman's suffrage, has more than once brought over half the doubtful votes in the General Court. Every one says that I am unusually fortunate in having such a wife for a public man, and my mother cannot sufficiently show her delight in the wisdom of dear Roger's choice.

Eleanor would never let me do what she called "pauperize" her family; but I found Mr. Beecher a good place on a railroad, over which I had some control, which he filled admirably, and built a new house to let to him. I helped the boys through college, letting them pay me back, and gave them employment in the lines they chose. The girls, under pleasanter auspices, turned out prettier than their eldest sister, and enjoyed society; and one is well married, and another engaged.

Katie Day, as I said before, married Herbert Riddell. She was an excellent wife, and made his means go twice as far as any one else could have done. She and Eleanor are called intimate friends with as much reason as Phil and I had been. I don't believe they ever have two words to say to each other when alone together, but then they very seldom are. Eleanor is always lending Katie the carriage, and sending her fruit and flowers when she gives one of her exquisite little dinners; and Katie looks pretty, and sings and talks at our parties, and so it goes on to mutual satisfaction.

We all have our youthful dreams, though to few of us is it given to find them realities. Perhaps we might more often do so, did we know the vision when we met it in mortal form. I had had my ideal, a shadowy one indeed, and never, certainly, did I imagine that I was chasing after it when I followed Eleanor down the fir-tree walk. "An eagerness to share the overflowing gifts of fortune with others,—a respectful tenderness for those who had but little,—a yearning sweetness of sympathy that should disarm even envy, and give the very inequalities of life their fitness and significance." Had I ever clothed my fancies in words like these? I hardly knew; but as I watched my wife in the early days of our married life, shyly and slowly learning

to use her new powers, as the butterfly, fresh from the chrysalis, stretches its cramped wings to the sun and air, they took life and shape before me,—and I felt the charm of the “ever womanly” that has ever since drawn me on, as it must draw the race.

Did Eleanor’s love for me spring from gratitude for or pleasure in the wealth that was lavished on her with a liberal hand,—who shall say? A girl’s love, if love it be, is

often won by gifts of but a little higher sort. But if it be worthy of the name, it finds its earthly close in loving for love’s sake alone; and then it matters not how it came, for it can never go, and the pulse of its life will be giving, not taking. To Eleanor herself, sure of my heart because so sure of her own, it would matter but little to-day if I had loved her first from pity. That I did not is my own happiness, not hers.

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## DOUBT.

*By Nellie Talbot Kinkead.*

You love me? Thou dost say it well,—and yet  
 My soul, unsatisfied, doth dumbly wait,  
 A lonely Peri, at the Heaven-gate;  
 Doth shrink and tremble lest thy heart regret  
 One haunting vision thou canst not forget.  
 Ah, doubt! more cruel still than blight of hate,  
 Joy’s enemy and harbinger of fate,  
 Thou canst not die until Love’s sun is set!

O Love,—if love it be thou givest me,—  
 One little moment be thou all mine own,  
 One moment,—then, tho’ all eternity  
 Should drive me exiled from thy heart’s high throne,  
 Grief-stricken, I would yet go patiently,  
 And widowed, I would utter not a moan!

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## BROTHERS.

*By Irene Putnam.*

TRAMMELLED, perplexed, bewildered by  
 The strangeness of humanity,  
 Each called the other enemy.

Yet they were brothers,—sons of Light,—  
 Brothers, that toiled with equal might  
 For God, and Hope, and Truth, and Right;

And when they met in Heavenly place  
 Each knew the other’s unmasked face;  
 They kissed and wept in glad embrace.

## IS AGRICULTURE DECLINING IN NEW ENGLAND?

*By Frederic Hathaway Chase.*

THE notion that New England farms are steadily being depopulated has been fast growing within the last few years, until now it is very generally accepted as a fact that our farming population is rapidly decreasing. The reason universally given for this alleged decline in agriculture is that the farms of New England cannot compete with the vast tracts of rich lands in the West which have recently been brought into cultivation; operations can there be carried on on a broader basis and on a far larger scale than in the East, and on the whole the cost of production is much less. This statement may be true in some respects, and indeed it is seldom disputed that in the raising of certain products our Western states have a decided advantage over their more crowded and sometimes less fertile Eastern sisters; but that by admitting this point the whole question is proved, that agriculture is decreasing in New England on account of the competition of the newer states, is far from true. On the contrary, it can be shown that New England has not declined in what Horace Greeley has called "the noblest of professions," and that there is as yet no immediate danger of the disappearance of our landed estates and the conversion of the New England farmers, that class of husbandmen which has become so inseparably connected with the history of the whole country, into shopmen and manufacturers.

In the cultivation of land there must be a standard, a line drawn somewhere, which shall separate the profitable from the unprofitable land; which shall decide what land is to be cultivated and what not. The gauge which determines this standard is found in *rent*; not rent in the popular acceptance of the term, but in the sense in which it is used in political science. "Rent," says John Stuart Mill, "is the difference between the unequal returns to different parts of the capital employed on the soil,"—that is, whatever remains of the produce from land after the ordinary rate of interest on capital and the remuneration of labor ex-

pended has been paid goes to form what is termed rent. Now it is obvious that there will be some land under cultivation which gives no more than the ordinary return to capital and labor, and which, therefore, yields no rent. This so-called no-rent land then is the standard which determines the degree of fertility or convenience which land must possess to be tilled. Whenever by accessions of new and rich territory the standard is raised, that which before was no-rent land, yielding barely the ordinary return to capital and labor, now fails to make that return, and evidently must be cultivated at a loss, if at all.

Theoretically such land would be at once abandoned, but owing to the degree of immobility in the capital invested; in some cases it is more to the interest of the farmer to continue the cultivation of his land, even though he receives a less than ordinary rate of return on his capital; consequently he carries on his farm at an actual loss until a favorable opportunity comes for changing his occupation or reinvesting his capital.

This is precisely the state of affairs which has come about within the last few decades in the relations of New England with the West. Large tracts of deep-soiled Western lands have been opened up to the people for cultivation, and by this means the standard of no-rent land has been raised. Now as most of the no-rent land of the country was embraced in New England, for reasons which we shall soon consider, it is here that we most clearly see the results of this action in the operation of the law of rent. The farms of New Hampshire and Vermont which were thus made unprofitable were not immediately given up, however. On many of them there were living people who either disliked to give up the old place, or were so situated that they could not change their abode or occupation, except at a greater loss than that incurred by remaining where they were. And such farms, though few, were maintained, some of them for a considerable time, at a decided loss.

Gradually, as the old families died out and their places fell into new hands, they were neglected, and it is this occasional dropping out of one of the old no-rent farms which has induced the public to believe that all New England farms will in time be given up, and ours will be a community entirely commercial and manufacturing in its interests.

There is no cause for such apprehension. The operation of the law of rent fell most heavily on New England for the reason that she was the portion of the country first settled, and hers was the land longest in cultivation, upon which the competition of the West was brought to bear. In the early days of a country, when it is being settled, there are naturally a few points from which, as centres, colonization gradually spreads. At this stage in the development of the future empire the elements of convenience and nearness to transporting agents are of the greatest importance in determining the occupation of land. For this reason land situated near a river or town is sure to be cultivated first, although it may be far inferior to soils which lie farther back or are as yet in the wilderness. Thus we see in the history of New England, that first the lands around Plymouth, Boston, Hartford, and New Haven were populated, and then, as the numbers of the colonists increased, and roads were extended, and tracts were cleared, settlements were made farther inland; but still the high cost of transportation remained a serious drawback to the opening up of lands far distant from the colonial settlements.

Gradually the work of settlement went on, slowly moving towards the centre of the country, until by the introduction of the three great transcontinental railways in 1870 our wide West was suddenly thrown open with all its fertility and resources. Before this the New England states had been but in a slight degree affected by the new lands which had come into tillage; they yet possessed the element of convenience; but by the great lowering of transportation rates effected by this sudden increase in the mileage of railroads it would have been strange had she not been disturbed.

Thus we see that it is the vast addition of Western land, together with the cheapening in the cost of transportation which has raised the standard of no-rent

land, and, acting upon the old farms of New England which were settled at a time when convenience was a necessity, has caused the desertion of a small amount of New England land. On the whole, however, New England's agricultural interests have not suffered as severely as might have been expected, as an examination of the statistician's figures in the commissioner of agriculture's reports since 1870 will show very plainly. Below is given a table showing the number of acres under cultivation in the New England states separately, at periods of five years, from 1870 to 1888.

Year.	Maine.	New Hampshire.	Vermont.
	No. Acres under Cultivation.	No. Acres.	No. Acres.
1870	1,261,874	669,511	1,249,775
1875	1,559,366	949,670	1,314,934
1880	1,521,581	783,809	1,340,360
1885	1,336,268	735,706	1,212,064
1888	1,580,451	809,201	1,308,046

Year.	Massachusetts.	Rhode Island.	Connecticut.
	No. Acres under Cultivation.	No. Acres.	No. Acres.
1870	597,405	105,778	474,422
1875	793,725	107,344	710,434
1880	958,011	169,458	939,934
1885	763,574	97,189	752,132
1888	798,403	133,528	753,740

From these figures it can be readily seen that in the total acreage of every state there is an increase in 1888 over the average of 1870. A decided decrease will be noticed from 1880 to 1885, and, indeed, this decrease took place all over the country. The cause may be directly traced to the great depression which then hung over the country, and which greatly affected all kinds of industry. The increase in each state of the whole number of acres under cultivation is given below.

Maine . . . . .	318,577 acres
New Hampshire . . . . .	139,690 "
Vermont . . . . .	58,271 "
Massachusetts . . . . .	200,998 "
Rhode Island . . . . .	27,750 "
Connecticut . . . . .	279,318 "
Total increase in New England .	1,024,604 acres

This surely does not look as if we were in danger of having our farming class speedily wiped out. In the face of all the reductions in the price of grain, brought

about chiefly by the cheapening in transportation rates, New England has not only held her own, but has actually increased her acreage during the last twenty years by over a million acres.

Notwithstanding these facts it becomes evident upon investigation that cereals can be produced at a much less cost in the West than in the East, and at a greater yield per acre, leaving out of the question fertilizers, which are used extensively here and hardly at all in the West.

Having thus seen that agriculture is *not* decreasing in New England, the reasons why this is the fact should be considered. Clearly were there not circumstances tending to enlarge the returns from New England soils beyond the income ordinarily yielded by the cultivation of cereals, our worst fears would be realized, and the old homesteads of the East would yield to the pressure of the wheat-fields of the Dakotas, and quite disappear.

As a matter of fact, a state of agriculture exists in New England which may reasonably have little fear of competition from newer and richer lands in the West; at least not for many years. It is essentially a New England system, and in a great degree depends for its support upon New England alone. Our Eastern states are not exporters of cereals; that great office is assumed by the territory in the basins of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri rivers. Here in New England there has grown up a system of what is called "mixed farming," to which in a great measure the maintenance of our agricultural territory is due. In "mixed farming" the seed or fruit of the plant is not the sole object of its culture; the good of the corn lies not wholly in the ear, but the stalks upon which the grain was borne are also utilized, and in this way a double profit is realized. When we consider that with our increasing population there comes an increase in the demand for dairy products, which cannot very well be produced outside the state in which they are consumed, this system of "mixed farming" becomes an important one.

Turning again to the statistician's tables, we find that the increase of milch cows in New England in 1888 over the number in 1870 was 144,368; and such an increase must mean that a larger part of our best land is given up to grazing and the raising

of hay for the support of stock. Throughout New England we find this method of farming being carried on. The farmer does not devote his whole time and attention to raising any one particular crop; and, furthermore, by his method of succession of crops, each piece of land is made to give more than one yield in a season. An early crop is first harvested, and immediately the land is cleared and another one is sown. In this way land makes sometimes three or four returns in the same year.

In the degree of economy exercised, the New England farmer differs from the Western granger. The New England farmer has always been pointed out as the very type of thrift and judicious saving. The arrangement of his year's work he makes such that it may come as equally as possible in each season, and by this means he greatly increases the possible amount of benefit to be derived from his land. The Western farmer, carrying on operations, as he does, on a large scale, cannot always attend to those smaller matters and details, by a care for which his Eastern brother swells his income very considerably.

The last and beyond doubt the most important feature in New England farming is its system of market-gardening, or truck-farming, and in New England, more than in any other part of the country, is this kind of cultivation carried on. With the lowering in price of wheat and the other necessities of life comes an added demand for what before, to a certain extent, were considered the luxuries of life,—vegetables and fruit. The laborer finds that after he has once had these articles he cannot very well do without them, and his demand grows with his desire and the means for satisfying it. For the raising of these products nearness to markets is, of course, an absolute necessity. The produce is perishable, and cannot be transported far. Accordingly we see a constantly increasing amount of land devoted to market-gardening, each garden aiding to supply a local market in products of the most perishable nature, and sending those in a less degree perishable to some large town or city not far distant.

In this branch of her agriculture New England need have no fear of outside competition. She has a monopoly in this direction, and it is to-day by far the most profit-

able branch of farming. Whatever fruits and vegetables are shipped from the South and West come at a time when they do not interfere with her products of the same nature, and do not enter into competition with them in the market.

In every part of New England the change, where not already wrought, is rapidly going on. The old-style farmer, who devoted his attention solely to grain-raising, is almost wholly supplanted by the one who grows a miscellaneous harvest and who, by careful attention and rotation of crops, reaps the fullest advantage from his land. As our manufactures increase, building up cities of mills and shops and filling them with busy workmen, our farming class will also grow in numbers, and the acres under their control will swell in extent.

Our workingmen are in a prosperous condition, and in their welfare are bound up the farming interests of New England. They demand more than the bare necessities of life, the bread for food and the water for drink, and on this demand depends our system of market-gardening. It is plain to see how the one is dependent on the other, and it is safe to say that while New England has the immense commercial population that she now has, and until this class, dependent as it is upon our farmers to fill a need which the farmers of no other section can well supply, shall grow less, she has no cause to be anxious about her farming communities, and no need to fear that the area within her limits devoted to agriculture will decrease until in time it shall utterly disappear.

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## TREE CULTURE.

*By J. Jones Bell.*

**G**RAIN-GROWING on the American continent has ceased to be as profitable as it was some years ago. In the older parts of the country the farmers have largely abandoned it, and turned their attention to dairying, or some other branch of agriculture. On the prairies of the great West and Northwest immense wheat-fields wave in the summer breeze; but it is only because of the great productiveness of the rich virgin soil and the introduction of the steam plough, the self-binder, and other labor-saving machinery that there is profit in grain-growing, and one or two bad years wipe out any surplus the farmer may have accumulated. The competition of India and other Eastern countries is often more than the American farmer can well meet, the cheap labor which abounds there placing it in the power of grain-dealers to lay down Eastern wheat in England, and other great consuming countries of Europe, at a lower rate than the American farmer can afford to sell it for.

What is the farmer to do? He must turn his attention to other branches of husbandry in which there is less competition, and therefore more profit. In the

New England states and Canada, and to some extent in the West and Northwest, dairying has taken the place of grain-growing, — a species of husbandry of great economic value, as it makes a liberal return to the soil for what it takes out of it. Forestry is also receiving a greater degree of attention than formerly, although it has been studied more on account of its meteorological influence than as a direct means of profit. There are, however, vast tracts of land on this continent not suited for general farming, which might be profitably devoted to tree culture. The outlay for planting is not great, and the cost for cultivation is nothing. The returns may be slow, but they are sure.

In order to give some idea of the requirements of the country in certain classes of wood, take the case of Canada. During the last fiscal year Canada imported, among other items, the following: —

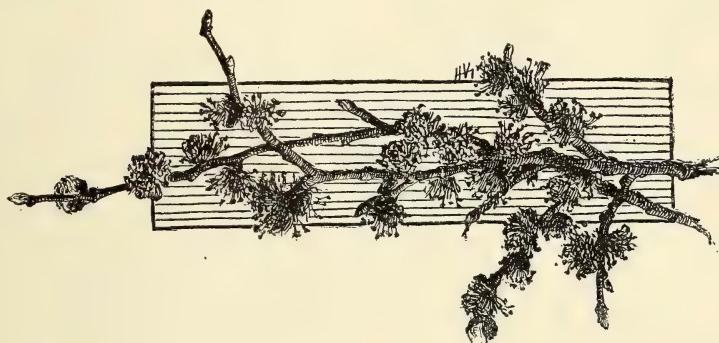
Hubs, spokes, felloes, etc., in the rough	\$2,633
Hickory for do. . . . .	51,334
Hickory billets for tool-handles, etc. . . . .	2,317
Walnut . . . . .	180,881
Boxwood, cherry, etc. . . . .	68,542
Lumber and timber, not classified . . . . .	420,421
	\$726,128

This shows nearly three-quarters of a million dollars paid for wood, all of which, except the boxwood, could be grown in the country. And the trade is constantly increasing. Not very many years ago black walnut was abundant in Southwestern Ontario, and some of the settlers, not aware of its value or because there was no market at hand, split the trees up for fence-rails or burned them for firewood. The wild cherry tree was also abundant; the hickory had a wide range, and oak grew almost everywhere. In clearing the country the destruction of much of this valuable timber was, perhaps, unavoidable, but it need not be final. Where those trees grew they may be made to grow again, and with profit to the growers.

The same holds true of a good part of the United States. There will always be a large and growing demand for timber for carriage-building, cabinet-making, house-finishing, and other decorative work. The farmer who has a few acres of ground which will not produce any other crop with advantage may find that he can turn them to profitable account by planting trees. If he does not reap the harvest himself, his children will be sure to do so.

The destruction of the forests in Europe has turned many fertile tracts into barren wastes. The summer droughts have become more severe, and the winter floods more destructive. The latter have denuded the hillsides of their covering of vegetable mould, which, carried down by the raging torrents, have filled up harbors and formed pestilential mud-banks. The same thing is taking place on this continent. Extensive terrace-lands of the Southern Alleghanies have been impoverished by the washing away of the soil as a result of forest destruction. Dr. Oswald, in a paper on the subject, says that the loss far exceeds the benefit produced by the introduction of labor-saving machinery, — that the waste of vegetable mould in the eastern cotton states alone more than outweighs the profit derived from the improvement of all agricultural implements used on this continent.

In seeking to discover new directions in which he may expend his energy, the agriculturist should not overlook the growth of timber as a profitable business; while the encouragement of forestry cannot fail to be of great economic and æsthetic advantage.



## FROM JUNE TO JUNE.

*By Margaret Steele Anderson.*

"It was June, was it not, when we walked together  
Through the blooming woods in the cloudless weather?" —  
"And now December" — "Nay, love, not so!  
Through the wind and the mist and the driving snow,  
Through pride, and sorrow, and silent pain,  
We two have come into June again."

## OKLAHOMA AND THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

*By W. D. Crawford.*

IT seems strange that in a land filled with such enterprising inhabitants as the United States, a piece of territory larger than the whole of New England, or the combined area of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, could exist and be so little known or so vaguely understood as the Indian Territory. The natural wealth is so great, the population so scattered and unlike in conditions, habits, and history, that even a brief view of it all would fill a volume. About seventy thousand square miles of land are included within the boundaries of the territory, and about three-fourths of this land is very fertile, and well adapted to farming, fruit, and stock raising. The other fourth is sandy, rocky land, unsuited for any purpose except grazing, but when not overstocked it cannot be excelled in the world for that purpose. The climate is mild, and snow is rarely seen. Cattle generally live well upon the range all winter without feed or care. The Arkansas and Canadian rivers pass through the central and northern parts, from west to east, furnishing a complete system of drainage and irrigation. The Red River forms the southern boundary, along the borders of Texas, and with its numerous small tributaries completes the water system of the territory. The bottom lands and valleys along these creeks and rivers furnish some of the finest cotton land in America, and already the thrifty colored citizen is producing every year tens of thousands of bales of cotton, which are ginned and shipped from the small trading villages along the lines of the various railroads which intersect the territory. The population of the entire territory is hard to estimate, as no census has ever been taken by the government, and none is being taken at this time. The Indian citizens alone number about eighty thousand, of whom perhaps about seven or eight thousand are full-blooded Indians, the rest either half white or half negro; for, in spite of the natural enmity between the Indian and negro, they have intermarried to a great extent, and especially in the Creek

nation, where three-fourths of all their citizens show negro blood. The non-citizens and residents of Oklahoma, which is yet a part of the territory, will probably number seventy thousand more, making the whole number of citizens and residents about one hundred and fifty thousand. The working and progressive part of the population, as a rule, is not the Indian. Practically all the improvements, cultivated farms, valuable ranches, coal mines, and other industries are owned, controlled, and worked solely by the negro and "squaw man" of the territory. The "squaw man" is a white man who has married an Indian wife, thereby obtaining a right to live in the territory, and hold land among the Indians. At Atoka, Lehigh, and McAlles-ter large coal mines put out millions of tons of coal, but no Indians are interested in the output. Fine veins of coal crop out upon the surface in many parts of the territory, and large quantities are burned by the citizens where other fuel is scarce.

This country was set apart for the residence of the Indian in 1834, and soon afterwards the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles were removed from their eastern homes into this new land, which at that time was entirely unexplored by the white people. Here the Indians, unmolested, grew rapidly in strength and wealth, until at the beginning of the war in 1860 they owned large numbers of slaves and thousands of cattle and horses; but they then chose the losing side, and the treaties of 1866, which restored them to peace with the United States, emancipated their slaves and made them citizens of the tribe to which they had belonged, with full rights to a division in the land and their share of moneys due the tribes.

The territory at present may be divided into four divisions, distinguished according to the title of the lands. The first is the Public Land strip, lying west of the main tract, and forming a handle, extending south of Kansas and Colorado. It belongs to the public land of the United States, but has never been opened to settlement

or purchase. In spite of the fact that no title can be obtained to these lands at present, a number of squatters have settled here and made them good homes, improved farms, and established ranches. Heretofore no court has had any jurisdiction over this strip and its inhabitants; hence it became a refuge for lawless men and criminals fleeing from justice in the states. The residents, however, organized a local government of their own, made laws, and elected officers, who enforced those laws and administered justice to the local offenders. Since the passage of the Muskogee court bill in 1889, the court at Paris, Texas, has had jurisdiction as respects higher crimes in this part of the country, and, strange to say, has had most of the officials of the local government arrested, and proposes to try them for acts committed in their official capacity, such as assault and battery, and, where the collection of fines was by force, for robbery. The court at Muskogee holds jurisdiction in all civil cases and in misdemeanors.

Near the centre of the territory lies a small square of land containing nearly three thousand square miles, which formerly belonged to the Creek nation, but which they sold to the United States for \$1.25 per acre. This is known as the Oklahoma country, which has been so greatly boomed, and considered the acme of all the Indian lands. At its opening, on April 22, 1889, a rush was made that has probably never been equalled in the history of the public land distribution of the United States. Fifty thousand people are said to have entered Oklahoma in search of land on the day of its opening, and under the town-site provision cities sprang up like magic. Guthrie and Oklahoma City each contained more than ten thousand inhabitants within a week from the "landing" of the first individual. Newspapers were issued the first day, banks were opened within three days, and in less than six weeks street-cars and electric lights were introduced. This country is now clamoring loudly at the doors of Congress for admission as a territory, and although it would establish a bad precedent to admit so small a territory into the Union, yet it will be almost necessary to do so in order that laws may be passed for its proper government and control. It is even more destitute of law than the

rest of the territory, for the Indian tribes have laws of their own which assist greatly in preserving order.

Northeast and west of Oklahoma lies the third division of the Indian Territory, consisting of reservations of land for the wild tribes, and the Cherokee strip or outlet. East and northeast of Oklahoma are located twelve reservations, each occupied by a different tribe, of which the Osages are the most important and the most wealthy. An agent appointed by the Department of the Interior oversees each of these tribes, and controls their relations and dealings with all outside parties. North of Oklahoma, and extending along the southern border of Kansas from the 96th parallel west to the Public Land strip and Texas, is the Cherokee outlet, negotiations for which at present are attracting so much attention. Commissioners were appointed under authority from Congress and sent out last year to undertake to purchase from the Cherokee nation their claim to this outlet. They were authorized to offer \$1.25 per acre. The Cherokees refused to consider this offer or to pay any attention to the commissioners. The Indians are now clamoring for the appointment of a new commission and the sale of their land at higher prices. Heretofore the Cherokees have derived an immense revenue from the leasing of these lands to the cattle men, but the authorities at Washington have declared these leases to be illegal, and the President by proclamation has ordered the cattle men and their herds to remove from the strip by the first of October. This outlet will undoubtedly be opened to settlement in a very short time, and will then offer good homes to at least one hundred thousand people.

In the southwestern part of the territory are the reservations of the Cheyennes, Comanches, Apaches, and several other tribes. These tribes are the wildest and most uncivilized of any in the territory. They subsist mainly upon rations issued by the government, and upon annuities due them for lands which they formerly owned, but have relinquished to the United States.

The last division of the Indian Territory is that occupied by what are known as the five civilized tribes, occupying the eastern and southeastern portion of the territory, which is by far the best and most valuable land within its boundaries. These so-called

Indian "nations" hold the lands upon which their citizens reside by fee-simple title from the United States government; but this title is inalienable, and the lands cannot even be allotted among their own citizens without the consent of the United States.

The Cherokee nation in the northeastern part is the most distinctly Indian of all, having about three or four thousand full-bloods among its twenty-five thousand citizens. They have an excellent public-school system, with a university or college at its head, located at Pahlequah, the capital of the nation. Their government is republican in form, with a constitution modelled after the constitution of the United States. Party politics run as high between the National and Downing parties as between the great parties in the "States." Four newspapers are published in the Cherokee nation, and three railroads intersect its boundaries. It supports an orphan asylum, containing about three hundred orphan children.

The Creek nation lies south of this, and occupies a great deal of fine farming land; cotton and corn are here produced in immense quantities. The capital, Okmulgee, situated forty miles from the railroad, is a small village owned entirely by one of its citizens. In all of the five nations the citizens are allowed to fence and use as much land as they desire. The rich men manage to monopolize the greater portion of the valuable land. In the Creek nation twelve wealthy citizens have under fence for their own exclusive use nearly one-fourth of the three million acres occupied by this tribe. This "land in common" system has proved itself in actual experiment here to be extremely oppressive to the poor man. At an expense of a few hundred dollars for wire fencing, a few men of moderate wealth can obtain for their own use thousands of acres of the richest lands of the tribe, and hold them, to the exclusion of the poor man, as long as these tribal governments exist.

At Muskogee, the principal city of the Creek nation, two well-equipped mission schools are supported by denominational funds, and furnish means of education for about one hundred and fifty students. Two newspapers are published here, and a half-dozen trading establishments acting under license from the United States gov-

ernment carry stocks of general merchandise of from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each in value.

The Choctaw nation occupies ten thousand square miles in the southeastern part of the territory. They are the shrewdest and best business men among the Indians, and their wealth is more equally divided among their people. These and the Chickasaw Indians, whose lands lie directly west of them, have a better common-school system, and have a stronger sentiment than any other of the Indians favoring the dissolution of old tribal relations and customs, and the adoption of white men's ways, and finally becoming citizens of the United States.

The Seminoles number not quite three thousand, and have made less educational advance than any other of the five tribes. The contrast between these so-called nations and the numerous fragments of wild and uncivilized tribes held on the reservations in other parts of the territory is wide, and it requires an effort of the imagination to connect them as kindred. These wild tribes still cling tenaciously to their savage customs and habits, and yield doggedly to civilization. The civilized tribes, however, while they still boast with pride of their Indian blood and their tribal traditions, still feel the power of the white man and his education and civilized methods of doing business, and are yielding rapidly to his influence.

The great and crying evil of the hour here is the uncertainty and lack of law. Perhaps in no place in the world may be found such a complicated system of nation within nation, and laws so vague and administered by such a variety of courts and officials. Each nation and tribe within the territory exercises a certain jurisdiction over the people residing within its boundaries, and its judicial decrees are carried out by its own system of sheriffs and constables. The Department of the Interior, through its Indian agents, located in the various tribes, controls and regulates the intercourse between the white man and the Indian. This authority is enforced by a detail of Indian police, employed and paid by the United States. All the higher classes of crimes, for which there is any law to punish the offender, come within the jurisdiction of the United States District Courts, situated at Fort Smith, Ar-

kansas, Paris, Texas, and Wichita, Kansas ; while misdemeanors are punishable in the United States Court at Muskogee. A force of about one hundred deputy marshals serve these four courts, and as the marshals from each court, the Indian police, and the sheriffs of the various Indian governments are entirely independent of each other, and yet work in the same territory, conflicts and trouble are a necessary consequence. Illustrative of the lack of law, may be cited the fact that there is no penalty attached to the following crimes : forgery, embezzlement, assault and battery, other than with a deadly weapon, disturbing the peace, carrying concealed weapons, hunting or working on Sunday, and gambling, the only punishment for which latter is forfeiture and loss of the instruments used for gambling purposes, which forfeiture is enforced by the Indian agents through orders from the Interior Department. Divorce cannot be procured within the boundaries of the territory, and it has been questioned by the courts whether marriages performed here be-

tween others than Indians are legal. Yet in the face of these facts men have stood on the floor of our Senate and declared that there was no need of other laws, and that our condition — the writer is a resident of the Indian Territory — is equal to that of residents of the states. We cannot enforce the collection of a debt of less than one hundred dollars ; we cannot record or enforce a will nor provide for orphans or insane persons. Were this land-in-common system wiped out, and wise and just laws passed for our government, the Indian Territory, within the next five years, would make such a stride forward as has been almost never equalled in history. The already awakening elements of progress would become powerful ; thousands of happy and prosperous homes would be built up, filled with industrious citizens, who would gather every product, where now the plains lie in uncultivated richness, and practically their whole product goes up each year in fire and smoke as a witness of the lavish hand with which Nature has bestowed her bounties upon us.

## THE ARRER AN' HEART.

*Mrs. A. G. Lewis.*

A QUILTIN'? Of course I remember the way  
They used ter hev quiltin's. Gay? Guess they *were* gay.  
You young creeters now-days ain't happy an' free  
An' merry an' peart-like, es we used ter be  
When I was a gal.

A quiltin' bee? Yes,  
Fer sartin. You run to my old oaken press—  
The one next the chimbly—and lift up the lid,—  
Jest under that bag of sweet lav'nder it's hid,—  
A bedquilt. I've hed it—let's see—sixty years.  
I've washed it in sunshine an' rinsed it in tears;  
An' dried it agin an' agin when the weather  
Was mixed up with showers an' sunshine together.  
Yes; that is the right one—the "Arrer an' Heart."

The bee was at Debby's. My poor eyes do start  
So with tears when I think ev that day long ago.  
But, darlin', don't mind; fer it's nat'r'al, you know,  
Ter feel sort o' lonesome, rememberin' that I  
Am all the one left ev that fine company.

Yes — Debby's my sister that married Seth Green.  
She pieced up that patchwork. I never hev seen

Any pattern jest like it sence then anywhere.  
 Here, you see, are the hearts, an' the arrers are there.  
 Every arrer is pieced ter be pintin' its dart  
 Fer ter shoot and ter hit at the core ev some heart.

The dames an' their darters all turned out ter come  
 Fer the quiltin'. (Their husbuns an' sons stayed ter hum  
 Till 'twas time fer the supper.) We were lively an' chirk,  
 Discussin' an' gossipin' over our work,  
 How "herrin'-bone" quiltin'd look better than "harrers,"  
 An' "shell-work" an' "criss-cross" would *bring out* the arrers.  
 Some said that three lines ought ter run from the darts,  
 Ter show that they're meant ter shoot straight ter the hearts.

I can see ev'ry face round them quiltin' frames yet,  
 An' the squares that they quilted, an' jest where they set.  
 Turn it round; let me see; here it is; this is mine.  
 You see I could quilt purty even and fine.

Here, look at this middle square; this is the one  
 At quiltin's they saved out fer havin' their fun.  
 They don't finish up the last square till they pass  
 Round the supper. Sech biscuits, an' butter, an' sass!  
 Sech nut-cakes, an' custards, an' rich punkin pies!  
 Sech cheese, curd an' butter; sech "Jacks"! Why, the size  
 Of my two doubled fists wouldn't match 'em. But, land!  
 Them country chaps tackled 'em hand over hand,  
 A tellin' the gals as they oped their mouths wider,  
 "We're jest makin' room fer green but'nuts an' cider."

O, Lor'! When I see city five o'clock teas,  
 An' fellers a tiltin' small cups on their knees,  
 An' nibblin' away at a macaroon roll  
 Es though they'd be pizened by eatin' the whole,  
 I thinks es I watch 'em so pinched up and slim,—  
 The Lord haint much use fer a feller like him;  
 He won't hev much liftin' ter set him about  
 Till his legs grow some meat an' his chest broadens out.

The gals cleared the dishes when supper was over,  
 Then Debby came in with a green four-leaf clover.  
 "Whoever this lights on must quilt," (Debby said,  
 As she threw it in air,) "the last square." On *my* head  
 The clover leaves dropped; an' they shouted "See! See!  
 It's Becky that's got it. Good luck, Becky Lee!"

Then they blin'folded me and brought in a new broom,  
 That they put in my hands. Then around the "big room"  
 The young men jined hands, an' all formed in a ring.  
 I stood in the middle. Now what did I sing?  
 I haint thought fer years. It's an old-fashioned ditty.  
 The words? Well, I never! Dear, dear! It's a pity  
 Ef I can't remember them lines. Wait a minnit.—

"Ring around an' don't be late;  
 Step, Philander, ter your fate.  
 Here I lift my broom on high;  
 Underneath its stroke you die.

Wheresoever this broom doth fall,  
Be he short or be he tall,  
Be he fat or be he slim,  
Know that here I've chosen him."

There's another — a verse that hed ought ter be in it, —

"Come, Philander an' Becky Lee,  
Hie ye to the quiltin' bee.  
Mind ye well the needle's eye,  
An' twist your thread most carefully.  
An' if your quiltin' is well wrought,  
We'll call the parson ter tie the knot."

That last verse was sung by the others while we  
(I was blin'folded still, and Philander led me)  
Went back ter the quilt fer ter finish that part;  
'Twas the pint ev this arrer an' the core ev that heart  
That still must be quilted before we could "shake."  
Ev course you've bin told 'bout the great time we'd make  
A shakin' the quilt.

Now Philander, you see,  
Was held fer ter thread all my needles fer me,  
An' snip with the scissors the ends ev my thread.  
But I wa'n't allowed fer ter lift up my head  
Ter see who Philander might be, — but I guessed,  
Though ter this day, afore now, I never confessed  
How I thought all the while it was —

But I'm makin'

My story too long. Yes, I'll tell 'bout the "shakin'";  
How we took out the quilt from the frames, then we all  
Jest gripped at the corners an' sides fer ter haul  
It first this way, then that way, the stitches fer tryin',  
Then snapped it ter set the white battin' a flyin'.  
Sech a peltin' an' throwin' an' scamparin' begins!  
Sech tossin' an' tumblin' an' barkin' o' shins!  
Sech jokin' an' sparrin' an' laughin' an' sayin'  
Ev all sorts ev banterin's as, pantin' an' playin',  
We feathered our top-knots with white cotton plumes,  
An' painted our cheeks with the purtiest ev blooms.

O, Lordy! 'Twould beat out the German an' Lancers,  
An' all them new fanglements fixed up fer dancers,  
Ef you could jest see a smart old-fashioned reel,  
That haint got no draggin' ev toe ner ev heel,  
Ner bowin', ner bendin', ner leanin' 'ner huggin'. —  
The gals in them days didn't need any luggin'  
Around by their pardners like them that I see  
A now-days.

Yes, dearie, Philander an' me,  
We led off the reel, an' we kept up the jingle  
Es fast as the fiddler could scrape. My cheeks tingle  
Rememberin' Philander — his blushes and stammerin';  
An' how my poor heart set up thumpin' and hammerin';  
Fer not till he choosed me ter dance had I knowed  
Fer sure who 'twas threaded fer me while I sewed  
The *arrer an' heart*.

Tru ! Philander and me,  
 Our hearts got all tangled at that quiltin' bee.  
 It wa'n't no use tryin' ter pull out the threads,  
 Ner pick out the battin' thet stuck in our heads,  
 Ner stop the sweet music that woke in the reel,  
 Ner the shy sort ev lovin' we tried ter conceal.  
 Fer Philander (yer granther) declares that the dart  
 I quilted shot straight ter the core ev his heart.



## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

*By Edward E. Hale, D.D.*

**MISS READER.** If you please,—  
 I beg your pardon,—I am afraid  
 I am very rude ; but I thought you were  
 a minister.

*Tarry at Home Traveller.* Certainly,  
 Miss Reader, I am, and what of that ?

*Miss Reader.* Well,—oh, yes, you know,  
 I mean,—it seems as if we went about the  
 world a good deal.

*Traveller.* My poor, dear child, I am  
 sure we do. Do you mean that you are  
 tired ? I beg your pardon, I am sure !  
 Oh ! yes, I see. You do not understand ;  
 you mean that we seem to be compassing  
 sea and land, and that you have not  
 yet heard of any proselytes ! My poor,  
 dear Miss Reader, that is true. But you  
 must remember that we are not Pharisees,  
 —that is, we try not to be.

*Miss Reader* (thoroughly frightened).  
 Oh, not at all, my dear Mr. Traveller,—  
 I only meant that,—well,—you have  
 been so kind, I meant—

*Traveller.* I knew what you meant,  
 dear child. You meant what the man  
 meant who asked Count Rochambeau the  
 same question. The count was in Con-  
 necticut, at the head of the French army.  
 The man was a farmer who had been  
 “out” himself, again and again. I sup-  
 pose he was a minute-man in the 33d

Connecticut. But when there was no  
 fighting he was not a soldier. And he had  
 never heard of any soldiers who were  
 soldiers all the time. So he asked the  
 count boldly, “What do you do when you  
 are to hum?” And, alas ! the count did  
 not know.

*Miss Reader.* Well, my dear Mr.  
 Traveller, really you always understand  
 me, with a little explanation. I hope I  
 was not rude.

*Traveller.* My child, have you never  
 heard that

“Never anything can be amiss  
 When simpleness and duty tender it.”

I understand you entirely. As dear Dr.  
 Peabody said, “Every man should have a  
 vocation and an avocation.” Now you  
 have only seen the traveller’s avocation ;  
 and you want to see him in his vocation.

*Miss Reader.* I did not mean to ask  
 you to do anything you had not proposed.  
 But if you would take me with you on  
 one of our home walks,—to tell the truth,  
 that is what I was thinking of.

*Traveller.* And I shall like nothing  
 better. What I like most of all is to  
 Tarry at Home. Have you ever been in  
 jail?

*Miss Reader.* I? No, indeed ; why

do you ask me? Indeed, I did not know it was wrong to bring that otter-skin in my trunk!

*Traveller.* My poor, dear Miss Reader, it was not wrong. Do not let your conscience prick you. We are not going to jail as convicts, but because we want to.

*Miss Reader.* Indeed, yes; if we do want to.

*Traveller.* Surely we want to; this is a bit of ministry. Here is Mrs. Worrall in jail, and she needs just such advice as we can give her, and perhaps something more. Now, the Church of Christ goes everywhere, and as we have its business on our hands, we will go and see what we can do for Mrs. Worrall.

*Miss Reader.* Oh, thank you indeed for explaining. But, indeed, Mr. Traveller, you do take too much for granted, and you do not often explain as you do now.

*Traveller.* Oh, indeed, yes. A great many people have told me that before,—that I presume too much on the intelligence of my readers. It is because I think so well of the world. Now here is a letter asking what is the moral of my story of "Susan's Escort." And I wish I knew myself.

Well, now that you understand that you can get out of jail as easily as you go in, you will not hesitate. We ring the door-bell at the jail, and a man comes, just as if the jail were a house. He finds out that we want to go to see Mrs. Worrall. "Will I go to her room?"—because, being a clergyman, I may go to her room if I want to. But I have no such secrets as cannot be discussed on one side of the general room, and so Mrs. Worrall is sent for.

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Now, all you readers must understand that Mrs. Worrall, though she is in jail, is as innocent, for all that, as you and I are. That is to say, under the grand and fine theory of our common law, she is innocent till she is proved guilty. And she is not in a house of correction; that would show that she had been sentenced. She is only in jail, which means, in her case, that she is waiting trial. And practically, as we use words in Massachusetts, a jail is a place where people waiting their trial are kept, or perhaps witnesses whose testimony may be needed; while people are punished by being sent to a house of correction or a prison. This is the rough

distinction, not always observed, for there are exceptions, I believe, but it holds in nine instances out of ten.

Now, my good friend, Mrs. Worrall,—Mrs. Worrall, let me introduce you to Miss Reader; Miss Reader has come all the way from Fort Wrangel to see you;—my good friend, Mrs. Worrall, is here because one of her husbands was mad with her and charged her with bigamy. He charged the other husband with bigamy, too. And they were not people who had many friends whom they could ask to give bonds for them, and so the law cast them into jail, till the time should come round when the court could find out which of the husbands was right and which was wrong.

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You see, dear Miss Reader, that you must not be so dreadfully shocked till I tell you all the story. And was not it you yourself who chided me for taking too much for granted? So if I am a little long-winded now, whose fault is it? As you should know first, Mrs. Worrall was once Miss Somebody,—I do not know what; Miss Smith, as you please, or Miss Brown, or maybe Miss Reader.

A truckman named Blood wooed her, and, I am sorry to say, won her. Sorry, because he was a drunken dog, and used to beat her and abuse her. She earned the money for the concern, and he drank it up; for the truck and the horses soon went for beer and whiskey; so they had a hard time of it. She had two babies, and she had to work for them and for her husband, till, in a fortunate moment, when Blood was more drunk than usual, he chipped on a long voyage.

Then there was some peace for poor Mrs. Blood and the children. And if she hoped he would stay "tradin' round" in Pacific Oceans, I do not blame her. I know plenty of husbands whom I should be glad to send there. Year in and year out of solid comfort had Mrs. Blood and the little people. And at last a good fellow came in, an old sailor friend of Blood's, and he gave to Mrs. Blood the glad news that the *Majestic* had been lost somewhere in a typhoon, and that captain and crew would never be heard of more. Ah, me! I am afraid that Mrs. Blood did not so much as buy a black ribbon. I know she did not put the children into mourning.

She just lived on. She earned her living and theirs. And they went to Mrs. Shaw's kindergarten, and then to the primary, and then to the grammar school. And things grew comfortable at home. A pretty home, with its two rooms, its nice range, and its two neat beds in the chamber. And in the evening Mrs. Blood could sit by her lamp and range and read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE as well as you can, Miss Reader. And into this little paradise, one evening, came John Worrall. He was a truckman, too,—that same man that moved your sister into Staniford Street. And he came again and again. And Mrs. Blood thought it lonely when he did not come. And he thought it lonely, evenings when she was at her sister's. And they agreed that it was a pity to have any lonely evenings, so they were happily married. And John Worrall did not drink; on the contrary, as I said, he moved your sister's furniture, and anybody's furniture; he "teamed," he moved pianos, or burlaps, or molasses, or hemlock bark, or anything there was to move. And Mrs. Worrall had another baby, so that the Blood children had a doll sister, which could open eyes, shut eyes, and at last creep and walk. And things might have gone on so happily that you and I should neither have thought of them, but that, by misfortune—

*Miss Reader.* That odious Blood came home!

*Traveller.* You are perfectly right, Miss Reader. You know when the sensation comes in; you have not read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and other good story-tellers' work, for nothing. He did come home, like another Enoch Arden. But I think he had never read *Enoch Arden*; I think, indeed, that he could not read at all. He came home, and inquired at his old haunts if his wife were alive. And when he found she was married again he was "very mad." This is the mild form in which my informant put it. And he was so mad that he went and found counsel learned in the law, and this counsel found the prosecuting officer, and between them they arrested John Worrall and Mrs. Worrall, and hauled them before a magistrate, as the Scripture would say; and when the poor, frightened Worralls could not say that anybody would give bonds that they would not run away, why, they were told they must stay in jail here

till the court could find out who was right and who was wrong. So here they are, and you and I have come to see them.

*Miss Reader.* And those nice children, and the dear open-eye-shut-eye baby?

*Traveller.* Never fear for them, dear Miss Reader. There is an old-fashioned institution here called the Christian Church. And that takes care that there shall be plenty of homes for babies and other children who have no fathers and mothers to care for them. So the three children are in a home, while you and I are here to see about the father and mother. Indeed, one part of our business is to tell her that the children are doing well.

I BELIEVE that even now Miss Reader and I could have bailed out poor Worrall and his wife, to await their trial in the freedom of their old home. Had the old homestead existed, we would have done so. But in the hurry, not to say terror, of the whole business,—examination, court, sheriff's office, and all,—the old home had been broken up. "The range was sold!" This expresses the acme of desolation in such matters, as if one should say the altar fires were put out. As it is but two or three days more before the trial, Mrs. Worrall and I determine that it is not worth while to hire a room again, and to buy a stove, until we know what the court will say. All she needs, and all Worrall needs, is the "comfort" which belongs to "common force," or sympathy. You and I have given them this, dear Miss Reader, by our visit and by telling about the children. That is what we are here for to-day; to tell them that they are not forgotten, and that, as sure as there is a God, justice shall be done. They have not done anything wrong, and they shall not be punished as if they had.

Perhaps those peppermints which you have given to the baby, while I talked with Mrs. Worrall, have done as much to give the sense of good cheer which prevails when we leave the jail as any part of the transaction. The trial will be Friday or Saturday, the lawyer says.

SATURDAY has come. The case was reached on the docket, and as soon as the judge could understand it he said we were

all right, and that there was no case for the prosecution. The district attorney entered a *nol. pros.*, and the Worrals were set free. Would you not like to contribute five dollars towards the new stove, Miss Reader?

*Miss Reader.* Five dollars? Why, certainly; here it is. And I am so glad you took me to jail!

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*Traveller.* I think I should like to go to Rochester, Miss Reader. Alpha Delta Phi holds its convention there, and I am the president of Alpha Delta Phi.

*Miss Reader.* Certainly; let us go.

*Traveller.* Will you write to Mr. Chauncy Depew, and ask him to ask Mr. Vanderbilt to have a sleeping-car ready at Kneeland Street, so that you and I can go to-morrow night? I see you have satin slippers on, and you might not like to soil them. Let him ask Mr. Vanderbilt for one of his best cars. I hold to the national proverb, and I like to "get the best" when I travel.

*Miss Reader.* Really, I do not know Mr. Depew very well. I heard him make a speech on Centennial Day. But I was never presented to him, nor he to me.

*Traveller.* What a pity! But here is 232 Washington Street. And here is our old friend of the Mendelssohn Club, who sings so well. He will manage it all for us with Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt. And he says we need not be anxious,—that the car shall be there.

*Miss Reader.* How clever! Is it because you know him, or that you know Mr. Vanderbilt?

*Traveller.* My child, he would do it for any intelligent traveller who was willing to come into the travellers' combine, as I am. This is what is called combination, and really, in this case, I do not know that you and I could better it.

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I AM not sure but this is the very car that you and I saw them making in Pullman when we were there. Mr. Depew, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Pullman, and the rest of them, have more than anticipated our wishes, and provided for us very perfectly.

And do you observe, dear Miss Reader, that we are but three travellers all together on this car, with the porter and the con-

ductor. Somebody whom I will not name, who uses very bad words sometimes, said long ago of Mr. Vanderbilt, or of another person in the same position, that he did not "serve God for naught." In the long run, I suppose no one serves God for naught. But, taking this particular run of five hundred miles to Rochester, I doubt if the ten dollars we pay for our berths will yield much profit to anybody after wages have been paid, after the Boston and Albany Railroad has been paid, and after interest has been allowed on the money this car cost somebody. All the same, I found the car here when I chose to come here. That is worth remembering.

How fortunate that I put into my bag the *Hazard of New Fortunes!* And how fortunate that Mr. Depew has trimmed the lamps so well that we can read as if we were at home!

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THE porter wakes us,—one almost says, of course, half an hour too early, so that we three have to ride, silent, grim, and hungry, in the full-dress of a sleeping-palace, before we arrive at Syracuse. Once arrived there, the breakfast is perfect. Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt have taken care of that. "What is this fish, waiter?" "Dat is witefish, sir."

So queerly is a dream of my youth answered. When I studied geography in my boyhood, little more was told of the peninsula of Michigan than that the lakes abounded with whitefish, which was excellent eating, and that the Indians lived on wild rice, which ripened without care. They had only to float under it in their canoes, beat it with their paddles, and it fell ready for their use.

Now, all boys are of nature Bellamyites. That is to say, they want to have enough of the best, but they want to have it with as little conventionality as is really necessary, and without more labor than need be. On the strength of those two revelations in Worcester's geography, my brother and I early resolved to go to the West to live. For my part, I had no other intent than living easily,—on whitefish and wild rice. I have learned since, what the geography did not teach me, that the whitefish should not be eaten after it has been more than ten minutes from the water. This is what they tell you on

the Lake Superior boats, where they cook the fish on those conditions, and where it comes up to the best Bellamy dream of my boyhood.

As for the method of going,—we did not propose, certainly, to go in a Pullman palace; for these plans were made, say in the year 1831. We proposed to go with our sleds in winter, so that for the long western slopes of the Alleghanies we might slide down hill, or, in the vernacular, “coast” down hill, without personal effort. Please to observe that the whole plan was based on that fallacy into which young minds are so apt to fall, which supposes that human life can be carried on without effort on the part of him who lives. I wish I had preserved what seemed to me a masterpiece of art in its time,—the drawing by my brother of the Traveller fully equipped for this expedition. He had what we called a pea-jacket on, a fur cap, a knapsack, which was to be filled with Bent's hard crackers, and a small hatchet on the knapsack. When we arrived in Michigan the short handle of this hatchet was to be exchanged for a long one, a log cabin was to be built, and from that time till we died, we were to live on these hard crackers, on wild rice, and on the whitefish which has started these reminiscences.

And now Mr. Depew and Mr. Vanderbilt have brought me thus far on the way to Syracuse, and this black waiter brings me my whitefish from Lake Ontario. He brings me besides as much breakfast as would meet the diet scale of any ten men in any civilized army. I do not know that I dislike this, although I cannot eat a tenth part of what the man brings. As Charles used to say, “Lavishness is the essence of hospitality.”

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Now we are back in the car, I will answer that half-expressed wish of yours as to why we go to Alpha Delta Phi at all, and what it is. We are going to the fifty-ninth annual convention of this society. It is a society which binds together eighteen of the principal colleges of the northern states of America. It was founded in the year 1831, by Mr. Samuel Eels, in Hamilton College, in New York. The principle on which it was founded, involving the intimate acquaintance and

union for good work of the best scholars of the best colleges, is a principle so intelligible, and which speaks so readily to eager young men, that the fraternity soon became popular in the colleges, and between that time and this time new chapters have been created, and the conventions have assumed more and more dignity. As it happens, I who speak to you am at this moment the president of the united or confederate body, and we are going to Rochester that I may preside at this convention.

The University of Rochester is one of the young institutions of the country, which sprang, you may say, full-armed, into life. I think you will remember, in one of Mr. Emerson's essays, his amusing account of its birth. That account is really hardly exaggerated; I have heard old Rochester men say that it was not exaggerated at all. Mr. Emerson says in it, I remember, that the farmers of Rochester planted their peas, and had their green peas ready to eat by the first of July; and that, in quite the same way, the founders of the university planted the seeds of a university, and when the peas were ready for the Commencement dinner, the students were ready for graduation. The English of this is, I believe, that a well-considered plan had been made for transferring Madison University, which is now Colgate University, from the neighborhood of Utica to the city of Rochester. As the winter passed, so much local opposition was made to this transfer, that the people who had the nominal authority did not agree to it. But nominal authority does not go a great way in this country, and several of the professors, and most of the senior class, having made up their minds to the transfer, took the stages of that day,—pioneered, I think, by your cousin, Colonel Bissell, Miss Reader,—and arrived all together in Rochester. If I have the story rightly, they rendezvoused in the celebrated hotel which Mr. Emerson mentions in this essay of his. Of course, all the boys had lost was the time they had spent in the ride across country, and they were ready, therefore, to graduate as the first class of the University of Rochester. How much of all this is literal truth, and how much I have picked up from joking, and perhaps exaggerated conversation, I dare not say. What I can say is that the

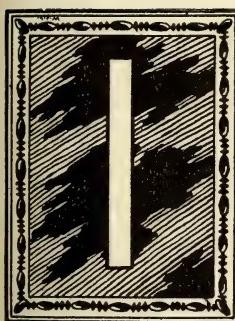
university is now thoroughly well equipped for very manly work. The late Dr. Anderson, whom we all respected, left an admirable opportunity for his very capable successor. It is whispered, indeed, that Dr. Anderson made the suggestion to the trustees who was the best man in the country for his successor, and that they were quite willing to take this suggestion. Anyway, here we have a college with an

admirable staff, with a very intelligent and popular president, and, as anybody can see, with a very manly body of students. Then I should say, though I do not know, that it had won the cordial regard of the citizens of this rich and beautiful city, and if they choose to take it in their hands and make it their pet and pride, why, there is nothing too brilliant to be promised for such an institution.

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## HOW JOHN ENDICOTT CUT THE RED CROSS FROM THE FLAG.

*By Nathan M. Hawkes.*



In the histories of New England, the incident of cutting the cross from the English ensign by John Endicott is a dramatic feature. The scene and its meaning have, however, been somewhat distorted by the poetic imagination or the local drawings of the story-tellers. In that interesting book, *The Old Landmarks of Boston*, by implication, if not by direct assertion, Mr. Drake locates the act in Boston. The same inference is drawn from many other works relating to our colonial history. In each it is the stern governor who thus mutilates the royal banner of England.

As a matter of fact, the affair did not happen in Boston, and Endicott was not governor. As near as we can now glean from the past,—and the record is clearer than that of any other people of the seventeenth century, for there yet exist the journal, candid and conscientious, of John Wentworth, and a cloud of contemporaneous black-letter witnesses, friendly and hostile,—there was a deep prophetic motive underlying this seemingly impetuous act of a hot-headed Puritan.

The scene was the training-field at Salem; the perpetrator of the sacrilegious

act was the Puritan captain, John Endicott; the instigator was the pastor of Salem Church, Roger Williams; the attendants were Endicott's train band; the most reliable relator was John Winthrop; the time was early autumn, 1634, a year earlier than the date of any extant writing of Oliver Cromwell.

As near as Boston and Salem are to-day, the happenings of one day at Salem, in colonial times, were not reported in Boston till several days had passed. An extract from Governor Winthrop's journal will best describe the remoteness of the two settlements: "October 25, 1631. The governour with Capt. Underhill and others of the officers went on foot to Saugus, and next day to Salem, where they were bountifully entertained by Capt. Endicott, etc., and the 28th they returned to Boston by the ford at Saugus River and so over at Mistick."

The earliest dated manuscript bearing upon this matter, which has escaped moths and paper mills, is a letter written November 6, 1634, by John Winthrop to his son John, "at Mr. Downing, his chamber in the Inner Temple Lane, London," in which he writes: "At the court it was informed that some of Salem had taken out a piece of the cross in their ensign; whereupon we sent forth an attachment to bring in the parties at the next court, where they are like to be punished for their indiscreet zeal, for the people are generally offended with it."

Mr. Winthrop's words were to be read in England. He does not say that the people are generally offended with the act in consequence of which "some of Salem are like to be punished," but they are offended at the "indiscreet zeal," which is quite another matter. Under date November 27, 1634, Dudley being governor, Winthrop wrote in his journal: "The assistants met at the governour's to advise about the defacing of the cross in the ensign at Salem, where (taking advice of some of the ministers) we agreed to write to Mr. Downing in England of the truth of the matter, under all our hands, that, if occasion were, he might show it in our excuse; for therein we expressed our dislike of the thing, and our purpose to punish the offenders, yet with as much wariness as we might, being doubtful of the lawful use of the cross in an ensign though we were clear that fact as concerning the matter, was very unlawful."

The Mr. Downing referred to was Emanuel Downing, a London barrister, the brother-in-law of Winthrop. He seems to have been the counsel for the colony at home, who was to smooth the troubled waters if complaint was made to the king. He afterwards came over and lived for several years in Salem, where he was held in great esteem, and was often in the general court. He was the father of the celebrated Sir George Downing, ambassador of both Cromwell and Charles II., in Holland. If we accept the adage, "like father, like son," the historical reader will believe that the colony chose a wily agent to represent it in England with as much "wariness" as might be, we "being doubtful of the lawful use of the cross," though clear as to the "unlawful" cutting.

It is the fashion to say that there were no lawyers here in the early days. Winthrop and Downing were bred in the legal profession, and we judge apt scholars in legal science. The ancient historian, Prince, says of John Winthrop: "He had an agreeable education, but the accomplishments of a lawyer were those where-with heaven made his chief opportunities to be serviceable." The lawyers played an important part in the founding of the colony, and in framing the code of laws founded on the laws of Moses rather than on those of England. The learning of William H. Whitmore, record commis-

sioner of the city of Boston, has so swept away the cobwebs of ages that we can see clearly that the evolution of our laws, contrary to the common belief, is due to men trained to the law rather than in the pulpit. Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, the now recognized author of the *Body of Liberties*, was graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, A.M., in 1603. He studied and practised law, and Candler says he was an "utter barrister." Governor Richard Bellingham, of the magistrates who after Ward had the greatest share in the work, was bred a lawyer, and was recorder of Boston in England from 1625 to 1633; hence his fit and natural connection with the first compilation of our laws.

It will do no harm for the student of our early days to investigate, with the understanding that all virtue and all knowledge are not to be found in the musty tomes and often pedantic long-windedness of the divines who did most of the writing and talking. The lawyers were employed to throw dust in the eyes of prerogative and shield the colony, while the ministers fought the devil and Christianized the Indian in the new journey to the promised land.

Then, on December 12, 1634, Winthrop writes to his son John, another lawyer, at the house of his uncle Downing, in Lincoln Fields, near the Golden Lion Tavern, London, to apprise him of the action of the magistrates. "We met last week to consider the business of the ensign at Salem, and have written a letter to my brother Downing, wherein under our hands, we signify our dislike to the action and our purpose to punish the offenders." Next, under date January 4, 1635, Winthrop's journal says: "Mr. Endicott was called to answer for defacing the cross in the ensign, but because the court could not agree about the thing, whether the ensign should be laid by, in regard that many refused to follow them, the whole cause was deferred to the next general court; and commissioners for military affairs gave order, in the meantime, that all the ensigns should be laid aside," etc. Downing in England was cannily representing the devotion of the colony, while the council here was deferring to the next general court, and in the meantime ordering all the ensigns to be laid aside! Surely, our fathers did not love that red cross ensign even then.

Next came the general court at Newtown, May 6, 1635. Mr. Haynes was chosen governor, and Mr. Bellingham deputy, and Winthrop relates the trial and punishment of Endicott. "Mr. Endicott was left out of the board of assistants, and called into question about the defacing of the cross in the ensign: and a committee was chosen viz.: every town chose one (which yet were voted by all the people), and the magistrates chose four, who, taking the charge to consider of the offence, and the censure due to it, and to certify the court, after one or two hours time, made report to the court, that they found his offence to be great, viz., rash and without discretion, taking upon him more authority than he had, and not seeking advice of the court, etc.—uncharitable in that he, judging the cross, etc., to be a sin, did content himself to have reformed it at Salem, not taking care that others might be brought out of it also: laying a blemish upon the rest of the magistrates, as if they would suffer idolatry etc., and giving occasion to the state of England to think ill of us: for which they adjudged him worthy of admonition, and to be disabled for one year from bearing any public office: declining any heavier sentence because they were persuaded he did it out of tenderness of conscience and not of any evil intent."

The reasons given for condemning Endicott give many hints as to the workings of the Puritan intellect. The grave magistrates were much of the same mind as he in regard to the "sin" of the cross, but they deemed him "uncharitable" in that he attempted to make the reform on his own account and laid a blemish upon his associates, "as if they would suffer idolatry," etc. How much their own pricked consciences were offended by Endicott's forwardness we can only surmise from the nature of their censure. Endicott was nominally disgraced as a sop to the dragon beyond the ocean.

As soon as the king was muzzled so that he could do no harm to the colony, Endicott, in 1641, became deputy governor, and then governor. Endicott died March 15, 1665, in office, having served longer than any other colonial governor before or after him, and with the single exception of 1635, the year after the flag episode, having been a magistrate since he landed at

Salem, in 1628, as governor of the Salem plantation. Endicott shares with Winthrop and Dudley the unique distinction of having been a member of the standing council, the only executive office for life ever created in the colony. Winthrop and Dudley were so chosen May 25, 1636, Endicott, May 17, 1637, "but none others were ever added."

John Endicott was as distinctively the captain of Massachusetts as Miles Standish was of Plymouth. John Endicott at Salem was as truly the militant head of the colony as was John Winthrop its civic ruler as long as the latter lived; then Endicott assumed both functions. Endicott was bold, impetuous, a scorner of subterfuges. Winthrop was cool, politic, with an eye across the water, alert to guard the infant colony from arousing the wrath of the king.

If Endicott had waited nine years, his "rash" act would have been approved by every man in the colony, including the prudent Winthrop and his legal correspondent, Brother Downing, formerly of the Inner Temple, but now of Salem. Roger Williams and John Endicott were in the advance guard of Puritan thinkers, who in England would have been chaplain and captain among the invincible Ironsides. Within a few years their brethren at home,—the most devout generation of Englishmen the world ever saw,—under the leadership of the greatest all-around man that the English-speaking race ever produced—Oliver Cromwell,—were tearing down every cross in the mother country. On the 4th of May, 1643, as Carlyle says, "Cheapside Cross, Charing Cross, and other monuments of popish idolatry were torn down by authority, troops of soldiers sounding their trumpets and all the people shouting."

Endicott simply did an act which all earnest men approved in their hearts, and antedated like scenes in England. Endicott's soldiers were godly men saturated with the Puritan dread of Rome. Under the Stuart they had felt the deadly nightshade. They had braved the perils of the trackless ocean to avoid its contact. They were fighting novel dangers in a new world with savage foes and mysterious forces all about them. They thought it an ill omen to go forth to battle under the blood-stained emblem of popery.

It has been one of the mysteries how

Endicott, the straightest Puritan of all the Puritans, and Roger Williams, the kindly founder of Rhode Island, should have been one in their feeling in this matter, and both under the ban together for the same offence. This little incident furnished the first opportunity that the authorities had to get a civil grip upon Williams. The other troubles were ecclesiastical. To put it in the words of Hutchinson : "But what gave just occasion to the civil power to interpose was his (Roger Williams) influencing Mr. Endicott, one of the magistrates and a member of his church, to cut the cross out of the king's colors, as being a relic of anti-Christian superstition." Williams had advised Endicott to outrage the ensign of royalty. That was verging upon high treason, if there had been any such crime as high treason known to our fathers. But there was no such crime in the laws of Moses, and consequently such an offence is not mentioned in the *Body of Liberties*, which was formulated a few years later, in 1641. There was also a subtler reason why treason did not appear in their code of laws, which soon found ample expression in regicide across the water. The divine rights of kings were not to be bolstered up by maintaining a favorite crime in the statutes of the free commonwealth. Hutchinson says in his history that high treason is not mentioned. Before the colonists had agreed upon the body of laws, the king's authority in England was at an end ; conspiracy to invade their own commonwealth, or any treacherous, perfidious attempt to alter and subvert fundamentally the frame of their polity and government was made a capital offence.

Again, the not too friendly Hutchinson relates : "Many of the proposals were such as to imply that they thought them-

selves at free liberty, without any charter from the crown, to establish such sort of government as they thought proper, and to form a new state as fully to all intents and purposes as if they had been in a state of nature, and were making their first entrance into civil society." The Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud) kept a jealous eye over New England. One Burdett, of Piscataqua, was a correspondent of his. A copy of a letter to the archbishop written by Burdett was found in his study, and is to this effect, viz. : "That he delayed going to England that he might fully inform himself of the state of the place as to allegiance, for it was not new discipline which was aimed at, but sovereignty, and that it was accounted perjury and treason in their general court to speak of appeals to the king." Laud thanked him for his care, and promised to redress the disorder. But before long the archbishop's own disorders and those of his royal master were redressed.

In all the records that come down to us from the early days, there is manifest, in spite of all masks, a purpose to create a free Puritan commonwealth in New England. The unlooked-for triumph of Parliament and Cromwell over king-craft and priest-craft in England removed the pressing dangers to tender consciences and delayed absolute freedom here for later generations. Another century was to see independence accomplished, not on account of king or church, but upon the question equally vital of taxation without representation. Endicott's bold act, from the earnest Puritan standpoint, was a blazing torch, which pointed the way in the heroic age when, under the God of Moses, England's best and bravest tore away forever the illusions from pinchbeck royalty and formalistic prelacy.



## SOME FACTS ABOUT STATE AID TO HIGHER EDUCATION IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Kate Gannett Wells.

THE duty of the state to educate its children was established by our forefathers as founded alike on religious and political considerations. The recognition of this duty became a vested right of the state, the movement for the establishment of primary and secondary schools increasing in strength with the extension of suffrage, as others than church members were allowed to vote in colonial affairs, until universal suffrage and compulsory education became interdependent. Whether, after all, the state has the right or duty to extend its aid to higher education is now questioned occasionally. Precedent proves its right or its regularity, experience shows varying results arising from the exercise of the right, and theory has called it wholly into doubt. It is interesting, therefore, to trace the steps in New England by which state and federal aid became an integral part of the system of education, and on which rests the claim that it should continue to be given. State aid obtains more largely in the West and South than in the East, especially in regard to the higher education, which it is said both necessitates and is necessitated by secondary and primary education. In certain quarters it is asserted that the state should take upon itself only that modicum of elementary education which is requisite for citizenship. Again the word citizenship has been so explained as to prescribe the widest scope for education.

The general question of the relation of the state to the individual underlies all our modern problems as to how far the state in education is "*in loco parentis*." Legislation is best when it is the minimum and personal energy the maximum force in the development of an individual or an organization. The extent of the state aid or parental legislation constantly varies according to popular and local sentiment. There has always been a large amount of favor manifested, even in colonial days, towards state aid to higher education, as is witnessed by the early establishment of

schools and universities in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Only it should always be remembered that these were founded because of the direct relationship of education to the church, rather than primarily to create intelligent citizenship, irrespective of theology and the propagation of the Gospel. In those early days the Lord was held responsible for the increase of families, and when in Massachusetts the agents of the Lord numbered fifty householders in any one place, they were ordered to set up a grammar school, where youths could be fitted for Harvard. When we remember that Harvard has received in legislative aid through money and land grants about \$596,000, we are thankful as tax-payers that the university has passed beyond the need of state aid and relies on individual bequests and gifts, which it now considers more reliable than state help. State assistance has been given chiefly through charters with privileges attached, through land and money grants, through exemption from taxation, and in very early days through lotteries. As institutions of learning and philanthropy have multiplied and individual benevolence has assumed permanent form in buildings, this exemption from taxation has assumed a more serious aspect. If in the future legislatures are to be besieged by applications from all kinds of educational charities, this exemption from taxation of churches, universities, and charitable associations becomes of doubtful expediency. Yet the policy of the state government has been and is to supplement private generosity. California is an amusing exception to this policy. It helped to establish its university at Berkeley by a special "State University Fund" raised by taxation, and yet all private, sectarian, or denominational schools are taxed to assist in the support of the government,—a reaction from the early policy of California.

Within a few years industrial education everywhere has asserted its claims, and

the public schools are granting them. Industrial and agricultural colleges are endowed by many states either separately or as proper extensions of university foundations. Is the state then to furnish the means by which a child shall receive not only manual instruction, but, as a man, shall obtain at the expense of the state that knowledge which, though it may indeed make him more productive as a citizen, will also enrich him as a private individual? University education was supported by the state because it was the highest education and was general in its scope, its recipients applying the brain knowledge gained as best they might in earning a livelihood. A university was supposed to act as an impulse towards better results through all the lower grades of education. The brains it trained were presumed to react on the hands. But it was soon claimed that the hands must receive a general and special training of their own, as skilled use of the hands must either antedate the use of the brain or be coincident with it. Perhaps the reasoning is logical, but is it not almost as logical to demand that if the state train hands it shall also find work for those hands to do? It will always be an arbitrary line at which state aid ceases; in other words, expediency must control logic. It is better to regard the citizen as made for the state, and to tax him and his buildings and schools, than to consider the state as made for his advancement.

Such a position, however, it must be acknowledged, is contrary to the general policy of the state and federal governments, which have fostered the dependence of schools and universities upon legislatures and Congress. The first proposal to apportion national lands for the support of education was contained in a petition of Timothy Pickering and certain New England officers, that after lands in the projected state between Lake Erie and the Ohio River had been devoted to the payment of Revolutionary soldiers, part of the proceeds of the remaining portion should be devoted to schools and academies. This petition failed, but the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the then Northwest territory secured to Ohio two townships for the support of a university. The ordinance broadly stated that "schools and the means of education shall forever

be encouraged." Next in importance to this stand the land grants for colleges and the mechanical arts, introduced into Congress in 1858 by Hon. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, but which did not become a law until 1862. In consequence of this act, there has been no end to the institutions, actual or proposed, which have claimed its benefits. The responsibility of administering the funds accruing from this act fortunately devolved upon the states, and not upon Congress. The West Point Military Academy and the Annapolis Naval Academy are the only schools under the management of the federal government, unless the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, and the National Bureau of Education are considered, as they well may be, schools as well as depositories of learning. If Washington's plan for a national university, which has lately been brought forward again, should ever be fulfilled, the principle of federal aid will receive its strongest support.

In New England it is noteworthy that President Eliot of Harvard has ably urged that while universal elementary education should be publicly supported, no one should be compelled by taxation to provide the means for the higher education of another. Yet the jealous patriotism of our forefathers was seen in their readiness to maintain Yale and Harvard. If, however, they had cared less for the ministry in founding these universities, they might not have been so liberal in private gifts of tankards, sheep, lumber, and horses to Harvard, nor so ready to be taxed for it. Legislatures now hesitate about appropriations to institutions, for with all the growth of state socialism there is a strong sentiment against it, and modern philanthropy has so many new inventions, that if state aid is granted to one scheme, legislatures are afraid it may be asked for another. This is especially noticeable in Massachusetts, where first a tax was levied for the support of public schools,—a peck of corn or its equivalent from each family,—where first state aid was granted for higher education, and where first a system of land grants for educational purposes was originated. It was a triad of resources for the Massachusetts system of schools, academies, and university,—the latter as natural a result of the academy as that was of the public school.

The academies, once so important and aided by the state, are now offset by the high schools, supported by the towns, an act of the legislature in 1826 inaugurating the present system. These academies were like public schools, though very early in the history of the state many expressed the opinion that private donations should supplement if not precede state aid. The most celebrated of these academies were at Andover, Exeter, Leicester, and Boston (the Latin school), and are still flourishing. In 1838 there were 14 high schools in the commonwealth; now there are 236.

Williams College ranks next to Harvard in date in Massachusetts. It owes its existence to Colonel Ephraim Williams, who received 200 acres of land, now in Adams, "for erecting and keeping in repair for 20 years a grist and saw mill for the benefit of the settlers." Neither Williams nor Amherst College has ever received very large state aid. The latter especially met with much opposition, but generous friends have stood by it and added to its resources, \$52,500 having been received at various times from the state. The Agricultural College at Amherst was finally established by legislative decree in 1863, and under the act of Congress of 1862 already referred to. It and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology received the proceeds of 360,000 acres in land scrip. The Institute of Technology was started, organized, and developed by Professor William B. Rogers, whose noble life, scholarly and scientific attainments, and courteous dignity can never be forgotten by any one who ever had the privilege and honor of meeting him. The Worcester Free Institute ends the list of large educational institutions in Massachusetts, the personal property and real estate of which are exempt from taxation.

The relation of the state to higher education in Massachusetts is closest in its support of the six normal schools and the Normal Art School in Boston, which had an attendance altogether in 1888 and 1889 of 1352 pupils. Yet as there are 8753 teachers in the state, of whom only 3373 have received a professional training, it is evident that these schools with all their admirable equipments and corps of teachers are not sufficient. The advantages of education, general and technical, are being more and more valued, as is seen most

strikingly in the fact that, notwithstanding the increasingly numerous private schools in the state, there was an increase in this year of 5000 in the number of children in the public schools, the total number of all ages in such schools being 363,166. There are 396 private schools, an increase for the year of forty-eight, with an attendance of 37,620, an increase for the year of 7000. Personal independence is so fully respected that the state can compel but a certain amount of instruction. But it can and does endeavor to make its public schools so excellent that none other shall be desirable, while leaving to the parent's choice the way in which that modicum of knowledge is to be obtained, thus securing to him his personal independence.

More and more is teaching becoming a science and an art, and *pedagogy* is taking the place of the old-fashioned term of *teaching*. If pedagogy embodies more of form, it need not prevent the personal inspiration which lies in the familiar New England word teaching, else an American Molière may arise to satirize pedagogical formulas. Restrictive legislation is dangerous to the enthusiasm of teaching, whether it prescribes the manner in which a subject should be taught or the textbook to be used. Certain results the state must obtain; the methods for procuring those results should be left to the local boards and individual teachers.

Next in importance to the normal schools in Massachusetts stand the 236 high schools, — an increase of six for the year, — which are doing a magnificent work in secondary education, in fitting their pupils for noble fulfilment of the duties of practical, everyday life. A lack of appreciation of the lower schools is still found in the continued existence of the truant class. But truancy, though according to the law a crime, is a failing of youthful human nature. The vagaries of the ignorant have therefore been better met by the establishment of truant schools than by commitment to penal institutions. Every town is required to care for its truant children, but as many of the towns are very small, truant county schools can be formed, Hampden, Berkshire, Hampshire, and Norfolk having already established such. These county truant schools afford proof of the growing tendency in favor of district supervision, sixteen such districts now existing.

The superintendents co-operate with the school committee, and are on most pleasant relations with the six agents of the state board of education. Each department, or board, or committee has its own prerogatives, each agent, superintendent, or officer his own duties; all working together harmoniously in a manner which would be impossible if each were not actuated with a lofty desire for the educational development of the commonwealth.

It is not merely a knowledge of the subjects taught in our public schools which can be gained in these schools, but also a spirit of mental freedom, of general interest in humanity, and of the worth of avoiding unnecessary conventions and trammelling lines of social intercourse. The 240 evening schools in 51 cities and towns are adding their share to the growth of the state in these directions, for their 12,598 pupils would surely be less broad-minded if, by reason of their daily occupations, they lost all opportunity for the further study which is now afforded them by these night classes.

The State Teachers' Institutes have been of great service in strengthening the demand for thoroughly trained teachers. The idea of such institutes "was invented," says Dr. J. W. Dickinson, at a convention in Tompkins County, N.Y., in 1843. The first one held in Massachusetts was at Pittsfield, in 1845. Since then they have become a most prominent feature of state educational work for teachers, under the direction of Dr. Dickinson, secretary of the State Board of Education, whose broad principles and careful methods are never better appreciated than when he is giving an exercise at one of these institutes. He enforces the definition of teaching by presenting the objects and subjects of teaching to the pupil's mind, and guiding his thinking upon them by showing methods of teaching and classes of illustration.

It is interesting to trace backwards the history of these institutes and the normal schools, of which they are the outcome, in Massachusetts. In May, 1837, through the efforts of James G. Carter, "the father of normal schools in America," the state board of education came into being, with Hon. Horace Mann as secretary. In 1838 Hon. Edmund Dwight, a member of the board, gave \$10,000, and the legislature added an equal sum, to be expended in

the establishment of normal schools. The first school, now at Framingham, was opened at Lexington under the charge of Rev. Cyrus Peirce, with three pupils. The story of those days is full of pathos and courage. The culmination of those experiences stands proudly written in the present system of state supervision and education. Before 1838, ever since 1789, when Elisha Ticknor first wrote on the subject, educators had been writing and speaking against inefficient teaching and on behalf of some organized training. Rev. S. R. Hall, in 1823, opened a seminary for professional training in Concord, New Hampshire. In 1835 Rev. C. Brooks lectured earnestly and frequently on the Prussian system of teaching and the need of state, not private, normal schools. Hon. George B. Emerson, whom Boston women still gratefully remember, was indefatigable in all those early days and in the formation of the American Institute. Still farther back than 1789 must we go, to 1697, when the first normal school at Halle, Germany, was established under Dr. Francke. His follower, Dr. Hecker, opened a teacher's seminary at Stettin, Pomerania, and another in Berlin, in 1748. Then Frederick the Great, never greater than in his readiness to take new departures, seeing the value of trained teachers, ruled that no others should teach in his crown lands. The Berlin school was soon removed to Potsdam, and has since become a model normal school for all Europe. Its graded board of government is finally under the minister of public instruction. The number of pupils is limited to seventy, who take a three years' course in formal, material, and practical instruction.

When the question of the admission of the German language to our public schools is agitated in some of the Western states, our dependence upon Germany is brought forcibly to mind in tracing the connection between our present normal schools and their past royal German supporter. Lest the sentimental acknowledgment of our debt to Germany be taken, however, as having any practical bearing on the Wisconsin school law question, it must be stated that the very first normal school was established at Rheims, France, in 1681. (See fifty-third report for the state board of education in Massachusetts, by Dr. Dickinson.)

Returning now to the establishment of the higher education in New England, we find its history in the various states analogous to that in Massachusetts. In Connecticut, Yale was founded in 1700. Protection, though not under that name, has always fostered its growth, the contributions of Connecticut people to Harvard and its needy students gradually ceasing as the home college became the proper object of their bounty and taxation. Several towns contended for the honor of the location of the university, which might never have been called Yale after its first benefactor if any other man had given more than four hundred pounds sterling. True to the Congregational spirit of the state, all the trustees of the new foundation were to be ministers, and at least forty years old. New Haven offered more than any other town in endowment, and with financial keenness the college was finally located there. The rector's house was built from the gains arising for two years from the impost on rum. This must have dimly served as a precedent for President Stiles, who sold his slave for a barrel of whiskey. His descendants have never been able to decide whether pro-slavery or free rum sentiments were most to be ignored in an ancestor.

One of the chief purposes in founding Yale was to supply the colony "with a learned, pious, and Orthodox ministry"; therefore, when Dr. Ezra Stiles was called to the presidency in 1777, he spent days in fasting and prayer, before girding up his loins and assuming the laborious duty of taking charge of a college primarily designed as a school of the prophets. His first official act was the offering of evening prayers in the chapel, when the students were ordered to submit to him. He was also professor of divinity, ecclesiastical history, philosophy, and astronomy. He gave three theological discourses on Saturday, and taught the seniors metaphysics, ethics, history, and civil policy. Under him the college was studious, orderly, and religious, though he wrote of himself, "My whole life is such an incessant labor that I have scarcely time to be religious." Only once did he record that he had had "any severity of discipline to administer which gave him sensible distress." Evidently state aid had not been sufficient to make his office a sinecure.

Occasionally President Stiles amused himself with formulating propositions "which ought never to be made by man although provable by reasoning to strict demonstration"; such as, "It is the duty of the damned to rejoice in their own damnation"; "The Bible to an unconverted man is no better than an old almanack"; "The generality of the ministers in New England are unconverted." The quiet humor of this last provable formula, which yet should not be proved, is good even for these days. Dr. Stiles did not have the advantage which attended his predecessors at Yale, which illustrates the past close connection between church and state; for at least twice, when a rector was called to Yale from another town, the state indemnified the town from which the rector was to depart for damages it incurred in his leaving, or it reimbursed the town for the sums it had spent in settling him. If indemnities should now be offered by the state whenever a minister leaves one parish for another, the difficulties in the settlement of such cases would constitute another argument for biennial sessions.

An individualist is always bound to like Rhode Island, for it never established definite church opinions as a state matter, while the lack of homogeneity with which it started brought about a liberal policy in religion and government, which has lately culminated, at least in the capital city of Providence, in a revision of the by-laws of the school committee, which has banished the Bible and devotional exercises from the city schools. The early individualism of Rhode Island went so far that the central government did not trouble itself about general education and left it to towns and individuals. Free schools were not established until 1799. They were soon disallowed, and only re-established by the legislature in 1841. That body has never aided Brown University, but curiously enough professional property, to the extent of ten thousand dollars for each professor, is exempt from taxation.

New Hampshire, on the other hand, had a sisterly pride in Harvard's growth, and Portsmouth, Dover, and Exeter, in 1669, subscribed respectively sixty, thirty-two, and ten pounds for a new building. From the outset the state indulged in those platitudes about the value of education, which

are so useful in orations and in preambles to resolutions, but very sensibly threw the burden of education upon the towns, giving state aid to Dartmouth alone.

It is always a temptation to contrast the present with the past. Now it is very difficult to obtain sufficient private, territorial, or federal aid for the Indians, but Harvard and Dartmouth were both founded largely for the pious purpose of the elevation of the Indian race, as restitution for the lands of which Puritanic zeal for its own freedom of worship had despoiled them. Ministers have not often been as shrewd as was the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock of Connecticut, who reckoned that as his parish paid him but half of what it ought, he should in return give them but half of his time and should devote the other half to the Indians. Though the general court somewhat aided his Indian school, he was compelled to send an Indian to England, who, by the mere novelty of being an Indian and an intelligent one, obtained much help. The charity school developed into a college, though three years after its founding it ceased sending missionaries among the Indians, and obtained instead, from time to time, large grants from the state for its increasing number of white students and, in 1785-86, a whole township for the school and college. Hanover had offered superior inducements to those promised elsewhere, so that the school and its offspring, the college, were located there. About a hundred years later, the income from the sale of land scrip assigned to New Hampshire was appropriated to the establishment of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts in connection with Dartmouth.

As the state constitution of Maine was not adopted until 1820, the province guided its practice concerning grammar schools and academies according to the precedents of the general court of Massachusetts. On its becoming a state, it, like New Hampshire, threw the responsibility for its public schools largely upon the towns, while it reserved to itself the right to "encourage and suitably endow" academies and colleges. After 1820, when the towns began to provide a system of graded schools, the academies were gradually merged into high schools, the towns receiving from the state a proportionate allowance, according to their own

expenditure for free high schools. Colby University, though founded and supported chiefly by Baptists, Bowdoin College, and the State College of Agriculture have received at various times appropriations of land and money from the legislature.

Vermont had schools before any legislation was passed concerning them, though the law in 1782 acknowledged their existence. In 1794 the towns authorized the support of schools by a local tax, some of which were also to be aided by an endowment of lands; for the many acres heretofore granted to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" were now to be used for the education of the towns where they lay, "as long as water runs or wood grows." The state then endowed the University of Vermont, but too soon left it to itself. In 1813-14 it was used by the United States government for army purposes, and was burnt down in 1824, though soon restored by the public spirit of the people of Burlington. In 1865 a state agricultural college, which had been chartered two years before, was consolidated with the university. Since 1865 the state has again been generous to the university, to atone for the seventy-five years or more during which it did nothing, or very little.

Such has been the history of state aid in New England. Certainly, where it has been given freely, as in Massachusetts, excellent results have followed; yet such aid has its dangers in the paternal, fostering character it gives to the government, which has its outcome in epochs of special legislation. No one can doubt that universal suffrage necessitates universal education. The kindergarten is recognized by city ordinance as its commencement. Normal schools, supported by the state, are the logical outcome of primary and secondary education. Some one will add that the state university is the final flowering of a perfected system of co-ordinated results. Another will pause, fearing that state education will introduce state aid wherever and whenever it is desired, from temporary rather than permanent considerations of political expediency. It is in view of the relation of the state to the labor question and its alleged duty to protect the laborer, that the past and present attitude of the state to education becomes of great importance. If by education is

meant the acquirement of mental tools for any work, state education is legitimate. If, on the other hand, it may be said, education is the acquirement of a specialty at

a cost to the many, which at most only indirectly benefits the many, while directly it subserves the interest of the individual, is it expedient?

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## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

A SIBERIAN Exile Petition Association has been organized in Philadelphia, with Rev. W. N. McVickar as its president, and among its vice-presidents such well-known persons as Rev. W. H. Furness, Rev. George Dana Boardman, Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, Right Rev. O. W. Whitaker, Professor Morris Jastrow, Rev. Joseph May, Rev. H. L. Wayland, Mr. Herbert Welsh, Mrs. James C. Biddle, and Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell. Its aim is the presentation to the Czar of Russia of a great petition, signed by Americans, calling his personal attention to the cruelties which are currently reported to be practised under the Siberian exile system, with the hope that his attention, so urgently invoked, may lead to a reformation of that system. The petition has been drawn up with the greatest care, under the supervision of those well versed in diplomatic and Russian affairs, and is believed to be one which will command the best chance of respectful reception on the part of the Czar and his Government. The secretary of the Association is Rev. Alfred J. P. McClure, 1407 Locust Street, Philadelphia, who will be glad to send copies of the petition to all who are desirous of circulating it for signatures. The petition is as follows:—

*"To His Imperial Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias:*

"We who petition your Majesty are citizens of the United States of America.

"We belong to a people who have long been bound by the natural ties of sympathy and gratitude to the great Russian nation and to the Czars clothed with her majesty, who wield her power and shape her destiny.

"It is your Majesty's province to do for Russia what we, in a certain sense, do for ourselves; and though the methods of governmental action are different, the aims of good government are the same: the strength and true grandeur of the State and the welfare and happiness of the people.

"For these things nations are organized and laws are decreed and executed; for these things great Princes in the fear of God exercise imperial sway, and Presidents are appointed.

"Differ though they may in outward form, your government and our government are brothers in their noblest duties.

"Nor are our fraternal professions an empty feeling; we remember, and we can never forget, how the Czar, by his faith in the stability of the American Union and by the presence of Russian ships in the harbor of New York, strengthened the Republic when it was supposed, by less far-

sighted sovereigns and statesmen, to be on the verge of ruin. Our danger, then, arose from an evil which your illustrious father, Alexander II., by his example, helped our illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln, to remove; and the great Prince who liberated the Russian serfs and the great Citizen who freed the American slaves, by kindred deeds of humanity, linked their countries together by enduring ties.

"Sharing, therefore, as the past has taught us to do, in the thoughts that concern the glory and happiness of your people, we have been moved to bring to you, with good greetings, this petition:

*"That your Majesty will personally take note of a widespread interest, among us, in the workings and effects of the Siberian exile system.*

"We do not forget the penal reforms already accomplished in the Russian empire. We are not blind to the mental and physical sufferings that of necessity are a part of any system of punishment for crime against individuals, society, or the State; nor are we unmindful of the need of reforms which are actively engaging the attention of philanthropists in our own methods of dealing with convicts. In this we are giving expression to the feeling of a friendly people, that in the punishment of some of her subjects Russia, whether from causes peculiar to her people, or on account of ancient custom, is not in harmony with the humanizing sentiments of the age. It is our wish that by the wisdom and power of the Czar and the favor of God, Russia may grow in the admiration and sympathy of the American people and of the whole civilized world."

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A SIGNIFICANT movement has recently been started at Atlanta, Georgia, in the formation of a Northern Society. It is composed of men of Northern birth and education who have become citizens of this flourishing capital. They are men of mark and influence, and number among their membership prominent business men, leaders of the bar, newspaper men, real-estate and money brokers, clergymen, and leaders in all benevolent work, men of high social position and culture, men thoroughly alive to all the best interests of the city and the state. Though their banner bears the device "Northern," their aim is precisely to do away with sectionalism, to make our land one, with no North and no South. They stand as mediators between North and South. Born and reared in the one, and citizens of the other, they stretch out a warm hand to grasp the hand of every worthy man from every quarter. They will

soon have rooms, where all new-comers from all directions will receive welcome and find a common meeting-ground. Their plan embraces a reading-room, where newspapers and magazines from all sections will be found. They propose to disseminate correct information regarding the South and the North; to correct, so far as possible, any misrepresentations of press or politicians; to level all barriers to full and free interchange of sentiments concerning all social and educational interests, and foster everything that concerns the material and industrial welfare of the South, whatever will develop its rich mines and its wonderful agricultural and manufacturing possibilities.

That there is a great field for such a society no one familiar with the conditions both of the North and the South can doubt; and that the right men have embarked in this mission no one who knows who they are can doubt. They are men of purpose, and men who have the power to carry out their purpose. The society thus organized in Atlanta is designed to cover the state of Georgia, and indeed, in a measure, the whole South. We believe that it will become an important factor in the South, and an instrument of great good. It will be of use especially to Northern men, seeking accurate information regarding the South, as it is the plan of the society to form a bureau of statistics concerning Southern industries and interests. The constitution of this Northern Society in the South is before us; and its energetic preamble is so interesting that we give it here entire, with the wish that the society may prove to be but one of many such societies in the South:—

"We, as Northern men, have this day gathered together here in this renowned centre of the South, where we have planted our feet, for the purpose of organizing a 'Northern Society,' that we trust will be an honor to the great state of Georgia and the whole South.

"Believing from experience that the only problem to be solved with the people of this fair land is fraternity and good-will, and to prove the faith that is in us, and our determination to bear the burdens with our neighbors, and alike share the glories already dawning upon us in this new era for the South, do we now join hands in founding this society. While having its origin in the state of Georgia, it is expected and desired that the great work and usefulness of the organization shall embrace the entire South, especially our adjoining states. To this end, Northern men in all sections of the South are invited not only to become members, but to lend their aid and co-operation in giving united strength to the society.

"The objects and aims of the organization are declared with no uncertain meaning. The social element that will enter into its organization, while it will bring together scattered families who have found homes in the South, will yet be the least of the far-reaching efforts destined for the future work of the society.

"Primarily, the object of the organization shall be the advancement of the whole South.

"Here, as Northern men, have we cast our lot, and here in this society, constituted mainly for the purpose of united action, do we pledge ourselves to stand by the South; to accept the situation as we find it, using all our endeavors to co-operate with all citizens of the South in upbuilding and

developing her great resources, cultivating at all times for ourselves and our children that spirit of fraternity and harmony with the men of the South that shall be mighty in its results here, and having its influence in every section of the land. Lastly, the society will, through its efforts and discussions, enlightened by the long experience in the South of many of its members, be able to disseminate true and practical information of this Southern land, and spread broadcast throughout the North, and, if need be, around the globe, facts that shall induce thousands to come and make their homes in this fair Southland.

"Loyal to our common country; loyal to the South, our adopted home; with an abiding faith in her people, we launch our 'Northern Society,' full of hope for unbounded usefulness."

\* \* \*

THE Congregational Club of Boston has entered upon the admirable work of raising money for the erection at Delftshaven of a monument to commemorate the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers from that point for New England. The resolution for this work was passed at the February meeting of the Club, of which Charles Carleton Coffin is now the president, with this preamble:

"Whereas, Remembering the hospitality of the free republic of Holland so generously bestowed upon the Pilgrims, who, after twelve years' residence in Amsterdam and Leyden, sailed from Delftshaven on a voyage which was completed at Plymouth Rock, it is fitting that we, members of Congregational Clubs throughout the United States, should unite in grateful recognition of Dutch hospitality, and at Delftshaven raise some durable token of our appreciation of both hosts and guests,—calling upon all Americans who honor alike the principles and the founders of the two republics to join in the enterprise."

A committee of five was appointed by the Club to act in conjunction with committees of other appropriate organizations, to obtain the necessary funds, and to secure the erection of such a memorial. This committee has issued the following statement and appeal. It will be of special interest to the constituency of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. We rejoice in an undertaking so laudable and so interesting, and wish it the highest measure of success. A monument on the quay at the mouth of the Delftshaven canal, standing forever to remind the thousands who each day sail up or down the Maas of the day when John Robinson there invoked the blessing of God and the spirit of progress upon our fathers as they departed to plant New England, will be a most impressive and salutary object lesson, doubly useful because standing where it will be seen of all men. We have too much neglected this great chapter of our history in Holland. Each sacred place connected with it should have its fitting memorial. Already we are glad to learn that a movement is in progress to insert a bronze tablet to the memory of Robinson in the outer wall of the old St. Peter's Church at Leyden, within which he lies buried. We trust that in the time to come a costlier and more imposing Pilgrim Memorial may be reared by the sons and daughters of New England in the square before the church, beside which the Pilgrims lived

through the years that did so much to train them for their great work.

*"To all whom it may concern:*

"It is proposed to interest all societies and individuals in the enterprise outlined above, and in due time to form a National Association empowered to secure the erection of the Delftshaven Memorial.

"The undersigned, after correspondence with the United States State Department at Washington, and with the American Legation in the Netherlands, find: —

"I. The Government of the Netherlands is warmly interested in the matter. The Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs has assured our Minister, Hon. S. R. Thayer, that 'whenever the movement took shape, the Netherlands Government would joyfully render any service in their power to facilitate the accomplishment of the undertaking.'

"II. The spot proposed to be marked is that where the canal from Leyden through the city of Delft — the path of the Pilgrims' inland voyaging — enters the river Maas, at Delftshaven, or port of Delft, where the *Speedwell* lay. It was at this point of land that John Robinson stood, and the touching farewells were taken, so that 'sundry of ye Dutch strangers y<sup>t</sup> stood on ye key as spectators could not refraine from tears.' 'The spot,' says Minister Thayer, who carefully inspected the ground in August, 1889, 'is one eminently favorable for being marked by some memorial. The river, with a broad sweep, bends round in such a way to either side of it that it can be seen from a great distance, both to the east and west, — that is, as one approaches the busy port of Rotterdam from the North Sea, and as one descends the river to the outward journey, — while hundreds of vessels of every size and description are constantly passing in going or coming from every part of the globe. On inquiry I ascertained that all the territory immediately joining the harbor was public land, belonging to the city of Rotterdam, to which corporation Delftshaven has been annexed within very recent years. I also perceived that a fine sea-wall of brick and blocks of basalt was being constructed, and would soon thoroughly fortify the point in question against the encroachments of the powerful tides which here prevail, as well as the occasional floods.' A suitable memorial erected in such a spot would be a landmark visible daily to hundreds of tourists from all parts of the world, recalling the event so momentous to America. Evidently the site is all that could be desired.

"It is not proposed to erect so imposing, certainly not so costly, a monument as that at Plymouth, Mass. Nevertheless, material and labor would cost much less across the Atlantic. The land being probably free for the purpose, a few thousands of dollars judiciously expended would amply secure the end in view.

"In view of the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, should not the completion of such a memorial be fitly celebrated in 1892? The men who sailed from the Dutch to found the American republic ought to be kept in remembrance among the people whose fathers, in 1579, by forming a republic of united states, gave the prototype of

our own Government. Of all the migrations of Europeans to America, which has had more direct and powerful influence upon the formation of our nation than that of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delftshaven? Of all the countries of the Old World, what country more than Holland originated, and put in practice, those ideas which we count distinctively American?

"It is desired that this movement be national, not local, catholic and not sectarian. Will you not assist promptly by contribution and organization?

"Please send individual gifts, small or large, to the Treasurer, Mr. FRANK WOOD, No. 352 Washington Street, Boston. No money contributed for the Delftshaven Memorial will be expended except under the direction of the National Association, and for the specific purpose. All moneys received will be held in trust.

"WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, *Chairman.*

"HAMILTON A. HILL.

"FRANK WOOD.

"ARTHUR LITTLE.

"THOMAS WESTON.

"A monument has been raised to them (the founders of New England) at Plymouth, on a spot near which they landed. It is wholly fitting that another be raised, as is now, I learn, proposed, on the site of their departure from the Old World to the New. The two should stand as answering towers, — Martello towers, — commemorating hearts that were as resonant iron, and words that were hammers; between which the unfailing wires of reverent remembrance shall bind not Delftshaven and Plymouth alone, but all the hearts fearless of man and steadfast for righteousness in both the continents." — Rev. RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D., in his *Oration on 'The Puritan Spirit,'* p. 61.

"Surely the cause of civil and religious liberty never claimed greater sacrifices than those made by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, and the inhabitants of the Dutch republic, who gave them from the first that substantial aid and encouragement without which their organization would doubtless never have been perfected." — Hon. SAMUEL R. THAYER, *Minister of the United States to the Netherlands, to Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, United States Secretary of State, August 26, 1889.*

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THE opening of Clark University, in which the German university methods are followed more closely than in any other of our universities, except perhaps Johns Hopkins, has attracted an unusual degree of interest in Germany itself, where many articles concerning it have appeared in various periodicals. An article by one of the German professors, in a leading Vienna newspaper, is so intelligent and significant, that all who are interested in the important undertaking at Worcester will be glad to read the following translation of it:

"During the last few decades not only has the attendance at universities everywhere increased, but quite a number of new ones have arisen. In Europe the German Empire has founded one, and Austria two, — a German one in remote Bu-kowina and a Czechisch one at Prague. Austria has developed also her existing universities in

all directions. In France, and in the countries of the Balkan Peninsula also, new universities of science have arisen. Almost everywhere it is the government that has founded the universities, to minister to its needs, train its office-holders, and give to it teachers and doctors. This cannot be done unless, in more or less degree, science is cultivated. We live in an age in which the practical needs of the state invite the cultivation of science, and in which the growing national feeling demands that the results of investigation be published in the various vernacular languages. This latter means great progress in raising the level of culture, although it is not always tributary to science. Science demands a medium for expression and intercourse, and its development is associated with the existence of a cultivated language. However many Czechisch, Polish, Magyar, Croatian, Roumanian, and Hellenic universities are founded, they are merely local centres, pre-eminently institutions for instruction, and only in a modest degree seats of investigation.

"The free system of instruction in the United States of North America has conditioned an essentially different formation of universities. The latter have sprung up in considerable number, but the state hardly ever concerns itself about their development. Very commonly it is there, as it was in the Middle Ages with us, the Church which calls these high schools into life. Almost all the numerous sects that have sprung up so luxuriantly in the Union have founded a 'university' whose existence is for the most part known only to the members of that sect and of whose activity the annals of science record very little. This cannot be otherwise. It is impossible to cultivate science from a confessional standpoint. Faith and knowledge are heterogeneous functions of the brain, which almost exclude each other. Of a Mennonite we can expect nothing different than from a Catholic institution, viz., the subordination of science to faith. Besides these sects, however, there are lofty-spirited, far-seeing men who have called universities into life in the United States, and thereby reared for themselves an honorable monument in the history of mankind.

"In the early part of October a new university of this sort begins its activity, and it will repay us to devote some attention to this foundation. To afford the highest academic culture for all time, and to offer special opportunity to investigation, Mr. Jonas G. Clark devotes a splendid sum, and founds in Worcester, Massachusetts, a university named for himself, to the head of which he has called one of the most prominent American scholars, the psycho-physiologist, Stanley Hall, as director. We have here a great undertaking that, boldly as it is planned, is being executed with all care and a wide survey of experience. For the problem was to found not merely a new university, but one of first rank. The experience of the Old and New Worlds must be utilized. Stanley Hall, therefore, began his activity by undertaking a journey to understand the constitutions of the chief universities of the world. He visited the most important institutions of America, and nearly all in Europe, compared the different methods of instruction, and also sought quietly among the lands of European culture fit teaching talent.

"Thus the organization of the university was en-

trusted to a man of recognized ability, and he had a full and free hand. But one point was from the very first kept in view by the founder, and that with justice, viz., that the instructors should be able to devote themselves fully and exclusively to their scientific activity. In the foundation letter it is said the professors must not be overburdened with teaching and examinations,—as is in fact the case in many (especially medical) departments in Europe. Mr. Clark provided sufficient means to make the professors pecuniarily independent of this overburdening, as well as of all unscientific outside occupations.

"The eight curators finally, who jointly with Mr. Clark worked out the university statutes, declare that they expect only of the university that it shall prepare men for the highest duties of life, and that neither personal nor confessional interests be respected. It may already be said that under such condition the published programme of the university awakened great interest. It breaks with the traditional division of science into four faculties; it recognizes only individual departments, thereby obviating a truly oppressive limitation, diametrically opposed to the spirit of the university which has grown up in Europe, causing students of the medical and philosophical (or scientific) faculty to be as far apart as if they belonged to departments internally distinct. Indeed, many points show already that Hall would amalgamate the study of medicine in the most intimate way with that of pure science. He himself will lecture on psychophysiology, and from the needed scientific standpoint.

"Clark University is not to be chiefly an institution to develop officials for the state, but first of all a school for investigation. The methods of instruction are most allied with those which have gradually been developed in the natural history departments of the great German universities.

"It is significant that the programme does not place lectures first among the means of instruction, but last. Seminaries and laboratories are first considered. The departmental professors have assistants at their side to aid them in the training of students, to give special courses, and devote themselves particularly to novitiates. Besides this, excursions of different kinds are contemplated. In general, the endeavor is to bring student and professor into constant contact, and particularly that no instructor have too many students.

"Herewith a point of the utmost importance is designated; for nothing facilitates instruction more than the fact that the instructor can devote himself to his pupils, and nothing is more deplorable than when lectures and demonstrations must be given to an audience of hundreds—the individual gets extremely little. This, I believe, is generally recognized. European boards of instruction have often considered a limitation of the number of hearers at lectures and demonstrations, but this will be feasible here only when individual students' fees cease to constitute a very essential income of the respective professors. North American students do not have so unitary, nor also so one-sided a preparation as our gymnasium affords, and Clark University, with justice, does not exclude from its courses those who have not enjoyed a sharply defined preparation. Its students are divided into different classes. It receives beginners who are

still busied with general studies, finishing their preliminary training, and special students seeking their Doctor's degree. There are also independent students. The latter embrace a class essentially new; *i.e.*, students who have finished their professional studies, but desire to enjoy the facilities of the university and particularly the counsel of the professors in scientific work. To these advanced students special facilities are offered, and they are also to be developed as instructors. Medical students and, finally, students who have received no degree make each a class by themselves. Well endowed as the university is to be, its courses are not gratis, but, according to European ideas, are pretty dear, *viz.*, \$200 a year. The university enjoys already, however, from the wife of the founder, thirty free and remunerative positions for students, which are not merely given to poor students, but are primarily designed as honors. This also is an infraction of customs deeply rooted in European institutions. With us, by means of multifarious stipends, study is made easy for impecunious students more often than for men of the middle classes who, while they do not have abundant means, cannot well bring a testimony of their poverty.

"A university cannot spring into existence perfect at once. Clark University begins at first with a small circle of lectures, specifically in Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Psychology. For each of these departments able professors and assistants are already secured, and it may be cited as a pleasing recognition of German science that most of these instructors have made or finished their studies in Germany. It is the intention also to secure German instructors. Unfortunately the negotiations to that end have been unsuccessful. Able men feel themselves attached to the soil, and where this is not the case our governments have held open no possibility of return. This is to be deplored, since for German savants it would be in all respects advantageous and useful if one university more had been open to them, and it would result in far-reaching good if the sons of Germany had an opportunity to spend a limited period on the other side of the Atlantic.

"With brilliant prospects, on October 1<sup>st</sup>, Clark University enters upon its career. Its life begins in a city which is near the centre of culture in North America, and which has itself a number of educational establishments. Worcester is a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, hardly a hundred kilometers west of Boston, the American Athens. The organization of the university is itself a fortunate one. It is independent in every direction,—from the state, with its parties, as well as from the church. It has means to sustain itself as a nursery of science, as a high school of investigation. May it speedily develop to a full realization of the plans of its founder, and may it remain forever true to them."

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THE recent performance of the *Antigone* of Sophocles by the ladies of the Saturday Morning Club in Boston is a new indication of the notable revival of interest in the Greek tragedy, of which these late years have brought so many indications, in America and England, in the form of translations, magazine articles, lectures, and representations. Such representations as this which has just aroused so much interest in Boston are a great

education for all who participate and for all who witness. Only in the universities and colleges perhaps can we expect the actors to speak Greek, as in the rendering of the *Oedipus* at Harvard a few years ago, and in the rendering of the *Electra* last summer by the young ladies of Smith College. But to the creditable and useful rendering of many of these solemn dramas in English, we believe that many of our young people's literary societies are equal. A noteworthy attempt in this direction was made a year ago by the Unity Club of Cleveland, Ohio. The chaste programme of this performance of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, repeated on three successive evenings, lies before us; and newspapers at the time brought glowing accounts of the success which attended the long and careful preparation. It was the culmination of a year devoted by the club to the study of Greek life and literature, and should prove an incentive to many similar societies. This same Cleveland Unity Club, it should be said, has just given with equal success the *Trinummus* of Plautus, in connection with its year's study of ancient Rome.

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FARMINGTON, Connecticut, is becoming the Mecca of philosophical pilgrims in these latest summers almost as much as Concord was a few years ago. The present is the third summer in which courses of lectures of a high character have been arranged at Farmington, through the tireless devotion of Mr. Thomas Davidson, who took a prominent part at Concord during the last years of the famous School of Philosophy there. Mr. Davidson has never, we think, offered so good a programme as that for the present summer's session at Farmington, which opens on the 17<sup>th</sup> of June. The feature which is especially noticeable and to be especially commended is the prominence given to the philosophy of the late Thomas Hill Green. Philosophic men have long recognized the rare force, penetration, and comprehension of Professor Green's thought. Of his Introduction to the works of Hume, which is really a complete survey of the movement of thought from Locke to Kant, Dr. Martineau expressed the opinion, a dozen years ago, to one of the present editors of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, that it was the most important piece of metaphysical writing which had been given to England during the century. The volumes which the lamented teacher's Oxford pupils have published since his death, the works especially which are devoted to ethical and political theory, have deepened the conviction in the minds of great numbers who are exercised by the higher problems of life, that no other thinker of our time has been able to throw upon them a light so illuminating and satisfying as Thomas Green. Almost every significant philosophical scholar at Oxford to-day reflects his thought and extends his influence. There has been good writing about his philosophy in America, noticeably by Professor Dewey in the *Andover Review*. The common understanding that he was the prototype of Grey in Mrs. Ward's famous novel has roused popular interest in his personal character, and led to the circulation of his religious writings. But the devotion to the various phases of his thought of this systematic course of lectures at Farmington should do more than all

else as yet to direct our students to the careful study of his works. Whatever can accomplish this is welcome; for no modern man has shown so well as Professor Green the poorness, and falsehood, and shallowness of much that passes for profoundness in the positivism and agnosticism that are common about us, and the solvent power and practical power of a spiritual philosophy.

The special subjects of the six lectures to be devoted to Green's philosophy in the Farmington course are as follows: "Green's Theory of Cognition and its Place in the History of Thought," "Green's Treatment of the Relation of Feeling to Reality," "Green's Ethical System," "Green's Ethical System viewed in its Relation to Utilitarianism," "Green's Political Theory," and "Green's Religious Philosophy,"—the several lecturers being Thomas Davidson, Professor Gardiner of Smith College, Stephen F. Weston of New York, W. Dow Lighthall of Montreal, Percival Chubb of London, and Professor Dewey of Ann Arbor.

In addition to the lectures upon Green, at this Farmington School of Philosophy, there are to be also six lectures upon the Relations of Church and State, six upon the Greek Moralists, and six upon subjects in Economic Science. Among the lecturers in these courses will be such men as Dr. William T. Harris, Rev. William J. Potter, William M. Salter, and Henry D. Lloyd. Truly, a strong and noble programme, and one that should draw many thoughtful men and women to the beautiful Connecticut village in the beautiful June days.

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WE have called attention in the Editors' Table this month to many excellent efforts. We wish to call attention to the excellent effort of the Appalachian Mountain Club to organize a systematic movement for the preservation of scenery and historical sites in Massachusetts. This effort is one which will appeal with special force to the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. It touches interests with which the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is peculiarly concerned, and the movement will have our constant hearty support. We wish that similar movements might be inaugurated in every New England state. The movement in Massachusetts, thus started by the Appalachian Mountain Club, has resulted in a meeting at the Institute of Technology, May 24, with addresses or letters from Governor Brackett, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Col. T. W. Higginson, Francis Parkman, Frederic Law Olmsted, and other leading men. The purpose of the movement is well stated in the circular which has been issued by the committee of the Appalachian Club, consisting of Messrs. Charles Eliot, George C. Mann, and Mr. Rosewell B. Lawrence. The statement is as follows:

*"An Outline of a Scheme for facilitating the Preservation and Dedication to Public Enjoyment of such Scenes and Sites in Massachusetts as possess either Uncommon Beauty or Historical Interest."*

"There is no need of argument to prove that opportunities for beholding the beauty of Nature are of great importance to the health and happiness

of crowded populations. As respects large masses of the population of Massachusetts, these opportunities are rapidly vanishing. Many remarkable natural scenes near Boston have been despoiled of their beauty during the last few years. Similar spots near other cities of the Commonwealth have likewise suffered. Throughout the State, scenes which future generations of townspeople would certainly prize for their refreshing power are to-day in danger of destruction. Unless some steps towards their effectual protection can be taken quickly, the beauty of these spots will have disappeared, the opportunity for generous action will have passed.

"Scattered throughout the State are other places made interesting and valuable by historical or literary associations; and many of these also are in danger.

"What public or private, general or local, action in aid of the preservation of fine natural scenes and historical sites will it be best to attempt under existing circumstances in Massachusetts? This is the problem which will be the subject of debate at the conference called by the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club; and it is only for the purpose of provoking discussion that the committee which has been authorized to call the meeting makes the following proposals:—

"1. The establishment of a Board of Trustees to be appointed as follows: Some to be named in the act of incorporation: their successors to be elected by the full Board as vacancies occur. Some to be named by the governing bodies of several designated incorporated societies, such as the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Essex Institute, the Appalachian Mountain Club, etc. Some to be appointed by the Governor and Council.

"2. The Trustees to be empowered to acquire by gift from individuals, or bodies of subscribers, parcels of real estate possessing natural beauty or historical interest, and to hold the same, together with funds for the maintenance thereof, free of all taxes.

"3. The Trustees to be required to open to the public, under suitable regulations, all such parcels of their real estate as lie within the limits of those towns and cities which may provide police protection for the same.

"4. The Trustees to be prohibited from conveying real estate once accepted by them, except to towns and cities for public uses.

"In order to effect the creation of this proposed Board of Trustees, the Committee suggests:—

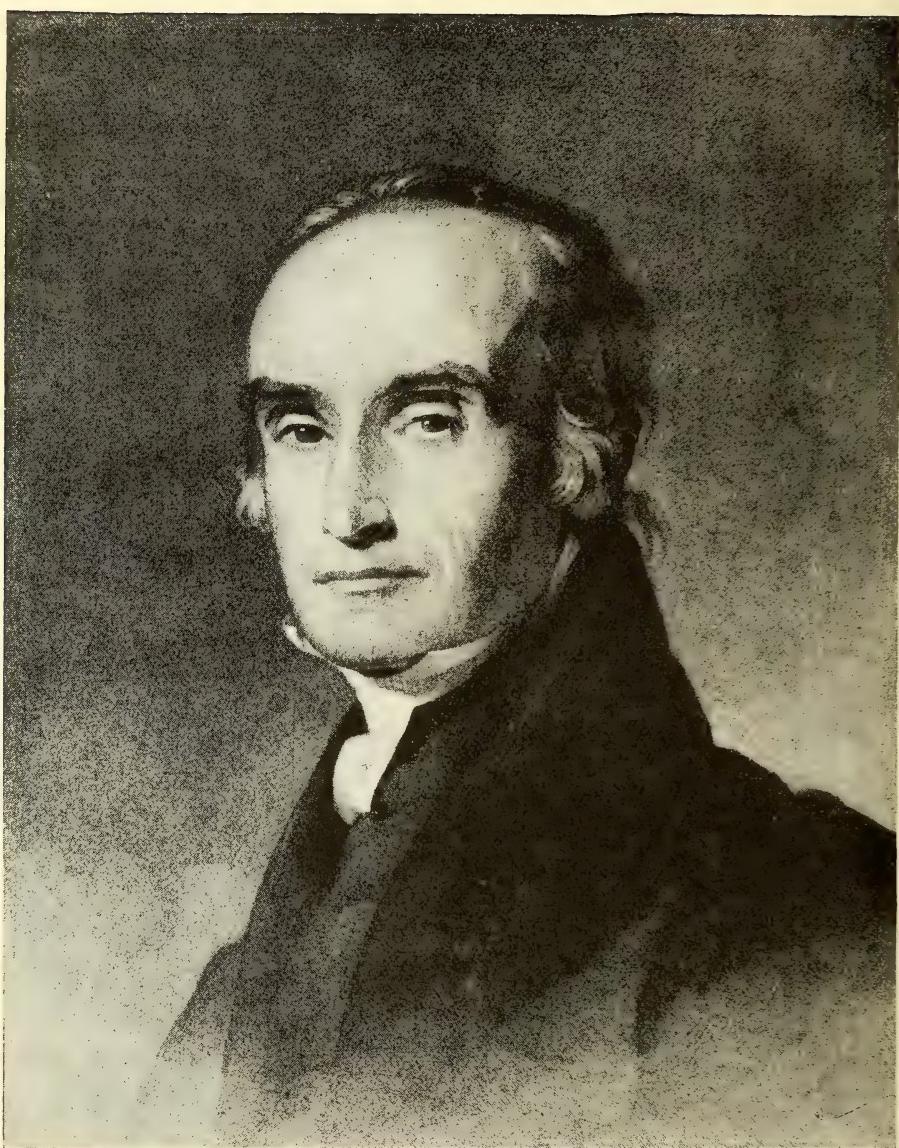
"5. The appointment by the meeting of May 24 of a Standing Committee of twenty-five, to be provided by the meeting with a working fund, and empowered—

"a. To draft and present to the General Court at its next session an act of incorporation.

"b. To correspond with societies and individuals for the purpose of deciding upon two or three parcels of suitable real estate which, with endowments for maintenance, may be offered to the Trustees immediately upon their incorporation.

"c. To secure subscriptions to an endowment fund with the income of which the Trustees may meet their general expenses."





JOSEPH HOPKINSON,  
THE AUTHOR OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

THE

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

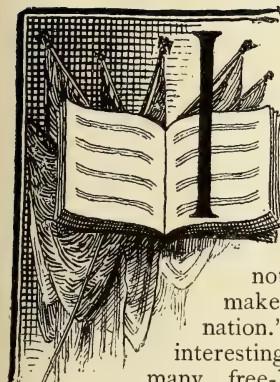
NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1890

VOL. II. No. 5.

## OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

By Mary L. D. Ferris.



T was sturdy Andrew Fletcher who wrote, "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." It would be interesting to know how many free-born Americans can repeat all, or even one, of our national songs, and we limit the number to four, *Yankee Doodle*, *Hail Columbia*, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and *America*.

This question was brought forcibly to mind a year or two ago, when, on the return passage from Liverpool, Captain Watkins, now on the *City of Paris*, but at that time on the *City of Berlin*, was presiding at an entertainment given by the passengers for the Seamen's fund. *God save the Queen* had been lustily sung, when, out of courtesy to the Americans on board, the captain suggested the singing of *America*. After a burst of applause,

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,"

rose in full chorus; but at the close of the fourth line the words grew fainter, and when the end of the first verse was reached, only three voices were heard, one of them being that of the gallant captain, who was bravely striving, in his hearty English way, to sing a song that Americans evidently could not!

A good deal has been said of late of our lack of a national hymn. A Southern student writing from Paris to the *Charleston News and Courier* describes an amusing attempt of the Americans at a students' reunion to render such a hymn. The Russians, Italians, Swiss, and English had sung their patriotic airs, when the Americans were called upon. They were at a loss. No one seemed to know the *Star-Spangled Banner* or *Hail Columbia*, and it was decided to sing *John Brown*. The Southern boys sang, *We'll hang John Brown*, and the Northern boys, who were in the majority, sang, *We'll hang Jeff Davis*.

Mr. Richard Grant White said, a few years before his death, in *A Lyric and National Study for the Times*, "We have no national melodies, we have no national music, as we have no national literature." And yet there is certainly music that has come to be regarded as national; there are songs to be considered in the same light, songs that show the spirit of true patriotism. Association has done more for us than the mere words, which may not bear the scrutiny of the carping critic, but which cheered our fathers on to victory, and to-day cause our blood to pulsate quicker whenever we hear them. These songs are certainly worthy of consideration by the rising generations, who are not as mindful as they should be of the past and its history.

There are too many who echo the words of a New York relative of the Duchess of Marlborough, who exclaimed, "What a pity Columbus ever discovered America, for we might all have been happy Europeans!"

Such have lost the patriotism that inspired George P. Morris when he wrote : —

“ I glory in the sages  
Who, in the days of yore,  
In combat met the foemen,  
And drove them from our shore;  
Who flung our banner’s starry field  
In triumph to the breeze,  
And spread broad maps of cities where  
Once waved the forest trees.  
Hurrah ! ”

“ I glory in the spirit  
Which goaded them to rise,  
And form a mighty nation  
Beneath the western skies.  
No clime so fair and beautiful  
As that where sets the sun;  
No land so fertile, fair, and free  
As that of Washington.  
Hurrah ! ”

Mr. White condemns the *Star-Spangled Banner* as “ altogether unfitted for a national hymn ; it paints a picture, and em-

kees *Doodle*. That has a character, although it is comic ; and it is respectable, because it makes no pretence. But both the words and music of *Hail Columbia* are commonplace, vulgar, and pretentious ; and the people themselves have found this out.” He does not deign to even mention *America* in his wholesale denunciation.

Inspired, however, with some degree of the patriotism that fired the hearts of our forefathers —

“ Our worthy forefathers — let’s give them a cheer —  
To climates unknown did courageously steer;  
Through oceans to deserts, for freedom they came,  
And dying bequeathed us their freedom and fame — ”<sup>1</sup>

it may be profitable to consider for a brief space the national songs which some Americans hold dear even yet.

*Yankee Doodle* has stood the test of one hundred and thirty-five years, and by seniority is entitled to the first consideration.

In 1755 great exertions were made by the British Ministry, at the head of which was the Earl of Chat-ham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry this object into effect, General Amherst was placed in command of the British army in North-western America, as it was then considered, and the British colonies in America were called on for assistance. They immedi-



The Van Rensselaer House at Greenbush, as it appears To-day.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF “ YANKEE DOODLE.”

bodies no sentiment ; the lines are too long, and the rhymes too involved ; the rhythm too complicated, harsh, and vague.” He wishes that the spangles could be taken out, and a good honest flag substituted for the banner. “ *Yankee Doodle*,” he says, “ has the claim of long association, but no sane person would ever dream of regarding it as a national hymn.” “ *Hail Columbia*,” he tells us, “ is even really worse than Yan-

ately responded to the call, contributing with alacrity their several quotas of men. In the summer of 1755 the British troops, under General Abercrombie, were encamped on the east bank of the Hudson River, a little south of Albany, on the old Van Rensselaer place, known in the early

<sup>1</sup> The *Liberty Song*, written by Mrs. Mercy Warren, wife of General James Warren, of Plymouth, in 1769.



Yankee Doodle.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLARD, NOW IN THE ABBOTT HALL, MARBLEHEAD.

history of Rensselaerwyck as Fort Crailo, awaiting re-enforcements of militia previous to marching to Ticonderoga. Early in June, the Eastern troops began to pour in, company after company; and so motley an assemblage of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an exception be found in the ragged regiments of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite, to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the ancient streets of Albany to take their station on the left

of the British army — some with long coats, some with short coats, and some with no coats at all, in colors as varied as those of the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like that of Cromwell's soldiers, and others with wigs, powdered and unpowdered, whose curls floated around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of the troops furnished a great source of amusement to the wits of the British army. The musicians played the airs of two centuries ago, and the *tout ensemble* exhibited a sight to the wondering

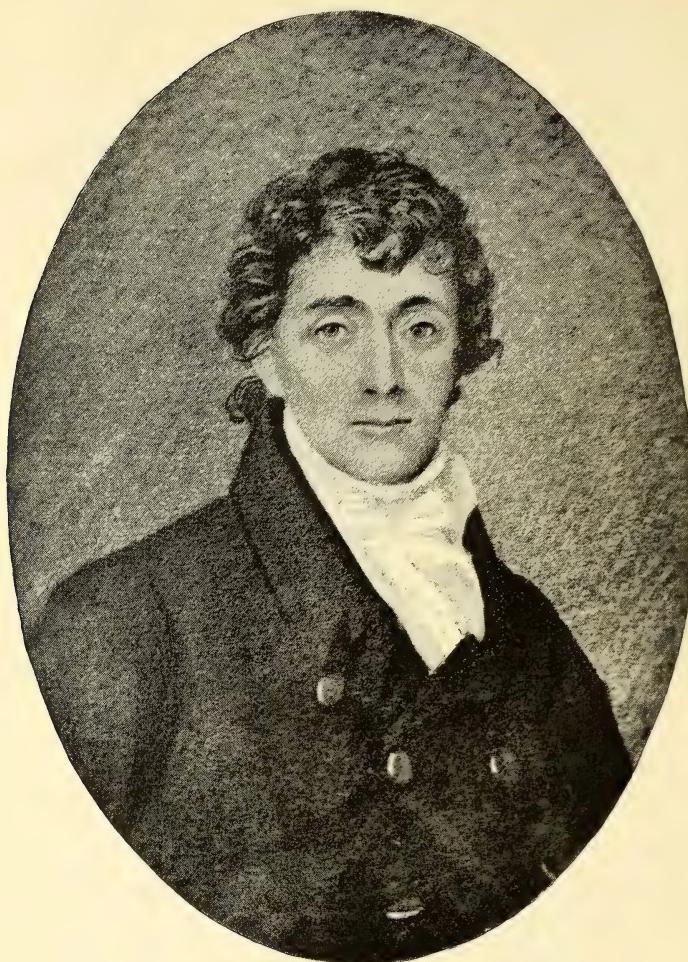
### Hail Columbia

Hail Columbia happy land,  
Hail ye Heroes - hearin born land,  
who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
and when the storm of war was done,  
Enjoy'd the peace, your valour won -  
Let Independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altars reach the skies  
Firm, united let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots rise once more,  
Defend your rights, defend your shore,  
Let no under-foe with impious hand,  
Let no under-foe with impious hand,  
Invade the Shrine, where sacred lies,  
of toil and blood, the well earned prize -  
While offering Peace, sincere and just,  
In Heavens we place a manly trust,  
That Truth and Justice will prevail  
And every scheme of bondage fail -  
Firm, united, let us be;  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find -

Sound, sound the trump of Fame,  
Let Washington's great name,  
Ring through the world with loud applause  
Ring through the world with loud applause.  
Let every Climate be Freedom dear.  
Listen with a joyful ear; -  
With equal skill, with godlike power.  
He governs in the fearful hour  
of horrid war; or guides with care,  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Behold the chief, who now commands.  
Once more to serve his country stands.  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
But armid in virtue, firm and true.  
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.  
When hope was sinking in desmay  
And clouds obscur'd Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolv'd on Death or Liberty; -  
Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty;  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.



Francis Scott Key.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

strangers that could not fail to excite their merriment.

Among the wits belonging to the British army was a surgeon of some distinction, a Dr. Richard Shackburg, who combined the talents of a musician with the science of his profession, and with his wit. One evening, late in June, sitting beside the old well just at the rear of the Van Rensselaer house, still to be seen at Greenbush, with the air of *Kitty Fisher's Jig* ringing in his ears, Dr. Shackburg wrote the words of *Yankee Doodle*, and presented words and music to the officers of the militia with great solemnity, commanding the air as one of the most celebrated in martial music. The joke took well, to the

great amusement of the British officers, and *Yankee Doodle* was at once known as the march and song of the militia.

The tune was known in the times of Charles the First, and has even been said to be of classic origin, having been chanted in the days of Miletus, certainly in the days of Herodotus, and possibly in those of Homer!

The words *Yankee Doodle* have been variously defined, and to enter into a full discussion of the subject would involve too much space. The general acceptation is that *Yankee* is from *Yankin*, meaning, in the vocabulary of the early New York Dutch, to grumble, snarl, or yelp; and its derivative noun, *Yanker*, meant a howling



Francis Scott Key,

IN LATER LIFE

cur. It was not in use save among the lower classes, for reasons which to-day forbid slang being introduced into our homes; but it was a well-known word. In the collision between the New Englanders, the New York Dutch, and the British, much ill feeling was aroused. The New Englanders despised the Dutch, and the Dutch despised the New Englanders, while the British ridiculed both. Hence the use of the term to indicate the contempt which existed. Every circumstance points to its birth in this prevailing contemptuous feeling.<sup>1</sup> To this day Yankees

are looked upon with some distrust by the descendants of the real Dutchmen now outside of New England.

The hit of Dr. Shackburg became known throughout the army, and the song was sung in a sort of contempt for the colonials. This contemptuous use of the song continued until after Lexington. In 1775, the British troops tarred and feathered one

in the *Albany Statesman* in 1797. See *Farmer and Moore's Historical Collection*, vol. iii., p. 217. Carter probably simply adopted the tradition then current in Albany. Likelihood, however, is given to the account by the fact that a Dr. Shuckburgh (not Shackburg) was a surgeon about that date in Captain Horatio Gates's independent company, and was afterwards State Secretary of Indian Affairs, etc.

<sup>1</sup> The common account of the origin of *Yankee Doodle*, which ascribes it to Dr. Shackburg, was written by Nathan H. Carter, and first published

# O! say can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hail'd by the tides of the stream?  
Whose bright stars & broad stripes through the clouds of the night,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare the bomb bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

O'er that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep

Where the foe's haughty host in dead silence reposes.

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep

As it fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the glimm. of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner O'er whose broad waves

O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave

And where is that host that so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion

A home & a country should have us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution

No refuge could save the hireling & slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes & the war's desolation

Blest with victory & peace may the heaven rescued land

Praise the power that hath made & preserved us a nation

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto - On God is our trust

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

Washington,

Oct 21 - 40

D. S. Key

Thomas Ditson, in Boston, marching to the tune as the best means of heaping contempt on the Yankees. But this was changed at Lexington, and it was said that when the British commander was once asked after that how he liked the tune, he answered, "How they did make us dance to it!"

*Doodle* was a Lancashire word for trifler, and is thus referred to as early as 1622. There is an early version of the words in English, which runs:—

"Yankee Doodle came to town  
Upon a Kentish pony;  
He stuck a feather in his hat,  
And called him macaroni."

In other versions the second line runs, "Riding on a pony," and "Upon a little pony." The small plume worn by the militia in the front of their caps was called in derision "macaroni." There is a tradition in England that the original song was directed at Oliver Cromwell himself under the name of *Nankee Doodle*.

The following are the verses which were sung by our fathers during the Revolution. This version shows in itself marks of evolution; but a portion of it is believed to have been written, it is said by a gentleman of Connecticut, just after the battle of Lexington, and to have been sung by the Americans at Bunker Hill.

Father and I went down to camp  
Along with Captain Gooding,  
And there we saw the men and boys,  
As thick as hasty pudding.

#### CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the gals be handy!

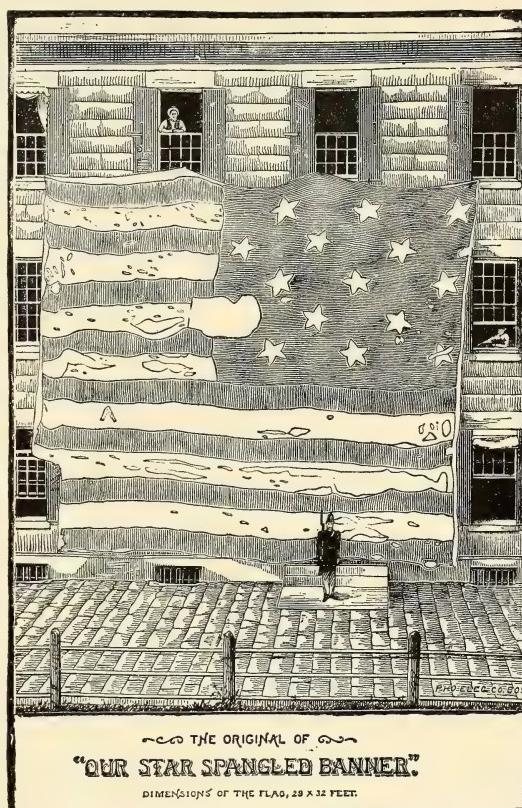
And there we see a thousand men  
As rich as Squire David,  
And what they wasted every day,—  
I wish it had been saved.

The 'lasses they eat up every day  
Would keep our house all winter,—  
They have so much that I'll be bound  
They eat when'er they've a mind to.

And there we see a whopping gun,  
As big as a log of maple,  
Mounted on a little cart,—  
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off  
It took a horn of powder,  
And made a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it  
As 'Siah's underpinning;  
Father went as nigh again,—  
I thought the devil was in him.



NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. EBEN APPLETON OF NEW YORK.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,  
I thought he meant to cock it;  
He scared me so, I streaked it off,  
And hung to father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun  
He kind o' clapped his hand on,  
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron  
Upon the little end on't.

And there I saw a pumpkin shell  
As big as mother's basin;  
And every time they sent one off,  
They scampered like tarnation.

I saw a little bar'el, too,  
Its heads were made of leather;  
They knocked on it with little clubs,  
To call the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,  
With grand folks all about him;  
They say he's grown so tarnal proud  
He cannot ride without them.

He had on his meeting-clothes,  
And rode a slapping stallion,  
And gave his orders to the men,—  
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers in his hat,  
They were so tarnal fin-ah,  
I wanted peskily to get  
To hand to my Jemima.

And then they'd fife away like fun,  
And play on corn-stalk fiddles;  
And some had ribbons red as blood  
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,  
And fire right in our faces;  
It scarèd me a'most to death  
To see them run such races.

Then I saw a snarl of men  
A digging graves, they told me,  
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,—  
They allowed they were to hold me.

It scared me so I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about, till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

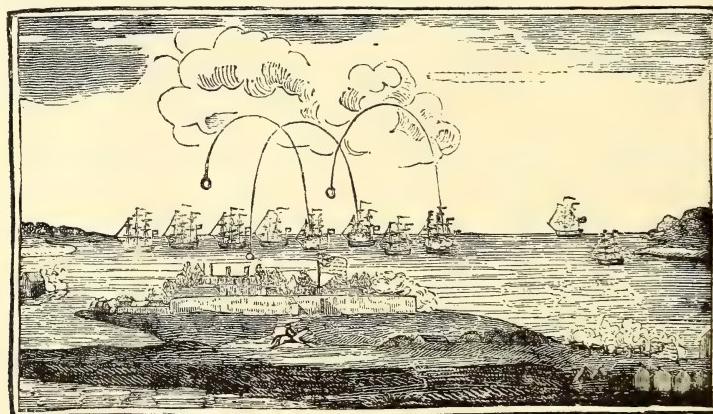
While no one, of course, will claim a high standard of excellence for either the

tainly a pleasant one, that our first national song should have been written on ground that was owned by a family among the most patriotic in the entire country. During the revolutionary struggle the Van Rensselaer name was borne by eighteen males, all of whom, save two old men and four boys, bore arms for their country in one or more battles. In the campaign of 1777, Killian Van Rensselaer, eight of his nephews, and three of his sons, served together in the Northern campaign till Burgoyne's surrender.

George P. Morris has sung of the origin of *Yankee Doodle* as follows:—

### I.

Once on a time Old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,  
And said that Jonathan should have no trials, sir,  
by jury;  
That no elections should be held across the briny waters;  
And "Now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."  
Then down he sate in burly state and blustered like a grande,  
And in derision made a tune called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
Yankee Doodle—these are facts—Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
"My son of wax, your tea I'll tax—Yankee Doodle Dandy."



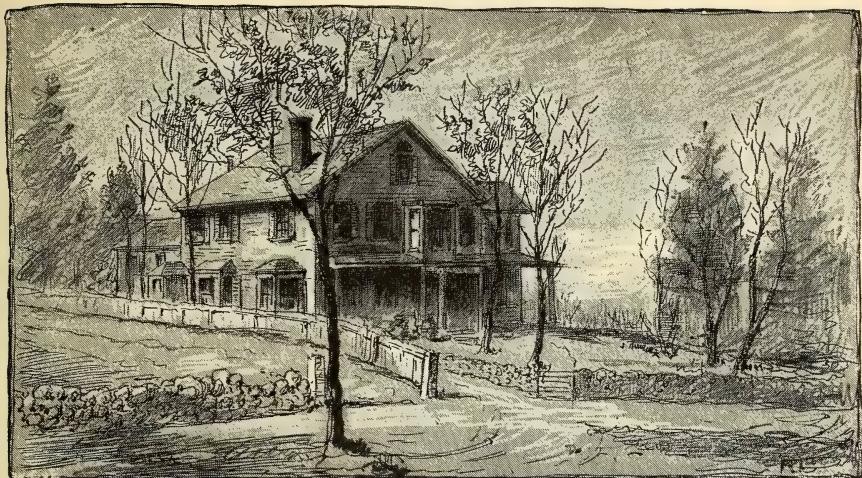
*Bombardment of Fort M'Henry, Baltimore 1814.  
A Contemporary Print.*

tune or the words of *Yankee Doodle*, all this is forgotten when we recall that it was the march that inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and that humbled Lord Cornwallis.

It is a rather odd coincidence, and cer-

### II.

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated;  
But whether hyson or bohea, I've never heard it stated.  
Then Jonathan to pout began—he laid a strong embargo;



The Residence of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," at Newton Centre, Mass.

"I'll drink no tea, by Jove," said he, and threw overboard the cargo.  
Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,  
Whose martial band, when near the land, play'd  
"Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
Yankee Doodle—keep it up—Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
"I'll poison with a tax your cup—Yankee Doodle Dandy."

### III.

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his troops retreated;  
Cute Jonathan to see them fly could not restrain his laughter;  
"That tune," says he, "suits to a T; I'll sing it ever after."  
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,  
E'en while he swore he'd drink no more this  
"Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
Yankee Doodle,—ho, ha, he,—Yankee Doodle Dandy;  
We kept the tune, but not the tea—Yankee Doodle Dandy.

### IV.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,  
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull and stupid," —what a pity!  
With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus full and hearty—  
On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea-party.  
No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,  
And where's the fair can't sing the air of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"?

Yankee Doodle,—firm and true,—Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
Yankee Doodle, Doodle doo, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

"John Bull" is taken from a satire on the Duke of Marlborough, published by Dr. John Arbuthnot in 1712. In it the French are designated as Louis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, and the English as John Bull. Washington Irving says, "The English have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waist-coat, leather breeches, and a stout oaken cudgel, and there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull."

"Brother Jonathan" is a term derived from Jonathan Trumbull, the colonial governor of Connecticut, noted for his integrity and his common sense. When Washington was once sadly in need of ammunition he called a council of officers, none of whom could offer any suggestion which was practical. "We must then refer the matter to Brother Jonathan," said Washington, alluding to Trumbull, who proposed a way of solving the difficulty. From that day Trumbull was known as "Brother Jonathan," and in due time the name was applied to the whole nation. The governor looked a great deal like the symbolic caricature more familiar to the world. He was tall, gaunt, sharp-featured,

and for full dress wore a swallow-tail coat made in his own household, from his own sheep, and colored with maple bark from his own woodpile. His tight trousers, six inches above his ankles, were of striped linsey woolsey, spun and made by his own family.

It will be interesting here to notice the origin of the term "Uncle Sam," which has become the other personal appellation

was respectfully, but familiarly, called "Uncle Sam." The boxes containing the provisions were shipped to a contractor named Elbert Anderson, and were marked "E. A.—U. S." It is related that a joking workman was asked of what these letters were an abbreviation, and he replied that he did not know—the letters U. S. for the United States were then new and not well known—unless they were for

Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The joke was kept up, and spread, and afterwards it was said that all packages marked U. S. were for Uncle Sam.<sup>1</sup>

The recognition of the nationality of *Yankee Doodle* is well illustrated by an anecdote related by John Quincy Adams. When the ministers plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, the worthy burghers of that city resolved to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired that the national airs of the two treaty-making powers form a part of the programme. The musical director was requested to call upon the American ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. No one knew exactly what to give, and after a consultation Bayard and Gallatin favored *Hail Columbia*, while Clay, Russell, and Adams were decidedly in



*S. J. Smith.*

THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."

for the nation. Among the verses which crept into some of the versions of *Yankee Doodle* early in the present century was the following:—

"Old Uncle Sam came then to change  
Some pancakes and some onions  
For 'lasses cakes to carry home  
To give his wife and young uns."

The "Uncle Sam" here referred to was Samuel Wilson of Troy, New York, a beef inspector during the last war with England. He was very popular among his men, and

favor of *Yankee Doodle*. The director then asked if either of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, asked if one of them would sing or whistle the air. "I can't," said Mr. Clay; "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can." "Neither can I," replied Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can." But each confessed his lack of musical ability. "I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing

<sup>1</sup> See Wheeler's *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*.

[27]

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty;  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died  
Land of the pilgrim's pride  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee  
Land of the noble free  
'Thy name I love;  
I love thy - ~~rocky~~ & <sup>rolling</sup> rills  
~~thy woods &~~ <sup>timbered</sup> hills  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above

No more shall ~~tyrants~~ here  
With ~~rough~~ ~~tyrants~~ appear  
And ~~soldiers~~ ~~bands~~  
No more shall ~~tyrants~~ here  
Above the ~~patriot~~ dead  
No more our blood be shed  
By ~~alien~~ ~~hands~~

Let mus. & smell the bruse  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song  
3. Let rocks there silence break  
2. Let mortal tongues awake  
1. Let all that breathed partake  
The <sup>sound prolonging</sup> ~~sacred song~~

Our fathers God to thee  
Author of liberty  
To thee we sing ~~be bright~~  
Long may our land ~~be bright~~  
With freedom's holy light  
Protect us by thy might  
Our Son our King

H.

TO THE BEARER.—Sir,—I am willing to allow you, or such faithful Agent as you may engage, fifty cents each for new Subscribers obtained on the above terms, provided you forward their first payment in advance. If inconvenient for yourself to attend to the business, can you not employ some suitable person?

Very respectfully,

A. D.

Clouds air shined the clouds air's sky.

[31]

Solden sun of evenings  
In thy shining car  
To the west reclining  
Rich thy glories are  
Sun—I bade to view thee  
When I bade thy name Adiſt leamur  
~~thy~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~thee~~ <sup>thy</sup> I bade  
From I shrank came

17477

Often while I saw thee  
Bright & cloudy's she  
Holy thoughts some o'er me  
Thoughts of thine is divine.

Wonder'd is thy beauty  
Golden evening sun  
Charming is thy radiance  
Last as day is done.

Thou must be extinguished  
Dressed such golden ray  
But thy spirit <sup>2</sup> immortal  
Cannot fade away

Copd

[26]

The wintry blast is snell  
2. She glad and Spring is come  
The trees their sweets are breathing  
, the flowers begin to bloom

Embrace with radiant beauty  
The fields & woods appear  
And robust music warbles  
To hail the blooming year

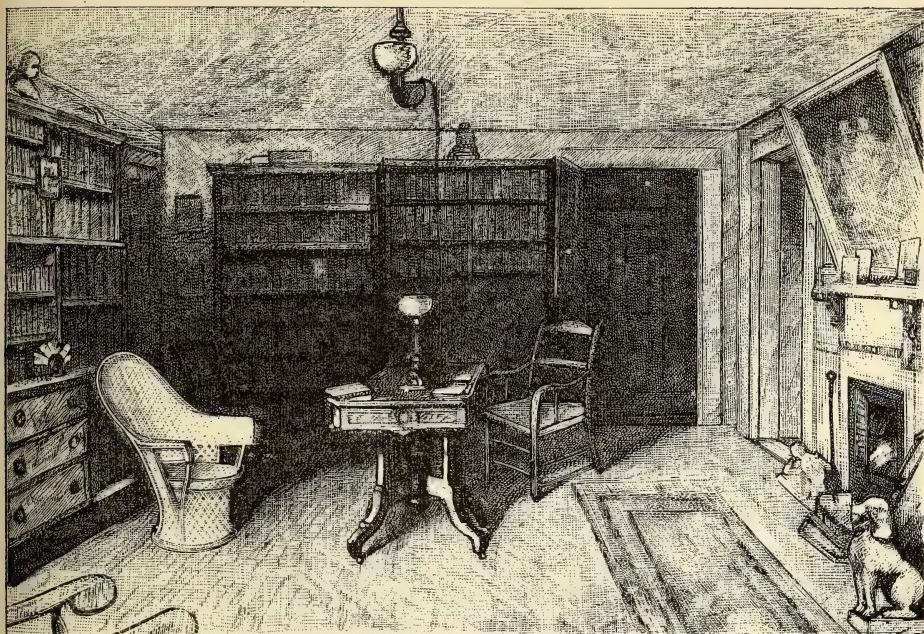
Farewell ye howling tempests  
Farewell ye ~~dreadful~~ storms  
Farewell ye frosty breezes  
And clouds with threatening forms

Give youth, like spring, looks smiling  
It basked in heavenly light—  
Yet stormy tempests now eng  
One fairest hopes may blight.

This only in the bosom

3. Wringing summer regards  
1. Unearthen by folly's stains  
2. Where God his grace dispenses

Copd.



Dr. Smith's Study.

the bell he called his colored body-servant. "John," said Mr. Clay, "whistle *Yankee Doodle* for this gentleman." John did so, the director took down the notes, and the Ghent Burghers' Band played the national air of the United States, with variations, in grand style.

The music of *Hail Columbia* was composed in 1789, one hundred years ago, by Professor Phylo of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton when Washington was *en route* to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the *President's March*. Nine years later the words were written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, the brilliant son of Judge Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was for more than twenty years the confidential friend of Count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), and his executor. Judge Hopkinson was vice-president of the American Philosophical Society, and president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. A few months previous to his death, in 1842, he wrote for his friend, the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, an account of the circumstances attending the composition of *Hail Columbia*, and his own words give the facts best :

" It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called, while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation



A Corner of the Study.

of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who

espoused her cause, and the violence of party spirit had never risen higher, I think not so high, in our own country as it did at that time upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 12 '89.  
 The hymn, "My country, - 'tis  
 of thee," - was written in February, 1832.  
 As I was turning over the leaves of  
 several books of music, - chiefly  
 music for children's schools, - the  
 words being in the German lan-  
 guage, - the music, which I found  
 later to be "God save the King,"  
 impressed me very favorably.  
 I noticed at a glance that the Ger-  
 man words were patriotic. But  
 without attempting to translate or  
 imitate them, I was led on the  
 impulse of the moment to write the  
 hymn now styled "America," which  
 was the work of a brief period of  
 time at the close of a dismal winter  
 afternoon. I did not design it for "

a national hymn, nor did I think it would gain such notoriety. I dropped the Ms., (which is still in my possession) into my portfolio, and thought no more of it for months. I had, however, once seen it, after writing it, & gave a copy to Mr. Lowell Mason, with the music from the German pamphlet; and, much to my surprise, on the succeeding 4th July, he brought it out on occasion of a Sunday School celebration in Park St. Church, Boston.

*S. F. Smith*

On this acquaintance he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the *President's March*, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interest, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which

was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans; at least, neither could disallow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

The *Star-Spangled Banner* was written by Francis Scott Key, in 1814, at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Mr. Key was a well-known lawyer of Baltimore, a brother-in-law of Chief-Justice R. B. Taney of the Supreme Court of the United States. By authority of President Madison, Mr. Key had gone to the British fleet under a flag of truce, to secure the

release of his friend, Dr. Beanes, who had been captured by the enemy and was detained on board the flag-ship *Surprise*, commanded by Sir Thomas Cochrane, a son

of Admiral Cochrane, on the charge of violating his parole. The negotiation was successful; but the British, being about to make a combined attack by sea and land

### America

My country, - 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, - thee,  
 Land of the noble, free,  
 Thy name I love,  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 Thy heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above!

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And song from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song,

Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,-  
 The sound profound.

Our fathers' God, - to Thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To Thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light,-  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, - our King.

J. F. Smith.

Written in 1832.

Feb. 28, 1890.

on Baltimore, detained Key, lest he should carry intelligence of their preparations to his countrymen. Being a non-combatant, he was not made a prisoner of war, but was simply detained on shipboard for a few days. He then with his friend witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, the key of Baltimore, anxiously watching his country's flag all day floating over the fort, catching occasional glimpses of it through the night, by explosion of shells and rockets, and delightedly saw it when the morning dawned, still waving over its patriotic defenders. The song, in fact, is a description of the scene and his feelings on the occasion.

In the enthusiasm of the hour, Mr. Key

seized a pencil and, sitting on deck with the flag floating over the fort before him, wrote on the back of an envelope the song whose words will never die so long as the American heart thrills with the love of country. He finished it on his way to the shore, and wrote it out just as it now stands, at the hotel in Baltimore. The next morning he took it to Judge Nicholson of the Court of Appeals, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Key, and asked him how he liked it. The judge, who had commanded a volunteer company of artillery in the engagement, praised it enthusiastically. It was then placed in the hands of a printer, and was printed on a single sheet of paper, and distributed in every part of the city.

It was hailed with enthusiasm, and it was soon regarded as America's favorite anthem.

The air of the *Star-Spangled Banner* is English, and was known as that of an old song entitled, *To Anacreon in Heaven*, being composed for a very jovial society called The Anacreonites, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other men of the day were among its members. John Strafford Smith, between 1770 and 1775, composed the music for the words of the song, which were written by the president of the society. *Britannia* was one of the many parodies made on it, which found its way to America, and the song *Adams and Liberty* was sung to it until it became associated with the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

The adaptation of the air to the words is told in a letter to Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, from George W. Gallagher of Glendale, Ohio. The incident is related by Mr. F. Durang, who was a cousin of Mr. Gallagher. "Have you heard Francis Key's poem?" said one of our men as we lay over the green hills near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, which he had written in a hand which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferdinand Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music which was in some lodger's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called *Anacreon in Heaven*, struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until with a leap and a shout, he exclaimed, 'Boys, I've hit it,' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out, for the first time, the song of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences. It was soon after sung on the stage of the Holiday-Street Theatre in Baltimore. It was caught up in the camps, and sung round the bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets; and when peace was declared, and the troops scattered to their homes, they carried to thousands of

firesides that song as the most precious relic of the War of 1812."

The flag that inspired the *Star-Spangled Banner* was made by a daughter of Rebecca Young, who made the first flag of the Revolution, under General Washington's directions. She was selected by Commodore Barry and General Stricker, family connections, to make the banner, which she did, being an exceedingly patriotic woman. The length originally was forty feet, and it had a width of twenty-nine feet, and contained four hundred yards of bunting. It had fifteen stripes instead of thirteen, each stripe being two feet wide. The flag was so large that Mrs. Mary Pickersgill was obliged to obtain permission from Claggett's brewery in Baltimore, which was near her house, to spread it out in their malt-house; and she worked many nights until twelve o'clock, to complete it in the given time. It is now in the possession of Mr. Eben Appleton, of No. 71 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York, whose grandfather, Colonel George Armstead, was the gallant defender of the fort during the bombardment.

Mr. Key died in 1846. A monument costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars commemorates his name in San Francisco, erected from a bequest by Mr. Lick, the founder of the Lick observatory. Mr. Lanman, in his *Dictionary of Congress*, speaks of him as being the peer of the most distinguished men of his day, and suggests that a full account of his life would be a valuable and interesting production.

The following toast was once offered at a political meeting at which Mr. Key was present: "Francis S. Key—a friend of the administration and an incorruptible patriot, worthy of being honored wherever genius is admired, or liberty cherished, as the author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*." Mr. Key made an eloquent reply, giving an account of the origin of the song. He said that in that hour of joyful triumph, as he saw the flag still waving, his heart spoke out, and it must have spoken if his words led him to the scaffold. He said no praise was due him as its author, but rather should it be given to the brave defenders of their country, whose courage brought inspiration to his soul. He added that "if the country shall ever be forgetful of her past and present glory, and shall

cease to be the land of the free and the home of the brave, and shall become the purchased possession of a company of stock-jobbers and speculators ; if her people are to become the vassals of a great money corporation, and to bow down to her pensioned and privileged nobility ; if the patriots who shall dare to arraign her corruptions and denounce her usurpations are to be sacrificed upon her gilded altar, — such a country may furnish venal orators and presses, but the soul of national poetry will be gone."

A well-known writer says : " *Yankee Doodle* was played by the British in derision of the Yankees, and as a taunt on their grotesque appearance ; *Hail Columbia* was written to draw a large audience to a theatre ; but the *Star-Spangled Banner* had a nobler origin. It leaped from the soul of a hero, who was the son of a hero of the Revolution. Every word is the warm utterance of a devoted patriot, whose heart was glowing with the love of freedom."

*America*, or *My Country, 'tis of Thee*, was one of the earliest productions of Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, a Baptist clergyman and an author of some prominence, now in his eighty-second year. It is often spoken of as the National Hymn, and is now, as it always has been, most popular with the masses. The air is that of *God save the King*, which is said to have been written by Henry Carey, a musician who lived in the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the first Georges. It is supposed to have been adapted from a French air, still sung by the vine-dressers in the South of France. It was generally known as a Jacobite song, and was sung by the composer in 1740 at a tavern in Cornhill, in honor of Admiral Vernon's capture of Porto Bell. It was this same admiral in whose honor Mount Vernon was named. Carey died by his own hand. Mr. George Hogarth calls his composition a " noble strain of patriotic loyalty." The best evidence shows that it was written in 1714 or 1715. Mr. White remarks that " the majestic beauty of the music of *God save the King* has won it a singular distinction which is quite inconsistent with one of the functions of a national air." It has been adopted for the national hymn of Prussia, Hanover, Weimar, Brunswick, and Saxony, so that its distinctive nationality is no longer in its music, but in its words.

By the courtesy of the Rev. S. F. Smith, we are able to give the history of *My Country, 'tis of Thee* in the author's words. In a letter bearing date August 12, 1889, and written from his home at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, he says :—

" The hymn *My Country, 'tis of Thee* was written in February, 1832. As I was turning over the leaves of several books of music,—chiefly music for children's schools, the words being in the German language,—the music which I found later to be *God save the King* impressed me very favorably. I noticed at a glance that the German words were patriotic. But without attempting to translate or imitate them, I was led in the impulse of the moment to write the hymn now styled *America*, which was the work of a brief period of time at the close of a dismal winter afternoon. I did not design it for a national hymn, nor did I think it would gain such notoriety. I dropped the manuscript (which is still in my possession) into my portfolio, and thought no more of it for months. I had, however, once seen it after writing it, and given a copy of it to Mr. Lowell Mason, with the music from the German pamphlet ; and, much to my surprise, on the succeeding 4th of July, he brought it out on occasion of a Sunday-school celebration in Park Street Church, Boston."

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., is the incarnation of his famous hymn. His mind and body at eighty years are as healthy as the sentiment in *My Country, 'tis of Thee*. The inspiration of his face is as strong and begets as true confidence as the measure of his song. Mr. Smith looks like *America*. Both are typically American. The spirit of each is gentle, but lofty, winning and commanding respect. It beams in the venerable face and lights the eye. Mr. Smith is a man of ordinary stature, a trifle stooped with four score years, but as nimble on his feet as a man of sixty. His ruddy oval face, with the large mouth, full lips, the strong, straight nose, the heavy eyebrows, and the bright and kindly eyes, has a short fringe of white beard under the chin, and there is a crown of nearly snow-white hair on his head.

As we turn from this study let us repeat the words of that grand old Connecticut Puritan, Rev. John Pierpont :—

"God of peace, whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er;  
O, let free men be our sons,  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise to lead their valiant ones,  
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,  
By the warrior's gory breast,—  
Never let our graves be press'd  
By a despot's throne;  
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,  
By their battles and their prayers,  
By their ashes, let our heirs  
Bow to thee alone."

NOTE.—Perhaps the fullest accounts of Our National Songs are those given by the late Admiral Preble in his *History of the Flag of the United States*, — see chapter entitled "National and Patriotic Songs," pp. 715-768, — and by Rev. Elias Nason in his *Monogram on Our National Song*. It is to Admiral Preble's work (published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) that we are indebted for the fac-similes of "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the cut of the original of "Our Star-Spangled Banner," and the cut of the bombardment of Fort McHenry. The fac-simile of "Hail Columbia" is from an autograph in the possession of C. D. Hildebrand, Esq., of Philadelphia; that of "The Star-Spangled Banner" from an autograph copy first published in the *American Historical and Literary Curiosities*, by John Jay Smith, who stated that the original, dated October 21, 1840, was then in the possession of Louis J. Cist. This copy differs from others only in the words "And where is that host," instead of "Where are the foes," in the first line of the third verse. Admiral Preble's account of the circumstances of the composition and publication of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is very full. The song was first printed on a broadside, a day or two after the battle, with the title, "BOMBARDMENT OF

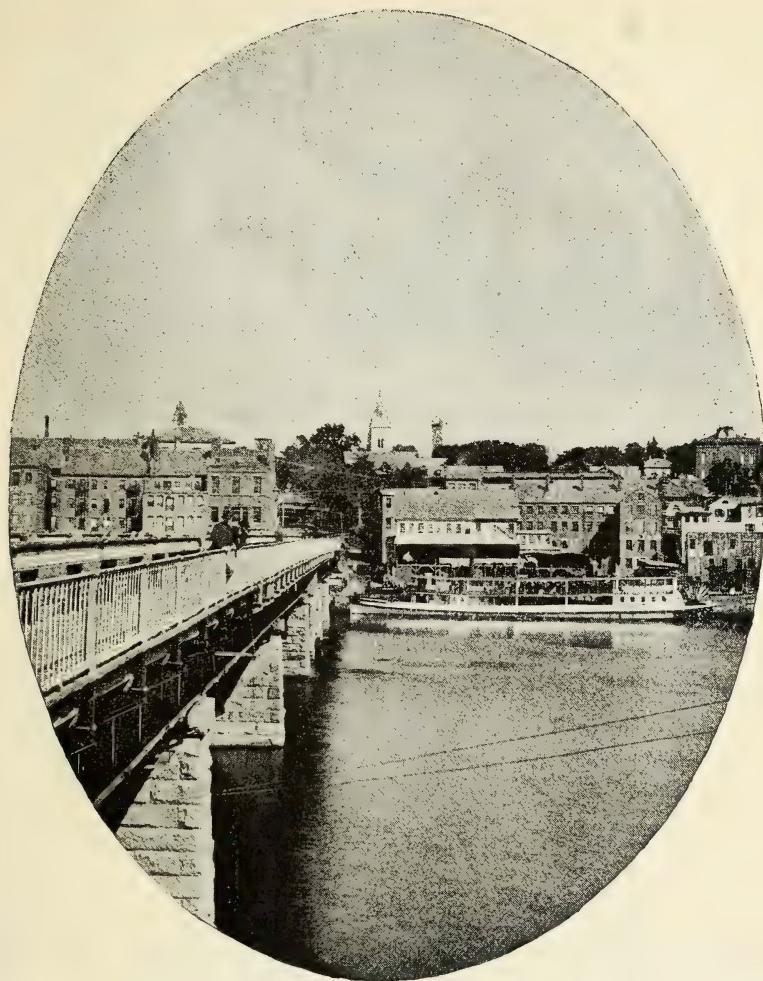
FORT MCHENRY." Eight days after the battle, September 21, 1814, it was published in the *Baltimore American*, with brief prefatory remarks upon the circumstances of its origin, under the title: "DEFENCE OF FORT MCHENRY. Tune — 'Anacreon in Heaven.'"

Admiral Preble also treats of Drake's "The American Flag," "Ye Sons of Columbia," "America," "God save our President," "Yankee Doodle," "The Flag of our Union," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Blue and the Gray," "The John Brown Song," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mr. Nason, whose little book is written with much warmth and eloquence, traverses essentially the same ground as Admiral Preble, but contributes many additional facts. He has interesting things to say upon the derivation and meaning of the words *Yankee Doodle* and upon the parentage of the tune, which was clearly simply adopted by Dr. Schuckburgh for his purpose, if it was he who introduced it to America.

Dr. George H. Moore of the Lenox Library has made a careful study of the history of "Yankee Doodle," and recently read a paper on the subject before the New York Historical Society. It is to be hoped that this paper will be published. There is an interesting short article on "Yankee Doodle" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, 1876. See also letter of Mr. Benson J. Lossing on "The Origin of Yankee Doodle," reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, vol. 70, p. 382 (1861). See references to various articles on "Hail Columbia" and the other national songs, in *Poole's Index*. And in the general connection see Richard Grant White's work upon *National Hymns: How they are written and how they are not written*. Mr. White was a member of the Committee upon a National Hymn which was formed in the stirring days of 1861, and this work was prompted by his experience in that connection, and contains not only chapters upon the various hymns submitted to the committee, none of which have lived, but chapters upon the general characteristics of great and influential national songs, with special studies of "God Save the King," and "The Marseillaise." — *Editor.*





A Glimpse of Haverhill from the Bradford Shore.

## SOME ANNALS OF OLD HAVERHILL.

*By Albert L. Bartlett.*

THE Merrimack River has two poets—laureate to crystallize her legends and sketch in rhythmic lines her changeable beauties,—one, the beloved son of Haverhill, the Burns of the lovely river valley, the revered Whittier; the other, “Deer Island’s Mistress,” Harriet Prescott Spofford, dwelling where the river is especially fair and on an island kissed ever by its waters. There are thousands each sum-

mer who ride down the Merrimack from the head of navigation at Haverhill to the sea twenty miles away, through fair prospects of wooded hills and sunny meadows, with each new turn revealing some smiling new vista. The careless voyager feels the charm of the beauty outstretching before his eyes; but doubly fair is it to him who knows the river songs and legends, and who adds to what the eye beholds the

inner vision that mingles the light of the day that is with historic gleams from the day that is past. The steamer, plying its daily course, bids adieu with fluttering pennant to the motley throng upon the river bridge by its wharf, and leaving almost at once the crowded city behind it, takes its guests past the survivors, few and straggling and broken, of that famous avenue of sycamores which Hugh Tallant, the first Irish resident of Haverhill, set out in the early part of the eighteenth century,— Hugh Tallant, the village fiddler.

“With his eyes brimful of laughter,  
And his mouth as full of song.”

A short distance below, past the old Chain Ferry, replaced now by a modern, prosaic bridge, the river broadens and makes a sudden turn, only, it seems, that it may delight the eye with an expanse of waters

“Over the wooded northern ridge  
Between the houses brown,  
To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
The street comes straggling down.  
You catch a glimpse, through birch and pine,  
Of gable, roof, and porch,  
The tavern with its swinging sign,  
The sharp horn of the church.”

Here is one of the garrison houses which were places of refuge when the Indians made their forays. Its narrow port-holes, its dark cellar with winding ways leading to little rooms, the brick-lined walls, and the thick oaken door speak of a time when the wood and the darkness harbored the dread savage. In the churchyard of this hamlet lies the “Countess” of Whittier’s poem, the lovely village bride of Count François de Vipart, whose bridal dress of white lace was her shroud within a year. Here in our river voyage we leave the borders of Haverhill. Just below are the



The Sycamores.

wherein are the gleams of opal tints and sunset hues and the reflections of the emerald setting of the grass that bounds it. A few miles farther on, the quaint old Rocks Bridge strides the stream, connecting West Newbury with Rocks Village, a part of Haverhill made interesting by many a tale of witch and ghost, and more than one of tender romance.

famous laurels of Newbury, and within sight from them,

“Like an eagle’s nest,  
Among Deer Island’s immemorial pines,”  
the beautiful home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and but a short space farther on the city of Newburyport and the long stretch of Salisbury sands, where river and ocean blend.



Deer Island.

THE HOME OF HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Sailing back in the late afternoon, the voyager comes at the end of the day, almost as suddenly as he went therefrom, to a bustling city and "traffic's busy streets." From the thick-lying houses upon the sloping hills, the lights shine out like evening stars; along the upper Merrimack long lines of stores and manufactories are all aglow; while in the west, whence the river comes, its waters double the thousand glowing tints the sunset clouds reveal. One should come thus to Haverhill, from the peace of the lowland valleys. So came hither to an unbroken wilderness, two hundred and fifty years ago, William White and his eleven associates. Here mooring their canoes, they felled the first trees of the virgin forest, and just above where Hugh Tallant later planted his sycamores, made the beginnings of a new settlement "in a place called by ye Indians Pentucket."

Haverhill, "the child of destiny," as some one aptly calls her,—not upspringing where man has bound the leaping waters of the Merrimack to the task of the wheel and the loom, like the more inland cities of Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester, nor exulting in the traffic of ships, like the harbor city of Newburyport,—has been a place of many industries, whereof one has become pre-eminent. At times in the past, the leading industries were the manufacture of potash and salt and duck-cloth, brewing, distilling, and tanning. Once four ship-yards along her river-banks launched sloops and brigs, to carry on commerce with the West Indies, or to sell directly to London. Now none of these industries survive, but from her many workshops mil-

lions of boots and shoes and slippers are sent out each year. Her residences climb the hills that stretch back from the river, but her shoe factories stretch along close to the waters into which the magic lapstone of Cobbler Keezar fell. Perhaps we must attribute to this wonderful lapstone, which

"the mighty master Agrippa  
Wrought with spell and rhyme,"

and which still lies in the deep, dark waters, the growth of this especial industry; for



Harriet Prescott Spofford.

certainly the first settlers did not receive the wandering shoemaker as the hope of their town's prosperity. Twice and thrice

If Cobbler Keezar in his magic lapstone, which had the gift of the Mormon goggles, saw an age of larger charity and wider liberty and greater material prosperity,—

“the mighty forest broken  
By many a steeped town;”

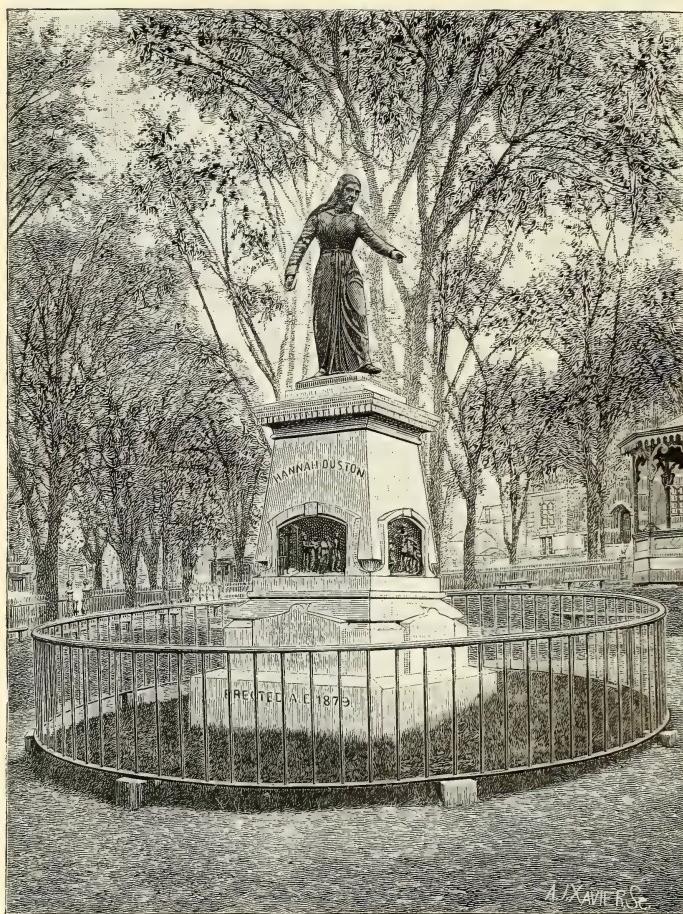
\* \* \* \* \*  
“White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea,”—

the vision was his alone.

Looking backward from the present,

“when the flags are floating gay,  
And shines on a thousand faces  
The light of a holiday,”—

to that earliest time, the dim, imperfect picture which rises from the past,—a canvas where a few silent, enshadowed figures are faintly seen,—is of a little band pushing out from the somewhat crowded settlements at Newbury and Ipswich, in the summer of 1640, into the unbroken wilderness, “where the trees are



The Duston Monument.

they denied to applicants of this guild the right of citizenship, and accompanied one denial with an admonition and a threat to have the court look after the applicant. What the cause was we may only guess ; but doubtless the menders of soles were obnoxious to those stern guardians of souls because of the vagrant life they led or the songs and stories from their lips. Perhaps this wandering Cobbler Keezar was their type :—

“ Give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
Little he cared for church or state,  
Or the balance of right and wrong.”

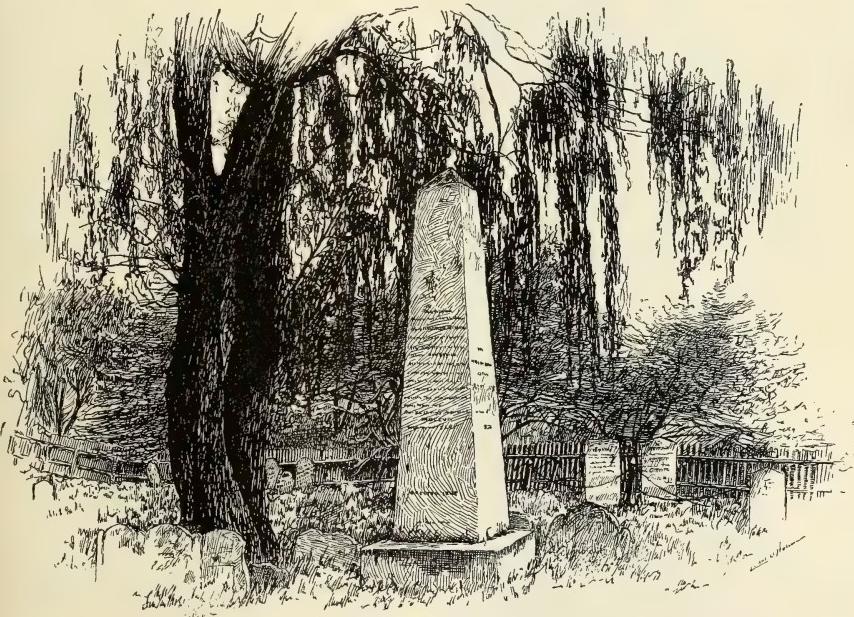
not felled, and the wild Indian is at the doors.” A year later there came to the settlement the Rev. John Ward, a figure of striking interest in those early days. “ Learned, ingenious, and religious, an exact grammarian, and an expert physician,” a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge, England, he was deeply revered by the men associated with him in founding this settlement. They lovingly called him Teacher, and out of love for him they transferred the name of his birthplace, Haverhill in England, to this settlement on the Merrimack. In 1845 the settlers bought of the Indians a strip of land four-

teen miles along the river and eight miles wide for three pounds and ten shillings, and in this deed the adjacent river and the islands therein are included.

The years of beginnings differ little from those of other Massachusetts settlements. Sober and devout, they gathered at first for Sunday worship beneath the outspreading branches of a large tree, called together by the beating of a drum. The birds sang their anthems ; the river close by mingled its rippling music with their prayers. The same drum that summoned them to the consideration of things spiritual, constrained their attendance at the discussion of things temporal. A quaint by-law of the town in 1650 compels the attendance of every freeholder at the town meetings : "He is to come within half an hour after the meeting is begun, and continue until sunset if the meeting hold so long, under the penalty of half a bushel of Indian corn, or the value of it." In 1642, the drum as a summons to meeting was discontinued, and Abraham Tyler was ordered to blow his

beating of the drum displaced it. The town meetings of those days were indeed deliberative assemblies, and although the town numbered scarce thirty families, they began their discussion of public interests at seven o'clock in the morning and rarely adjourned before eight in the evening.

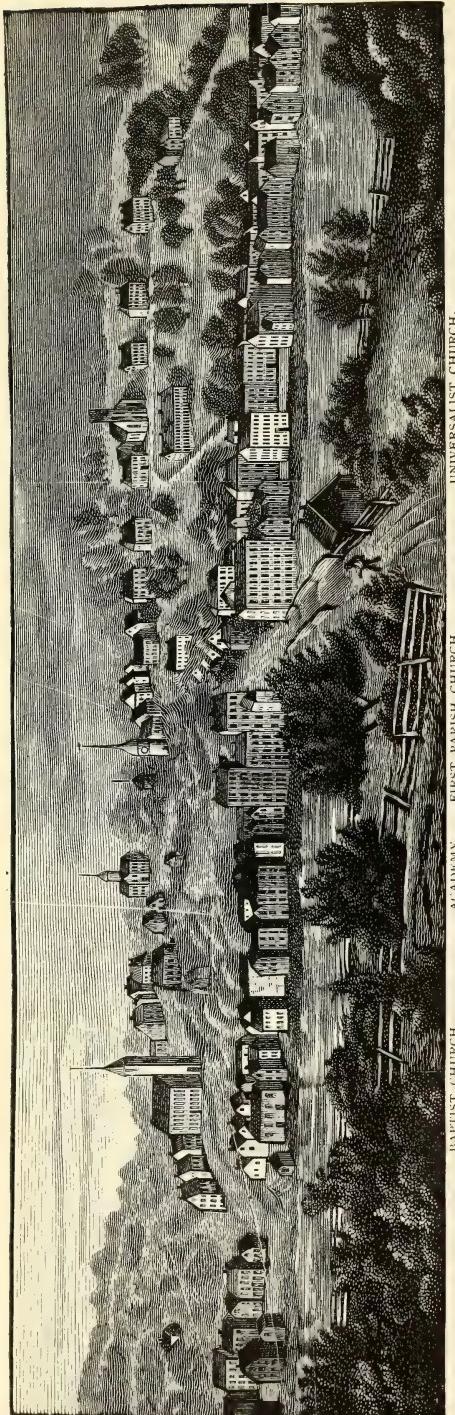
But far less peaceful sounds fell on the ears of those early settlers,—the fierce bark of the preying wolves, the Indians' terrorizing whoop and shrill war cry. For seventy years Haverhill was a frontier town ; between it and Canada the smoke ascended from no white man's home, and only the Indian's trail threaded the dense forests. Numerous attacks were made upon it, and many a victim fell beneath the murderous tomahawk, or followed northward, as a captive, these human beasts of the wood. During these times of terror the gun accompanied the hoe and axe into the field ; the settler bore to church the psalm-book in one hand, the loaded musket in the other. In 1690 so portentous were these evils that a wholesale abandonment of the



The Rolfe Monument.

horn in the most convenient place for half an hour before meeting began and also on lecture days. Whether this instrument of Gabriel was poorly blown or not no chronicles aver, but a year later the

settlement was considered. In 1697 a band of Indians made an attack on the northwestern part of the town, and after burning six houses came to that of Thomas Duston. Mr. Duston was in the field work-



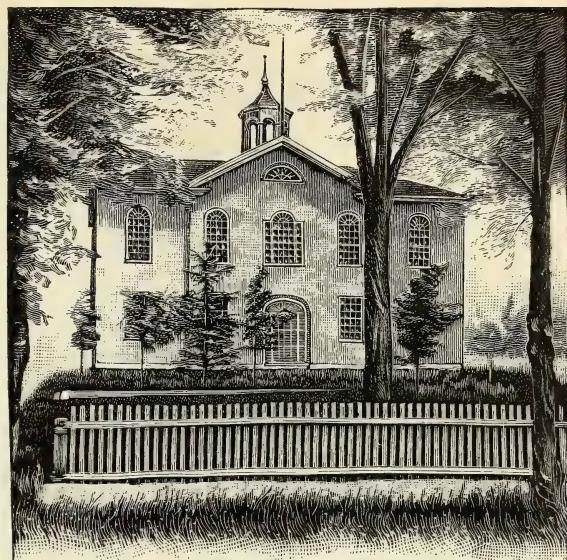
ing, with seven of his children near him. His wife with a new-born babe in her arms lay sick in the house. The savages seized her and her nurse, and binding them as captives, hurried them into the woods. The infant child was dashed to death against a tree, the weak and suffering mother borne northward to Pennacook, now Concord, New Hampshire. Thomas Duston, unable to save his wife from the savage horde, resolved to seize one of his children and fly on the horse that he had with him; but unable to make any choice, he bade his children get behind him, and making his horse a barricade, alternately firing and retreating, he brought them all in safety to a garrison house. The heroism of his wife is a familiar story. Cotton Mather, who had the story from her lips, with the pathos of simplicity, and in the quaint English of his time, gives the following account of her courageous act.

"This *Indian Family* was now Traveling with these Two Captive Women (and an English Youth taken from Worcester a year and a half before) into a Rendezvous of *Salvages* which they call a *Town*, somewhat beyond *Penacook*; and they still told these poor women that when they came to this Town they must be Stript, and Scourg'd, and Run the Gauntlet through the whole *Army of Indians*. . . . But on *April 30* when the whole Crew was in a *Dead Sleep*, one of these Women took up a Resolution to imitate the Action of *Jael* upon *Sisera*, and being where she had not her own *Life* secured by any *Law* unto her, she thought she was not forbidden by any *Law* to take away the *Life* of the *Murderers* by whom her *Child* had been Butchered. She heartened the Nurse and the *Youth* to assist her in this Enterprise, and all furnishing themselves with *Hatchets* they struck such Home Blows upon the heads of their *Sleeping Oppressors*, that ere they could any of them struggle into effectual resistance, *at the feet* of these poor prisoners, *they bowed, they fell, they lay down; at their Feet they bowed, they fell; where they bowed there they fell down dead.*"

Having taken ten scalps, and scuttled all the canoes save the one in which they escaped, Mrs. Duston, Mrs. Neff, and the boy came down the Merrimack to Haverhill, the bloody scalps and the tomahawk being mute witnesses to the truth of their

story. What words can sketch that awful journey in this frail canoe, the weather inclement, each stretch of woods the possible ambuscade of the red fiends, and at the end to find their loved ones alive or dead — they knew not which !

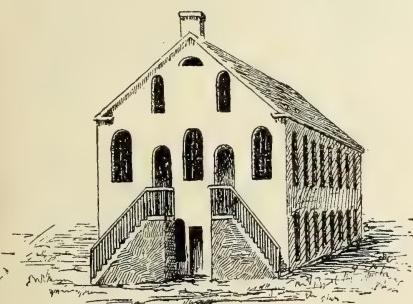
In August, 1707, another memorable attack was made by the Indians and French upon the very heart of the village. In war dress and with frightful yells they attacked the house of the Rev. Benjamin Rolfe. The minister barred the door with his body, but ineffectually. He was killed and his wife and infant child ; but a black slave, Hagar, hid two of the children under some tubs in the cellar, and concealed herself behind the meat barrel. The Indians passed the tubs, and even took meat from the barrel, treading also on the foot of one of the children, but without discovering them. Both of these children, so miraculously saved, became remarkable women. The daughter and namesake of the younger, Elizabeth, married Sam Adams, the revolutionary patriot, and John Lothrop Motley was a descendant. Meanwhile the priest who accompanied them, and some of the French officers, entered the church, standing near where now is a monument to Hannah Duston, and wrote with chalk inscriptions upon its walls. Far distant as



The Old Academy.

nearing her hundredth year she told with unimpaired memory the details of the affair. Evidently she was a woman of remarkable physical strength, for when the Haverhill bridge across the Merrimack was opened in 1794, she walked across it, unaided, though wanting but a few years of completing her century of years.

There are many other authentic stories of those dread days,—of Joseph Whitaker and Isaac Bradley, the boy captives, who escaped from their Indian captors, and while hidden in a hollow log felt their pursuers seat themselves upon it, and heard them parley concerning their recapture ; of Mrs. Swan, who repelled an attack upon her home by driving a spit through the body of the Indian who forced the door open ; of brave Hannah Bradley who was twice carried away captive. She was boiling soap when the evil face of an Indian thrust itself in at the door. "Me got you now, Hannah," he said. Instantly the brave woman flung full in his face the boiling soap ; but, despite her resistance, she was seized and borne away. It is passing strange that these savages, who delighted in the torture and murder of the helpless, in conflagrations and ambuscades, should have held the forms of any religion, yet on these bloody forays a priest often accompanied them, and prayers were said by them. "I must now publish," says



Christian Union Church.

that day of dreadful butchery may seem, the story of it was told as late as 1794 by one who was living in the town, a girl of fourteen years, when it occurred. When



THE BEECHES.  
"Scarred for more than fifty years with the carved initials of successive loiterers there."

Cotton Mather in speaking of the Indian captors of Mrs. Duston and Mrs. Neff, "what these poor women assure me: It is this, in obedience to the instructions which the *French* have given them, they would have *Prayers* in their family no less than thrice a Day: in the *Morning*, at *Noon*, and on the *Evening*; nor would they ordinarily let their Children *Eat* or *Sleep* without saying their prayers."

Amid the dread events of this border warfare there was one family that neither fled to the garrison houses, nor bolted their doors against the red marauders, and yet were unmolested — the Quaker ancestors of the poet Whittier.

From scenes like these we turn to milder strife. The citizens were of one religious faith, and averse to hearing aught else than the gospel teachings from their own pastor. So when George Whitefield, the famous preacher of another doctrine, desired to speak in the town, the use of the church was forbidden him, and the authorities warned him to depart. He preached, however, under a spreading tree, and at the close of his discourse read the warning letter of the magistrates. "Poor souls," said he, "for their sakes I will preach here again to-morrow at sunrise;" and sunrise found a large congregation listening to his second service.

The waters of the Merrimack abounded in fish, and sturgeon and salmon were caught in large quantities. For self-protection in the early days apprentices stipulated in their contracts that they should not be obliged to eat salmon more than six times a week. As late as 1760 a single net in one draught drew from the river more than twenty-five hundred shad. Upon the river were ship-yards, and from the wharves vessels carried along the coast, or to the West Indies, and even to London, the productions of the neighboring country, and brought back sugar and such imports as the country round would purchase.

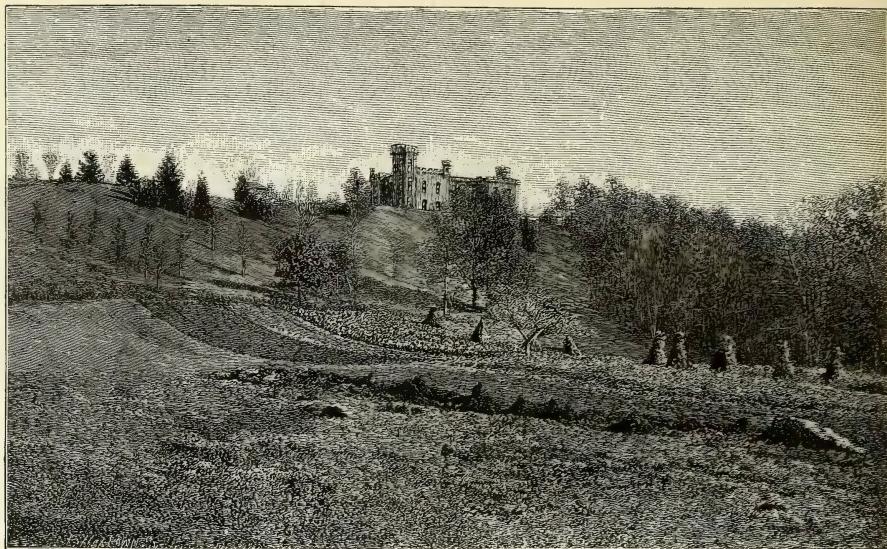
In August, 1835, when the abolitionists of the North were the objects of persecution wherever they spoke, the Rev. Samuel J. May gave an anti-slavery lecture in the old Christian Church on a Sabbath evening. The announcement of this lecture had created great excitement. The young bloods of the place resolved at any chance to break up the meeting and mob the lecturer. The auditorium of the church was reached

by two staircases on the outside of the building. The meeting had no sooner assembled than the mob was at its work. Gravel and pebbles were thrown against the windows, that discordant shout which only a lawless throng can raise drowned



The Beautiful Peggy White.

the voice of the speaker and terrified the audience. It had been a part of the plan of the mob to tear away the outer staircases, and then to discharge a loaded cannon in front of the building. The little band within the church, terrified by the firing and seeking escape by the outer doors, would fall to the ground, maimed or killed. This plan was frustrated by one man, — Slocomb, — the proprietor of the famous line of stages, who drove hurriedly into the midst of the mob and with an intensity of manner and a profusion of expletives like those of "old Hickory" cowed the lawless spirit and stopped the game. Meanwhile, May, with Elizabeth Whittier, the poet's youngest sister, and Harriet Minot, who insisted on giving him their protecting presence, escaped from one of the rear windows. Twenty-five years later, in the shadows of the night, a second lawless band bore through the streets of Haverhill, "feathered and ruf-

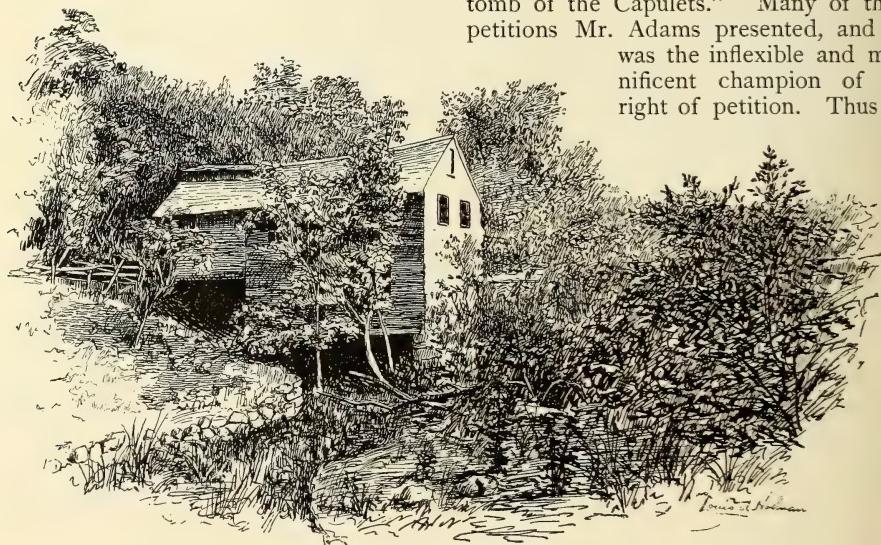


Winnekenni Castle, by Lake Kenoza.

fled in every part," another victim of its wrath, one who in a community afame with patriotism had flung his sympathy with the rebel slaveholders full in their faces. The proscribed of a generation before held now the leaders' places, while the pro-slavery spirit that had bullied and hounded, itself shrank and hid itself before the onward sweep of the doctrine that May had promulgated.

Of the many acts of the town which

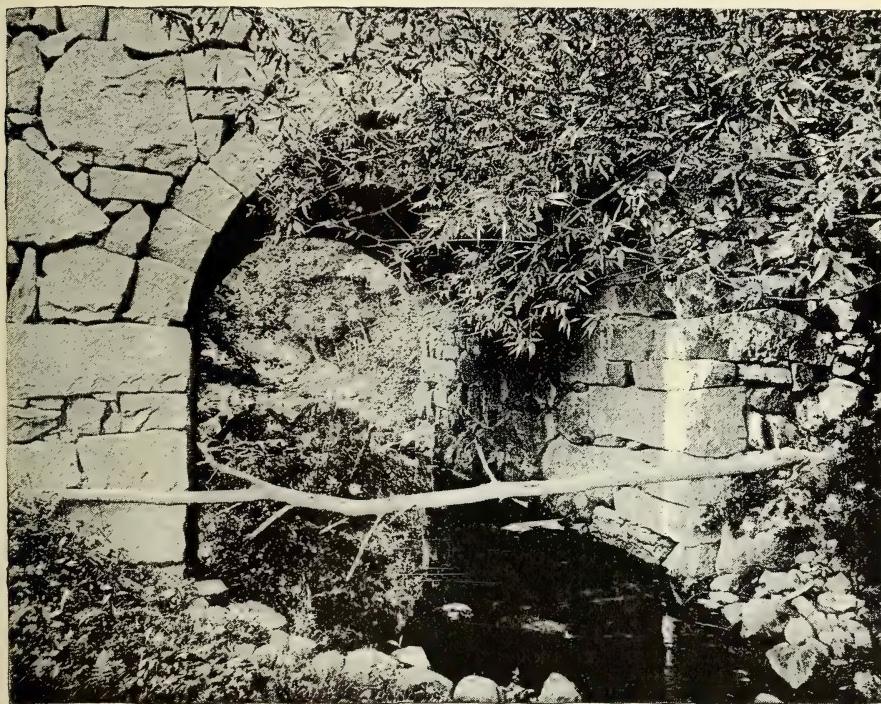
were woven into the history of the country but one more can be mentioned here, the famous petition of 1842. In those exciting debates in the sessions of the XXIIId, XXIIId, and XXIVth Congresses, the right of petition was a battle ground. The flood of petitions pouring in from the North praying for the abolition of slavery led to a denial of the right of petition and the consignment of the petitions received to what John Quincy Adams called "the tomb of the Capulets." Many of these petitions Mr. Adams presented, and he was the inflexible and magnificent champion of the right of petition. Thus he



"The moss-grown dam, the old deserted mill."

became the especial target for the slings and arrows of the arguments of the pro-slavery party, who threatened again and again that if petitioning upon the subject of slavery were persisted in, the Union would be dissolved. Certain citizens of Haverhill, to rebuke the hollowness of these hypocritical threats, conceived the idea of petitioning for the very thing which was threatened by members from the South. On the 14th of January, 1842, Mr. Adams rose in the House and said : "I hold in my hand the petition of Benjamin Emerson and forty-five other citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying Congress to adopt immediately measures for the peaceful dissolution of the union of these States." The introduction of this

Mr. Hopkinson of Virginia inquired if it were in order to burn the petition in the presence of the House. The debate upon the resolutions to censure Mr. Adams lasted several days, but resulted in the matter being tabled. In the next Congress the rule suppressing the right of petition was abrogated. Two new members of the House, Hannibal Hamlin and John P. Hale, then members of the Democratic party, advocating the constitutional right of the people to petition for redress of grievances. At the close of Mr. Hamlin's argument, Mr. Adams crossed the floor, and warmly grasped his hand, saying, "Light breaketh in the East." It was the first flashing of the dawn of a day of struggle, that while it grew in intensity



"Where through an oiden arch, the idle mill brook flows."

petition produced intense excitement. A resolution was introduced by Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky, who had been a leader of the anti-petition party, "that a proposition to dissolve the Union is a high breach of privilege, contempt offered to the House, a proposition to commit perjury, and involves the crime of high treason."

grew constantly in hopefulness. The shrewd device of the Haverhill petitioners led to the establishment of the right of petition, and silenced all threats of disunion based on its exercise.

The War of the Rebellion not only stirred the patriotic pulses of the town, but gave great impulse to her industries.



The River Path.

The change from a thriving town to a busy city was quickly made, and the impulse to larger growth has become a constant force.

So numerous are the various associations of Haverhill, that she might well be called the city of clubs. While the object of many of these is social, and of some, possibly, convivial, the object of the most of them is purely intellectual. Matthew Arnold, who was several times a guest in the city, joined it with Hartford as being the two cities most impressing him by their culture. More than a hundred years ago, however, a Fire Club was formed, which was unique in some of its regulations and objects, and to which the best citizens of the place thought it an honor to belong. No one

could be admitted save by unanimous consent, and each member must provide himself with "two good bags of one yard and three-quarters in length, and three-quarters in breadth, and two good leather buckets, and keep them hanging in a convenient place." So eminently respectable was this Fire Club, that the possession of these fire-buckets by the descendants of the members of the club is valued almost as much as a coat-of-arms as bearing witness to good ancestry. But the club was also a Vigilance Committee. At the quarterly meeting tickets were drawn assigning each of the roads leading out of the city to members of the club. If any theft was committed, the members repaired to the place of theft, and thence pursued the dif-

ferent roads in search of the thief or clews to the stolen property. Primitive as the plan was, by it much stolen property was recovered, and the alertness thus manifested had a strong restraining influence upon those disposed to do evil.

Although at the present time there is in Haverhill much delightful society, where moderate wealth and culture join, the traditions are yet preserved of a refinement, culture, and hospitality in the olden days, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, which is not surpassed by the modern. The mansions of "Merchant" White, of Bailey Bartlett, and of the Saltonstalls and other gentry dispensed a liberal hospitality to guests, and a bountiful supply of necessities to the poor. Under the roof of the Rev. John Shaw, who married a sister of Mrs. Abigail Adams, some of the best born youths of the land came to be fitted for Harvard College. Here were instructed for some time the sons of President John Adams, includ-

ing the future president, John Quincy Adams, and here one of them found his wife, marrying the beautiful maid of the inn, the daughter of Joseph Harrod, keeper of the "Mason's Arms," standing on the site of the present city hall. Judge Sargeant, who became chief-justice of Massachusetts in 1790, was a leader of thought and action in the town, while his wife, a sister

of the famous Timothy Pickering of Salem, brought hither the culture of that aristocratic seaport. The beautiful Peggy White, whose portrait gives a fair idea of her loveliness, which made her in her youth the village belle, became the wife of Bailey Bartlett, who was the friend and compan-

ion of John Adams and Samuel Adams, and the trusted friend of Washington. When the first President visited Haverhill in 1789, he paid his respects to Mrs. Bartlett, her husband, who was long high sheriff, being absent on duty. Bailey Bartlett, long honored by the town and state, was present with the Adamses when the Declaration of Independence was first read to the people in Independence yard, and he used to say that it was greeted with murmurs, not cheers. At the age of eighty he attended as sheriff the famous White murder trial at Salem, but succumbed to the fatigue occasioned by it, as did the presiding justice.

The Haverhill of to-day has few memorials to recall the past. In its rapid growth it has torn down the old to make place for the new. The town pump, whose rill might have moralized as fittingly as Hawthorne's; the liberty-poles against which on muster days the hand-engines vied in throwing streams the highest; the garrison



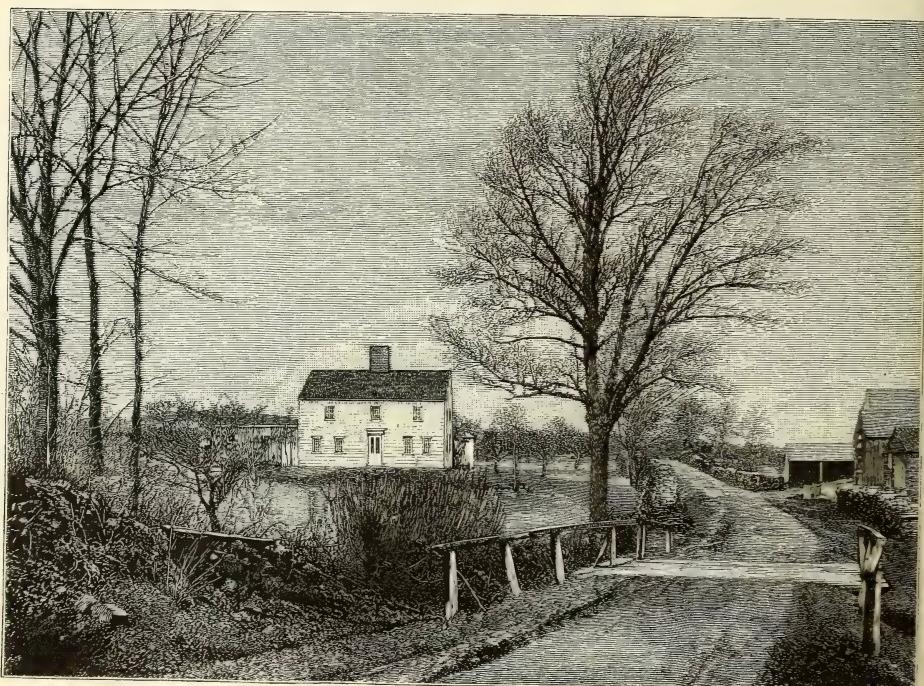
The Nichols Mansion.

THE SITE OF THE PARSONAGE WHERE ROLFE WAS KILLED.

houses, with their narrow doors and little windows; and the residences of the gentry, with their terraced front gardens and ornate doorways,—live only in the memory of the older sons of the place. In thirty years a city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants has grown out of and grown over a

hamlet of six thousand. In streets where families lived in homely neighborhoods, half rural and half urban, tall factories compactly stand alive with the press and push of to-day, and, save as the festal season recalls it, the hurrying throngs whose hives these factories are care little and know less of the vanished past. The old academy building, with its beautiful lawn in front shaded by spreading elms, still stands but little changed, full of dear remembrances to old Haverhill school-boys. At its dedication, in 1827, the orator was the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall of Salem, and the poet "a tall, slight, distinguished-looking but bashful youth of nineteen, with strikingly beautiful eyes," was John G. Whittier, who had just entered the school. Whittier was introduced to the preceptress as "a young man, who

and broken, and the diminished brook flows idly to the river; but the artist loves to sketch it, and it is dear to those who in their youth saw the dusty miller by a single touch set in miraculous motion a marvelous combination of pulleys and wheels. To the young lads who watched in solemn awe the movements of the miller, his touch upon the lever, though more prosaic, was as wonderful as the kiss with which the prince brought life to the household of the Sleeping Beauty. Eastward two miles from the heart of the city, old but unpicturesque, stands the birthplace of Whittier, the scene of *Snow Bound*. The pilgrim to its door is welcomed with the utmost courtesy; neatness and order reign within and around; yet its white painted clapboards and spruced-up appearance offend the artist's eye and the poet's im-

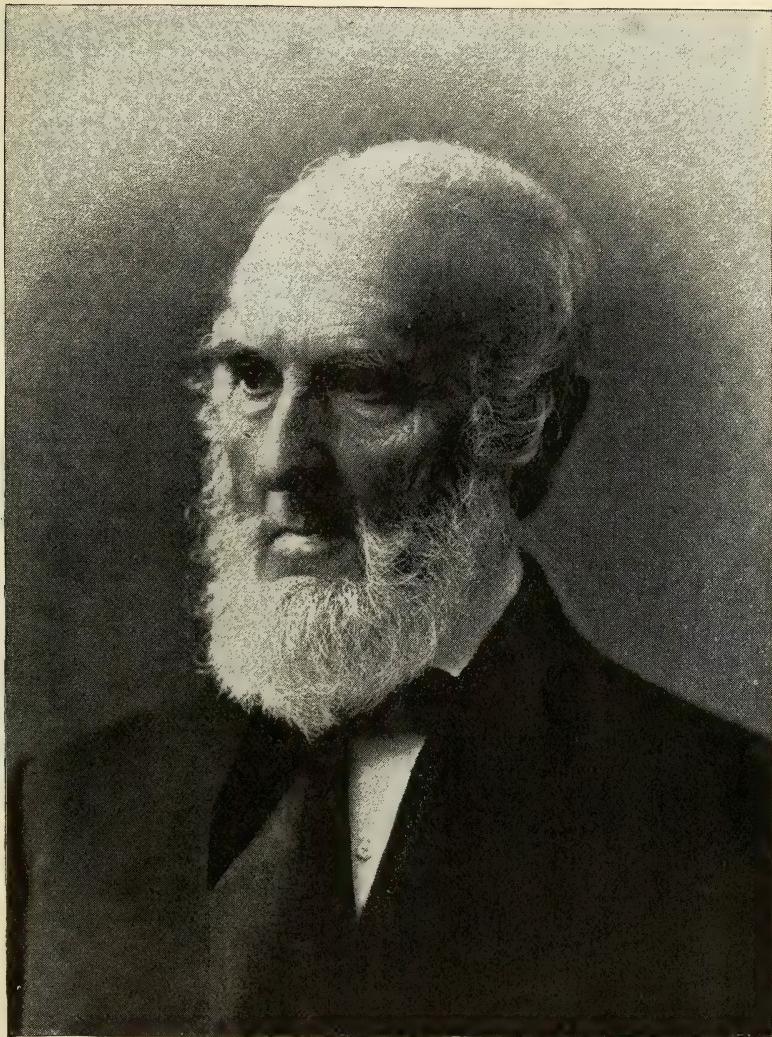


Whittier's Birthplace.

at the shoemaker's bench often hammered out fine verses."

The crushing heel of progress, too, spares yet a quaint and ancient grist mill, on the Lawrence road, where generations of one family have ground and taken toll. The mill-pond is dry, the dam weed-grown

agination, which would see its outer walls browned with such shades as Time alone can paint, and softened by the "mosses and lichens, subdued and pensive, and clothing with strange but tender honor." More than threescore years have passed since "round the hearthstone's ruddy glow,"



John G. Whittier.

BORN IN HAVERHILL, DECEMBER 17, 1807.

in the old kitchen of the house, the group was gathered in *Snow Bound*, and of them all the Singer alone lives. The "not unfear'd, half-welcome guest," Harriet Livermore, who tarried there that night, had been a teacher in the hamlet of Rocks Village, near by, and blended in her teaching, as in all else, "the vixen and the devotee." In her travels, which were widely extended, she once came to Mt. Lebanon and became the guest of that eccentric daughter of Lord Chatham, Lady

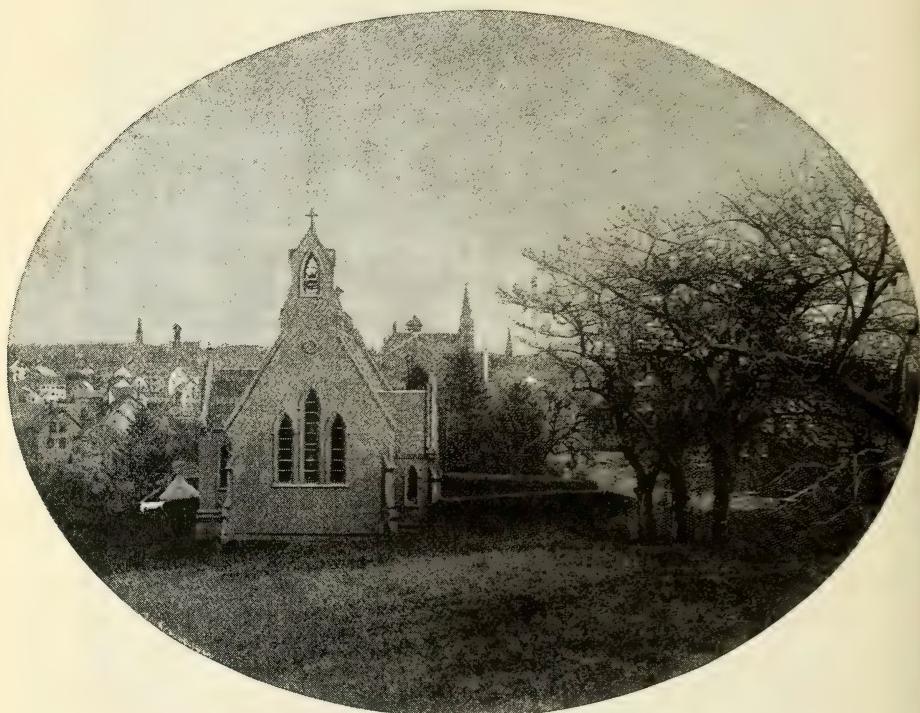
Hester Stanhope, who, married to a sheik of the mountains, dwelt there. Lady Stanhope took Harriet Livermore to her stables and showed her two noble Arabian steeds, milk-white save for a peculiar marking upon the back. "That one," said Lady Hester, "the Great King will ride when he comes again to enter Jerusalem, and this one I will ride by his side as his bride." "No, by Heavens!" cried the impetuous guest, "it is I that will ride by his side"; and she argued the point with so much

impetuosity that the Crazy Queen of Lebanon yielded and withdrew.

But plain and unromantic as the house may be, it is hallowed in the eyes of the visitor or the chance passer-by, because it was the home-nest of him whom Holmes calls "the wood-thrush of Essex." Here he lived, a farmer's boy, born at a time when farmers knew but few luxuries, his only inheritance thrift, industry, sterling

From the twenty volumes of Quaker theology in his father's library, and the one novel, hidden as a profane thing, he turned to nature.

"I was rich in trees and flowers,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night."



A Last Look.  
HAVERHILL FROM ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

common-sense, and reverence for God and for fellow-man. His poetic gift and that of his sister Elizabeth was no favor of blood, but came as the genius of Burns came,—

"From the misty realm that belongs to the vast unknown."

He was "The Barefoot Boy" of his own poem, and in the meadows by this house gained the

"Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of bird, and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood."

He tells now, occasionally, that, even after his poems attracted attention, he was still a barefoot boy, and that one day, when in the cool garb of shirt and trousers only, he was hunting hens' nests in the dusty and cobwebby barn, he heard a carriage drive up, and peering through a crack, saw two ladies alight and go up to the door. To his dismay, he heard them inquire for "Mr. Whittier, the poet." They had come to visit genius, but the genius, feeling that his bare feet, garnished now with dust and cobwebs, would be too much of a shock to his visitors, sank into the hay-mow and eluded them.

He was a child in a Quaker family when no Quaker approved of music, yet the soul of song broke through this repressive environment. He was fourteen years old when Joshua Coffin, his schoolmaster, brought to his home a volume of Burns's poems, and left it to be read by the Quaker boy. For him, whose singularly pure soul could not be corrupted by the wayward passion of Burns's verse, this first book of poetry was a guide into the land for which his musing spirit long had yearned, and under the spell of these poems his own poetic spirit found utterance.

The "Little Brook," flowing by his home, grew

"to have an almost human tone."

Job's Hill, across the highway, was the highest elevation of land that his boyish eyes had seen, when at the age of eighteen he wrote a poem on *The White Mountains*.

One looks in vain for some trace of the little old schoolhouse made a tender memory by the charm of *In School Days*, albeit the sumachs still grow and the blackberry vines still run where once it stood, but the heroine of the tender story dwells there in perennial youth, and the picture that

"the little boy  
Her childish favor singled"

saw, is fadeless.

"He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
Because, you see, I love you."

The old house is consecrated by the genius that took life within its walls; the brook bubbles with sweeter music in the old channel, the flowers spring perennially with fresher beauty along its banks, and the bobolinks and thrushes are of sweeter song here, because their melody and fragrance are immortal in *The Last Walk in Autumn*, *The First Flowers*, *Sweet Fern*, and other poems of nature.

It is now a dozen years since the poet, whose genius is the pride of his native place, spoke of himself as —

"Beside that milestone where the level sun,  
Nigh unto setting, sheds its low, last rays  
On word and work irrevocably done";

but the fount of song is yet unchilled, and on each succeeding birthday, a deeper, stronger current of love has borne to his presence fervent tributes to his work and worth. Grateful for the rippling sweetness of his verse, for its lofty purpose and its exalting spirit, rejoicing that, unlike poor Robert Burns, the melody of his songs has been unmarred by any discords in his life, we linger by his old home to pay this word of tribute to the beloved son of Haverhill, whose verse in his milder moods has been rhythmic with the melodies of Nature, and in his sterner moods has beaten against evil like the mallet of Thor; whose life like his song always had showed the soul that is stayed on God, and unwavering faith in the Eternal Goodness.

"And I will trust that He who heeds  
The life that hides in mead and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and gold,  
Will still, as He hath done, incline  
His gracious care to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter  
every star!"

To him who would leave the crowded haunts to walk or drive amid more quiet scenes, a score of roads lie open. Within a half-hour's ride, he may at set of day hear the quick-repeated cry of the whip-poor-will, or the rarer bell note of the hermit thrush. For him there are lovers' lanes, though he be a lover of nature only, and in many a haunt the rhodora, the wild azalia, and the fringed gentian disclose their coy beauties to him who seeks them there. Along the northern bank of the river westward, there is a two-miles' walk full of changeful beauty, terminating at the "Beeches," a group of noble trees scarred for more than fifty years with the carved initials of successive loiterers there. To the northeast lies, like a jewel of creation, the fair lake which he who named it thus apostrophizes: —

"Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake  
Shall morning break or moon-cloud sail.  
No fairer face than thine shall take  
The sunset's golden veil."

The compact part of the city is bounded by encircling hills, save where the river forms its southern line. Golden Hill, in the east, presents as a landmark upon its summit a disused powder-house, which

seems far older than its years ; Silver Hill, upon the west, bears a tall brick tower whence one may see for miles the surrounding country. Where the fathers first built, in the eastern part of the city, the old cemetery lies in sad neglect ; their ashes long since were there resolved into the primal elements. The rains have beaten down their mounds, and Time's corroding tooth has destroyed inscription and stone. A material prosperity beyond their wildest dreams, if they dared dream, is spread before the eyes of this later generation.

It is not the purpose of this article to trace the growth and material prosperity of the city. Factories have their charm, the hum of industry its especial music, and tabulated statements of increasing trade a beauty all their own, and so have song, and tradition, and the "grace of older growth." Lest, then, there might be dissonance, the tale of industry is left untold, and only some annals of the days of those

" who wrought  
According to their village light "

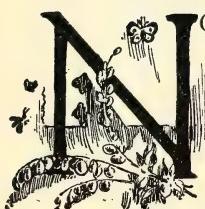
imperfectly related. Yet not like that child of the wandering sea, who

"left the last year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step the shining archways through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old  
no more,"

can the city of to-day shut out the grace and light of a vanished yesterday. Its latest born sons, while exulting in the present, may well thank Heaven for the past ; for the courage and the wisdom and the strong purpose that hewed out of the wilderness a habitation, and left the inspiring heritage of what they were, no less than what they won, to the succeeding generations. Two hundred and fifty years hence, amid scenes of which our imaginations fail to grasp faint shadows, may yet the common chord be like ours of to-day,—pride in the past, exultation in the present, and faith in the future.

## A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

*By E. A. Kimball.*

  
OT far from Rocks Bridge, in the east end of Haverhill, stands a quaint two-story house on a fertile tract of meadow, upland and pasture, known as the Elliott farm. By the roadside, in front of the house and barn, are three noble old elms, and a willow that was once a walking-stick in the hand of a gallant young man and, left standing near the front door, became a tree that has given shade and fragrance year by year to many a happy couple.

Back of the house, beyond the strip of meadow where bobolinks trill above the nodding lilies, where colts-foot and buttercups, dandelions and meadow-rue, asters and gentians grow in profusion, where violets have been found in December, the land rises gradually to the height of a hundred and eighty feet, and from the summit may be seen the far-away hills of New Hampshire, and one may catch

glimpses of the Merrimack winding between the hills and villages. During the summer no fairer field can be found than the southern slope, with its acres of well-tilled soil, waving grain, and fragrant clover.

But, however attractive may be the hill-side, the passer-by is sure to pay more attention to the house, and often strangers pause to inquire about its age and history, and of late artists have travelled long distances to sketch the building or parts of the interior. Here Ennekin found a model for his "Old Kitchen" with huge beams and rafters, where the golden sunlight falls through the small western window, resting on the floor near the fireplace with its andirons and pewter dishes, and the steep winding stairs are seen through the doorway. Oh, it is a charming place, with deep window-seats, closets, port-holes, attics, and additions here and there full of hiding-places, and a deep, dark cellar divided into several apartments, into one of which a party may enter through a narrow pas-

sage and, after closing the door, pile against it the very rocks taken there long, long ago, to be used, if necessary, in keeping out the terrible "red-skins." For this is the old "Garrison," built by Joseph Peaslee more than two hundred years ago, probably between the years 1669 and 1675.

From Chase's *History of Haverhill* we learn that —

"Joseph Peaslee came from England and settled in Newbury, Mass. He was made a freeman in 1642, and removed to Haverhill before 1646. For a time he supplied the place of a minister in Amesbury, as a lay preacher, a 'gifted brother' as the church records call him, and occasionally he practised medicine. His wife's name was Mary. He died in 1661, leaving two children, Joseph and Elizabeth. . . . Joseph, Jr., was born at Haverhill, Sept. 9, 1646, and died Nov. 5, 1723. He was a physician, and married Ruth Barnard. Col. Nathaniel Peaslee, of this town, was his son, and was born June 25, 1682. The latter married for his first wife, Judith Kimball, by whom he had Hannah, born May 1, 1703, married Joseph Badger, a merchant of Haverhill, and was the father of Gen. Joseph Badger, of Gilmanton, N. H.; Susanna, born May 10, 1712, married Rev. Christopher Sargeant of Methuen, who was the father of the Hon. Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. . . . Col. Nathaniel Peaslee was a merchant, and a large landholder and a prominent man in the town."

We learn from the same authority that Joseph Peaslee was "a land-holder in Haverhill as early as 1645; that he afterwards took up divisions on the plane, near what has since been called 'Tilton's Corner,' meadow-land near Country Bridge, and a large tract in the easterly part of the town, not far from the Salisbury line, where now stands the ancestral home of the Quaker Peasleses." The Peasles owned extensive tracts of land not only in Haverhill, but in Concord, New Hampshire.

Tradition asserts that the bricks of which the house was built were brought from England, and there are in its walls curious square brick-tiles, that without doubt were brought from the old country. The solid walls of white oak and brick, fastened with large iron bolts, are sixteen inches thick.

In the spacious rooms of this old home-stead were held the quarterly conventions of the Quakers, who were not allowed to worship in the meeting-house of Haverhill. I have been informed by the poet Whittier, that he has "always understood that the first Quaker meetings ever held in this part of the country were held in the house of Joseph Peaslee."

In one corner of the Peaslee estate, bordering the famous "twelve-rod way," where now stands a shoeshop, was the burying-place of the Quakers, and it is said that near by were Indian graves.

The great-grandmother of John Greenleaf Whittier was Mary, daughter of Joseph Peaslee, Jr. She lived in the house and was probably born there. She was married in 1694.

The "division," as originally taken up by Joseph Peaslee, Sen., is said to have extended from the Morse farm near Greenwood Cemetery, on both sides of "Jamaica Path," to the ferry at Holt's Rocks. It embraced hills and vales, meadow and woodland. Round Pond slept among the whispering pines, the brook rippled down the ravine to join the river, and from the hill bordering and overlooking the Merrimack the Indian gazed upon forest scenes, where now may be seen, in a clear day, more than a dozen church-spires; where Newburyport and the hills of Rowley greet the eyes of him who climbs the ascent, and where, once in a while, on a clear day, a glimpse of the ocean may be obtained.

Joseph Peaslee, Jr., had a son Robert, who was born February 3, 1677, about whom the historian has said but little, except that at one time "he owned two slaves," and "belonged to the company of soldiers, to whom were sent by the General Court, June 19, 1710, a supply of snow-shoes"; but a "coppie" of his will and certain other papers having recently been brought to light, after forty years of obscurity in a bureau drawer, we find that after the death of his father, Robert lived on at the old house, and dated his last will and testament December 16, 1841. The following extracts are taken from it: —

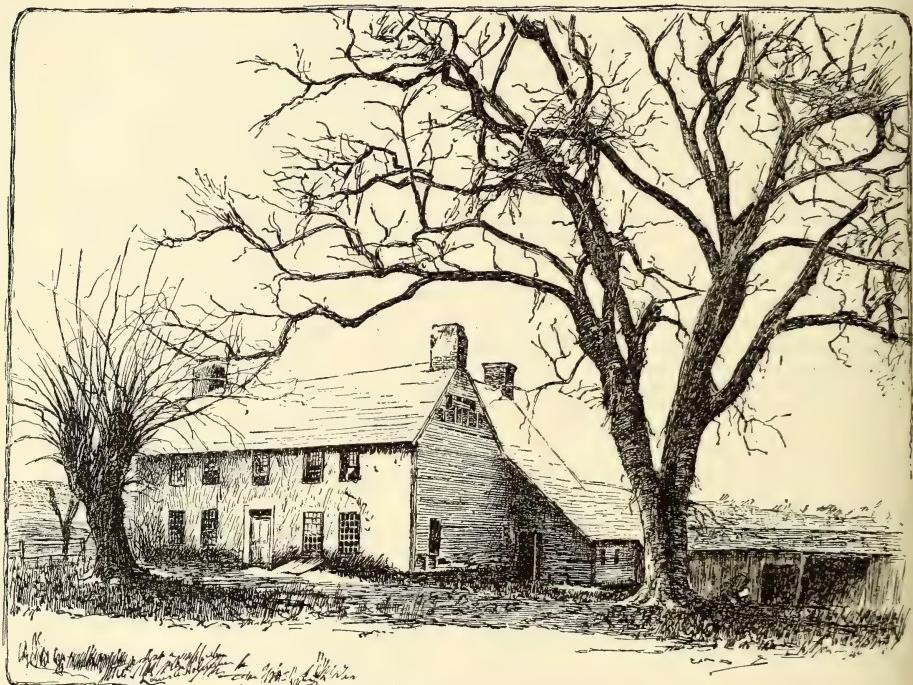
"Firstly, that all my just and Due Debts that I do owe to any Person or Persons shall be duly paid by my Executors hereinafter named.

"Item. I give and bequeath to Ann, my well beloved wife twenty Pounds a year to be paid Yearly by my Executor named to be paid her in money or in provision pay of money price at the price current and two Cows and to be kept both Winter and Summer, and also the Chois of my end of the rooms in my Dwelling House at her Chois the said cows to be kept by my Executor and as for what Estate [torn] . . . brought to me by her at time of marriage or afterwards I do hereby acquit the Same to be enjoyed as her own free Estate forever. . . . pounds to be paid by

my Executor yearly to my said Wife during her natural Life and the said two Cows to be kept by my Executor during her natural Life and also to have the privilege of putting any thing in the Cellar for her own use."

Robert in his will bequeathed to his two daughters, Ruth and Abigail, "two hundred pounds apiece, it being in full of their portions of my Estate with what they already received." "Daughter Abby" was to receive five hundred pounds and

my last will and Testament . . . all that my Lands Goods Chattels and towns . . . movable or of whatever name or nature whatsoever besides what I have before expressed to be equally divided between them to have and to hold all in manner following namely, that is to say in case my said Wife do not accept of what I have bequeathed to her in this my last Will and Testament so as to suit her of any right of Dowry or Bills of Thirds to my Estate and if my said wife do refuse to stand by this my last Will and Testament my meaning is that my said Son Samuel shall have three hundred pounds more than my Son Amos,



The Old Garrison House, Haverhill.

"Daughter Ann" five hundred and fifty. "Ebenezer Sargent, son of my beloved wife" was to have twenty pounds if his wife accepted of what he had bequeathed to her. To his "Grandson Robert Peaslee Son of my Son Amos" twenty pounds; to "Peaslee Collins son of my Daughter Abigail" twenty pounds; to all other grandchildren fifty shillings in money; and "twenty pounds to be put into the hands of Philip Rowell of Salisbury to be distributed among the poor people called Quakers as he shall see fit."

"And last of all I give and bequeath unto these my two Sons Samuel and Amos Peaslee whom I do constitute ordain appoint my Executors to this

but in case my said Wife do take up with this then my two Sons Samuel and Amos shall share equally."

From other old papers we find that the estate was sold within a few years after the date of the will. It was probably not accepted by his "beloved wife Ann." The house, other buildings, and part of the great tract of land owned by Samuel and Amos, were purchased by Ephraim Elliott, who had worked for the Peaslees when a boy.

Samuel had died before the year 1758. In that year Amos sold out, and with his departure from the place the name seems to have vanished from the history of the town; for in the *List of Householders in*

Haverhill in 1798, the name of Peaslee cannot be found, neither is it in the list of occupants.

The house is not mentioned by Chase, and so meagre has been the knowledge concerning it that until very lately we were told it was built by "two Quaker Peaslee brothers, Samuel and Amos, who came from England, and that from them the estate was purchased by Mr. Elliott." Whittier, however, has entertained a different opinion. He says, "I have always understood that the house was built before that of my ancestor, which is now more than two hundred years old"; and the will of Robert proves conclusively that the house is much older than used to be commonly reported.

Before taking possession of the "Garrison," Ephraim Elliott lived in the East Parish, in a house now standing, a two-story, unpainted house, with end towards the road, and a large chimney in the centre; a pleasant place, with trees about it, and facing the south or southwest, as was the custom to place houses, regardless of the direction of the roads. In the before-mentioned *List of Householders*, the name of Ephraim Elliott twice occurs. His residence, the "Garrison," is valued at four hundred and fifty dollars, and a house occupied by Joseph Lake at one hundred and ten dollars.

Again consulting Chase, we learn that in "a town-meeting held January 3, 1775, Ephraim Elliott was chosen one of a committee of three, for the East Parish, to show each man his proportion" of the sum he should pay, "to be given unto the Poor unhappy Sufferers of the Town of Boston, occasioned by the oppressive Port Bill." "The meeting adjourned to the 12th of the same month, at which time, Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant," great-great-grandson of Joseph Peaslee, Sen., was chosen "a delegate to the Provincial Congress."

After the battle of Bunker Hill, Elliott was chosen one of a "Committee of Seven, to serve as a Committee of Correspondence, Safety, and Inspection."

Mr. Elliott was a saddler by trade. He married Miss Wingate, daughter of a minister of Amesbury (now Merrimac), who was the grandfather of Esquire Moses Wingate of Haverhill, who died in the one hundred and first year of his age. To Mr.

and Mrs. Elliott were born Thomas in 1752, Ephraim in 1762, Moses in 1767, and several daughters. Thomas kept a tavern in Rocks Village, and his sign is still preserved. It reads:—

Entertainment  
oxen  
&  
For Man & Hors

and under those letters are these, recently discovered, and finely formed in gilt:—

To : be : Let  
Horfes : & Chair

Moses, who died at the age of eighteen years, was the first person buried in Greenwood Cemetery. The dead had previously been taken for interment to the cemetery in the East Parish, but at the time of this death there was a terrible snow-storm, and it being the custom to carry the dead upon a bier, it was deemed expedient to bury the young man nearer home, and he was laid to rest in the corner of the wood-lot farthest from the house. His stone stands in the row of graves next the wood, a little to the left of the grave of Whittier's "Countess."

From an article which appeared in a Haverhill paper a number of years ago we learn concerning the "Garrison" home, that "A part only of the original structure now remains. . . . When the elder Elliott brought thither his young bride, a practical, strong-minded lady, she protested against the superfluous apartments remaining any longer, as they were, she insisted, only a harbor for rats and mice."

Mrs. Elliott was a niece of Hon. Timothy Pickering, and a sister of Payne Wingate, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. She was a woman of tenacious memory, and it used to be said of her, that she almost knew the Bible by heart.

The "superfluous apartments" were removed from the southwest end, tradition says, and where the wooden structure stood is now an aged apple tree. It would be

pleasant to know in which end Mrs. Robert Peaslee made her "choys" of apartments, and whether she entertained her friends in the west front room, or in the one used by the Elliotts as a sitting-room.

Ephraim Elliott, Jr., who inherited his father's estate, married Mehitable Haseltine, and their eldest son was Moses, who was for a time the accepted lover of the beautiful, high-tempered, and eccentric teacher, preacher, and pilgrim, Harriet Livermore, so vividly portrayed in Whittier's *Snow Bound*, and the subject of a very interesting sketch in Miss Davis's *Gleanings from the Merrimac Valley*. From this work we learn that "while attending Atkinson Academy, N. H., she became deeply fascinated with a very promising and scholarly young man from East Haverhill, who afterward became a physician, and settled for awhile in Portsmouth, N. H." The union was opposed by both families, and at length the "intimacy was broken at his request." "Soon after their separation, near the close of the war of 1812, Moses was appointed surgeon in the United States Army." He died of yellow fever in Pensacola, Florida, in 1822, "in the devoted performance of duty, alone in the midst of pestilence and death," just as he was making preparations to return to the town of his boyhood. His remains were afterwards brought home by his brother and buried in the family lot in Greenwood.

After the sudden death of James C.

Elliott, the next possessor, the estate passed out of the family. It has been written that "the present owner is in no way connected with the previous history of the house"; but in truth he claims descent from the old Quaker Peaslees, and he courted and married the village school-teacher, who found a temporary home in the family of James C. Elliott, occupying the large west chamber, so beautifully decorated sixty or more years ago by a travelling artist.

Reviewing thus the history of this old house, we almost hear again the slow and solemn tread of the long procession of staid and stately Quakers, followed by the dignified Elliotts; the patter of little feet, and the music of childish laughter; the impassioned pleading of Harriet Livermore, and the sighs of the young physician; the echoes of the meetings and funerals of the Friends, and the "merrie strains" of the violin of "King David," who furnished music for the dancing-school held here in the days of Ephraim Elliott, Jr. We listen to the whoop of the Indian, and the Sabbath evening hymns of James Elliott, accompanied by time-beats on the air-tight stove with the poker. Again we hear the clatter of dishes and the hum of voices at the entertainments of the Second Baptist Society. But the roar of the wintry wind through the branches of the great elm dies away, the oriole sings its sweetest roundelay, and boyish shouts upon the green recall us from the far-off past to the fresh beauty of the present.



Rear View of the Old Garrison House.

## A WOMAN OF SHAWMUT.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL TIMES.

*By Edmund Janes Carpenter.*

### V.

IT was on a bright May morning that Nicholas Willys, the constable, bearing his badge of office, knocked at the door of every freeman of the town,<sup>1</sup> and gave due warning that, upon that day week, the election would be held of deputies to represent the town in the General Court. The announcement created unusual interest; for now the question of Bellingham's advancement to the governor's seat would, in a degree at least, be solved. As time had passed, the ardor of some of his less strong adherents had somewhat cooled, and that of the friends of Winthrop had correspondingly increased. A slight feeling of distrust had, in some inexplicable manner, crept in among certain of the people. But they were of the class whose influence was not the greatest in the community. There were few, indeed, whose opposition to the movement was outspoken and earnest. These contented themselves with urging that the present deputies to the General Court should be returned. It was argued that none could fill the position with greater distinction than had Captain Edward Gibones. As for William Tyng, was not he the treasurer of the town's funds, and as such should not he sit in the General Court and care for the town's interests?

Those who still maintained their adherence to Bellingham owned that William Tyng should, indeed, be returned to his seat in the General Court. Concerning him there was no dispute. But they could see in William Hibbens qualities which betokened his great superiority to Captain Gibones in statesmanship. To one who gave the subject thought, it soon appeared quite evident that William Hibbens, whose wife was the sister of the deputy-governor,

might surely be relied upon to advance the interests of his brother-in-law. But Captain Gibones, it was suspected, would be content that Bellingham should remain the deputy-governor for yet another term. Indeed, the captain had been heard to say, a little incautiously perhaps, that, although Mr. Dudley had filled the deputy-governor's chair for three successive terms, he had only that very year been advanced to the foremost place. It was true that Haynes and Vane had each held the governor's office for but a single year. But Winthrop had often been called to the governor's seat. If Dudley should be dropped, he asked, after a single term in the chief magistracy, would not the action reflect upon his capacity, or possibly even upon his integrity? These were matters, Captain Gibones had been heard to say, that it would be well to consider. Such being the sentiments of the captain, it was urged, both quietly and openly, that it would be far preferable to send Mr. Hibbens to fill his seat at the General Court.

When, at length, the day of the election arrived, the whole town was astir. It appeared much like a *fête* day, for many were present from the adjoining towns. Throughout the colony the same interest was manifest, and the streets of Boston were filled with the freemen. Even before the tap of Arthur Perry's drum was heard in the streets, they were all abroad and eagerly discussing the great question of the day. Seldom had the market-stead seen so great and so earnest a company of citizens congregated together. Many were clustered about the little thatched meeting-house, and around the scaffold, whipping-post, and pillory, which stood beneath its eaves. There was Captain Robert Keayne, a martial figure, whose house fronted upon the market-stead. Beside the church was the dwelling of Robert Scott, the color-bearer in Captain Keayne's Company of Artillery. He, too, came forth, and leaning upon the low paling, about which twined great clusters of morn-

<sup>1</sup> That such was the custom of warning inhabitants of public meetings is shown in Vol. I, *Boston Town Records*, p. 57: "This 10th of the 11th moneth, 1641. At a generall Townsmeeting, upon warning from house to house—"

ing-glory vines, talked earnestly with the by-standers. From across the way came Valentine Hill, the merchant, arm-in-arm with his next-door neighbor, Anthony Stoddard, the linen draper. Francis Lysle, the barber, had opened his shop an hour earlier than was his wont, but had closed it hastily, leaving the great key projecting from the lock, as he saw the gathering in the market-stead. He reasoned, and truly, that none would demand his service while the interest was so great without.

Here, in a group, were Henry Messenger and Sergeant John Davis, from the pockets of both of whom projected carpenters' rules; John Newgate, the hatter, and Thomas Savage, the tailor. Richard Parker came forth from his house beside the jail, and with his neighbors, Richard Tuesdale and John Leverett, walked briskly down Queen Street, to the market-stead. William Hudson, the innkeeper, deemed it not prudent to close his tap-room, for the thirsty ones would call often during the day. And so he stood upon the porch of his inn,<sup>1</sup> just at the foot of the market-place, with his hands upon his hips, and softly intoned a psalm, in consonance with the creaking of the sign which swung in the breeze overhead, or chatted with his neighbor, William Davies, the elder. John Cogan was in close converse with Captain Edward Gibones, across their garden pales, and later the two sauntered out together and joined the throng. Here, too, amid the crowd, were Henry Webb, and John Ruggles, and William Davies, the younger, and William Pierce, and David Sellick; and here was Robert Nash, wearing a frock besmeared with the blood of kine.

Lewis Kidby with William Kirkby and Waters Sinnott had been up with the early dawn, casting their lines in the outer harbor. The wind was blowing fresh and strong from the southeast, and Kidby's little shallop skimmed merrily over the waves, and came up into the wind, off the wharf of Edward Tyng. The killock splashed from the bow and the little vessel swung around by the head. In another

<sup>1</sup> In later years the famous Bunch of Grapes Tavern. This was occupied as a public house from 1640, when William Hudson was granted "an allowance to Keepe an Ordinary," to 1760, when this and neighboring buildings were destroyed by fire. Cf. *Second Report of Boston Record Commissioners*, part 2 (*City Document 46*), p. 99.

moment the sail rattled down. The three men sprang upon the deck and hurriedly clewed down the canvas. Then they carefully lowered a large basket of fish into the row-boat, which they had left fastened to a float, sprang in after it, and pulled ashore with sturdy strokes. Kirkby and Sinnott handled the oars, while Kidby stood in the stern and gazed up King Street, at the fast gathering crowd in the market-stead. In a moment the boat grounded upon the beach near Hudson's ordinary. The three fishermen hastily sprang on shore, drew the boat high upon the beach, and secured it to a large boulder. With their basket of fish in hand they entered the side door of the inn, which opened upon the water side, and tramped heavily through the hall to the tap-room. It was empty.

"What, ho!" shouted Kidby, as he pounded the floor with his heavy fishing boot. "Where art thou, Master Hudson?"

"Here am I," answered Hudson, from without, as he left off chatting with Davis, the gunsmith, and hastened within. "Pray, why this clatter? Ah! is it thou, Kidby?" he said, as, entering the tap-room, he caught sight of the group of fishermen. "And you, too, Sinnott and Kirkby? What luck to-day?"

Sinnott pushed forward the basket with one foot, as he leaned with his back against the bar, on which he supported himself with both elbows.

"In faith, we would all be in better humor, an' we heard the sound of the skillet," said Kirkby.

"That thou shalt hear quickly, and it please thee," said Hudson. He selected three of the finest of the fish and strode down the long hall toward the kitchen.

"Look thee, Priscilla," they heard him call out. "Three hungry men beyond and a fish for each. Make thee haste, girl." Then they heard his heavy tread returning. "Thy humor shall be bettered soon," quoth the innkeeper, as he re-entered the tap-room. "Meanwhile a glass of our neighbor Tyng's last brewing will aid thy appetite."

"My appetite needs no aid," said Kidby, "an' I doubt me not my brothers are like minded; yet to test the new brew would not be amiss."

"Ay! so say we," said the others, as the three seated themselves at a table in

a corner of the tap-room. "Sit thou with us, Master Hudson."

"An' it please thee, I will," said the innkeeper, as he placed upon the table a large pewter tankard overflowing with ale. "I can give thee wine, if it would please thee better," he continued, looking at Kidby, as he seemed to be the leader of the party. "But yesterday John Viall, the vintner, placed a fresh butt in my cellar. John Mylon is even now below making tight the hoops," he added, as the sound of blows was heard beneath the floor.

"Nay, the beer is better for hungry men," answered Kidby. As he poured out a foaming mugful and lifted it to his lips, Priscilla entered, holding high a platter, from which came a savory odor.

"Done to a turn," exclaimed Sinnott, now speaking for the first time. "Thou art well deserving a good husband, fair Mistress Priscilla."

"Let thou not seek me, then," retorted the girl.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kirkby, while the others joined boisterously. "The lass hath a sharp tongue."

"That she hath," admitted Sinnott, a little apologetically. Then all were silent until hunger was satisfied. Glancing up as they heard a step on the threshold, they saw the sturdy form of Davies, the gunsmith, whose chat with the landlord without had been broken by the entrance of the fishermen.

"Is it thou, Davies?" said Kirkby, tilting the tankard forward and peering into its depths. "A good mugful left, and more in the cask below. Drink thee, man, and drink we all to the king."

"The king! Long live the king!" said all, springing to their feet, raising their mugs aloft, then draining them to the dregs.

"And now," asked Sinnott, with a little of impatience in his tone, "how go on the matters in the town?"

"Ay," rejoined Kidby; "how goeth the talk? Who shall be the governor?"

"Troth," answered Hudson, "ye are in good time. The vote hath not yet been taken."

"Yea," said Kirkby, eagerly, "we did hasten homeward. But how goeth the speech of the people?"

"Thou knowest," answered Davies,

"that six days now agone the people of the town did choose for service of the General Court Mr. Treasurer Tyng, and in place of Captain Gibones, Master William Hibbens. The freemen of the town did also choose that Master Bellingham should be one of those who should order the town's occasions for the year next ensuing."<sup>1</sup>

"Ay," interrupted Sinnott; "thou didst not think that we had been upon a voyage to Plymouth?"

"Peace, Sinnott," expostulated Kidby. "Thou art minded, Master Davies, that Master Bellingham will be given the foremost place to-day?"

"Nay, that I cannot say. Truly it doth so portend. But there be many who say that Master Winthrop should be once more made the governor. Yet others greatly fear lest he should be brought to believe such to be his right."

"In truth," said Kirkby, "I do fear as much. We want no governor for life."

"Nay, that we do not," exclaimed Hudson. "My voice is all for Master Bellingham."

"Nay! nay! I like it not, I like it not," said Kidby, with much feeling. "The good people of Roxbury will like it not. The men of Boston have held the governor's seat from the beginning, until a twelve-month since, when Thomas Dudley was advanced from the deputy's chair. His townsmen will not willingly consent that he shall so soon be displaced."

"But why dost thou not like it?" demanded Hudson.

"We are accustomed to deal plainly with one another," said Kidby in reply. "We hide nothing. Yet if I do not mistake me, the worshipful deputy-governor doth wear a mask. It hath not been his custom in the past to greet me in the public streets. Nay, I scarce thought that he knew my name. And yet, but a week

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Second Report of Boston Record Commissioners*, part I, p. 52: "The 20th day of the 2d moneth, called Aprill, 1640. Att a Generall meeting upon publique notice. At this meeting Captaine Edward Gibon and Mr. Willyam Ting Chosen for the Committees or Deputyes of this Towne for this next General Court." *Ibid.*, p. 61: "This 27th of the 3d moneth, 1641. Att a generall Towne meeting, upon publique notice, Mr. William Tynge, Treasurer, and Mr. William Hibbens are chosen Deputyes for the service of the generall Court."

agone, he greeted me at the spring-gate and asked of my luck at fishing and begged that I would sell him a fine cod, which I had caught that morning. Oh ! his worship is a sly fellow."

"Yea, grant that he hath cunning, but all the more may he be fit to care for the people's good," urged Sinnott.

"But I would not that Richard Bellingham should think my eyes darkened by his flattery," persisted Kidby. "Will he buy yet another cod from my hand when he shall be the governor? Nay, verily. He will then be the great Governor Bellingham in his velvet; I, but poor Lewis Kidby, the fisherman, in fustian."

"Nay, I think not so meanly of his worship," said Kirkby.

"Thou shalt see," retorted Kidby; "thou shalt see. But let us go and listen to the people." And they mingled with the throng in the market-stead.

During this conversation at Hudson's ordinary, the deputy-governor's secretary pushed his way slowly through the throng. He stopped here and there amid the crowd, chatting a moment with a friend or neighbor and having a cheery word for all. Public opinion might be divided, to some extent, in its estimate of the deputy-governor's character. Concerning that of Ezekiel there was no variance; he was regarded as a friend by all. As the deputy had said, he was well conditioned among the people. He had a smile for all whom he met. But as he emerged from the throng on the further side of the market-stead, the figure of a girl attracted his eye, as she walked in the garden of the Rev. John Wilson, and he at once approached the paling.

"Penelope!"

"Ezekiel! Is it thou?" said the girl, and a look of pleasure overspread her face.

"I thought not to see thee to-day, Penelope," said Ezekiel.

"But thou art not sorry?" said the girl, as she slipped her hand in his, across the low paling of the garden.

"Dost thou remember a year agone?" whispered Ezekiel.

"It did sweeten my dreams, last night, the thought of it," she said softly. "And as I gathered these flowers in the pastor's garden, I bethought me of my dream and of the flowers that thou didst gather for me."

"Thou didst give me for the paltry flowers a gift beyond all price, Penelope."

"But thy heart was given with the flowers," she said.

"In truth, Penelope, my heart, my life! Thy love is the well-spring in my heart. Let that fail and all is dust and ashes. My cares have been grievous these weeks past, as thou hast seen. Too little have I seen of thee. But thy smile hath cheered my anxious hours. Let us hope to-day may end the weightiest cares. Already success portends. His worship said to me, not once, but many times, 'When Bellingham shall be the governor, then shall thy reward come.' Heaven knows that I have but done my duty and for my love of him. But only yesternight he did urge that we be married soon and that we take up our abode within his mansion. In truth he hath sent advices to workmen in England, that they forward at the earliest day furnishings fit, indeed, for a governor's bride."

"His worship is indeed kind," said Penelope, an even unwonted softness coming into her eyes.

"And shall it not be as Governor Bellingham saith?"

"Even as he saith, if the Lord will," said Penelope, softly.

The pressure of the hands, hidden among the morning-glory vines, grew stronger for an instant. Then, as footsteps approached, the pressure loosened, and looking into each other's eyes, the young man and maiden parted. But as Ezekiel turned away he saw that the great clusters of blue and white blossoms, which had covered the paling, had faded while they talked.

## VI.

LARGER and more earnest grew the crowd in the market-stead, and some in the throng were even contentious. The adherents of Bellingham had fully believed that success would readily perch upon their banners. But it soon became apparent there was a strong influence favorable to the re-election of Winthrop, and it was made no secret that this influence was exerted by the members of the General Court. Indeed, the opposition from this quarter was violent. The people, on the other hand, who declined to be influenced by the magistrates, clung to Bellingham as

their candidate. And so the contention in the market-stead grew stronger and the hubbub greater, until the tap of the drum was again heard in the street. Then a murmur ran through the crowd, and cries of: "The governor! the governor!" The crowd parted, the people forming a lane through the centre of the market-stead. Still was heard the steady tap of the drum, and then through the throng came Captain Robert Keayne, in full regimentals, carrying at his shoulder his long, heavy sword, with its iron hilt. Behind him came his company of artillery, their burnished halberds flashing in the sunlight. In the midst marched Robert Scott, sturdy of form, and bearing aloft the blood-red flag of England, of a deeper hue than the scarlet coats which the soldiers wore.

In a moment the murmurs of admiration which ran through the crowd were hushed, and as the form of Captain Keayne and the foremost of his men disappeared within the door of the meeting-house, the dignified Governor Dudley appeared. With him walked Deputy-Governor Bellingham, upon whose appearance a slight murmur arose, which was as quickly hushed. Behind them walked alone the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, formerly of the church at Ipswich, who was to deliver the annual election sermon. Then followed eight men of dignified bearing, walking two and two. These were the honorable Court of Assistants. At their head walked John Winthrop, a slender man with auburn hair and thin beard and moustache. His eyes were brown and large and lustrous. He was habited wholly in black velvet. Beside him walked Sir Richard Saltonstall, dressed much as we saw him a few years ago, as he stepped from the deck of the *Susan and Ellen*. The same elegant sword hung at his side and betrayed his knightly rank. After these came Dudley and Humfrey, John Winthrop, the younger, Bradstreet, and Stoughton; and at the last came Increase Nowell, who for many years had been the much respected secretary of the General Court. Then came the deputies of the towns, thirty-four in number, headed by Tyng and Hibbens, the deputies for Boston.

When all these had passed into the meeting-house, the people followed. At the door, as they passed, stood the secretary, bearing a large basket, into which

each of the freeman dropped, as he entered, a slip of paper, upon which he had indicated his choice for governor and deputy-governor. There were many whose duties at home would not permit of absence to attend the General Court of Elections. Such had sent their proxies by the hands of others, and these were received as if the parties themselves were present.

The meeting-house was speedily filled with the freemen, for the interest was great, and there were many wandering thoughts as the preacher wound through the length of his election sermon.<sup>1</sup> This was plainly intended to conciliate, if possible, the two contending elements in the colony,—the magistrates, with their aristocratic tendencies, and the people, with their growing hatred of long tenures of office. At length the sermon was over. A sigh escaped many of those present. A deep silence fell upon all, as the preacher took his seat. Then the governor arose in his place upon the platform, advanced a step or two, and laid his hand impressively upon the Bible.

"Magistrates, deputies, freemen," he said earnestly, "may we all take these

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* John Winthrop's *History of New England*, Vol. II., p. 42. "Some of the freemen without the consent of the magistrates had chosen Mr. Nathaniel Ward to preach at this court, pretending that it was a part of their liberty. The governor (whose right indeed it is, for, till the court be assembled the freemen are but private persons) would not strive about it, for though it did not belong to them, yet if they would have it, there was reason to yield to them. Yet they had no great reason to choose him, though otherwise very able, seeing he had cast off his pastor's place at Ipswich, and was now no minister by the received determination of our churches. In his sermon he delivered many useful things, but in a moral and political discourse, grounding his propositions much upon the old Roman and Grecian governments, which sure is an error, for if religion and the Word of God make men wiser than their neighbors, and these times have the advantage of all that have gone before us in experience and observation, it is probable that, by all these helps we may better frame rules of government for ourselves than to receive others upon the bare authority of the wisdom, justice, &c., of these heathen commonwealths. Among other things he advised the people to keep all their magistrates in an equal rank and not give more honor or power to one than to another. Another advice he gave, that magistrates should not give private advice and take knowledge of any man's cause before it came to public hearing. This was debated after in the general court, when some of the deputies moved to have it ordered."

words to our souls. Give ear, now, that the honorable secretary may announce to us the votes."

A still deeper hush fell upon the assemblage as the governor resumed his seat. Increase Nowell, the secretary, placed the basket containing the ballots upon a large table which had been brought in for the purpose. As he did so, Robert Scott advanced, bearing the flag, and took his position by the table, overshadowing it with the crimson folds. For a time no sound was heard save the rustle of the ballots, as they were swiftly counted. Presently the secretary advanced, and amid a deathlike stillness announced :

"The General Court of Elections hath chosen to be the governor, for the year ensuing, Master Richard Bellingham, he having, in the numbering of the votes, six more than the others. The court hath also chosen to be the deputy-governor, Master John Endicott."

A sound as of a long-drawn sigh swelled through the meeting-house. Then a voice broke the stillness.

"Behold, sirs," said the voice, "I have not yet given in my vote, and there are divers others of my fellows by me, who likewise have not given theirs. May not we, forsooth, have our liberty?"

A murmur at once arose, which was checked in a moment, as Bradstreet arose and addressed the governor and the court.

"Nay, sirs," he said ; "it hath been made an order of the magistrates that at courts of elections the freemen shall give in their votes at the doors. These who now claim their liberty have not obeyed this order of the magistrates. Wherefore, then, should they claim their liberty?"

So also said Stoughton and Humfrey. But the Winthrops kept silence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* John Winthrop's *History of New England*, Vol. II., p. 41 : "I must here return to supply what was omitted concerning the proceedings of the last court of elections. There had been much laboring to have Mr. Bellingham chosen, and when the votes were numbered he had six more than the others; but there were divers who had not given in their votes, who now came into the court and desired their liberty, which was denied by some of the magistrates, because they had not given them in at the doors. But others thought it was an injury, yet were silent, because it concerned themselves, for the order of giving in their votes at the door was no order of court, but only direction of some of the magistrates; and without

The solemn oaths were taken by the newly elected governor and deputy. Then forth went the people into the market-stead once more ; and as they went forth and filled the place, a confused sound of voices arose, which at the first disturbed the august deliberations of the General Court within.

"I tell thee, as I told thee before, I like it not," said Kidby, the fisherman, as he paused beneath the shadow of the pillory. He spoke a little excitedly and Davies, the gunsmith, whom he addressed, paused beside him, while a crowd instantly clustered about the two.

"Nay, but we cannot always have all things to our minds," answered the gunsmith. "In truth, I would gladly see Thomas Dudley once more in the governor's seat. But yet, would it not be better that Bellingham should sit there than that Winthrop should claim his perpetual right?"

"Ay ! that be true," said a voice in the crowd. "Didst not see that both the elder and the younger Winthrop held their peace, when the belated ones claimed their liberty in the election? They could not openly insist that the votes should be admitted, forsooth, for I give little doubt that they would have borne the name of Winthrop."

"Truth !" exclaimed another. "Mark well that Bellingham hath now his election by but six votes. Had those who claimed their liberty but been admitted, the speech of the people might have been different now."

"Peace, men," said Richard Parker, elbowing his way through the throng. "His Worship, Governor Bellingham is the people's friend. He hath little sympathy with the lordly ways of our magistrates, and will look to the people's rights. There will be no more magistrates for life."

"And the magistrates and the court have little sympathy with him, good brother Parker," shouted John Leverett from the outermost edge of the throng.

"Why sayst thou so?" asked Parker.

"Hast not heard," said Leverett, "that no sooner had the people gone forth, than the General Court did vote to retract the order of the last court, whereby the sum question, if any freeman tender his vote before the election be passed and published it ought to be received."

of one hundred pounds should be paid annually to his worship, the governor?"<sup>1</sup>

A startled look was visible upon all faces, and Kidby answered:—

"The court, then, hath declared open warfare with Bellingham. War it may be. I trow that within the twelvemonth his worship will be at war with the people as well. He will no more greet me at the spring-gate and buy a fresh cod at my hand."

"Peace, good brother Kidby," said Parker. "Be not thou a prophet of evil. I'll warrant thee that Governor Bellingham will yet, ere the twelvemonth passes, make thee his friend, even though he may not buy thy cod."

"Nay," answered Kidby, "I care not if he buy the cod or no. I only ask that he trample not on the people's rights."

The throng broke and scattered here and there about the town. The three fishermen sauntered down to the beach to look to the moorings of their boat. They had not thought to go forth again that day. But when they reached the beach the wind was fair and the sun had not yet ceased to cast a westward shadow. And so, with a parting mug of ale at Hudson's ordinary, they once more weighed anchor, and turned their shallop's prow toward the outer harbor, as they chanted a psalm in unison.

## VII.

We last saw Ezekiel Bolt as he pressed the hand of Penelope across the palings of the Rev. Mr. Wilson's garden. He glanced backward for an instant as he was about to plunge into the crowd in the market-stead, and caught a gleam of fair hair and the wave of a white hand. The hours which followed were momentous to him. He was anxious for the success of his patron, for his patron's sake, and although he could not believe that, in the event of failure, Mr. Bellingham would relax his interest in him and his suit, still nothing could be more natural than that a successful candidate would be more willing to aid his friends than one whom fortune had not so favored. It was then

with a feeling of mingled relief and exultation that Ezekiel, who had stood near the door of the church during the long sermon and the subsequent solemnities, heard the announcement of Increase Nowell. Slipping through the throng at the door, he did not await the final ceremonies, but sped across the market-stead and hastily entered the pastor's gateway. As he reached forth his hand to lift the shining brass knocker, the door opened and the dignified minister stood upon the threshold.

"What news, my good Ezekiel, from the General Court of Elections?" he demanded eagerly. For some years the Rev. John Wilson had been selected by the magistrates to preach the election sermon. But this year the freemen, in the contest which had lately arisen between them and the magistrates, had insisted upon their right to select the election preacher. Mr. Wilson, unwilling to bring himself into conflict with the people, especially in a matter purely political, had advised the magistrates to yield to the pressure thus brought upon them. And so it came about that the young preacher, Nathaniel Ward, who had left Ipswich under a slight cloud, was selected as the preacher, in response to the popular demand. It was not, then, strange that Mr. Wilson, unwilling, perhaps, to embarrass the young preacher by his presence, had kept aloof from the Court of Elections.

"The magistrates and the freemen, sir," answered Ezekiel, "have chosen good Master Bellingham to the first place in the colony, and have also chosen Master John Endicott to be the deputy-governor."

As Ezekiel uttered these words a joyful exclamation was heard at the extremity of the hall, and Penelope glided forward. Later Ezekiel remembered and regretted that he had not noticed Mr. Wilson's remark, in comment upon his announcement.

"Enter, Ezekiel," said Mr. Wilson, the instinct of hospitality at once asserting itself. "Mistress Penelope will yet tarry for a time with us."

"Nay, sir," said Penelope, "thou art kind, but truly I must hasten homeward. Already is the sun high in the heavens, and I gave my promise to my brother Herbert that I would not tarry beyond the declaration, that I might acquaint him with it."

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England, June 2, 1641.* "The order formerly made for allowing 100l. p. @ to the Gov'r is repealed."

"He did not, then, come to the Court of Elections?"

"Nay, sir. He was detained by divers weighty matters, and did send by my hand his proxy. This I did pass to Master Hibbens and came at once hither."

"And how wilt thou return to Cambridge?"

"As I came, forsooth, in my canoe," said Penelope, laughing.

The two young people bade adieu to the pastor. Avoiding the groups of men who still stood about the market-stead and in front of the meeting-house, they walked slowly up Queen Street, past the jail, built of heavy, hewn logs, and turned up Tremont Street. Thence they wandered past the burying-ground, where the gentle Lady Arbella Johnson had been laid to rest, and so reached the Centry Field. Slowly they wandered through the shaded lanes and across the sweet meadow to the river-bank. Here, beneath the shadow of Fox Hill, they found Penelope's canoe moored to a tree.

"And what thinkest thou of the result?" asked Penelope, as, with two or three strong strokes, she sent the canoe skimming lightly over the water. Ezekiel sat in the bow of the canoe facing the girl, and dabbed the fingers of one hand lightly in the water as they sped along.

"In troth," answered Ezekiel, a little soberly, "it were impossible that I should not be gratified that Master Bellingham is chosen. But yet I have heard some things in the market-stead to-day which have made me think."

"Pray, what has thou heard?" asked the girl, anxiously. "Surely nothing that concerns thee and me."

"Nay, Penelope, nothing that concerns thee. But the speech of the people hath been exceeding plain concerning Governor Bellingham. Some have said that, while he doth pretend to care greatly for the people, his care is only for himself."

"Oh, I cannot believe that such is the manner of his worship. He hath ever been so kind to thee and to me."

"Yes, he hath been kind to both of us."

"And think, too," urged Penelope, "how the General Court did add him to the committee on military affairs, and did give them power to imprison or to put to death such as they judge to be enemies of the commonwealth."

"I do remember. It was the same year in which thou and I came hither from across the sea, and I marvelled much that such great power should be delegated by the General Court. But none hath ever said that Master Bellingham hath unworthily discharged that great trust. Why, then, certain of the people have lost their faith in him, I cannot say. Kidby, the fisherman, hath done much to foment this discontent. I own frankly that I would greatly wish that his worship the governor had won his place by more than six votes."

"Trouble not thyself," said the girl, gayly. "He will make himself so greatly beloved that, if it please God that he be spared until another year, he will be elected by many more than six votes."

"Let us trust so, Penelope," said Ezekiel, drawing forth his handkerchief and drying his dripping fingers. "But I fear me greatly. When once the people have gained a belief, it is not easy to turn them to another."

"Thou art gloomy," said Penelope. "Thou hast forgotten that our own happiness is now assured."

"Forgotten it, Penelope!" cried the young man. "Nay, be not offended at my mood. How canst thou say so, when I did come at once to thee, when the declaration was made?"

"Thou didst so, Ezekiel. But thou knowest not how a woman's heart looketh eagerly toward the future."

"Thou shamest me in reminding me of it, dear Penelope. But believe me, my own heart did bound, when I knew that success had come; for I felt that now, at last, I could claim thee. May heaven forgive me if I thought of my own and not of my master's weal!"

"Heaven will forgive thee, do thou never fear."

"And now, Penelope," said Ezekiel, as the prow of the canoe lightly touched the Cambridge shore, "shall not our intention be soon published the second time?"

Penelope hesitated for a moment, with her paddle still resting among the sedges which grew by the shore, and gazed thoughtfully into vacancy.

"And must our intention be published yet a second time? I had thought that once were enough."

"A second time, Penelope, and even a

third time, according to the order of the General Court."<sup>1</sup>

"Do as thou wilt, Ezekiel," said Penelope, quietly. The young man stepped from the canoe, trampling down a clump of sedge, and extended his hand to the girl. Penelope slowly arose, paused a moment as she adjusted her kerchief, which had slipped from her shoulder with the exertion of handling the paddle, drew her long gloves smoothly upward, until they met the sleeves of her russet gown, and took the outstretched hand. The canoe lurched slightly as she stepped over the gunwale, and with a little cry of alarm she sprang forward. She alighted upon the clump of sedge which Ezekiel's foot had trampled. It quivered beneath her weight, and again she gave a little cry of alarm. Her leap had been so sudden that Ezekiel was, for an instant, disconcerted; but seizing her about the waist, he swung her lightly upon the firm ground. The boat, meanwhile, receiving impetus from Penelope's foot as she sprang, was drifting from the shore. Ezekiel, without waiting to remove his shoes and stockings, stepped into the water and drew it to the bank and secured it to its moorings, while Penelope looked her protest.

"Thou shouldst not have done so!" she exclaimed.

"But thy canoe! It would have gone down the river to the bay and out to sea."

"Dost thou not see that the tide is setting inward? The canoe would have returned to us."

"Alas, I am very dull! But I pray heaven that for us the tide may ever be setting inward."

"Thou art surely gloomy to-day; but wherefore?"

"I cannot tell, Penelope. Truly I should not be gloomy. Master Bellings-

<sup>1</sup> "1639, 7 mo 9. For preventing of all unlawful marriages, &c., it is ordered that, after dueo publication of this order, noe persons shalbee joined in marriage before the intention of the parties proceeding therein hath bene three times published at some time of publick lecture or towne meeting, in both the townes where the parties, or either of them do ordinarily reside; and in such townes where no lectures are, then the same intention to be set up in writing, upon some post standing in public view and used for such purposes onely and there to stand, so as it may easily bee read by the space of fourteen days." — *Records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England, 1639.*

ham hath won the election, for which result we have long hoped. This alone should make me gay, had I not the great added happiness which thou has granted. Yet it did strike me as an ill omen that thy foot should slip and that thou shouldst well-nigh fall; even as the words which gave me happiness fell from thy lips."

"But thou wert near to aid me, Ezekiel," urged Penelope. "I have little faith in signs and omens. But grant that this were an unlucky slip, thou didst take me in thy arms and bear me safe to shore. Thus will all evil be averted from us."

"God grant that it may be so!" said Ezekiel, reverently. "Upon the next Lord's day, then," he added, cheerfully, "the intention shall be published. I will speak with thy brother, Herbert, that it be also published in Cambridge. Unless," he added, "thou wilt hold speech with him concerning the matter."

"Yes, Ezekiel. Thou art burdened with many cares. I myself will speak with Brother Herbert."

"It is well, then. And now, dear Penelope, farewell for a time."

He seized the girl's hand and raised it to his lips. He held it for a moment, and then, drawing her closer to his side, he kissed her cheek. Penelope smiled, but said nothing. The young man moved away, but at a few paces he turned and waved his hand. The girl smiled again and waved her hand in response.

"See that thou dry thy shoes well, Ezekiel," she called, cheerfully.

Another wave of the hand was his response, and he disappeared from view in the direction of the ferry. It was with a strangely mingled feeling that he made his way back to the town and to the mansion of Governor Bellingham. The General Court was still in session, but he knew that his presence was not required, and he had little heart to enter the meeting-house and listen to the proceedings. Nor could he, as he entered the door of the mansion, and ascended the stairs, define the feeling by which he was oppressed. The servant in blue and silver livery looked at him, as he passed through the hall, as if to learn whether he desired any service, and partly as if to conjecture the cause of the young man's apparent abstraction. Ezekiel passed the man without notice and ascended the stairs to the first landing.

There he paused, and resting his hand upon the carved and twisted balustrade, addressed himself to the servant below:—

"Thy pardon, Malchus. I should not leave thee ignorant of our master's exaltation. Henceforth we serve the worshipful Governor Bellingham, so made this day by the votes of the people of the colony."

"Heaven be praised!" responded the man, with fervor. "May he rule righteously!"

"Amen!" returned Ezekiel.

The man departed to take the news to the household. Ezekiel made his way to the library, closed the door, and threw himself into a great armchair before the fireplace. It was the same chair, he noticed, in which Penelope had sat upon the occasion of her first visit to the mansion. Then a cheerful fire had blazed and crackled on the hearth, but now the fireplace was a black, cheerless cavern, for it was early summer.

"We should have some asparagus branches on the fireplace, to enliven it," he thought, vacantly; and then he remembered that the feathery branches of the asparagus had not yet appeared. He sat for a time gazing into the fireplace, his hands clasping the carved arms of the great chair. They were carved in effigy of dragons' heads, and he absently felt the long polished tusks with his fingers, and wondered who had been the cunning workman across the sea who had fashioned them. Once he glanced downward and looked for a moment at the great claw-feet, and again he wondered who had carved them and what manner of man he was. Then he arose and walked the floor as in deep thought, his hands clasped behind him; yet his thoughts wandered. He went to the window and gazed out upon the low green mounds in the burying-ground across the way,<sup>1</sup> and his fingers

idly drummed upon the pane. Again he turned away and walked about the room, gazing absently at its furnishings. He paused a moment before the portrait of the late Madam Bellingham and wondered if she, were she living, would be more or less kind toward him, in his suit for Penelope's hand. Then again he threw himself into the great arm-chair, and gazed again into the empty fireplace. He noticed that the great brass andirons were not so brightly polished as when a winter fire blazed upon the hearth, and he made a mental memorandum to request Malchus to call the attention of the housekeeper to the neglect. Thus idly his thoughts wandered upon trivial matters, until at length he roused himself and began to wonder at his own indifference to the momentous events of the day. He did not realize that this condition of mind was but the reaction which comes after a long-continued nervous tension. The labor and anxiety, which had continued through many weeks and months, was ended in victory. Yet, as he had expressed himself to Penelope, victory had not brought with it that satisfaction for which he had hoped and which he had fully expected. Why was this? He tried to explain it to himself by the fact that the governor's majority had been much smaller than he had anticipated. He had looked for a more earnest expression of the people's will. He tried to explain it, too, by the whisperings of discontent which he had heard in the market-place, and by the antagonism which had so early been developed between the new governor and the General Court. Yet none of these explanations sufficed to account for his lack of satisfaction and for his feeling of depression. He roused from his reverie at the ringing of the supper bell and went down absently. He ate sparingly and soon returned to the library, where he awaited the governor.

<sup>1</sup> King's Chapel Burying-ground, so called; the first burial-ground of the colony, established in one corner of "Isaac Johnson's field," which comprised the great square, bounded by the streets now known as Tremont, School, Washington, and Court Streets. In Andros' time a portion of this

burial-ground was taken for the use of the Church of England, and a church erected thereon. This church and its successor were, and are now, known as King's Chapel, and the burial-ground subsequently became known by the same name.

**ST. PAUL**  
BY  
Condé Hamlin



The New Court-House and City Hall, St. Paul.

ST. PAUL is an illustration of the power of accumulated forces. A little over twoscore years of age, it has the advantages of many a city of four times its years. A mushroom in growth, it is an oak in solidity. It is difficult, therefore, for those who see only results to comprehend that within the lives of many of its residents this proud city has taken its throne by the shore of the upper Mississippi as the regnant queen of the Northwest.

Strange to say, the city owes its origin to a conflict between vice and virtue, in which, it is needless to add, the latter conquered. In 1838, the story goes, perhaps with something of the mythical in it, a Canadian, commonly known as "Pig's-eye" Parrant, was expelled from the government premises at Fort Snelling, which had

been established eighteen years before, for disobeying the orders of the commandant by selling liquor to the soldiers and to the Indians. Denied an entrance to the fort, he paddled down the river and erected upon the site of the present city of St. Paul a small log cabin, for the purpose of engaging in the prohibited traffic. Such was the reprehensible genesis of the city, and so early did the liquor question become connected with its history.

This envoy of evil was not allowed to wield his destructive influence without opposition; for in 1841 a Catholic missionary, Father Gaultier by name, in order to counteract the work of the grogillery, built a small log chapel, which stood upon the ground near the present intersection of Third and Jackson streets, and named it the "Chapel of St. Paul," from which

humble origin the city takes its name. The following year, 1842, one Jackson opened a tavern and trading-store, and at the same time the American Fur Company erected several buildings and established a post for the fur trade. It must have been a picturesque congregation which in those days gathered in the little chapel, only a few

was much preferable to a tramp along a trail half blazed through the heavy forests.

The prosaic and practical character of the men who chose to earn their livelihood in the wilds of the West, with Indians for associates and, very frequently, as relatives by marriage, and the common use of lakes and streams as the most convenient means of trade and communication, is shown by an incident which has become historical. M. Rolette, whose name declares his French descent, and whose history attests his Norman origin, while away on an extended trading expedition, meets a boat filled with his men. Such meetings in the solitudes of lake or forest were the cause of much excitement, and busy tongues economized as much as possible by elision as they exchanged greetings and information.

*"Eh! bien?"* inquired M. Rolette of the recent comers from his post at Prairie du Chien, "have they finished the new house?"

*"Oui, Monsieur."*

*"Et la cheminée fume-t-elle?"*

*"Non, Monsieur."* The chimney was all right.

"And the harvest — how is that?"

*"Very fine, indeed."*

*"Is the mill at work?"*

*"Yes; plenty of water."*

*"How is Whip?"* — his favorite horse.

*"Oh, Whip is first-rate."*

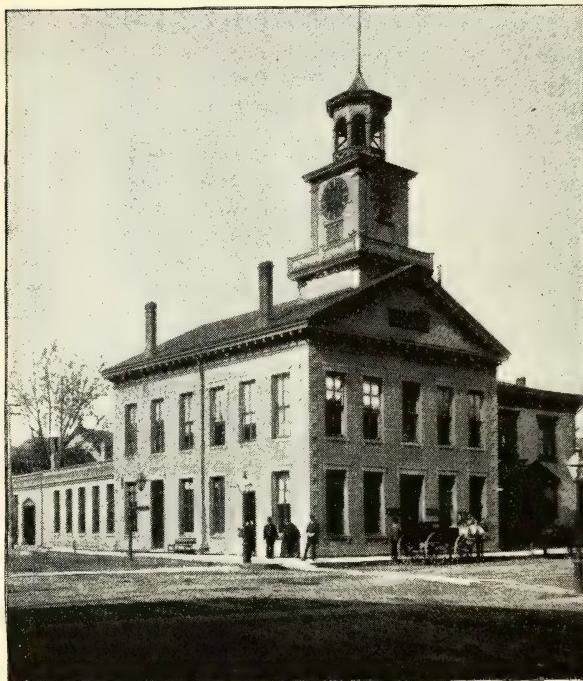
Everything, in short, about the store, the farm, the business of various descriptions, being satisfactorily gone over, there was no occasion for further delay. It was time to proceed.

*"Eh! bien — adieu! bon voyage! arrachez — mes gens!"*

Then suddenly — *"Arretez! — arretez!"* Stop! stop!

*"Comment se portent, Madame Rolette et les enfants?"*

It was one of these "enfants," thus inquired after by way of postscript, who was destined to play a picturesque and important part in the history of St. Paul. Joseph Rolette, son of the "Pheasant," a title



The Old City Hall.

feet from the shore of the river that placidly wended its way to the Gulf. Trappers from the woods of the north and the plains of the west, voyageurs who had come by the Great Lakes to trade with the Indians of the western country, and occasional dusky converts, listened to the Father intoning his supplications, and gazed reverently upon the rude altar of pioneer days.

St. Paul was really founded, however, when the American Fur Company established its trading-post. This move was not due to chance, but was the logical conclusion of a natural syllogism. Iron highways at that time did not gridiron the country, and it was only good commercial strategy to establish the depot of supplies at the end of the greatest waterway of the continent. A voyage in a canoe or boat

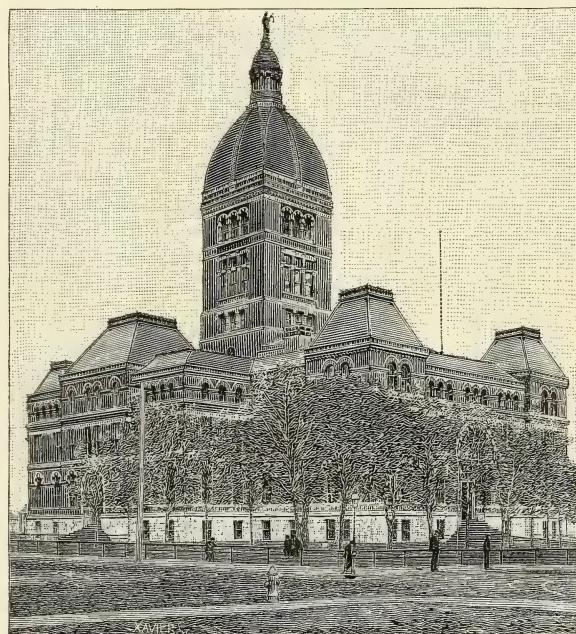
given to the elder by the Indians because of his rapid movements, after the rough training of a frontier post and the linguistic acquisition of several Indian languages, together with some commercial education in New York, returned from the metropolis to the more congenial environment of his early associations, and prepared to find his fortune as his father had done before him. In 1843, he established his headquarters at far distant Pembina and, in company with the late Norman W. Kittson, started a line of carts between St. Paul and the Red River of the North. These rude, creaking carts, mounted on two wheels which wobbled and squeaked as they rolled along, drawn by snail-paced oxen, carried the destinies of the little settlement that was growing under the protecting arm of Fort Snelling. This line diverted to St. Paul a large part of the fur trade which had hitherto been seized without opposition by the enterprising agents of the Hudson Bay Company. In winter the valuable skins were brought to this growing northwestern entrepot on sledges drawn by dogs which tirelessly loped along all day over the crust. At night a camp-fire was built, and within its protecting circle the men lay down to slumber, lulled by the bark of the prairie-wolf. On the return trips carts or sledges exchanged the bales of skins for loads of merchandise attractive to the unique taste of the Indian trappers and hunters.

That Rolette was a shrewd trader is shown not only by the sobriquet "Sapan-Zapta," or "Five more," given him by his dusky neighbors because of his custom of demanding five more skins after the general terms of the bargain had been agreed upon, but it is also proved by the growing trade, further reaching in its effects than those who were interested in it imagined.

In 1844, only six carts entered the little settlement of St. Paul; but in 1848, this number had been multiplied a hundred-fold. The value of the peltries had increased from \$1400 during the first year

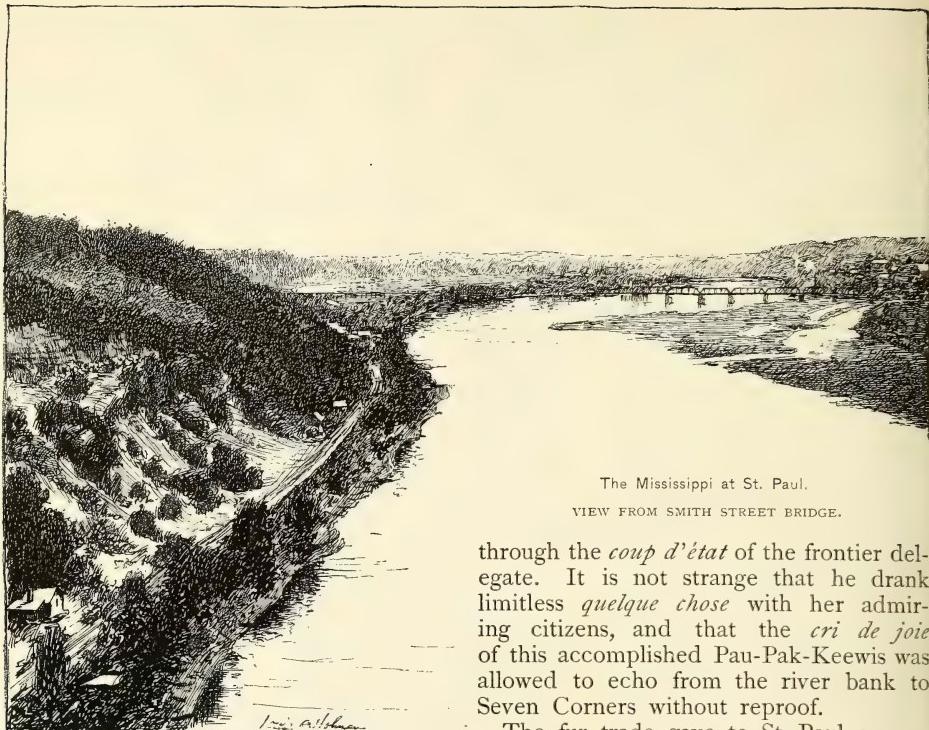
to \$250,000 in 1863, four-fifths of the furs coming from Pembina. This commerce made St. Paul a city.

A concise commentary on the extent of the territory and the character of its people is found in the fact that Rolette was for several years a member of the legislature from Pembina. In one way he affected the future of St. Paul; and although he did so in direct contravention to parliamentary procedure, his action won him the lasting gratitude of the citizens. In the legislative session of 1857 a bill to move the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter was introduced and passed the house. Everything pointed to its passage by the council and its favorable indorsement by the governor. This was distasteful to the fiery Frenchman, who tramped the 480 miles which separated him from his legislative duties on snow-shoes, when he did not come in a cariole drawn by five dogs



The Capitol, St. Paul.

harnessed tandem, — and he quietly pocketed the bill. A resolution was introduced ordering Rolette to report the bill, but at the call of the council he was not to be found. It was then moved that further business under the call be dispensed with, and as no business could be transacted



pending a call, a two-thirds vote was necessary to carry the motion. Of the fifteen members, five were in favor of keeping the capital at St. Paul. Four members, Rolette being absent, opposed the motion. One member who was in favor of removal spoke for two hours, trying to prove that nine was two-thirds of fourteen, but at the conclusion of his analytical oratorical effort, the chair, an adherent of St. Paul, curtly remarked that his arithmetic would allow no such ruling. Neither side would yield, and from February 28th to March 5th the determined legislators had their meals brought to them in the council chamber, and at night camped on its floor. Strenuous efforts were meanwhile being made, in vain, to find Rolette. On the latter date the session expired by limitation, and the Frenchman emerged from his hiding-place in the top story of the Fuller house, to receive the plaudits of the St. Paul partisans,—a pleasure restricted somewhat by the necessity of watching for the assaults of incensed enemies.

Thus did the only effort to remove the capital from St. Paul come to naught

through the *coup d'état* of the frontier delegate. It is not strange that he drank limitless *quelque chose* with her admiring citizens, and that the *cri de joie* of this accomplished Pau-Pak-Keewis was allowed to echo from the river bank to Seven Corners without reproof.

The fur trade gave to St. Paul a commercial magnetism strong enough to draw to it the enterprises of succeeding years. This formative period had more to do with future results than with temporary acquisitions. A single sawmill at St. Anthony, and another at Stillwater, represented the nucleus of the important lumbering interests, afterwards concentrated at these points. Agriculture was represented by a few farmers at Red Rock, Cottage Grove, and elsewhere, whose entire annual product would not supply the Ryan hotel with bread for a week. In fact, it was an Indian country, the only ceded territory being east of the Mississippi, within which territory were the villages of St. Paul and Stillwater, St. Anthony and the French colony of Little Canada. So at a time when eastern cities were in the maturity of power, St. Paul was in its frontier swaddling clothes.

Steamboats climbed the winding course of the Mississippi to this outpost of civilization, and made St. Paul the distributing centre of a great territory. This commercial supremacy made it in turn the political capital as well, and a governor and territorial officials took up their residence here.

The extinguishment of the Indian titles to the territory west of the river finally razed the barrier to settlement, and a flood of immigration poured over these vast fertile areas. Towns sprang up by magic at convenient river points, and St. Paul increased in strength on the trade established with the new settlements that hugged the navigable streams.

During this formative period, also, a powerful factor was added to the equation of the city's future greatness. The development of the magnificent water power at Minneapolis, in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul, the gradual building of a great city, and the establishment of great manufacturing interests, contributed by reflex action to the growth of the elder sister, who in turn assisted by this commercial supremacy the rise of the younger.

The decade from 1850 to 1860 was the initial period of the railroad development of the Northwest. The commanding influence which St. Paul had exercised during the period of water transit, as the commercial emporium of the state, and the great importance which Minneapolis was plainly destined to have as a manufacturing centre, pointed to them with a double argument as the dual focus of the magnificent system of land-grant railroads which was marked out by Congress in the act of 1857. The Great Rebellion and the Indian War retarded their construction; but as the roads were built, they reached out like steel arms and drew to St. Paul the business of the surrounding country.

Closely following the construction train were the emigrants from Middle and Eastern states and from Europe. Towns were platted, rough buildings for trade were erected in a flash, the farming land adjacent was pre-empted, and before the engine had whistled for its next stopping-place, a little municipality was progressing

as sedately as if it had been in existence for decades instead of days. These towns drew their supplies from St. Paul, and the commercial capital grew in wealth and importance.

The decade ending in 1879 constituted a momentous epoch in the history of St. Paul. In 1870 the city was connected by a railroad with the head of the Great Lakes. The opening of this short line to lake navigation gave an outlet by water to the eastern seaboard, and meant, what it finally secured, after expectations had been frustrated for some time by untoward circumstances, the emancipation of St. Paul trade



Fourth Street.

from the influence of any intermediate city.

It was during this period, too, that the Northern Pacific Railroad was extended to Puget Sound. The golden spike that completed the road added a mighty province to St. Paul's commercial kingdom. The Manitoba Company, also, after covering the hard wheat belt of central and northern Minnesota and northern Dakota

with both its lines, reached into the Rockies at Butte and Helena, and made access to their treasures an easy matter. Its intersection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Winnipeg binds the great Canadian Northwest to the natural realm of this queen of commerce, and the prospective extension of its main line to the coast will make another rivet fastening the trans-Rocky territory to the city.

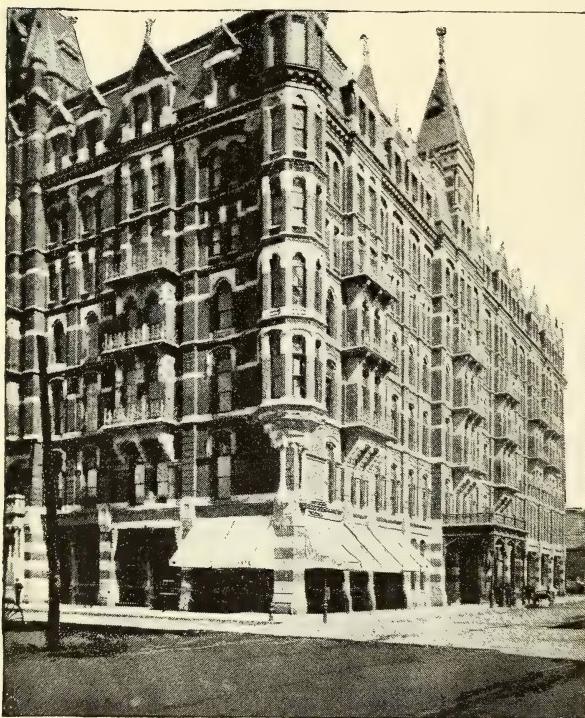
St. Paul was filled with energy by these additions to her commercial territory in the far West and Northwest. Over the transcontinental lines passed hundreds of thousands of emigrants to the states recently admitted. Quickly they seized the unoccupied land. The settler's cabin rose where the smoke of the camp-fire formerly curled into the air ; wheat sprouted where

dreds of miles in extent, needed many people to minister to their wants, and ring after ring of residences was added to the municipal core. A casual examination of the annual directories would show the time of this mighty impulse, even were its date lost. Such was the experience of Omaha when the battalions of home-seekers were forwarded over the Union Pacific, and of Kansas City when the southwestern system of railroads opened that section to seizure and settlement.

It is said that the head of navigation on a large river, the confluence of two waterways, or a great harbor, is sufficient to make a city. All these unite in the location of St. Paul. The head of navigation,—the silver highway of the Mississippi ends at its door ; at this point the Minnesota throws itself into the arms

of the "Father of Waters" ; the harbor is at the head of Lake Superior, and into its sheltered limits the storms of that tempestuous lake are powerless to penetrate, while steel steps lead from St. Paul to the water's edge. Such is nature's endowment. Man has improved the heritage. The spectator in the Union depot, who sees the daily train roll in covered with the dust of mountain, mesa, and prairie, during its long journey from the Pacific coast, will better understand the extent of the city's influence and the power of its position.

It is this strategic point where western and eastern forces meet, which allows the city to exact toll from each. An inspection of the map convinces more than can a volume of explanation. It was a deduction such as this that led the astute statesman who bought despised Alaska for a bagatelle to make the following prediction,



The Ryan Hotel.

the buffaloes once pawed out their wallows. Thousands flocked to the mountains to search for their reputed treasures. All, however, depended on St. Paul as a depot of supplies and the connecting bond with the eastern world. The army of pioneers, scattered in a skirmish line hun-

tion, as he stood on the steps of the Minnesota capitol in 1860 : "I find myself for the first time upon the high land in the centre of the continent of North America, equidistant from the waters of Hudson Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the place—the central place where the agricultural



The Germania Bank Building.

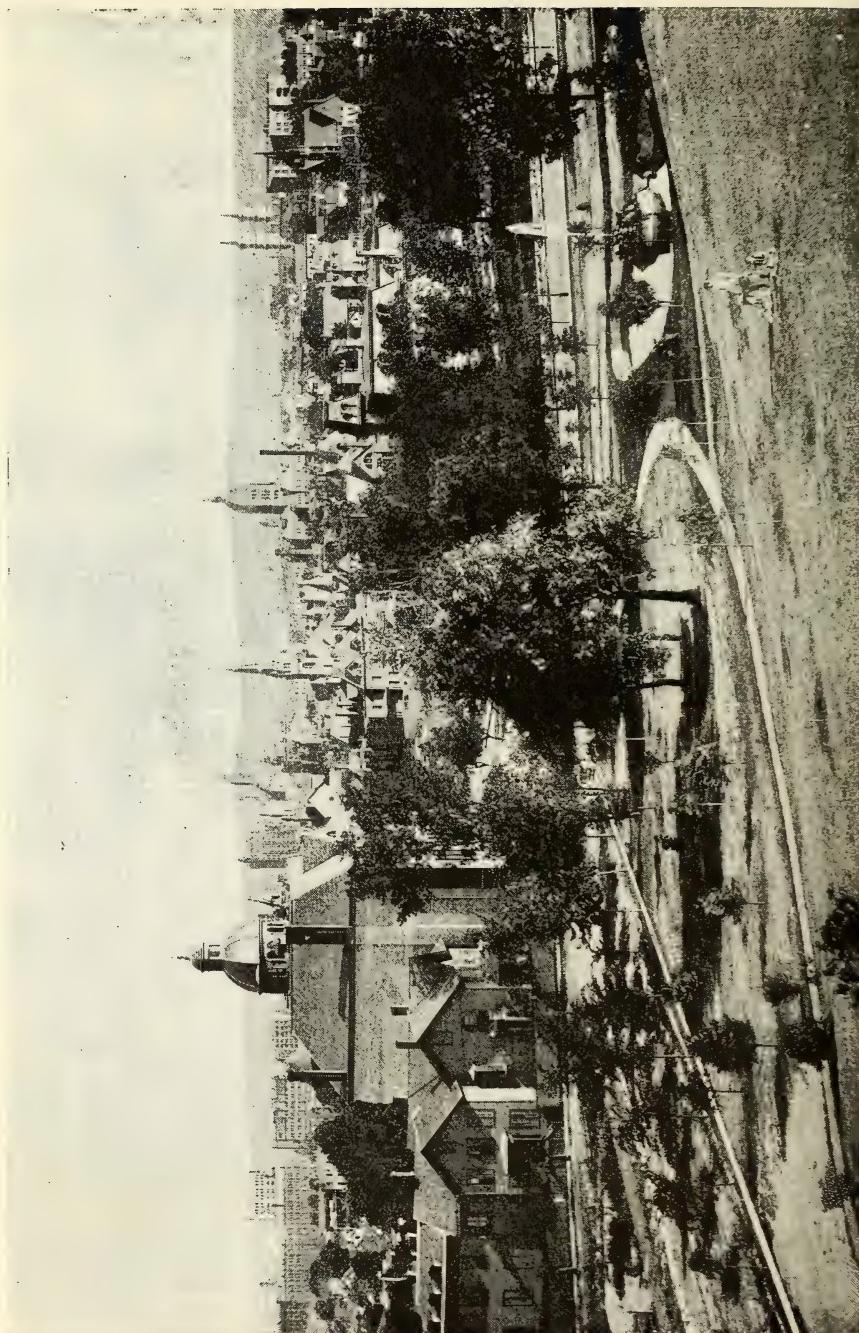
products of this region must pour out their tributes to the world. I have cast about for the future and ultimate seat of power of North America. I looked to Quebec, to New Orleans, to Washington, San Francisco, and St. Louis for the future seat of power. But I have corrected that view. I now believe that the ultimate last seat of government on this great continent will be found somewhere not far from the spot on which I stand, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River."

The unlooked-for development of artificial means of communication will, without doubt, prevent the plenary fulfilment of this prophecy as to St. Paul's relations with the entire country, but it has already been completed as regards the Northwest. As the flocks and herds multiply on the hills of the West, as the prairie grass is supplanted by grain, it is difficult to see how St. Paul can fail to grow in proportion.

Such has been the genesis and history of the city, and such are the promises of the future. What is the "Saintly City" in

this present year of grace, and how has it changed since the day when the first territorial governor stepped from a birch-bark canoe to take charge of the ship of state?

The visitor to St. Paul to-day will find a beautiful and a metropolitan city, the latter being an adjective differential caused by the progress of the past few years. The location of the city on the hillsides gives it a varied and attractive appearance. The traveller arriving on any railroad train comes into the city over a steel web, along which locomotives dart like huge shuttles weaving the destinies of the city with those of the entire country. From the car window the creamy escarpment of the sandstone cliffs, which have been denuded of their green and brown coverings by the hewing out of railroad beds, is noticed, save where it is obscured by buildings or smoke. A moment later the city itself is seen, occupying a natural amphitheatre. In the distance Dayton's bluff rises at the right, crowned with pleasing residences that peer out from the green of lawns and



ST. PAUL FROM MERRIAM'S HILL.

trees. In the centre is the part of the city devoted to business ; while the stage is the Mississippi River, on which were played the scenes of early commercial triumphs. At the left, West St. Paul looks quietly at the active and older city. From her vantage point the relation of the component forces are more clearly perceived.

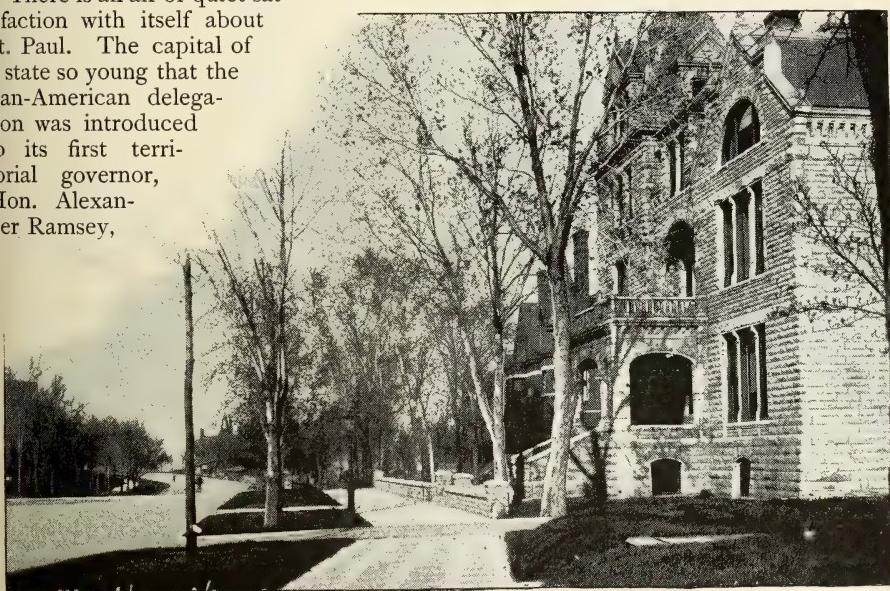
At the lower tier, Commerce holds sway, and the noisy trains pass and repass in endless succession. Some rapidly take their way along the rocky shelf to Minneapolis ; others disappear below Dayton's Bluff on their journey south and east ; others seemingly are swallowed up by the city itself as they hasten north and west through what was formerly a picturesque ravine. Just above, Trade is regnant, and tall buildings show how strongly she has entrenched herself. At the crest are the residences that overlook this scene of busy life. A wonderful panorama is this from the West Side. It sweeps from the violet which blossoms timidly at the spectator's feet, across the bridges that bind two shores together, to the capital of a vigorous state.

There is an air of quiet satisfaction with itself about St. Paul. The capital of a state so young that the Pan-American delegation was introduced to its first territorial governor, Hon. Alexander Ramsey,

It has had the advantage of the experience of others, the acquisitions of years, and the efforts of tireless citizens.

The streets devoted to business resemble the streets of eastern rather than of most western cities. The placid course of trade, as the old proverb would indicate, denotes depth. Last year the jobbing trade amounted to \$109,126,829, having nearly trebled in eight years ; the manufacturing output was \$48,598,894, having more than trebled in the same time.

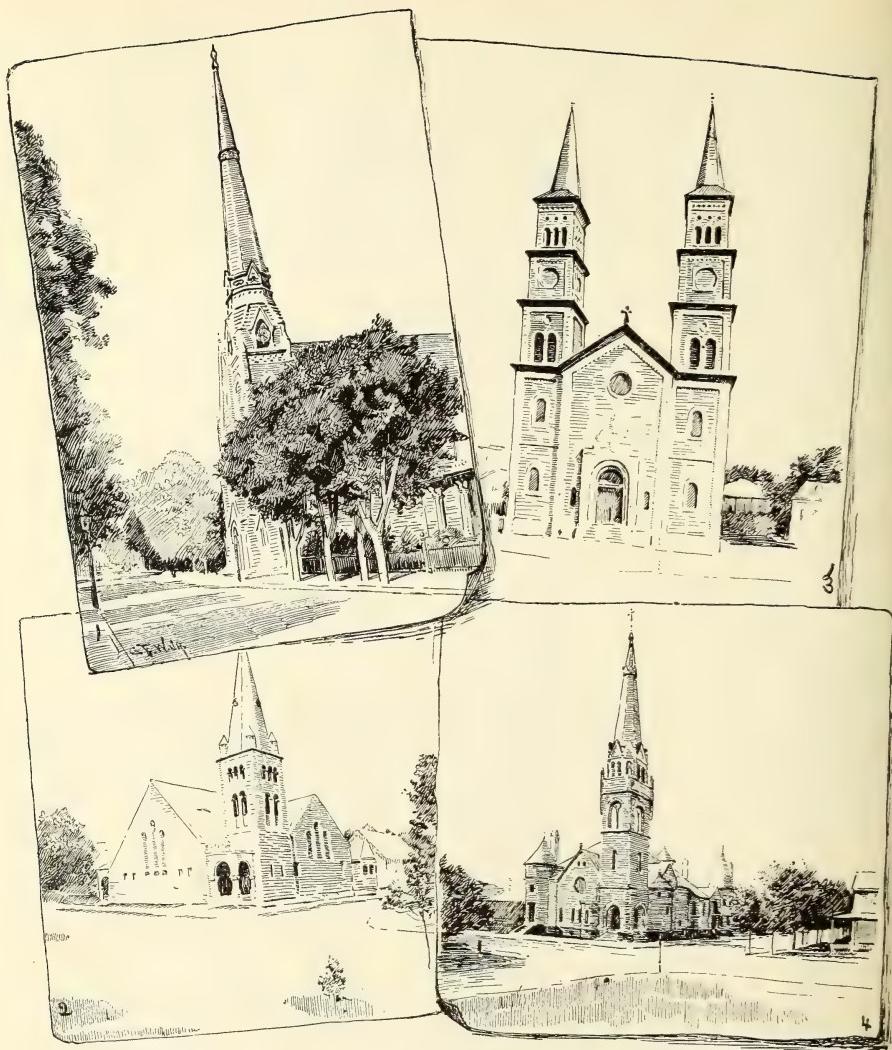
Perhaps nothing can so well describe the public spirit of western cities as a notice of a corporation recently formed in St. Paul by its leading citizens. Realizing that the desired amount of independence could be secured only by the building up of a comprehensive and successful system of manufacturing industries adapted to the wants of the city and the vast extent of country tributary to it, a fund of one million dollars was raised for the purpose of subscribing to the capital stock of worthy enterprises of this nature already established and to be established in the city.



View on Summit Avenue.

its first state governor, Hon. H. H. Sibley, as well as its present executive, William R. Merriam, it would be pardoned for many deficiencies. It is proud because there is little indulgence needed from the critical.

This, it is claimed, is the first plan ever developed to promote industrial ventures on strictly business principles ; and if so, it is a unique tribute to the enterprise and conservatism of its originators.



A Group of St. Paul Churches.

1. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

2. DAYTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

3. THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

4. CENTRAL PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

The massive structures where lie the supplies for the Northwest well nigh shut the sunlight out of the narrow streets on which they stand. With quiet dignity the immense trade goes on, but no casual passer-by would suspect its extent. Near these warehouses are the railroad buildings, the nerve centres for lines that feed thousands of miles of country; but the visitor who passes their iron gates and walks their tiled halls will have little conception of the magnitude of the interests they represent.

The history of St. Paul is so short that it is largely connected with business, for necessities come before luxuries. With the acquisition of wealth has been developed a desire for all that makes a city perfect. Its citizens represent the best classes of Eastern, Middle and Southern states, and of the countries beyond the sea. With inherited culture they came to this West to win their way to independence, and as their means have increased they have gratified their natural tastes. Then, too, the possessors of fortunes acquired in

other places, foreseeing, with the keenness of financiers, the destiny of the city, have made their homes here. The younger race, with blood bounding in its veins, has transfused its qualities to the city.

The residence avenues are witnesses to the general culture, and report says that in no city in the country can so much architectural beauty be discerned in the homes of the middle classes. Relieved by the ample lawns and framed with noble trees, they rest while they delight the observer, and lack the crowded appearance so often visible in the larger cities. Along the edge of St. Anthony Hill stretches Summit Avenue. What Euclid Avenue is to Cleveland, what Michigan Avenue is to Chicago, and Prospect Avenue is to Milwaukee, Summit Avenue is to St. Paul. In some respects, indeed, it is more beautiful than any of these. Its stately mansions look down from the crown of the hill upon the city at its feet, and upon the Mississippi as it curves away to the southward, or loses itself among the green banks in the direction of Fort Snelling. Below is University Avenue, the longest avenue in the world — over fifteen miles in length; it is 120 feet wide, and as straight as rule can make it. It furnishes an unbroken driveway between the twin cities.

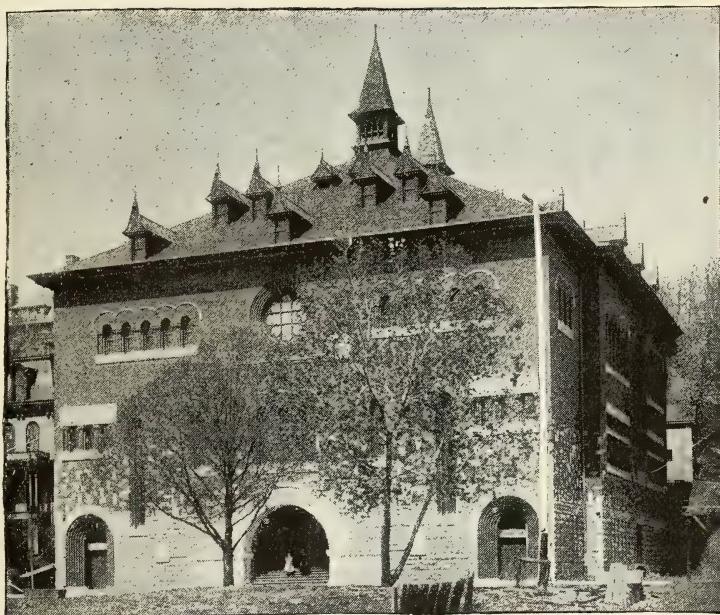
Joaquin Miller has written in his picturesque way of the streets of St. Paul: —

"As you drive along the apparently endless avenues you notice through the dense green trees on either hand, the confusion and variety of color that attaches to private residences. For here are private residences that are unsurpassed in elegance. One new palace, not yet completed, is pointed out to you, which, it is

said, will surpass in splendor even the rich palaces of the Vanderbilts. Red stone, brown stone, yellow stone, white stone, and stone of an old-gold color, green stone, roan stone, and stone of strawberry hue, even the dull white and cream-colored tufa, of which the Colosseum of Rome was built, are here in abundance. And many of the great public buildings in *Twincite* are built from bottom to top out of the very stone that is quarried in excavations for vaults and foundations.

"And here in this city are truly 'the jasper walls.' For here is laid the gleaming and glittering jasper, taken from a quarry not far away, and so hard, so nearly like diamond, that although a slab of it has lain before a jeweller's store as a part of the pavement for years, it is still without a mark or scar from all the myriads of passing feet."

The residents of the city have taken a

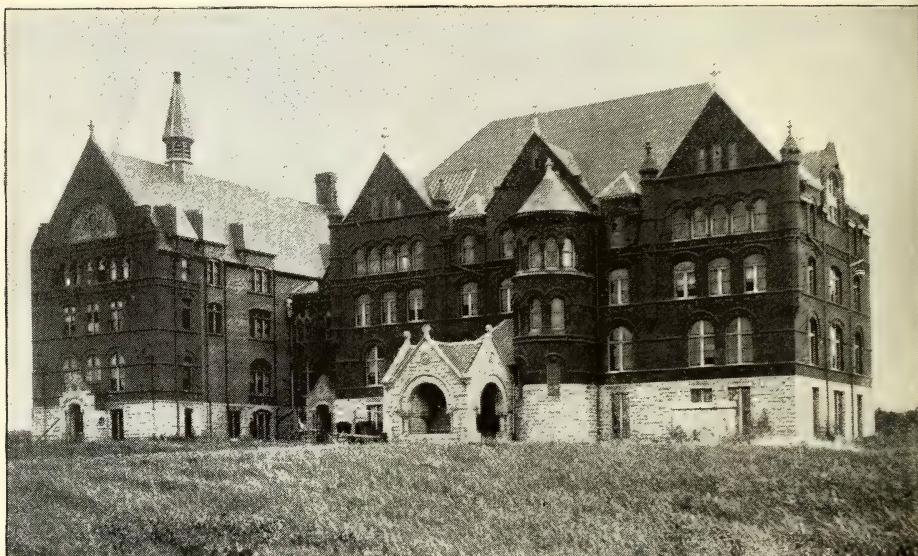


The People's Church.

personal pride in its improvement; and while this city still shows the marks of a transition period, their faith is everywhere exemplified by their works. For three years the average number of buildings erected has reached four thousand, the average annual cost amounting to \$14,000,000. Last year the *Pioneer Press* building was

erected, towering with its thirteen stories high above its surroundings. At present, probably no newspaper in the world has such a massive and elegant home. Its Democratic compeer, the *Globe*, also possesses a graceful and handsome structure. Within the same period, the New York

nizant of these advantages it is no cause for surprise that St. Paul is the healthiest city in America, no other municipality containing one hundred thousand inhabitants having so low a death-rate, although it is a resort for numerous invalids, especially those afflicted with pulmonary complaints.



Macalester College.

Life Insurance Company built a splendid office building, whose Hanseatic façade furnishes a pleasing architectural variety; and the Germania Life Insurance Company added an ornate building to the business streets. The Endicotts of Boston at the same time erected a magnificent arcade building fronting on two streets. The ground covered by buildings erected in 1889 alone would aggregate sixty-seven acres. Such were the individual enterprises of a single year. During the same twelvemonth \$2,310,633 were expended by the municipality for public improvements; the condemnation of parks alone costing nearly \$300,000; the construction of bridges, \$466,143; the streets graded, \$441,134; the streets paved, \$325,152; and the sewers constructed, \$478,347.

In natural conditions the city is extremely fortunate. Its topography allows thorough drainage by gravity, its elevation secures a healthful atmosphere, and a chain of spring-fed lakes furnishes an inexhaustible reservoir of pure water. To those cog-

It is not strange that the citizens of St. Paul, confident of their business future, enthusiastic over their almost unparalleled history, and satisfied with their location, should turn their attention to the welfare of their descendants. The first public endowment given by any western community is usually for the school-house, and the village of St. Paul was no exception. As the city grew, the schools were improved, until now they claim rank among the best in the land. By an amended city charter, which became operative in the spring of 1888, the public schools are under the direction of a board of education consisting of eleven inspectors appointed by the mayor, one from each ward. This was an attempt to prevent the public school system from being used as a football by ward politicians.

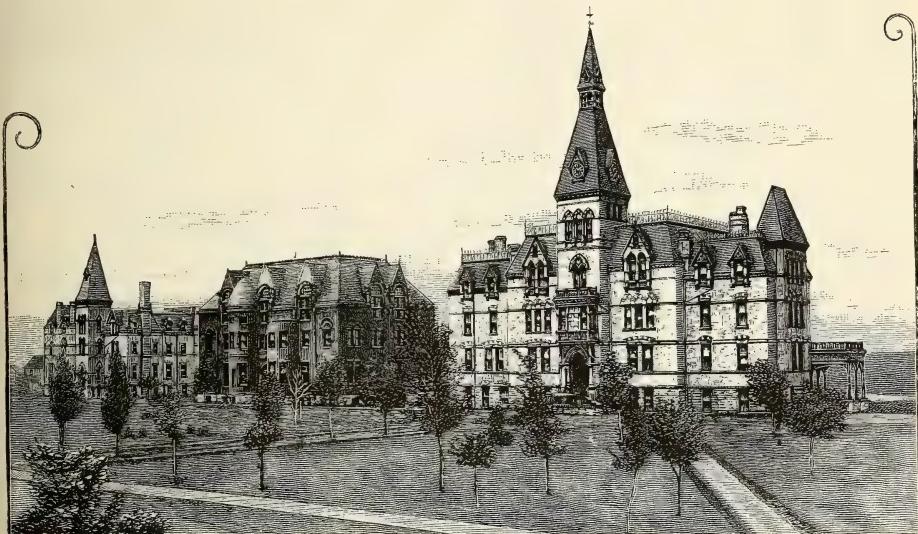
Another departure is worthy of notice. Before the schools of the Northwest had reached their high standard, it was necessary to induce teachers to come from the East to conduct them. To make the ped-

agogical staff independent, and to prove the thoroughness of the home instruction as a basis for professional education, a training school for teachers was established. This school consists of three departments,—respectively, training, practice, and model schools. The training department deals with the principles and methods of teaching and the government of pupils. The practice section includes the four grades of the primary and intermediate departments. These are taught by the pupil teachers under the supervision of the director of practice. The model department is for the purpose of allowing a given amount of work to be done by skilled instructors under the observation of the student teachers. A large number of the pupils who take this course of professional work are graduates of the high school, and at the present time about thirty-three per cent of all the teachers employed by the board hold the diplomas of the training school.

Even more noteworthy has been the progress in manual training. Two years ago this collateral but stunted branch of

demanded. One of the most completely equipped and conveniently arranged buildings in the country has been erected, and the results of this department will soon be open for the test of mature public judgment. Nor have the girls been forgotten in this education of the hand. Instruction is being given in the cutting, making, and repairing of garments,—a course of domestic economy which cannot fail to have a direct bearing upon the health, wealth, and morals of the community. Without doubt, this course will go even further in the future, and the purchase and preparation of foods, so that the greatest value can be obtained for the money, will be thoroughly explained. There is certainly no logical objection to this extension, and it is in entire accordance with the progressive spirit of the Northwest.

A tribute to the thoroughness and completeness of the St. Paul schools has been paid by many eastern colleges in the admission of its graduates to their courses of study without examination. The growing years have brought a wonderful expansion of the school system. In the last decade



Hamline University.

education was introduced in an elective way into the public system. It speedily became so popular that the course was elaborated, and the number of pupils thereupon increased even more notably, and enlarged quarters were imperatively

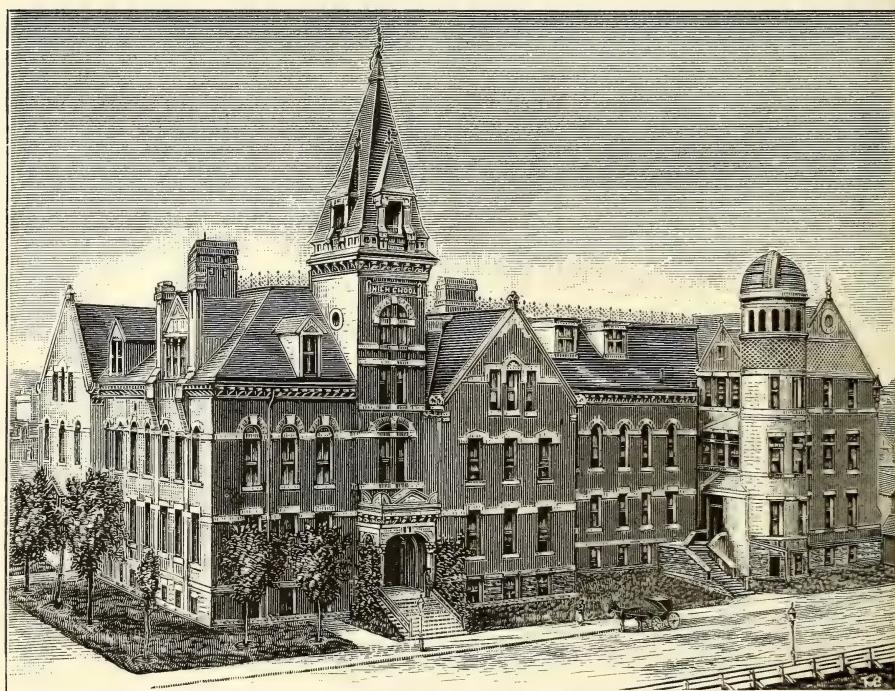
the number of buildings, of pupils, and of teachers has been quadrupled, and the most pressing problem for every board is to provide for the ever-increasing attendance. At present there are forty-one buildings, representing in sites and struc-

tures a cash value of \$2,000,000, and these buildings are insufficient to house the 17,000 pupils. There are 465 teachers enrolled in the instruction corps.

Private schools without number are scattered about the city. The Catholics here, as elsewhere, cling to their own system. The Academy of Visitation has among its alumnae some of the leading society ladies of St. Paul. The Academy of St. Joseph is another noted school for girls, and the Assumption school is equally prominent as a Catholic institution of learning. The Cretin school and some fourteen parochial schools have a large attendance and are in a flourishing condition. The Lutheran church also conducts five parish schools in the city, and the Bethlehem school provides an academical education for the children of the members of that denomination. Many other private schools have a large enroll-

own magazine, whose pages are devoted to topics of interest to the local school world. When they desire money for purposes for which the board is not inclined to make an appropriation, they give entertainments and produce plays in the assembly hall, which is provided with simple scenery.

Minnesota boys were formerly obliged to seek a collegiate education at the long-established institutions of the East. The Western states have by a state bounty, in the form of generous land grants, created universities which sprung full armed from the brow of the commonwealths. In the North Star state there was but one site for such an institution, and that, of course, in the vicinity of the Twin Cities. St. Paul had the capitol; Minneapolis was given the university. This leads the educational institutions of the state. Within the municipal limits of the sister city, it is but a

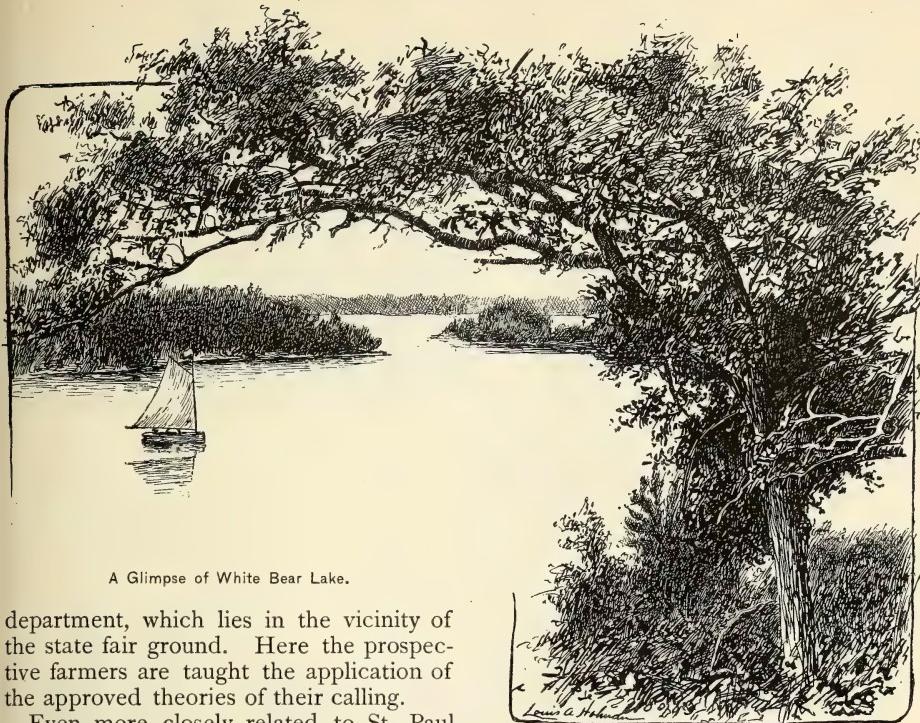


The St. Paul High School.

ment, and several business colleges furnish the means for an education of a commercial and technical character.

High school life is modelled much on the college plan. The pupils publish their

few minutes' ride from St. Paul, and allows the youthful resident of the capital city the benefits of university culture without taking him from the parental roof. Even nearer is the experimental farm of the agricultural



A Glimpse of White Bear Lake.

department, which lies in the vicinity of the state fair ground. Here the prospective farmers are taught the application of the approved theories of their calling.

Even more closely related to St. Paul are Hamline University and Macalester College, both denominational institutions which give their names to the pretty suburbs in which they are located. Hamline University is the oldest denominational institution in the state, having been established in 1854 under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church. Its buildings are modern in every respect; its curriculum has become noted for its extent and thoroughness. The endowment fund already amounts to \$400,000, while the buildings represent \$300,000. The institution possesses a library of four thousand well-selected volumes, and a cabinet containing three thousand specimens.

On the same high plateau which stretches between the two cities, and of like easy access by a short drive or a ride on the railroad trains at frequent intervals, is Macalester College. It is under the charge of the Presbyterian church and, unlike its older rival in sight of its doors, admits only young men to its advantages. Comparatively young in years, it is old in the experience of its instructors and strong in its financial resources. It affords what it promises, a thorough classical education to the earnest seeker.

Several institutions of learning are scattered about the state, but in the future many which will be founded will probably take possession of the desirable sites between and around the Twin Cities. From them they must hope to draw students, and, indeed, no point is so convenient to every portion of the state as is its capital and commercial city. It would be folly to expect around western collegiate institutions that indescribable air of culture which furnishes one of the most delightful elements of eastern university life. That comes, like the bouquet of choice wine, with age alone. The younger institutions, however, do give to the sturdy, pushing students who seek their assistance, often with early deficiencies which are overcome only by indomitable perseverance, an education which, in their strong hands, becomes an instrument to carve out a successful career.

The interests of Minnesota in particular and those of the Northwest in general tend to concentrate in St. Paul. Here all railroads converge, and from here it is easy to reach any desired point. The national government directs its courts to



SOME RECENT ST. PAUL ARCHITECTURE.  
Residences and Apartment Houses.

sit here; the highest state judicial body has its home here; so that it is a rare exception when no court is in session. Uncle Sam has here a revenue office, and during 1889 collected \$2,804,338 in tribute money. In a plain building near the Robert Street bridge are the headquarters of the department of Dakota, U.S.A., which department controls about one-fourth of the entire army and embraces the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and one camp in Wyoming. The yearly disbursements of this department amount to nearly one million dollars.

The Catholic church militant has also established its headquarters for the Northwest in St. Paul, a location peculiarly appropriate; for one of its priests erected the first place of worship upon its site, and his opposition to the liquor traffic has come down intact to the present archbishop, a heritage of policy. For this reason, if no other, it is fitting that the capital of the archiepiscopal province and its suffragan sees should be by the silver highway so often traversed by Catholic missionaries, and that the spires of the future great cathedral should mark the point at which the zealous Jesuit pushed into the trackless wilderness to lead with his uplifted crucifix the morally groping occupants to the way of eternal life.

South St. Paul has several important industries, chief among which are the stock-yards and the packing establishment. It is but a question of time, evidently, when one of the most important packing centres of the country will be found here on the upper Mississippi. It is the natural market for the hogs and grass-fed cattle of Minnesota, and the range-fed steers of the Dakotas and Montana. As the nearest market, freight is saved both on the cattle

and the cured product, while the newly developed and always multiplying connections with the East provide outlets without a prohibitory traffic.

These are but individual instances of a general concentration of industries and enterprises at this point, due to its unequalled facilities as a northwestern depot for distribution. The indication of this steady reinforcement is found in that financial pulse, the banking interests. As a measure of business increase, it may be stated that the clearing house records for



New York Life Insurance Building.

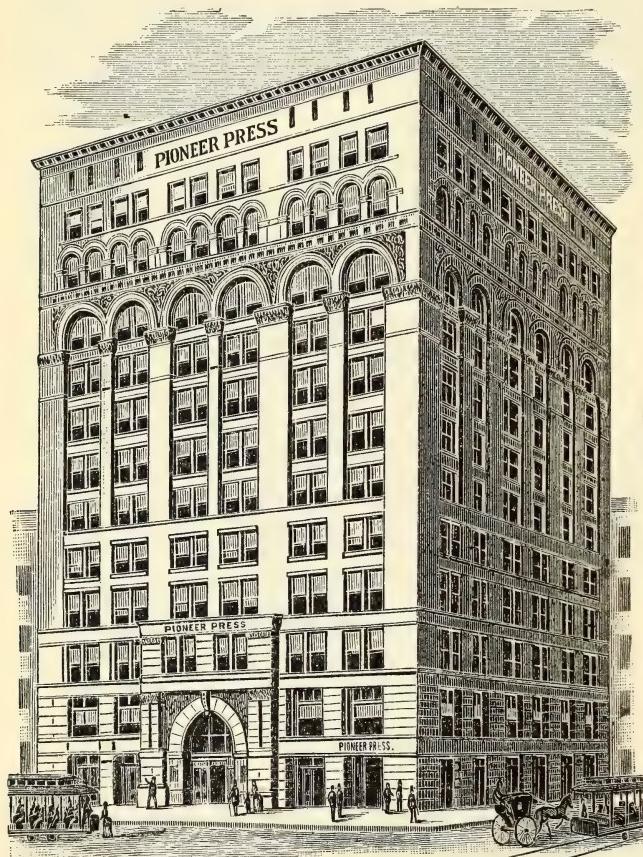
St. Paul are \$39,267,804 for 1880, and \$209,409,381 for 1889.

This unusual development in mercantile, industrial, and commercial life was bound to affect the population, and the inhabitants increased in like ratio. They had long since pushed beyond the limits of the 224 acres embraced in the original plat.

They climbed up the hills, and placed their residences on the crests, but the outer circle was ever forced outward. Pretty suburbs sprang up along the eleven railroad lines which enter and leave St. Paul in every direction. From South St. Paul on the south, to North St. Paul, around to Merriam Park and St. Anthony Park,

from which the business man can as quickly reach his office, and with as little effort, as does his partner, who may perchance live in the resident portion of the older part of the city. The increase in population raised the price of property, and fortunes were made without an effort. Within the last years magnificent apartment houses have been erected, and so closely have the conditions of life approximated to those in the East that a vacancy in them is an unusual occurrence.

Indeed, the northwestern citizen flatters himself that he has all that eastern life can offer. A cosmopolitan by nature and travel, he comprehends the magnitude of the northwestern country and its tremendous resources, which have not yet been appreciably encroached upon. Great as is its importance today, he knows that it is but a petty principality to the kingdom it is destined to become. The citizen of St. Paul, feeling that his city is the natural capital of this great territory, is self-assertive, especially when brought into contact with eastern people, whose ignorance of the Northwest sometimes causes this confidence to be interpreted as egotism. There are many reasons for this characteristic of



The Pioneer Press Building.

Hamline and Macalester, which had preempted the delightful plateau between the cities, a chain of suburbs was established. To fasten these and the further districts of the city itself to the business centre, cable lines and horse-car lines radiated in every direction. Within the present year electricity has been substituted on several lines, and the days of the old horse car will end with the year.

Thus were attractive homes with all the freedom of country surroundings secured,

western people. Their judgment is usually the result of experience. They are natives of eastern cities or of other lands, and hence their opinion is based on life in different places and is not the offspring of local prejudice. In their brief hour they have seen a wilderness made to blossom like a garden, and in the light of experience they believe nothing impossible. They are energetic by nature, as their desertion of familiar scenes to win their way amid the fierce competition of strangers in a strange

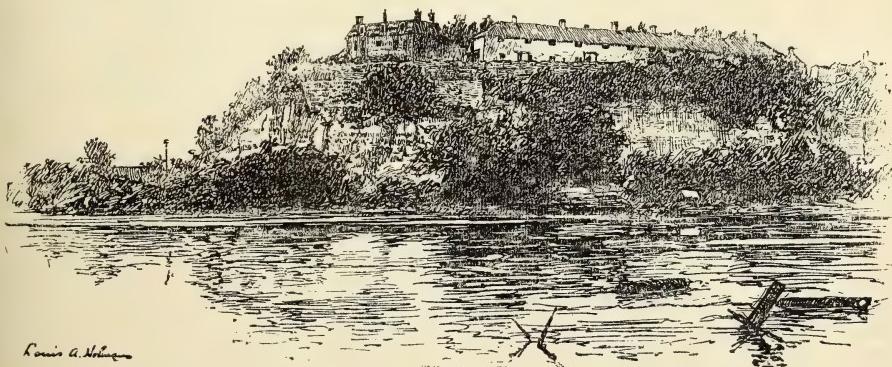
land proves. In their new field of action they become accustomed to the gigantic. If among the Rockies, the scenes of rugged grandeur impart great aspirations and a courage to attempt great things. If on the prairies, the sea of land, with its waves of green that roll away until they touch the circle of the horizon, tends to banish the small and petty.

It has been necessary in advancing to the westward to use methods on a scale which will probably never again be employed. In constructing the railroads, which now lead progress instead of following it, methods of the past had to be abandoned. The increase in railroad mileage centring in St. Paul has been sufficient in four decades to gird the earth. The pick and shovel would not have accomplished this in the limited periods devoted to actual construction. Scoops on wheels were necessary for the prairie, steam shovels cut away banks, steam drills gnawed, and powder and dynamite tore a way through the rocks. Railroad building was lifted to the level of a science and contractors became specialists in the study of speed.

The extent of the northwest country, its still sparsely settled condition in comparison with the immense population it can sustain, has divested distance of all its force. It is nothing unusual for St. Paul mercantile establishments to send their couriers fifteen hundred miles westward in search of clients, and the merchant himself thinks no more of a journey to Helena or Spokane Falls than the Boston merchant of a run to New York. Great as the distance is, St. Paul is still the depot nearest this undeveloped West, and will prob-

ably ever retain its important relations with this section. The time has gone by when cities spring up at any favorable spot. Money now dictates their location. Artificial conditions are well nigh supreme. Railroads can force their way even to a mountain eyrie or clamber down the sides of a chasm, and it is almost impossible to overcome the prestige of an established commercial capital; absolutely impossible, unless the attempt is backed by corporate interests equally powerful and far more determined. For this reason and the fact that the relations of the different component parts of the Northwest have been practically adjusted, the future of St. Paul is unthreatened.

The newspapers of the Twin Cities illustrate these relations. Their circulation reaches to the Pacific coast, and they are looked upon by the people of the Dakotas and Montana as exponents of their interests as well as of those of Minnesota. The news is selected with reference to its value to the entire Northwest, and topics which the people of the East seldom discuss are debated thoroughly in their columns. The weather and crop reports are daily reported with the utmost care from all the territory east of the Rocky Mountains. The visitor must expect to find that many of his favorite subjects arouse little interest, and he will be astonished to discover that places of which, perhaps, he never dreamed are prominent in the attention of his new associates. It is not unusual for a correspondent to be sent four hundred miles for a valuable piece of news, and the detailing of a reporter for a little expedition of a hundred miles is a common occurrence.



Fort Snelling.

Living on what may be termed, from his predilection for business matters, wholesale lines, the manner of the typical man of the Northwest is indicative of quiet confidence. He is persuaded that he can do anything that he may attempt; he has been broadened by affairs conducted on an immense scale, which he has observed if he has not been connected with; and he feels a contempt for slow-going methods. What are petty matters to him, when a few men can plat a town or build a railroad?



Manual Training School.

The people of St. Paul collectively bear the marks of this confidence, the result of their experience and their faith. Otherwise they are much like other people. They embrace all nationalities, but their traits are moulded into a composite type. The conservative delegate from the East acquires the dash of the West; the Southerner loses his easy-going manner, for he has no alternative if he wishes to exist; the emigrants from Europe are refined by the physical conditions, and in the second generation at least become typical Americans, who combine in themselves the restless activity of the native and the sturdy constitution of the foreigner. There is no district "beyond the Rhine" in St. Paul. A large number of Germans are comprised in the population, but they are Germans by origin only. They claim the name of Americans as proudly as do the descendants of the Puritans. The talk of nation-

alities and their cohesive tendencies is most common at election time, and is mainly based on theory. The emigrants from the old country quickly discover that they can do as they please in America, and here in the Northwest, at least, they do it.

Material matters have thus far mostly occupied the minds of the people of St. Paul. Of necessity this has been so, for its population has been composed of those who came here to better their condition. As they have prospered, their taste for the beautiful has found expression in their homes, as its first form, and although many mansions show a somewhat barren exterior, they are furnished with an elegance which would be a credit to an old world capital; for nothing is too remote or too expensive to be beyond the reach of a successful citizen of the Northwest. The same broad plans that govern his ideas of work enter also into the gratification of his desires. From the composition of the population, the student of character would infer, and correctly, that the citizens are a pleasure-loving people; for amusements are the antidote of care and the recreation of the foreign elements. Two years ago the Grand Opera House was destroyed by fire, and through complications and misunderstandings St. Paul has since been almost deprived of suitable playhouses; but the construction of two opera-houses which will be unsurpassed in arrangement by any in the country, being modelled after the best of Boston theatres, and which are being pushed to completion as rapidly as possible, will soon supply this unfortunate deficiency. The musical element is well represented, as it always is where Germans settle, and the best artists are eagerly welcomed and heartily supported. Literature, in a creative sense, has obtained no foothold, but Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Browning receive about the same criticism and the same attention from the same relative circles here that they do in eastern cities.

In one branch of letters, although legal literature is perhaps more a class of merchandise than anything else, St. Paul is the leading city of the country. At the West Publishing House, the reports of every state supreme court are issued with such promptness that they ante-date the local official reports by nearly a year, a saving of time which is appreciated by the legal fraternity.

There are two municipal qualities of which St. Paul is rightfully proud, and those are good order and temperance. Subject to high license, its saloons are open seven days in the week, but an intoxicated man is a rare sight.

When opportunity comes for enjoyment, the people of St. Paul need not seek pleasure elsewhere. The adjacent territory is studded with sapphire lakes, whose shores furnish beautiful sites for summer residences, as well as a place for a day's recreation. Chief among these attractions is Minnetonka, more particularly claimed by Minneapolis, but to whose shores wander many of the citizens of St. Paul. By the expenditure of large sums of money, Minnetonka has become the great pleasure resort of the Northwest and is a favored refuge of Southerners in the heated days of summer. A ride of thirty minutes brings the resident of St. Paul within reach of the lake breezes.

Less conventional, but equally beautiful, judged solely by the canons of rural beauty, is White Bear Lake, from whose placid surface Manitou Island rises green and gloomy. The shores of this pretty bit of water provide many vantage points, which have been appropriated by the summer residences of St. Paul people, varying from the simple and inexpensive rustic cottage to the substantial and costly mansion. During the heated term, business men go out from the city at night and return in the morning, the short railroad ride of a dozen miles being a pleasant prelude and sequel to the day's work. On the banks many gatherings are held, notably the annual meeting of the Chautauqua Society at Mah-tomedi, on the further shore of the lake.

The chain of lakes, of which White Bear is but a single link, encloses an unsurpassed natural park. As the distance from the city increases, the influence of fashion diminishes. Bald Eagle Lake and Lake Elmo are less conventional than White Bear. Still further are the hunting and fishing grounds on the St. Croix and the lakes near by, where the seeker for recreation, who despises the blazer and tennis racket, and longs for a birch bark and pole and line, can revel in the fulfilment of his desires with no fear of molestation. A few minutes suffice to reach these scenes; if as many hours are at the disposal of the pleasure-seeker, he can find a Nimrod's

paradise which he may enter without trouble, and streams that will delight the heart of the most enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton.

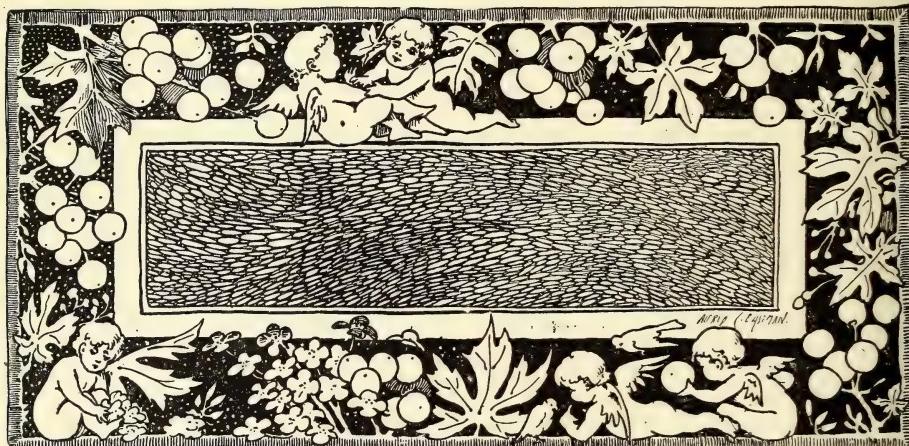
The drives about St. Paul are limitless. Fifty miles of paved streets and nine times that amount of graded street make riding a pleasure. Thirty-eight parks and various places of interest make attractive termini for the excursions. Como Park with its pretty lake and handsome grounds, which are the result of the work of the prisoners in the workhouse, is the leading park. Indian Mounds, on Dayton's bluff, are not only an object of curiosity, but from them an unsurpassed view can be had of river, valley, and city. Up the river, Fort Snelling with its gray buildings and round tower, which stood guard for many years against the depredations of the Indians, reposes in the peacefulness of old age. Here a detachment of regulars is stationed, and it is a pretty sight to see them form on the emerald sward at sundown for dress parade, a picture framed in by cozy officers' quarters and historic walls. Minnehaha, whose sweet song Longfellow caught, is not far distant. The slender stream that falls over the edge turns to silver as it pours into the dark bowl formed by the eroded rock. The picturesque glen, through which the stream hurries after its leap, is a pleasant place to saunter and forget the strifes of the world in the murmur of stream and fall, whose beauty charmed even the hearts of the savages.

Nor does winter place an embargo on the recreations of St. Paul. The city is famous as the home of the "Frost King," and when he came to take possession of the palace made of crystal, the magnificence of his reception drew spectators from the farthest limits of the land. The fountains of colored fire, the storm of rockets, bombs, and Roman candles, revealing the white battlements against the background of a star-gemmed sky, the streets lined with colored lights that arched over corners and shed their many-colored beams on snow-shoe and toboggan clubs, made a fête as gorgeously representative of a northern clime as is the Mardi Gras or the Festival of the Veiled Prophet of a southern zone. The mild weather of the past two years has prevented these carnival scenes, but when the sharp atmosphere of another winter comes, sparkling

as a brilliant and as stimulating as champagne, St. Paul will again be the theatre of the greatest winter revels on the continent.

In its every-day garb St. Paul represents the antitheses of fifty years. Some landmarks of pioneer times look up at the creations of the present, which in turn ambitiously peer into the future. The older scenes throw into stronger relief the

achievements of the day and the possibilities of coming years. The city bristles with the activity of a frontier town modified by achieved success and a belief that its heritage is secure. As the capital of the Northwest, a unique portion of the republic, it is an interesting outgrowth of conditions in many respects unparalleled on the globe.



## A ROMANCE OF CASTINE.

*By Isabel G. Eaton.*

"Far eastward o'er the lovely bay  
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay.  
And gently from the Indian town  
The verdant hillside slopes adown  
To where the sparkling waters play."

—*Mogg Megone.*

THERE are many pilgrims of the summer who stray each year to the coast of Maine, and pitch their tents in the quaint old town of Castine, called a century ago by the name of "Bagaduce." The upper ridge of the peninsula, two hundred feet above the sea, is crowned by the remains of old Fort George, from whose grassy ramparts is an enchanting view over the village, harbor, and bay. To the left, eighteen miles away, rises the rounded peak of Bluehill; and far to the southeast the azure crest of the Mount Desert hills are outlined against the sky.

It is one of the "old towns with a his-

tory," though not all who gaze upon the ruined earthworks which still remain, value the place on account of its historic interest, for Castine is fast becoming the fashion. Many of its lovers, however, visiting the old fort which once bristled with British cannon, conjure up the romantic past as they gaze and dream. Into thy listening ear, dear summer traveller, I whisper this little romance of old Castine.

### I.

THE tardy summer, which since the days of the Pilgrims comes slowly up the wind-swept eastern coast, had bloomed at Bagaduce. The little settlement, so long dwelling at peace after the varying changes of fortune it had undergone in the eventful past, was full of life and excitement now

in this year of our Lord 1779; for two regiments of British soldiers from Halifax, under General McLean, had come to take possession in the name of the king. The place swarmed from morn till night with the busy red-coats, at work upon the fortifications which the general had at once set about constructing. A new fort was rising upon the high ridge of the peninsula, overlooking the ancient earthworks which had been the scene of siege and battle in the days long gone. Many a year had passed since French baron and Dutch pirate had wielded sword and cutlass for the possession of this little trading post, and time had covered the old batteries with a thick carpet of peaceful green.

Magnificent was the sweep of land and sea which the new fort commanded from its lofty elevation. The trained eye of General McLean had seen at once the advantages it would possess to command every approach; and his prophetic soul warned him that he would not long be left in peaceful possession of Bagaduce. The war-ships, *Albany*, *North*, and *Nautilus*, which had conveyed the regiments from Halifax, remained to guard the harbor. Every man that could be spared was detailed for labor in clearing land and digging the trenches for the new fort; while through the busy summer days the sound of axe, hammer, and spade resounded. Many of the settlers were impressed into service, greatly to the disgust of those who were patriotically inclined, and who resented this intrusion of the minions of King George into their quiet community.

One sunny July morning a group of British officers, in all the bravery of scarlet uniform, gold lace, and powdered wig, were gathered near the fort, watching the laborers hauling logs into the bastions, overlooked by the vigilant eye of the general, who did not disdain to lend a hand as well as supervision to the work.

"What shall the fort be called, General?" asked a tall, handsome young lieutenant, as the general found a leisure moment and joined the group. "Shall we name it after the worthies of the past who have dwelt here, Grandfontaine, La Tour, St. Castin? Or there is the old chief of the Tarrantines, whose daughter St. Castin married — a royal old sachem, they say he was; how would 'Fort Madockawando' sound?"

The other officers laughed, while the general stood a moment in thought.

"Those names are all too long," he said, taking off his chapeau and wiping his forehead. "It shall be named for our royal master, King George, a word easily spoken, and short as well. Fort George it shall be!"

"Long live the King!" exclaimed another of the group. "Shall we not drink a toast in honor of Fort George, General?" A glass of old Madeira or Cliquot would not come amiss this hot day."

The sentiment was universally approved, and an aid was hastily despatched to the *Nautilus* for a package of Madeira. The officers gayly filled their glasses, and with laughter and merry quip the toast was drunk to the honor of the King and Fort George.

In the midst of the merriment, a young girl, slender and fleet of foot, ran lightly up the path, past the shaded knoll where the officers were reclining as they drank their wine, and disappeared behind the mound of freshly thrown up earth. A white-bearded man in shirt-sleeves soon appeared, evidently summoned by a message from the girl, and walked with her down the hill-slope toward the settlement, the girl pausing a moment to listen as the young officer who had first spoken, sang a little soldier's song in a rich baritone.

"How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys.  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound.  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys,  
Whose business 'tis to die?"

The girl drew nearer, as if fascinated by the wild, rollicking rhythm of the song, and when the singer stopped and looked up, directed by the glances of the others, he saw the listener, whom he had not noticed before, gazing at him with shy yet earnest attention.

It was a fair girlish head that the rays of the sun fell upon, touching the ringlets about her forehead into a golden nimbus. Her blue eyes sparkled, her lips were parted as she listened to the song, and her sunbonnet, instead of being on her head, dangled from her hand by its strings. She was clad in a simple gown of calico; but the grace of her attitude, as she stood a moment before the group, in spite of the severe outlines of her drapery, struck the

young man's attention. Her eyes fell before his gaze ; but before she had time to turn and flee General McLean kindly said, "Good morning, Mistress Polly, will you too take a sip of wine in honor of Fort George? We have just named it after the King. I hope we may include you among his loyal subjects. Philip, pour out a glass for Miss Westcott !"

The singer, Philip Collier, filled a wine glass and gracefully presented it to the girl, who, blushing, turned her eyes to the young man's face and shyly took the glass in her hand. Lieutenant Collier filled his own, and touching Miss Westcott's glass, proposed her health, to which all the others gallantly drank. The girl's blushes deepened as she touched her glass to her lips, drank a little of its contents, and then stood with a little puzzled look, as not knowing what was the proper thing to do on such an occasion as a public toast-drinking. Her self-possession did not entirely desert her, however, for she made a little courtesy as Philip Collier took the glass from her hand, and said :—

"I used to be one of the king's subjects when we lived in Halifax, but I don't know now what I am. I have often wished we were back there again, for it is so dull here."

"Did you come from Halifax?" asked Lieutenant Collier. "I thought you did not resemble the Yankee girls here."

"Father says he is a Yankee," replied Miss Polly smiling demurely. "So I suppose I ought to be one too. But I like the English better, though I don't say so to father. He doesn't—" Here she stopped, remembering that she was in the company of British officers.

"Doesn't like the English, hey? Well, perhaps we may be able to overcome his prejudices before we leave Bagaduce," laughed the general, looking with admiration at Polly's roseleaf face. But Polly dropped a courtesy and, with a shy glance toward the young man who had proposed her health, ran down the hill with a graceful step, never stopping to look behind.

"By Jove, a pretty creature!" exclaimed one of the group. "She is no Yankee, it is evident, from her ease of manner and her face. She is more like a French demoiselle."

"She is the daughter of that old rebel Westcott," replied the general. "He was

once a fur trader, I understand, and lived in Canada all his life as a sort of *courieur des bois*, until he took a notion to settle here and turn Yankee patriot. He has refused to take the oath of allegiance, I hear. But his daughter is descended from one of the old French *émigrés* through her mother, and shows her gentle blood. Polly is a fine girl, though she is wild as a young deer and paddles her canoe like an Indian. But we have idled here long enough, gentlemen." And, followed by the others, the general took his way down the hill to return to the *Nautilus*.

## II.

THE officers of His Majesty's regiments found life in the little settlement rather monotonous as the days passed, and only the occupation of fort-building, the construction of one or two small batteries on Dyce's Point, and card-playing served to fill the time. Society at that period had not attained the elegance and exclusiveness that characterized Bagaduce at a later date, when it became a town and commercial wealth flowed into it from beyond the seas. Most of the inhabitants were poor farmers or fisherman ; and provisions and clothing were scarce and high in price. The advent of two regiments of soldiers, and their consequent demands upon the resources of the gardens and farmyards, together with the confiscation of the muskets and flint-locks of the settlers by the British general, had not tended to cordiality on the part of the resident families towards the invaders.

Of those most rampant in rebellion to the domination of the English was old Job Westcott, of whose pretty daughter we have caught a glimpse. He had come to Bagaduce with his family from Canada three years previously, built himself a house, and vigorously espoused the patriot cause. He was an active, hale old man, wearing a long snowy beard in defiance of the fashion of the day, and spent his time in hunting, fishing, and cultivating his garden. His quiet, retiring wife sought little intercourse with their neighbors ; but their only child, Polly they called her, ran wild over the settlement, according to her own sweet will. Every fine day a birch canoe, paddled by Polly's dextrous hands,

was seen flitting over the waters of the harbor, shooting past the war vessels at a respectful distance ; and when not in her canoe, Polly was sure to be seen roaming about on the rocky shore or through the forest, as free and as fleet as the deer.

Lieutenant Philip Collier was an ardent sportsman ; and when not on duty often strolled about the country, gun in hand, in search of game. One day while hunting, he came suddenly upon Miss Polly on the northerly shore, listening with rapt delight to the notes of a thrush warbling in the trees overhead. He had noted, as he peeped through the branches which, reaching over the path, hid him from her view as he approached, the statuesque grace of her attitude as she stood poised on a projecting shelf of rock, where a misstep would have sent her into the water below. Half afraid of frightening her, he stood still and watched her dilating eyes; the smile of pleasure that parted her lips as the woodland music floated through the still forest air and mingled with theplash of the incoming tide-waves breaking on the rocks at her feet. Her sun-bonnet had fallen from her head and hung around her neck. The soul of the musician and poet shone forth from her unconscious face. Collier gazed at her, wondering the while at this forest-fairy in calico, with the artist soul shining in every feature. In a moment more she had stepped swiftly down over the rock and was gone.

By this time Philip Collier was fired with an intense curiosity to discover, if possible, of what this elusive maiden was made. Since the episode at the fort, she had been very shy of meeting the soldiers, perhaps because her father had shown such open rebellion to the English authority. Collier fancied he would not be welcome at the Westcott house ; but he watched his opportunity, and in a few days, while sitting at the door of one of the tents of the camp, he saw Miss Polly walking along the shore path in the direction of the old ruined French fort and seat herself on the grassy mound, guiltless now of gun or armament. In an instant he seized his chapeau and followed her. She seemed to be sitting in a reverie, and he approached softly, half afraid she would take alarm and flee at the sound of his step ; but just as he was concocting a nice little speech to address to her, he had the mis-

fortune to trip over the hidden root of a tree that ran across the path, and stumbled, falling headlong in anything but a dignified attitude at Polly's feet. The girl started, and burst into a merry laugh as she turned and beheld the elegant young officer invading her solitude in such a fashion. Her laughter continued in a joyous abandon that increased his chagrin, but he picked himself up, and with a red face said jocosely : —

“ Your very humble servant, Miss Westcott ! On my knees, you see, I have begged your pardon for intruding ! ”

Polly stopped laughing at once.

“ Excuse my laughing, please,” she said, gravely. “ But I always laugh at everything, even at father when he scolds. He does not mind it.”

“ It is well to have something to laugh at in this dull place,” replied her visitor, seating himself at Polly's side. “ There is not much here to interest a young girl. How do you manage to endure life here ? ”

“ O, I stay out of doors,” said Polly simply. “ But when winter comes it is very lonely. Mrs. Perkins lent me some books to read, but I went to sleep over them.”

“ What were the books ? ” asked the young man, looking furtively at the pretty profile turned towards him as the girl sat with her eyes fixed upon the forests of Cape Rozier opposite.

Polly made up a little face of disgust.

“ Oh, there was Zimmermann on *Solitude*, and Alleine's *Alarm to the Unconverted*, and Young's *Night Thoughts*. Father called them hard names, and mother said they were heretic books.”

It was now Philip's turn to laugh.

“ Upon my word, a fine literary banquet for a young girl ! I can give you some books to read that you will like better, if you will let me,—the plays of Shakespeare,—though perhaps you have read them,—*Don Quixote*, and the *Spectator*. Who was your mother, Miss Westcott, if I may ask ? ”

“ My mother was a Frenchwoman by birth, and a Catholic, though she does not tell any one here of it. They would not have anything to say to a Catholic, you know. They say that there used to be a chapel here in this very spot, and the old Baron Castin had priests here with him, who held service. They tell of the Sieur

Grandfontaine, too, who ruled the country long ago, and was a great noble in France before he came here. I should like to have known him, and the Sieur St. Castin, too. Perhaps my great-grandmother did," said Polly musingly, evidently finding pleasure in talking to one who would appreciate her fancies.

"I don't know about the Sieur Grandfontaine," replied the young man, "but the noble St. Castin seemed to have held his nobility in light esteem, since he married an Indian chief's daughter, and became half Indian himself. There may be fascinations in the life of an Indian, but I prefer civilization myself."

"I found this here on the beach last summer among the pebbles," said Polly, pulling out of her bosom something which was tied around her neck by a ribbon. She untied it and handed it to Philip. It was apparently a silver coin, oxydized by the action of water; but as Philip examined it, he distinguished the figure of a lamb bearing a cross on one side of the coin, and an inscription in Latin on the other. After much study he spelled out the letters. They proved to be "Nostra Dama Sanctæ Spei," with the date 1650, and he knew it must be a relic of the French occupation and of the chapel which once resounded with the prayer and chant of the devoted missionary priests who had invaded the Indian solitudes which were then a part of old Acadia.

"Our Lady of Holy Hope"<sup>1</sup> it means," said the young man. "Perhaps old St. Castin himself wore this around his neck. I will give you a good price for this, Miss Westcott, if you will sell it to me."

Polly shook her head.

"Mother says that it is an Agnus Dei, and keeps off evil spirits, for it was blessed by the priests. It would be sacrilege to sell it." And she replaced the amulet in her bosom.

"No evil spirits will ever trouble you, my dear girl," said Philip ardently, unable to take his eyes from Polly's expressive face, which reflected every emotion of her soul. What subtle depths of feeling lurked in her dark blue eyes, which rested upon

him at times with an inquiring gaze as of a soul imprisoned! It was a revelation to the young man, who had been accustomed to the society of powdered and patched dames of fashion, brilliant perhaps and beautiful, but with manners as artificial as the times then were. A sudden longing seized him then and there, to fly with this young maiden of seventeen to some Utopian spot, where he could look forever into those blue eyes and find a heaven of unsullied joy. But Polly woke him from this impossible dream.

"It is late," she said, rising and taking her way along the homeward path. Collier silently followed her until nearly at her door, when he ventured to ask if he might call upon her mother. Polly stopped, a troubled look coming into her face.

"Father is so angry with the English for coming here, that I am afraid you would not enjoy calling at our house," she said, candidly stating the disagreeable fact. "Perhaps he will get over it, and then you can come."

"But I do not want to wait till he gets over it," replied Philip entreatingly. "May I not bring you the books? I am not afraid of your father."

Polly smiled—a dazzling little smile that shone out from under the sunbonnet, and with a half assenting nod she vanished inside the garden gate.

"What fools these mortals be!" said the young man to himself as he turned and strode to the shore. "A little Yankee girl in a sunbonnet!"

But the face in the sunbonnet would not be banished from his mind. In the evening he sat on the quarter deck of the *Nautilus* meditatively smoking, while his comrades played piquet and rallied him on his unsociability. A sunset of rare splendor was flooding the calm waters with an avalanche of color. Beyond Long Island the Camden Hills lifted their kingly brows in purple state, forming a background to the gold and azure of the sea. Philip Collier watched the exquisite picture while the lingering northern twilight closed in around them, and spoke not.

"So the canoe-maiden captured you in the old fort this morning, Collier," said Captain Mowatt of the *Albany*, rising from the card-table and its noisy group of players, and crossing the deck. "A pair of bright eyes are more effective than Yankee

<sup>1</sup> There was unearthed in Castine a few years ago a piece of copper, with the inscription, "Nostra Dama Sanctæ Spei," engraved upon it. It was the name of the ancient chapel of St. Castin's time, which stood in the centre of the fort.

six-pounders, eh? Did she demand unconditional surrender?"

"Not exactly," replied Philip. "But Miss Westcott is really a beautiful girl, full of soul and spirit. She is a veritable Miranda."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Captain Mowatt, raising his eyebrows at the young man's enthusiasm. "And are you to be Prince Ferdinand to this Miranda? Beware of that old Caliban, her father, though; he is the most troublesome rebel there is in Bagaduce. He seems to bear a personal spite against every mother's son of us."

"I am not afraid of him," replied Philip. "By Jove, I would like to see his daughter well dressed and educated, and in the position where she belongs."

Captain Mowatt laughed. "Perhaps your swan might prove a very ordinary duck. Better leave her in the oblivion of these primeval forests. She will never know what she loses in not being a society bird of paradise."

Philip made no reply.

"I am afraid the Yankees will give us trouble yet," Captain Mowatt went on, as he paced the deck and admired the view spread out in the vivid sunset colors. "It is an important post and has great facilities for trade. I expect to see an invasion of the colonists to dislodge us. The place has seen several naval engagements during the last hundred years, though the French seem to have held it most of the time. It is a lovely spot, and what a harbor! The navies of old England could float in it, with room to spare!"

### III.

AFTER their simple supper the next day, the Westcott family were gathered in the little sitting-room. The old man, weary with the day's compulsory toil, sat thinking in surly discontent in his wooden arm-chair. His patient wife plied her busy spinning-wheel in the corner; while Miss Polly sat by the window, pretending to mend the stockings, but in reality with her eyes and thoughts far away, beyond the forest trees.

"Father," she suddenly cried, turning to him, "why didn't you stay in Halifax, instead of coming here? What is there here for me? I want to know something;

but I am growing up like an Indian girl in the woods! I want to read books and learn music and be fit for something besides mending stockings and paddling a canoe like a squaw. I might as well live in a wigwam."

Her father looked up in surprise.

"Why, Polly, girl, what has put such nonsense into your head? What does a girl want of books? They fill her head with trash. You ought to be happy—nothing to do but enjoy yourself the whole day long!"

"But I want something to do besides enjoy myself," replied Polly, with spirit. "I am not contented with knowing nothing and being a wild country girl. Look here!" and Polly ran into the parlor and brought out a miniature, which she held up to view. "There is my grandmother St. Evremond. She was a lady, and not a savage. Mother says I look like her; and that she could sing, and play on the harpsichord, and read books in Latin, and speak to people in many languages. Why cannot I be like her as well as look like her? I was named for her, too!"

The old man looked in astonishment at Polly, who stood before him with flashing eyes, and voice ringing in her passionate earnestness. The spinning-wheel ceased its whir while Polly was speaking, and the mother's eyes filled with long repressed tears.

A knock at the door brought Polly down from her heroics to the realities. She ran to the door, the miniature still in her hand. There stood Philip Collier with his arms full of books.

"Oh!" ejaculated Polly, hardly knowing whether or no to admit into her father's presence one of the obnoxious English. He admitted himself, however, and stalked calmly into the sitting-room, oblivious of the old man's angry stare and Polly's embarrassment. With courteous speech and adroit compliment he proceeded to make himself agreeable, and succeeded so well that the old man had no choice but to answer his visitor with civility. The young man asked to see the miniature in Polly's hand, and was surprised and delighted to behold an exquisite portrait of a beautiful woman so like Polly's own self that if the costume and powdered hair and shining pearls had not proclaimed the Parisian beauty of an earlier age, he would have

sworn that the original stood before his eyes.

"It is my grandmother, Marie St. Evremond," said Polly.

"It is one of Cosway's early portraits," said Philip. "It is very like you, Miss Westcott;" and the young man looked from the painted beauty to the living one in admiration he did not attempt to conceal.

"She and my father came to Quebec with the Count Frontenac," said Mrs. Westcott, speaking for the first time; "and her life was a sad one. They lost their seigniory in the wars of the French and English, and left me a penniless orphan when I was very young. My mother could not stand the hardships of life in Canada then."

"Those were troublous times for New France," said the young man. "Perhaps the climate was too severe for the fair lilies of France. The lion of England was more successful. But my race are not all plunderers and tyrants." Seeing the cloud rising on the old man's face, he rose to go.

"I have brought Miss Westcott some books which I hope she will find interesting. They are not religious ones," continued the young officer, observing the scowl with which Mr. Westcott regarded the volumes. "Here is the Shakespeare, Miss Westcott. You, sir, will be mightily entertained with the adventures of *Don Quixote*, if you will read them."

"We have no books," exclaimed Polly, "except mother's prayer-book and *Thomas à Kempis*, and the Bible and primer." She opened the door for her visitor, who paused a moment on the threshold and took her little brown hand in his.

"I am going to practice at target shooting on the Point after drill to-morrow afternoon," he said. "Will you not let me teach you how to handle a gun,—or are you afraid to touch one?"

"I am afraid of nothing, and would like to learn how to shoot," replied the young girl. "I thank you for the books, sir; I will read them, every word, and persuade father to read them too."

#### IV.

IT was a month since the British had landed in Bagaduce. The summer had deepened into August, and the destinies of

two people had been decided in that brief period. In times of momentous change events succeed each other rapidly, as the kaleidoscope of fortune whisks the lenses of our frail lives into varying combinations, now brilliant as the rainbow, now sombre with the shadows of sorrow. The swift-flying summer days had brought a new element into Polly Westcott's life, rousing into being forces hitherto lying dormant in her Undine soul.

It was a breezy morning in early August. High upon the cliffs at the end of Dyce's Point, where the waves break with the full force of the ocean current, a young soldier and a maiden stood looking seaward at a fleet of white-winged vessels slowly advancing into view before the southeast ocean breeze. The girl's face wore an anxious look, and she held in her hands a musket with which she had evidently been practising. On a tree twenty yards away were various white paper marks, perforated with bullet-holes, which told of Polly's keen eye and sure aim. But it was of graver matters that the two were conversing now.

"Father knew this fleet was coming," said Polly, as they watched one white sail after another appear above the horizon. "He said yesterday that there was going to be an end to British rule in Bagaduce, and if not he should go away and take mother and me with him. I thought I would tell you what he said. There is no telling what he will do."

"The Americans will outnumber us two to one," replied the young man gloomily. "There is no reason why they should not conquer us. The general said to-day that he should prepare for an early surrender. In that case there will be no occasion for your father to leave here; it will be myself that will have to go. A month ago I should have hailed the prospect, but now—" He looked around at the girl's face, which was partly turned from him, so that he could not see the tears which were welling up beneath her drooping eyelids. She did not speak, and Philip said, after a pause, "Would you care, Polly, if I should go away never to return?"

A little spasm shook her slender figure. She dropped the musket, and turned to him, the full fire of her blue eyes shining through mists of tears.

"Did Miranda care when Prince Ferdinand came from the world she had never seen?" cried Polly, passionately. "You have made me wish to be something besides a wild cat in the woods! Father laughs at me, and poor mother has to do as he says, for he will be obeyed. But I cannot bear it! I look at my grandmother's picture, and I want to be like her. I have read about Perdita and Portia and Juliet, and I want to do something in the world as they did!"

"My darling!" cried Philip, carried beyond himself by Polly's impassioned words. "You have taught *me* that the world you long for is nothing without love! I would live in the woods forever with you, Polly! But if you can love me, I will find a way to take you to the life you long for."

He held out his arms, but there was something in Polly's manner that kept him from touching her. She shook her head, and stepped back out of his reach.

"You are a gentleman highly born, and you would soon tire of a country girl like me," she said. "I would not be the laughing stock of your family and your friends!" Polly was proud, with the pride of nature's nobility. She drew herself up and looked at him defiantly. Philip returned her gaze with one so reproachful, so loving, so entreating, that her pride gave way before it. She threw herself into his arms. "Forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "I do love you. I would follow you everywhere."

The incoming vessels, regardless of the romance enacting in their very presence, as it were, regardless of all the kisses and rapture, sailed with the easy confidence of superior strength up the bay into the stronghold of the enemy. Collier aroused himself at last with a cry of self-reproach.

"I must return to duty, sweet one; I have run the risk of a reprimand as it is! There will be hot work here, and no one knows what the issue will be. 'Our business 'tis to die' you know, Polly."

"I have loved you, I think, ever since I heard you sing that song," whispered Polly, as they walked back to the settlement hand in hand, Philip's soul filled with vague plans and hopes. They parted with sweet words, while the grim spectre of approaching war looked on the lovemaking with un pitying stare.

## V.

THE Commonwealth of Massachusetts had taken matters into its own hands, and on its own responsibility had sent the expensively equipped fleet to drive the enemy from Bagaduce. It was commanded by Commodore Saltonstall, with Generals Lovell and Wadsworth of revolutionary fame as military commanders; and history relates that Paul Revere, the hero of the midnight ride to Lexington, also accompanied the expedition as master of ordnance. Never had a campaign opened with more favorable auspices for an easily won victory on the part of the besiegers than this of Bagaduce. Alas for patriotic annals, it is marked with the bar sinister in the nation's history.

The days following the news of the expected arrival of the American fleet were days of active preparation with the British general and his men. The new fort was hastily put into a condition for active work, the vessels in the harbor were drawn up in line of battle, and every gun was placed where it could do most effective execution.

"I have been victorious in nineteen battles," said the general, "but the twentieth will conquer me."

Job Westcott was exultant, and made no secret of his joy to any who would listen. "We will soon send the British about their business," he declared, the evening before hostilities commenced, to his womankind, who listened to him with varying emotions. Polly's fiery heart was the scene of an agony of dread during the ensuing weeks, a dread which she could share with no one, for there was no one who would understand.

The Americans opened fire upon the English vessels,—a fire kept up for days, but with little result. For some unexplained reason, the grand *coup de guerre*, which was to win the glorious victory expected on both sides, was never struck. Officers and men grew impatient, then indignant at the shilly-shallying of Commodore Saltonstall, while each day's delay was worth a thousand men to General McLean.

Day after day Polly listened to the noise of battle, and every cannon-shot pierced her heart. Day after day she heard her father's cursing and threats of murder and

sedition, and uttered no complaint. She seemed to grow years older with each day. The freedom of her out-door life was at an end ; she could only remain in the house with her mother and await the end.

One afternoon, while the twilight shadows were creeping over the hill-slope, Polly sat at her little chamber window, overlooking the harbor. She had watched for long, imagining that every scarlet coat in the boats going to and from the vessels belonged to Philip, when she saw a boat glide to the landing and an officer spring out and come towards the house. She watched the tall figure as it came nearer, and the words of a French *chanson* he was lightly singing floated upward to her ears :

“ Il y a long temps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierais ! ”

She flew down the stairs and to the door, to meet Philip's eager face and out-stretched hands.

“ At last I found a moment's respite,” he said, clasping her in his arms in the dark little passage. “ I came to see your father — to ask him for you. Is he at home, sweetheart ? ”

“ Oh yes ! ” replied Polly, shuddering. “ But he is more angry than ever because the British are still here. He will never let me marry you ! ”

“ We shall see ! ” said Philip lightly, opening the door and walking into the sitting-room. The old man sat near the window, watching the flames of a burning barn on the opposite shore, and an angry scowl greeted the young Englishman as he entered the room. Directly, in kind and courteous words, Philip stated his errand to the astounded old man, — his desire to marry Polly, — and urging as a special favor for her and for himself, that she should be allowed to go to Halifax and attend the school there for the next two years.

“ I love your daughter with all my heart,” he said, ignoring the pale fury in the old man's face ; “ and she has said that she loves me. I beg you will not oppose us. Mrs. Westcott will speak for me, I am sure.”

He turned to Polly's mother, who threw her apron over her head and wept, without answering. But the old man, regardless of Polly's arms about his neck and his wife's tears, pointed the young Englishman to the door.

“ It isn't enough for you to steal our guns and our fodder, but you want to take my girl away from me ! ” he cried. “ Only when I am dead shall that thing be. Polly shall marry a Yankee like her father, and no smooth-tongued Englishman ! She shall stay here in Bagaduce with me or go to Boston, where they are rid of tyrants ! ”

“ We must wait longer, Polly, that is all,” said the young soldier proudly, though with trembling voice ; and with one long, sorrowful look, he strode from the room. The girl sprang after him with a loud cry ; but Philip was already half way to the landing-place before she could reach the outer door. It seemed like the door of hope shut in her face. She turned and climbed the stairs to her little room, and threw herself upon the floor in blank despair.

Life does not stop for the woes of young seventeen, and the days of skirmishing and cannonading still went on, bringing their fruit of wounds and death upon both sides. Polly's father reproached her bitterly, and bade her think no more of the young Englishman. She expected this. She met her father's irate words with silence, and the old man in anger left the house and was absent for several days.

It was the eighteenth day of the siege, a cool, sparkling day with a stiff, northerly breeze stirring the waters into white-capped waves. Inside Fort George, in the rude log barracks, a group of British officers were gathered. A dusty messenger stood in the midst, while the general read the despatches he had brought.

“ Hurrah ! ” shouted a captain of the Eighty-second, “ Yankee Doodle is upset this time ! Long live King George ! ”

“ What is the matter ? ” asked Philip Collier, coming into the room. “ News from headquarters ? ”

“ I should say news,” replied General McLean. “ Reinforcements are on the way. Your brother, Sir George, is among them, and will be here to-night, and none too soon, for I believe the Yankees are concentrating their forces for a final attack.”

“ Saltonstall is a coward ! ” said Philip, contemptuously. “ What in the name of Mars has he been doing all this time ? ”

“ British gold has often been a factor in the affairs of this wicked world,” said the

captain, with a shrug. "There are' consolations for being called a coward."

Philip looked from one to the other as if not quite comprehending. "Do you mean that he has been bribed?" he burst out at last. "So much the worse for us! British honor ought to outvalue British gold!"

"Perhaps you would like to conduct a favorable negotiation with old Westcott in regard to his pretty daughter," laughed Captain Farnham, who had slyly observed the progress of the young man's wooing, sharply changing the subject. Philip took no notice of the remark, but beckoned the general into an adjoining room.

"I heard from a spy to-day that Westcott is preparing to leave Bagaduce with his family," he said, a troubled look on his face. "He has a sloop waiting at Long Island. He has evidently a plan to outwit us and escape, but he must be circumvented, General!"

"Let him go, by all means," said the general, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "I, for one, shall be glad to have the place rid of him."

"But he is to take his family with him," pursued the young man in an agitated voice. "When Miss Westcott leaves Bagaduce, General, I wish that it shall be with me. He will take her to Boston, where I cannot follow her."

"Has it gone so far as that, Phil?" asked the general in surprise. "What will Sir George and your family say to that?"

"As I am a younger son, it is of no consequence what they say," replied Philip. "The harder question is about her family. I have asked the old man for permission to marry her, and was forcibly refused."

"Well, Philip, it seems a rather mixed state of things," said General McLean, looking fondly at the handsome young lieutenant. "But wait a while, and see what will turn up. Only be sure of yourself, my dear boy. It will be only a question of a little time now," he quickly added, "when we shall capture the whole American fleet. Westcott will not get very far away, I predict. Cannot you find out from your lady how they mean to go?"

"I shall not ask her to betray her father," said Philip, proudly.

"You are a noble fellow, Philip," cried the old commander; and there came into

his mind the words of a ballad much quoted then, and serving as an oriflame for the warriors of succeeding generations:—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more!"

## VI.

ONCE more the white sails of a fleet of war-vessels dotted the waters of Penobscot Bay, and the star of the supposed assured victory went down in a cloud of disappointment for the patriot cause. A scene of rout and demoralization ensued, which even now is never spoken of without shame. The Americans drew off their forces and embarked in a panic, hoping to make good their escape. The British vessels, assisted by the *Albany*, the *North*, and the *Nutilus*, crowded on all sail for the pursuit; and in the excitement of the moment Philip Collier, with the others, thought of little else than the joy of unexpected victory.

On the morning of the arrival of the British reinforcements, Job Westcott lifted the door-latch and entered the sitting-room, where Polly and her mother were sitting at their breakfast. His figure was bent with the agony of his disappointed hopes; his features, worn and weary, were working in a spasm of rage. He had been gone from home two days, during which his wife and daughter had fought their fears alone. As he entered the room, the sound of fife and drum fell upon their ears. Looking from the window, they saw a corps of British soldiers marching around the settlement with jubilant step, playing the air of *Yankee Doodle*; and their feeling of derision seemed to vibrate through every note of the wild music.

"Look there!" was the only greeting the old man gave his family as he pointed to the marching soldiers. "That is the way the dogs defy us to our faces! I have had enough of it — to-night we leave Bagaduce forever! It is all up with us — reinforcements are coming, and the Americans must fly!"

Polly sat petrified at her father's excited words, while Mrs. Westcott asked how he had heard this.

"I have been to Fort Point with Wahnota," replied the old man, sinking into a

chair. "Do you think I have been idle all this time? I shall not run the risk of a defeat, and stay here longer under the infernal British rule. There is a sloop waiting over at Long Island — the sloop that belongs to Captain Turner. To-night we shall be aboard her and on our way to Boston."

"But, father, how can we get away? The sentinels at the fort will fire on us. No one can leave Bagaduce now without a pass from the general," pleaded Polly.

"Do not concern yourself about that," replied her father sharply. "When the British vessels get here the sentinels will be looking some other way than along the path through the woods to the North Cove. Wahnota will be there with his boat, and we shall cross the bay a few miles up, beyond the range of the guns."

The old man rose and went into the cellar after weapons he had hidden there, and Polly with a breaking heart prepared to obey his plans. She had no way of communicating with Philip — she must leave him without a parting word or look. Her tears, long held back with Spartan courage, dropped upon the little treasures which she put together, not forgetting the precious miniature, whose fair beauty mocked her tears. Was her own sun to set in sorrow, like the poor grandmother's in the olden days?

When they turned the key in the door of their little home, late in the afternoon, Polly, with a farewell look at the *Nautilus*, which had lain so many weeks in view from her chamber window, saw signs of active preparation on the ship. The sails were being hoisted, the anchor was rising with the chant of the sailors, and the guns bristled at her port-holes. No one noticed the exodus of the family in the wild excitement that prevailed. Far beyond, on Dyce's Point, the Americans were hastily embarking, and the bay was dotted with the sails of both fleets, alike preparing for flight and pursuit. Amid the desultory warfare, the fugitives took their way, laden with such effects as could be easily carried, through a hidden path to the cove where the Indian was waiting. It was a wild attempt, as Job Westcott and the Indian knew; but the old man had worked himself into a blind fury. He had only one idea — to escape from the rule of the hated British. As for Polly, she had no space for thought of the danger in the way.

## VII.

On the decks of the *Raisonable*, Sir George Collier's ship, chaos reigned. Two of the American vessels just ahead of them were striving with the declining breeze of the late afternoon to escape through the strait between Dyce's Point and Long Island. The guns of the *Raisonable* sent every few moments a volley of cannon-shot over the water, as a reminder to the enemy of the intentions of their pursuers. On the quarter-deck stood Sir George and Philip with General McLean and other officers. Sir George was looking through the ship's glass at an object to the northward.

"There is a small boat a couple of miles ahead on the weather-bow," he said, lowering the glass as a broadside from the guns shook the vessel from stem to stern. Philip Collier eagerly seized the glass, and scanned the water.

"It is the Westcotts!" he cried, turning to General McLean with a pale and agitated face. "I can distinguish two women in the boat, and the old man's white beard. What is he thinking of, to cross the bay at such a time as this?"

The general turned to Sir George, and spoke a few rapid words. The boat, nearing them as the ship sailed before the wind, was moving rapidly over the water, evidently trying to cross the bows of the American vessels. A fresh puff of wind sent the latter onward with greater speed; and while Philip watched anxiously the boat tossing on the waves, the vessels sped by, and the boat came into the range of the guns of the *Raisonable*. Before he could cry out, there was a flash from one of the guns and a deep roar.

The old man, seeing the danger, had risen in the boat, and levelled his musket wildly at the group on the vessel's deck. A cannon-ball speeding on its swift, deadly course struck him in the breast, and he fell heavily over the side of the boat into the water. Wahnota, the Indian, flung away his oars in a panic of treacherous fear, and plunged overboard, nearly upsetting the boat with the force of its rebound. The waters closed over them both, leaving the two women tossing helplessly in the midst of the *melée* of war.

It seemed an age to Philip Collier before the *Raisonable* was brought about and the

boat was out of range of the guns. One of the ship's boats was hastily lowered, and he sprang into it, accompanied by the fond old general. Polly, who was sitting in the stern of the boat by her almost insensible mother, heard a voice calling her, and started up from her stupor of horror to see the face of Philip close beside her. In another moment she was in his arms.

The setting sun cast its rays that evening on a scene unparalleled in the annals of New England; and before the morning dawned the beautiful American fleet had ceased to exist. Some of the vessels were burned or blown up to prevent their capture; others fell into the hands of the British, who kept up the pursuit through the whole long night. The *Raisonnable* ran two vessels upon the beach at Long Island, where the crew escaped by swimming ashore. Then Sir George took possession in the name of King George.

There is little more to be told of this little romance of Castine. The British held the place for several years afterwards; but the faces of the principal actors in the drama of that summer evening were seen in Bagaduce no more. Doctor Calef, a Tory refugee from Massachusetts, who figured in Bagaduce at that time as surgeon,

chaplain, and commissary, sometimes spoke to the Perkins family, who had been friends of Polly's, about the girl, who, he said, was attending a young ladies' school in Halifax, and was taking the city quite by storm by her wit and beauty. A farmer from Long Island told Mr. Perkins that one of the vessels captured by Sir George Collier had been put to sea a few days afterwards, bearing the commander and his brother. The Perkinses finally decided that Mrs. Westcott and Polly must have gone with them to Halifax. After the evacuation of Bagaduce, three years later, Doctor Calef received a letter from General McLean, in which he made mention of a fine wedding at which he had assisted the week before. The high contracting parties were Lieutenant Philip Collier, of his Majesty's 82d Regiment of Foot, and Miss Mary Westcott, the most beautiful girl in Halifax. It was further stated that the bride was possessed of a considerable fortune; it being discovered after her father's death that he had numerous sums of money to his credit in Canadian banks, to which she was the sole heiress. So it happened, after the fashion of the good old romances, that little Polly was dowered with all that would fit her to wed the scion of a fine old English family; and the course of her true love had run smoothly at the last.

## STORIES OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

### IV.

ANTHONY BURNS.

*By Nina Moore Tiffany.*

#### I.

THREE years elapsed after the remanding of Sims to slavery before Boston was again aroused by a similar struggle with the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1854, however, the memorable case of Anthony Burns shook the city with a still stronger agitation. To read the newspapers of the day, or to turn to Theodore Parker's cuttings from them, is to plunge involuntarily into that fiery championship

of the slave that lay so close at the root of our Civil War, and yet was so apart from the acknowledged motives of the defenders of the Union. Nothing could give a more vivid picture of the state of feeling in all grades of society and among men of all shades of political opinion than a collection of the contemporary accounts of the arrest and trial of Burns. The Boston Public Library contains files of the *Liberator* and *Commonwealth*, on the one hand, and of the *Gazette* on the other, as well as

William I. Bowditch's *Rendition of Anthony Burns*, *The Anthony Burns Case*, in Reports of the House, No. 205, and a few other books or pamphlets, among which may be mentioned *The Boston Slave Riot*, *The Kidnapping of Burns*, O. B. Frothingham's *Life of Theodore Parker*, etc.

Burns escaped from Virginia in the spring of 1854. He had, before that time, worked for a Richmond man named Millspaugh, to whom he had been leased by Charles F. Suttle, of Alexandria. After his capture he told his master that he fell asleep on board a vessel and was carried off. In his later version he says with more vagueness, and probably with more truth, that he met, as it were, with a "golden opportunity." His golden opportunity having landed him in Boston, he found employment with Coffin Pitts, who was a clothes dealer and a good Abolitionist.

Colonel Suttle had not long to wait before obtaining a clue to Anthony's whereabouts. A letter came to Anthony's brother, who was a slave on Colonel Suttle's plantation; and Colonel Suttle, availing himself of the slaveholder's privilege, opened the letter and possessed himself of its contents. Anthony Burns, though he had taken the precaution to send the letter to Canada for re-mailing, had headed the communication "Boston," and in it had given the name and address of his employer. Suttle consequently came to Boston, where he selected his commissioner, and confident that he could push the trial to an immediate conclusion, engaged a vessel in which to slip away with his prize.

The arrest was made at about eight o'clock on a May evening, the 24th. Burns was going up Court Street, on his way from the shop on Brattle Street to his lodgings, which were in a different part of the city, when he heard behind him a sound of running. Next came the hand upon his shoulder.

"Stop, old fellow!" cried a voice, "you broke into the silversmith's shop last night!" Turning, he saw six men at his back. To his denial, his captors replied, "You must come along with us, and if you are not the one we want, we will let you go."

"The next place I found myself in," says Burns, in his narrative, "was a room upstairs in the court-house, where they set

me in a chair waiting for the 'silversmith' to come in; and," he adds, "I began to consider [comprehend] what was the difficulty." When, after more than an hour of suspense, steps came down the passage and the door opened, the sight of Colonel Suttle was scarcely a surprise. Witnesses accompanied Suttle, for it was his object to obtain in their presence a recognition, to be used against Burns in the trial. He was not disappointed. In answer to his salutation, Burns, falling back into the slave's habit, responded submissively, "How do you do, Mas'r Charles?"

A short conversation, reported at the trial, ensued.

"Did I ever whip you?"

"No, sir."

"Did I ever hire you out when you did not wish to go?"

"No, sir."

"When you were sick did I not prepare a bed in my own house and put you upon it and nurse you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to go back?"

"Yes, sir." This answer Burns afterwards denied.

"Do you think I shall have any trouble in taking you back?"

Burns, to use his own words, was "brought to a kind of stand, dumb-like," and answered, "I don't know." But Colonel Suttle had gained his point. He had won a recognition from Burns, and was satisfied.

"I make you no promises, and I make you no threats," he said; and then left the room. Burns understood well enough what that meant: his treatment after his return to the South would depend on his conduct now. With the fate of Sims fresh before him, what wonder that he fell back upon submission, the one safeguard of the slave!

On the following morning he was taken, handcuffed, into the court-room. Mr. Grimes, a colored minister of Boston, says, in his testimony before a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives: ". . . On Thursday morning, May 25, 1854, . . . some one came to my house and informed me [of the arrest]. . . Between half past seven and eight o'clock I went to the marshal's office, and he gave me a permit to enter the court-room. . . I went up to speak to Burns, and an officer objected to it, but there was another officer who knew me and he gave me permission to

speak to Burns. I did so. Very soon after this, Richard H. Dana, Jr., came in. . . ."

Let Mr. Dana go on with the story. He testifies: "A little before nine o'clock, on Thursday morning, passing the court-house, I heard that there was a man in custody there as a fugitive slave. I went immediately in. He was sitting in the usual place of prisoners, surrounded by officers, and in irons. I spoke to him and offered my services. He said it would be of no use; that they had got him and that if he protracted the matter and made any delay, it would be worse for him when he got back to Virginia. He said there was nothing to be done. . . . He seemed to be under the effect of fear, and not to be master of himself." Mr. Dana seems then to have gone to his office, for there Theodore Parker found him, in much perplexity. "Before the trial commenced," says Mr. Parker, testifying before this same committee, "I went to Mr. Dana's office; . . . Mr. Dana appeared a good deal excited, —was walking about the room. . . . I asked him what would become of the man. He said, 'I suppose he will be sent back, as Sims was.' I asked, 'Where is he?' 'In the court-house; I just saw him.' 'Who is his counsel?' 'He has none.'"

They agreed to try further persuasion, and went together to the court-room. Mr. Parker continues: —

"At not more than five minutes past nine we entered the court-room. Mr. Loring [Edward G. Loring, United States Commissioner] was in his seat; Mr. Burns was in the dock. . . . I conferred with Burns. I told him I . . . had been appointed . . . minister-at-large in behalf of fugitive slaves, and asked him if he did not want counsel. He said, 'I shall have to go back. Mr. Suttle knows me, Brent knows me. If I must go back I want to go back as easy as I can.'

"'But surely,' I said, 'it can do you no harm to make a defence.'

"'Well,' said Burns, 'you may do as you have a mind to about it.' He seemed to me to be stupefied with fear, and when he talked with me he kept looking at Suttle and Brent."

Referring again to Mr. Dana's account, we find: "As the examination of Burns went on, I saw that there ought to be counsel. . . . I rose and addressed the court as *amicus curiae*." He moved a

postponement of the trial, saying, "Time should be allowed the prisoner to recover himself from the stupefaction of his sudden arrest . . . and have opportunity to consult with friends and members of the bar, and determine what course he will pursue. . . . He is . . . not in a state to say what he wishes to do. . . . He does not know what he is saying."

"The claimant's counsel," Mr. Dana goes on to say, "resisted the motion. . . . After the addresses from the bar, Judge Loring ordered the officers to bring Burns to him. They brought him to the bench. . . . Judge Loring spoke to him kindly. . . . He told him he could have counsel if he wished it, and pointed to us at the bar. Anthony looked round the court-room, timidly, and made no reply. The judge said, 'Anthony, would you like to go away, and come back and meet me tomorrow or next day, and tell me what you want us to do?'" It seemed impossible for Burns to answer. When the question "Would you like to have counsel?" was repeated, Mr. Dana, watching anxiously, could not see whether assent or dissent were signified. "The judge looked doubtful," Mr. Dana reports, "but said, 'Anthony, I understand you to say you would.' Burns then said, 'I should.' The judge immediately said, 'Then you shall have it.'"

Mr. Parker also describes this scene: "When Loring asked him whether he would have counsel, his eye fluctuated from Loring to Suttle, and back again to Loring, and when he said 'Yes,' he turned away from Suttle to do so."

Mr. Dana and Mr. Ellis prepared to act as counsel. The trial was postponed until Saturday.

Now ensued days of untiring exertion among the Abolitionists. No stone was left unturned in the search for some means of escape for Burns. Suttle was interviewed, and at first agreed to sell him, naming twelve hundred dollars as his price. The sum was raised. Then Suttle — who, it is thought, had received instructions from Virginia, where this was considered a test case — said that all expenses must be paid besides; and finally refused to complete the bargain on any terms.

The greater part of Friday was spent by the Vigilance Committee in consultation. The members debated closely the possi-

bility of a rescue. Law-abiding men though they were, they could not obey a law which violated justice and outraged their sense of right. "The higher law" was their guide; loyalty to that controlled their actions. A number of them held that it would be possible to force down the guard, strike up the muskets, and carry Burns off in triumph without bloodshed. They were men who stood well in public esteem, and who were known to the officials; the idea was not wholly chimerical. Others of the committee, however, were less sanguine, and the day passed without bringing them to an agreement. Late in the afternoon a few of them resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and they formed what Colonel T. W. Higginson maintains was "one of the best plans that ever failed." It was this: they were to attempt the rescue that night, while all good Abolitionists would be supposed to be attending the indignation meeting to be held in behalf of Burns, at Faneuil Hall. The meeting itself was to be turned to good account; for while they were breaking down the court-house door, an announcement of their attack was to be made in the hall, whereupon the audience, they were confident, would rush out to aid them, and in such numbers that success would be assured.

The meeting was held. Faneuil Hall was filled. Samuel E. Sewall called the meeting to order; George R. Russell presided; William I. Bowditch and Robert Morris were chosen secretaries; Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips were among the speakers. Wendell Phillips, Colonel Higginson says, did not know of the plan. Parker did, but apparently not very clearly.

"See to it," said Phillips, "that tomorrow, in the streets of Boston, you ratify the verdict of Faneuil Hall, that Anthony Burns has no master but his God."

"Fellow subjects of Virginia," began Theodore Parker,—there was sensation among his hearers,—"Fellow citizens of Boston, then: A deed which Virginia commanded has been done in the city of John Hancock and the 'brace of the Adamses.' It was done by a Boston hand. It was a Boston man who issued the warrant; it was a Boston marshal who put it into execution; they are Boston men who are seeking to kidnap a citizen of Massachu-

sets and send him into slavery for ever and ever. It is our fault that it is so. We are the vassals of Virginia. She reaches her arm over the graves of our mothers and kidnaps men in the city of the Puritans. Gentlemen, there is no Boston today. There was a Boston once; now there is a north suburb to the city of Alexandria. . . . I am a clergyman, and a man of peace. I love peace. But there is a means and there is an end. Liberty is the end; and sometimes peace is not the means towards it. Now I want to ask you what you are going to do? [Then a voice cried, "Shoot—shoot!" ] There are ways of managing this matter without shooting anybody . . . if we stand up there resolutely and declare that this man shall not go out of Boston,—*without shooting a gun* [this was received with great applause and cries of "That's it!" ]—then he won't go back."

"Parker, while speaking," says Mr. Octavius B. Frothingham, in his *Life of Mr. Parker*, "expected a signal or summons from the party of men at Court Square. Not receiving any, he ended with, 'Now I am going to propose that when you adjourn, it be to meet at Court Square to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock.'"

A few in the audience shouted, "Let's go to-night!" At this, and at a proposition to visit the "slave-catchers" at the Revere House, Wendell Phillips sprang to his feet again, bidding them "wait until the daytime," and saying, "The zeal that won't keep till to-morrow will never free a slave!" Finally, in the lull which followed his appeal, came a voice from the doorway:—

"The court-house is now being attacked!"

"To Court Square!" shouted the audience in reply.

Then, indeed, to Court Square they streamed; some merely to look on; a few, probably, to take part in the rescue. But they were too late. The attempt was thwarted before they arrived. Had Faneuil Hall been arranged as it now is, with a separate access to the platform, it is very likely that the whole attack would have turned out differently. Then there was no separate entrance, so that the people on and around the platform, who were the most zealous, had to wait while the whole crowded audience of mere indifferent peo-

ple left the hall and partly blocked Court Square.

William F. Channing reached the square in time to see a dozen or fourteen men wrench a heavy beam from the staircase of the Museum Building, opposite the court-house, and charge with it, end foremost, against the court-house door. Again and again they drew off and charged, hoping to break through the door. The sound of blows echoed through the night, and the bell of the court-house rang out a loud alarm. Suddenly the heavy folding-doors gave way. The men, dropping the beam, rushed up the steps to the threshold. Upon the threshold they were met by the marshal and his assistants, who were guarding the entrance from within. Shots were heard; then the attacking party fell back, only two, T. W. Higginson and a colored man, having got inside. The marshal, one of whose men had been killed, whether by a mistake of one of his comrades or by one of those making the attack it was impossible to say, withdrew his force to the inner staircase. There was a moment of suspense, when, with sufficient recruits, the rescuers might have won the victory; but the expected help did not arrive, and as they hesitated, the quick tread of a squad of police sounded along the pavement, and their moment was past. Laying about with their clubs the officers scattered the crowd, marched up the court-house steps, closed the doors, and before the people from Faneuil Hall came upon the scene, the affair was over.

After this unsuccessful attempt all chance of rescue was gone, for Marshal Freeman called United States troops to his aid. "That very night," says Mr. Frothingham, "a force of marines was marched over from the Charlestown Navy Yard. In the morning a detachment of troops arrived from Fort Independence. . . . The Mayor of Boston applied for the aid of the state militia. . . . The militia held the streets, while the United States troops held the court-house."

## II.

The trial was to have been held on Saturday, but was postponed once more to the following week. It opened on Monday, May 29. The growth of the anti-slavery sentiment in the community was evident. A few Abolitionists had protested against

the removal of Sims; the arrest of Burns struck fire upon innumerable hearthstones. From the white heat of Parker's pen went this summons: —

"BOSTON, May 27, 1854.

"TO THE YEOMANRY OF NEW ENGLAND.

"*Countrymen and Brothers:* The Vigilance Committee of Boston inform you that the Mock Trial of the poor Fugitive Slave has been further postponed to Monday next, at 11 o'clock, A.M.

"You are requested, therefore, to come down and lend the moral weight of your presence and the aid of your counsel to the friends of justice and humanity in the City.

"Come down, then, Sons of the Puritans! For even if the poor victim is to be carried off by the brute force of arms and delivered over to Slavery, you should at least be present to witness the sacrifice, and you should follow him in sad procession with your tears and prayers, and then go home and take such action as your manhood and your patriotism may suggest.

"Come, then, by the early trains on Monday, and rally in Court Square! Come with courage and resolution in your hearts; but, this time, with only such arms as God gave you!"

In answer to his appeal thousands flocked into the city. Not only Court Square, but every adjacent street was thronged. The court-house was guarded, as during Sim's trial, by soldiers and with chains. The trial lasted through Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The claimant's counsel endeavored to establish Burns's identity, while the counsel for the fugitive, besides trying to show that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional, based their defence upon certain inaccuracies in the record. Toward the end of the contest Richard H. Dana, Jr., in his final appeal to Judge Loring, spoke as follows: —

"I congratulate you, sir, that your labors, so anxious and so painful, are drawing to a close. I congratulate the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that at length, in due time, by leave of the Marshal of the United States, and the District Attorney of the United States, first had and obtained therefor, her courts may be re-opened, and her judges, suitors, and witnesses may pass and re-pass without being obliged to satisfy hirelings of the United States Marshal and bayoneted foreigners, . . . that they have a right to be there. I congratulate the city of Boston, that her peace, here, is no longer to be in danger. . . . I congratulate the Marshal of the United States that the ordinary respectability of his character is no longer to be in danger from the character of the associates he is obliged to call about him. I congratulate the officers of the army and navy that they can be relieved from this service — which as gentlemen and soldiers surely they despise — and can draw off their non-commissioned officers and privates, both drunk

and sober, from this fortified slave-pen to the custody of the forts and fleets of our country, which have been left in peril that this great republic might add to its glories the trophies of one more captured slave.

"I offer these congratulations in the belief that the decision of your Honor will restore to freedom this man, the prisoner at the bar. . . . Sir Matthew Hale said it was better that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. This maxim has been approved by all jurists and statesmen from that day to this. It was applied to a case of murder, where one man's life was on one side, and the interest of a whole community on the other. How much more should it be applied to a case like this, where on the one side is something dearer than life, and on the other no public interest whatever, but only the value of a few hundred pieces of silver, which the owner himself, when offered to him, refused to receive. . . .

"We have before us a free man. Colonel Suttle says there was a man in Virginia named Anthony Burns; that that man is a slave by the law of Virginia; that he is *his* slave, owing service to him and labor to him; that he escaped from Virginia into this state; and that the prisoner at the bar is that Anthony Burns. He says all this. Let him prove it *all*. Let him fail in one point, let him fall short the width of a spider's thread in the proof of his horrid category, and the man goes free."

Mr. Dana then called the commissioner's attention to certain other flaws in the claimant's case. They were, briefly: that the record spoke of a scar on Burns's right cheek, and a cut on his right hand, whereas the prisoner's cheek bore the mark of branding, and his hand was broken; that Burns did not, strictly speaking, owe service to Colonel Suttle, since he was leased by Suttle to Millspaugh, etc., etc., displaying, in his endeavor to present to the commissioner some loophole of escape from an adverse judgment, an ingenuity that might have done credit to Portia. The address closed as follows: —

"You recognized, sir, in the beginning, the presumption of freedom. Hold to it now, sir, as to the sheet-anchor of your peace of mind as well as of his safety. If you commit a mistake in favor of the man, a pecuniary value, not great, is put at hazard; if against him, a free man is made a slave forever. If you have, on the evidence or on the law, the doubt of a reasoning and reasonable mind, an intelligent misgiving, then, sir, I implore you, in view of the cruel character of this law, in view of the dreadful consequences of a mistake, send him not away with that tormenting doubt on your mind. It may turn to a torturing certainty. The eyes of many millions are upon you, sir. You are to do an act which will hold its place in the history of America, in the history of the progress of the human race. May your judgment be for liberty and not for slavery, for happiness and not for wretchedness, for hope and not for despair."

The speech of Mr. Seth J. Thomas, counsel for the claimant, was devoted to showing that the description of Burns was substantially correct, that the testimony proving an alibi was of no weight, and that Burns's identity was proved by his own admissions. On Friday the commissioner was to render his decision. Early in the morning of that day a cannon was brought into Court Square and planted a little south of the court-house. Troops waited on the Common to take possession of the streets at command. The crowd was denser than ever. At nine o'clock Judge Loring began to speak.

"The issue between the parties arises [he said] under the United States Statute of 1850; and for the respondent it is urged that the statute is unconstitutional. Whenever this objection is made it becomes necessary to recur to the purpose of the statute. It purports to carry into execution the provision of the Constitution which provides for the extradition of persons held to service or labor in one state and escaping to another. It is applicable, and it is applied alike to bond and free, — to the apprentice and the slave. . . . The wise words of our revered Chief Justice in the case of Cushing, 318, may well be repeated now and remembered always. The Chief Justice says: 'Slavery was not created, established or perpetuated by the Constitution; it existed before; it would have existed if the Constitution had not been made. The framers of the Constitution could not abrogate slavery or the rights claimed under it. They took it as they found it, and regulated it to a limited extent. . . . The regulation of slavery so far as to prohibit states by law from harboring fugitive slaves was an essential element in its formation, and the union intended to be established by it was essentially necessary to the peace, happiness, and highest prosperity of all the states. In this spirit and with these views steadily in prospect, it seems to be the duty of all judges and magistrates to expound and apply these provisions in the Constitution and laws of the United States, and in this spirit it behoves all persons bound to obey the laws of the United States to consider and regard them.'

"It is said that the statute, if constitutional, is wicked and cruel. The like charges were brought against the Act of 1793; and Chief Justice Parker of Massachusetts made the answer which Chief Justice Shaw cites and approves, viz.: 'Whether the statute is a harsh one or not, it is not for us to determine. . . .'

"As I think the statute is constitutional, it remains for me to apply it to the facts of the case. . . . The testimony of the claimant is from a single witness, and he standing in circumstances which would necessarily bias the fairest mind. . . . The testimony on the part of the respondent is from many witnesses, whose integrity is admitted, . . . and whose means of knowledge are personal and direct, but in my opinion less full and complete than that of Mr. Brent. Thus between the testimony of the claimant and respondent there is a conflict complete and irreconcilable."

But this conflict, the commissioner proceeded to say, quoting in detail the conversation between Burns and Suttle, was decided by Burns's recognition of his master and of Brent. "To me," continued Judge Loring, "this evidence, when applied to the question of identity, confirms that of Mr. Brent. . . ."

Sitting near one of the windows was a man who had agreed to inform his friends outside of the result, on the instant of the delivery of the decision. His hand, extended upward, would announce freedom for Burns, but a reverse position would indicate the remand to slavery.

"My mind is satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt [concluded the commissioner], of the identity of the respondent with the Anthony Burns named in the record. . . . On the law and facts of the case I consider the claimant entitled to the certificate from me which he claims."

With this Judge Loring delivered the certificate, and immediately the hand by the window pointed down. Instantly great folds of black flung out an answer from the casements of adjacent buildings. From block to block the mourning spread, and men bent their heads in shame and sorrow.

As for Burns, the officers took him in charge and hurried him back into the prison-room, for the streets had yet to be made ready for his removal. Soldiers marched down from the Common and cleared Court Square. Guards were posted at every entrance, and armed men were stationed in a close line along each side of the entire route, from the court-house to Long Wharf. Above the heads of the soldiers floated emblems of the city's grief. John A. Andrew's office was draped in black, and from the *Commonwealth* office flags, mingled with dark folds, were hung, while streams of crape were stretched across the street.

A bell began to toll. It was the bell of the Brattle Street church. The ringer had entered the church secretly, and had caused himself to be locked in by a friend, for the mayor of Boston, when asked if the bells might toll, had refused, it is said, with a stamp of the foot. That mayor was probably no better pleased at receiving from Joseph R. Hayes a letter resigning the position of Captain of the Watch, a position which necessitated acting in execution of the "infamous Fugitive Slave Bill."

Other church towers took up the knell; business ceased; there was a pause of expectancy and gloom. Then the court-house doors were thrown open, United States troops issued from within, twenty special officers heavily armed formed a hollow square before the eastern entrance, and Burns, brought out by Marshal Freeman, was placed in the hollow square, and the soldiers formed an escort before and behind.

A desperate last effort at rescue was made just as the soldiers were about to move. A fire-engine, by a preconcerted scheme, dashed through State Street; but nothing was gained, for the ranks promptly closed after it, and the plot, whatever it was, failed.

Surrounded, first by the marshal and his aids, then by the twenty officers, preceded and followed by the soldiers, Burns was carried through the Boston streets. Groans and hisses greeted the procession. It is recorded that there were cheers as well. At the side of Long Wharf was T Wharf, where lay the steamer *John Taylor* and the revenue cutter *Morris*.

Burns was at first put on board the steamer, and was thence transferred to the cutter; for his captors feared to let the people know which vessel he was in. At three o'clock both vessels left the wharf. The steamer accompanied the cutter down the harbor, and then returned with the troops.

The struggle over, and Burns gone, quiet gradually settled over the city. The Fugitive Slave Law had won the victory. It was a defeat for the Abolitionists, but plainly the last of the kind that they would suffer. To one who visited Judge Shaw a day or so after the ending of the trial, the Chief Justice remarked: "No law can stand another such strain." The test was not applied. Burns was the last man sent back to slavery by a Boston court.

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NOTE.—Burns was afterwards bought and freed. He fitted for the ministry in a Western college, and after a number of years died. The following extracts from an address given by him in the Rev. Dr. Pennington's church in New York shortly after he obtained his freedom, and found in Parker's scrap-book, give some of the details of the months that intervened between his being taken to the South and his final release.

*"Kind Friends:* I am very glad to have it to say, I am very glad to have it to *feel*, that I am once more in the land of Liberty. . . . I want to

give you, this evening, a slight history of my journey to Virginia, after I was taken from Boston and before that time. . . . I had heard for many years of a North country, where no man dared to put his hand upon men of my color and say, 'You are my property.' As I grew, this feeling grew with me, till I came to a resolution, saying, 'I will, if God supports me, endeavor to reach that land.' Well, meeting with a golden opportunity, as it were, last year I took it upon myself that I would pay this visit, and I came into the land of Boston, hearing it was a city where charity flowed.

"When I got there, truly I did not make myself known as I ought; . . . I did not want to say I was a fugitive slave. . . . I might, thinking I was telling a friend who I was, be telling a foe, and he might lay violent hands upon me. I kept it to myself. . . .

"Well, then, as I was trying to do a little for my body and soul, behold the thieves came and laid hands upon me. . . .

"And they tried me. And what a brave sight! I, a poor fugitive, was surrounded by a body-guard of one hundred men, all armed with their big horse-pistols and cutlasses. . . . Some of 'em says to me, 'Burns, don't you have anything to do with them . . . Abolitionists,' meaning thereby lawyers Dana, Ellis, Phillips, and the others; 'they don't care anything for you and won't do you any good.'

"I said that they were the only men who worked for my freedom, and if they failed it was not to their blame. Well, next morning a paper came up and I read in it that they said I had expressed a wish to go back to Virginia; that I wanted to go very much. . . . Now I want to ask you, white or black, who of you wants to go into a den of roaring lions? Who wants to go into slavery? Do any of you? . . . I was carried down to the Revenue Cutter from the court-house in a delightful manner; I was quite the lion, the wonderful Burns. I saw they had got the military . . . as a guard of honor! There were soldiers before and soldiers behind, and one on each side of me, with pistols and drawn swords.

"Some said, 'Burns, we have overcome your friends, the Abolitionists; but we will buy you and bring you back. We have got the money, and your master said he would let us have you.'

"I said, 'Gentlemen, if so be it as you think you are a fooling me you won't do it, for I don't believe you will ever bring me back.' And I was not mistaken.

"On my way to Norfolk they still fed me with fine fancies, and said they wasn't a going to put me in prison, and all that; but as soon as I touched the wharf at Norfolk I was braceleted and put in jail. Some of them said, 'We have got Burns, the lion, now!' And as I walked a little stiff from having had no exercise on the ship, one of them said to me, 'Come, now, walk up, walk up, step up, . . . you arn't in Boston now!' Of course I knew that, and as it would have been of no use to say anything then, I mended my steps.

"I was put in the city prison with bracelets on. I asked for food, and they told me no preparations had been made for my reception. I had no seat, so I had to sit down on the dirty floor, which did

not look as if it had been swept once in nine months. For two days and nights I did not eat above six mouthfuls, and then about three o'clock in the morning they came and took me in a cab to the wharf and put me on board the steamer *Jamestown*, for Richmond.

"When they got me to Richmond I was put, handcuffs and all, into an omnibus. . . . I was conveyed to the city prison, where I was kept for a week. Here I was not only handcuffed, but irons were put upon my ankles so close together that I could scarcely move my feet. . . . At the end of that time they transferred me to the Traders' Jail, on the other side of the street, where they put me into a pen about big enough for a little dog. There they kept me for four long months, without once allowing me to leave it. . . . When I would lie down I had to fall on to the floor, for I had no other means of lying down on account of the tightness of my bonds; and when I got up, it was only by the aid of a broken chain which I dragged along to me and upon which I would rest my elbows and drag myself up. I did not have enough to eat, and as to water, why, that was given me a half-bucketful at a time, once in every other two days, and that in August; and when I went to drink it 'twas so hot I thought 'twould scald my eyes out.

"How many times I strained my eyes towards the North! Many a time did I lift up my voice to God that he would deliver me. . . .

"At the end of these four months they took me down into the salesroom, and after some two or three hundred persons had looked at me, they put me up on the block to sell me; and, as I stood on the block, one said, . . . 'If I had him, he would be worth \$1400 or \$1500.'

"Yes [said another], if he had never been to Boston. . . .

"Still another would say, 'This is the great lion, Burns. Eh, Burns, are you the lion?' . . . At last I was knocked down for \$905. The man who bought me wanted me to swear before God and man that I would serve him as a slave, and be very submissive.

"I said, 'Sir, I belong to you; truly you can whip me to death if you please, but I cannot make any pledge before God. If you take me home and treat me as a man ought to be treated, I will try to do all I can.' And my meaning was, while I stayed with him. For I was bent on once more seeing Boston or Canada. . . . David McDonald, of North Carolina, was the man to whom I was sold. . . . My master began to talk to me and tell me he looked at the heart of a man, not at his skin. . . .

"When I had been with this man for about a month, I went and told him he had promised to give me whatever money I wanted, and I should, if he pleased, like a little change. And what do you suppose he gave me? Six cents. I touched my beaver, respectfully, and went off.

"I was determined to pay one more visit North, and so I wrote to my friends. . . .

"Kind friends, I thank you for your kind attention, . . . and I hope you will pray to God to endow me with wisdom, that I may, as a freeman, come to something profitable."

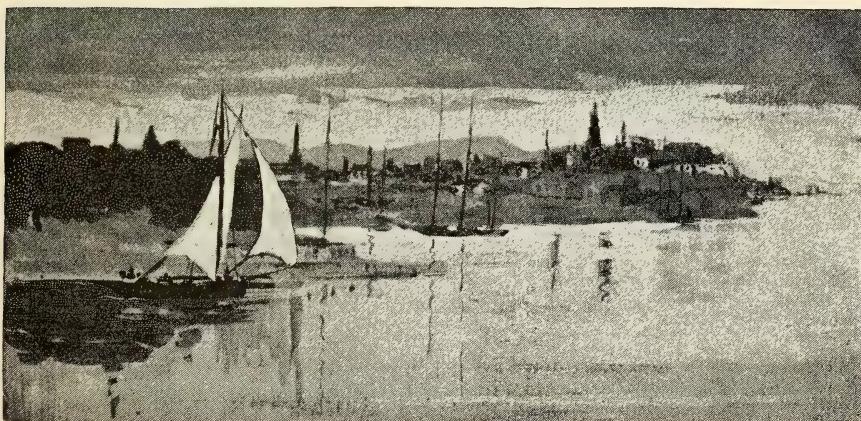
# My Post South



By Henry W. Longfellow. With Illustrations by Margaret McD. Pullman.

[By Special Arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.]

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts.

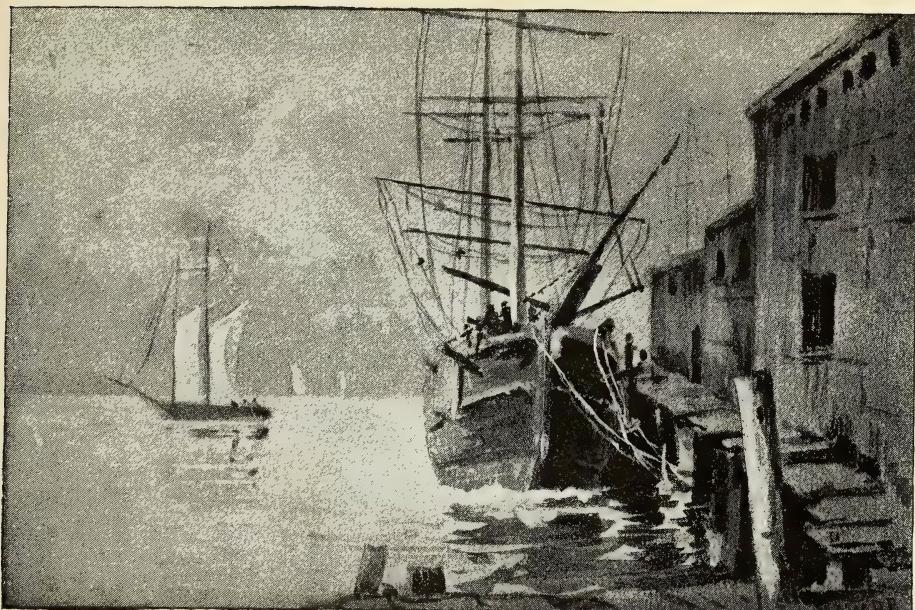


I can see the shadowy lines of its trees  
 And catch in sudden gleams.  
 The sheen of far surrounding seas  
 And islands that were the Hesperides  
 Of all my boyish dreams  
 And the burden of that old song  
 It murmurs and whispers still  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will  
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."



I remember the black wharves and the slips  
 And the sea tides tossing free  
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
 And the beauty and the mystery of the ships.  
 And the magic of the sea.  
 And the voice of that wayward song  
 Is singing and saying still:  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will  
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."



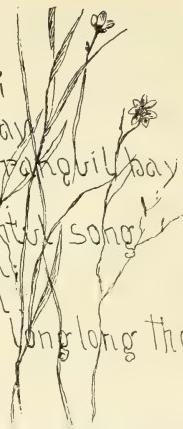


I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the tort upon the hill;  
The sun rise gun with its hollow roar  
The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er.  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still;



A boy's will is the wind's will.  
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts."

I remember the sea-tight far away,  
 How it thundered o'er the tide!  
 And the dead captains as they lay  
 In their graves, overlooking the tranquil bay  
 Where they in battle died.  
 And the sound of that mournful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill:  
 "A boy's will is the wily's will;  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

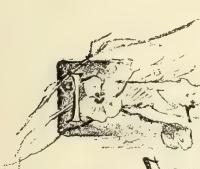


I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
 The shadows of Deering's woods;  
 And the friendships old and the early loves  
 Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves  
 In quiet neighborhoods.  
 And the verse of that sweet old song  
 It flutters and murmurs still.





"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts

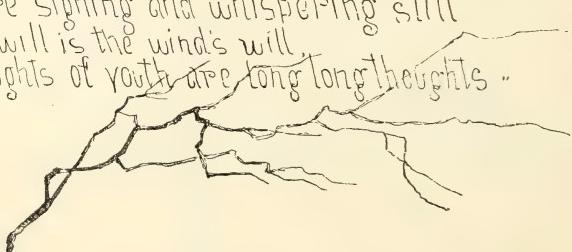
remember the gleams and glooms  
that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain.  
The song and the silence in the heart  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on and is never still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will  
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts ..

There are things of which I may not speak  
There are dreams that cannot die  
There are thoughts that make the strong  
heart weak

And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
 And a mist before the eye  
 And the words of that fatal song  
 Come over me like a chill  
 A boy's will is the wind's will  
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts "



Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town.  
 But the native air is pure and sweet  
 And the trees that overshadow each well-known street.  
 As they balance up and down  
 Are singing the beautiful song  
 Are sighing and whispering still  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will  
 And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts "

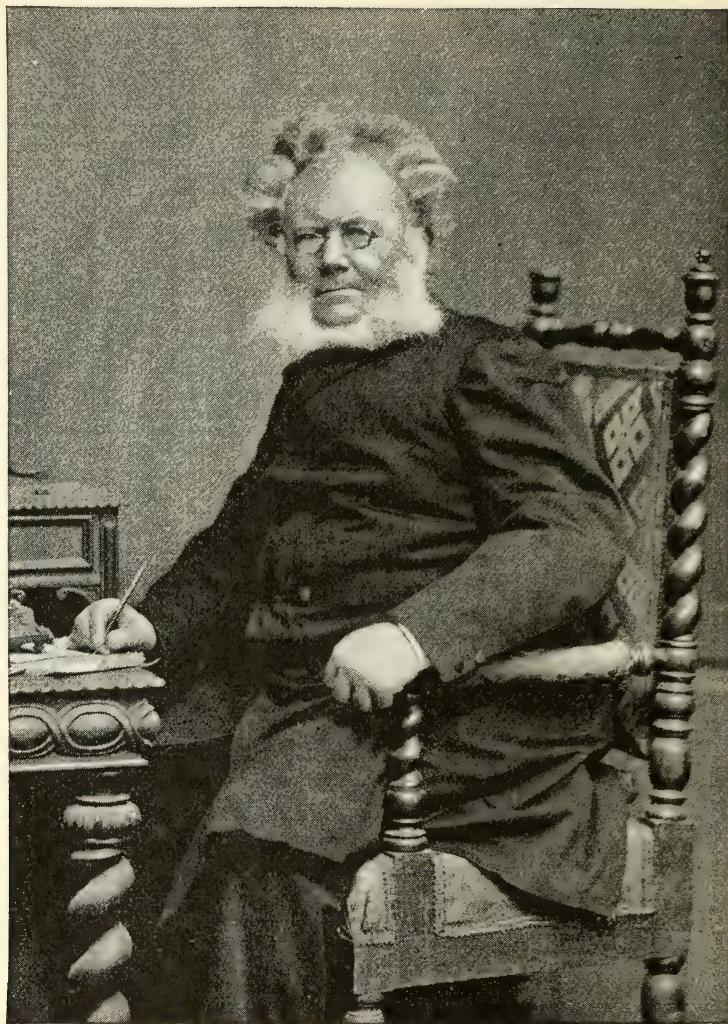




M.M.-D.P.

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there.  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song  
The groves are repeating it still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."





Henrik Ibsen.  
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

## IBSEN'S SOCIAL DRAMAS.

*By Edward Fuller.*

THE fact that the English-speaking public is now for the first time becoming familiar with the name of Henrik Ibsen affords a rather striking illustration of the comparatively narrow limits within which the reputation even of a writer of unquestioned originality and force is often confined. When the German Chan-

cellor has a brief conversation with the Italian Ambassador it is duly reported in the newspapers of every civilized country; but the community of letters is not so well established as the community of politics, and the discovery or development of a new genius is not an international affair. Ibsen has long been a prominent

figure in Scandinavian literature ; and in Germany, too, his plays have been acted with great success, and discussed with much eagerness. But it is only with the recent production of *A Doll's House* in London, that English critics have begun to consider him seriously ; and now that the same drama has been given a hearing in this country, it is reasonable to anticipate an awakening interest in his work here. If this be the case, there will be ample ground for congratulation. One need not go with Ibsen's most fervent admirers in assuming that he has "revolutionized" dramatic art, in order to appreciate his individual ability as an artist. For, although Ibsen disclaims being an artist at all, and prefers to be regarded as a social philosopher, it is obvious that his practice is other than his theory. Such a play as *A Doll's House* moves us, not because we are engrossed in the problem which is worked out in the character of Nora, but because the character by itself and in itself appeals to our sympathies. And this faculty no amount of mere preaching — no working out of questions which have an ethical rather than an æsthetic value — can obscure. Even in *Ghosts* and in *Rosmersholm*, dramas in which Ibsen's manner becomes simply mannerism, the attention is arrested and the sympathy is aroused by a hundred fine and skilful touches. A writer of this sort, therefore, whatever his eccentricities of method may be, however far from artistic truth and sanity his false conception of the nature of his task may have led him, is nevertheless to be approached with respect and even, perhaps, with enthusiasm.

It is not necessary in a brief review of Ibsen's work to sketch the events of his career, except so far as they bear upon that work. The Scandinavian dramatist who is now for the first time introduced to English audiences, and who has not long been accessible to English readers, is already more than sixty years old, and in the nature of things has reached, if not passed, the limit of his powers. His career began in 1851, when the late Ole Bull appointed him director of the National Theatre, which he had established at Bergen. Seven years later he accepted a similar position in the Norwegian Theatre at Christiania. In 1864 he left his native country, and has lived abroad ever since, chiefly in Dresden and Munich. Up to that time he had pro-

duced, aside from two or three early pieces which have been long forgotten, several effective historical plays and one melodrama. This last play, *Dame Inger of Oestraat*, shows clearly that if, in his later productions, Ibsen is frequently deficient in technique, it is rather from lack of inclination than from lack of knowledge. It is with the work of self-inspired exile, however, that we are now concerned. Upon his "social dramas" his vogue in Norway and in Germany is based ; and upon them, too, those English and American critics who carry admiration to the furthest limit ask for judgment. From the publication of *The Young Men's League*, in 1869, down to that of *The Lady of the Sea*, in 1888, Ibsen has used the stage as a pulpit. It is true that he is too much an artist always to preach ; but it is only too obvious in all these plays that his main purpose has been to paint his men and women for the sake of the moral, rather than to make the moral an inference from their actions. And this is not the attitude of the artist, who should deal with life as he sees it, and leave his characters and his events to preach for themselves. Those who have seen *A Doll's House*, as presented by Mr. Mansfield, must have felt how greatly Nora's sermon to her husband on the duties of married life — which did not seem to be Nora's at all, but Ibsen's — marred the effect of a play otherwise almost wholly admirable in directness, simplicity, sincerity, and intensity. Nor is this a single instance. In *Ghosts* the *motif* is the principle of heredity : the character of Oswald is a living illustration of the fact that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Such a *motif* is powerful enough, and appropriate enough on the stage, although Ibsen, with his customary freedom, has gone several steps beyond the limits of good taste ; and in the great scenes of the play it is powerfully and appropriately introduced. But here again the dramatist thinks it necessary to clinch the truth with explanations and arguments which weaken rather than strengthen the interest of the spectator. In *Ghosts*, however, the preacher finishes his task in the first act, and thereafter it is the artist who leads up to several most effective situations, the conclusion being the most strenuous, the most overwhelming, of all. Here is a touch of tragedy beyond even the emotional force of *A Doll's House*, and much

above the level of the play as a whole ; and this alone would convince us that Ibsen is an artist in spite of himself, and that no self-imposed theory can choke out the artistic instinct.

But there are those who would have us believe that we are not to judge Ibsen's work by the standards which we apply to that of other dramatists. His drama is the drama of the future ; it is to supersede the old familiar forms ; it is a new art, and it calls for a new criticism. This is a specious plea, and one that it is likely to do Ibsen more harm than good with thoughtful people. It is far more true to say that, although methods change, fundamental principles remain, and that such methods are the most adequate as are based most firmly upon these principles. The world of art is wide, and there is room in it at once for a Shakespeare and a Sophocles, a Molière and a Goldsmith. The means are worth considering, but the end is all-important ; the aim of the artist is much, but "the play's the thing" by which he is finally to be judged. So to estimate Ibsen aright, it is to results rather than to theories that we must look ; and if by this process we find much that is admirable, it is neither fair nor just to sweep away Ibsen's predecessors and contemporaries and make a fetish of him for the compulsory worship of all mankind. If there is to be a new criticism as well as a new art, surely moderation will be its corner-stone. But there is no moderation in that temper which thinks it necessary to extol one phase of art by decrying another. Put what estimate upon Ibsen we will, place him head and shoulders above his contemporaries or his predecessors, if we please—we do not make his substantial excellence more nor theirs less. Comparisons are useful in criticism, and only odious when they are abused. But the question which we have to ask ourselves, after all, is not if one kind of art is superior to another, or if it is a kind which appeals strongly to our personal sympathies, but simply if it is good of its kind. Ibsen's plays, whatever may be their faults, are good of their kind. Whether Ibsen is a worse artist than Angier, or a better artist than Sardou, is a point of interest enough in itself and of importance, perhaps, in a consideration of the broader aspects of dramatic art ; with the simple appraisal of the value of his work, how-

ever, it has little or nothing to do. Approaching these plays in the most unprejudiced and catholic spirit, then, we have yet to bear in mind that there are certain well-defined standards of criticism which it is idle to attempt to discard as antiquated and useless. Those who ask that we should do so, really display a distrust of Ibsen's ability to endure the touchstone—as Mr. Arnold would have said—by which the work of other dramatists has been tested times out of mind.

Let us, then, disabusing our minds of cant, and approaching Ibsen, not as disciples of a cult, but as earnest students of the drama, examine those works upon which his reputation rests, and try to discover for ourselves his merits and his defects as a dramatist. Something has already been said incidentally of the effect of his theories as applied to his art. This effect is more noticeable in some plays than in others ; but it can be readily traced in all. What Ibsen insists upon more than anything else is the principle of heredity. This principle is, as has been pointed out, the *motif* of *Ghosts* ; but it appears in one form or another in almost all his plays. Now, no one denies the force of heredity as a factor in human character ; but heredity does not explain everything, and to insist that it does is as fallacious as not to recognize its influence at all. Ibsen builds the most elaborate dramatic structures upon his favorite hobby—for such it is—until in *The Wild Duck*, one of his later plays, a whole train of circumstances is suggested by the fact that a child has weak eyes. This is as extreme in its way as the part which a perfume plays in Sardou's *Dora*.

The first in point of time of Ibsen's "social dramas" is *The Young Men's League*, which appeared in 1869. Between this and the production of *The Pillars of Society*, in 1877, eight years intervene ; and it is not surprising, therefore, to find in the latter a distinct advance in a philosophical and sociological direction over the former. *The Young Men's League*, indeed, has little beyond its local flavor to distinguish it from hundreds of plays of French or English parentage. It has been a popular play in Germany and elsewhere, chiefly because of the opportunity which the character of Steinhoff offers to an actor. The Danish actor, Wiehe, is considered by Brandes as one of its best exponents.

Steinhoff is a political and social adventurer, ready of tongue and fertile in expedients. He works, like Henry IV., in "by-paths and indirect crook'd ways." Wiehe makes him, however, a rollicking, open-hearted fellow—much on the principle laid down by Mr. Grant White for the impersonation of Shakespeare's Iago. There can be no doubt but that such a conception of the part must add immensely to its interest. Steinhoff makes his first appearance in the play as a popular leader. He delivers a rattling tirade against what Mr. De la Plonche would call the "hupper suckles." Malsberg, the great man of the neighborhood, overhears this, but is misled as to its meaning; he invites Steinhoff to his house, and the demagogue comes, only to make matters worse by a public apology for his inconsiderate zeal. From this time on, through a succession of lively intrigues, Steinhoff tries to drive two or three horses at once, both in politics and in love; but his schemes end in ignominious failure. The play is admirable in its vivacity and humor, and in the shrewd cynicism with which it touches human follies. Ibsen crowds his canvas, however, and his minor characters are often vague and shadowy. It is rather odd, too, that the creator of Nora should here have drawn women who are little more than lay-figures. The protest of the young wife, Selma, against being treated "like a doll," is, nevertheless, a curious foreshadowing of Nora's rebellion against her husband. But whatever its faults may be, *The Young Men's League* is far better adapted to the English stage than most of its successors.

In *The Pillars of Society*—with which Mrs. Erving Winslow has recently made us acquainted—Ibsen's art becomes more and more "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." For three acts we have a consistent presentation of an interesting phase of human character; in the fourth act the preacher gets the upper hand of the artist, and the man who has lived a lie for years recants and delivers a most impressive sermon upon the wickedness of deception. It may be argued that such a sudden conversion is not impossible. But there is a point beyond which the dramatist should not mystify the spectator; and if the man whom we begin by despising is to turn out a very decent sort of fellow after all, the redeeming touches

ought not to be too long withheld. In the case of Berwick, the leading personage in *The Pillars of Society*, what are the facts? He is the most eminent citizen of a provincial community. His house is a social as well as a commercial centre; his family enjoy all the advantages of wealth and position. Years ago, however, there was a scandal. Mrs. Berwick's brother became involved in an intrigue with an actress, stole money from his mother and ran away to America. A half-sister, Lona Hessel, followed him, earned money by singing and dancing when he was ill, and committed the unpardonable crime of having her hair cut. All this is told, with many delicate touches of irony, by two gossiping women. But at this point Lona and John, the half-brother, appear on the scene; and presently we learn that Berwick himself was the guilty one, and that John generously bore the odium of misdeeds which he never committed. Now he wishes to have his good name rehabilitated. To this, which can only be done at the expense of his own, Berwick naturally objects. Thereupon John gives him two months for reflection and announces his intention of returning to America on the *Gazelle*, a vessel repairing at Berwick's shipyard, but unseaworthy even when patched up. It is at this point that Ibsen's hand falters. He makes Berwick guilty of the crime of sending John to almost certain death by ordering the *Gazelle* to sail in the teeth of a storm; and then he makes him capable of confessing everything to his friends and neighbors, apparently out of gratitude for the rescue of his own son from the fate which he had prepared for his enemy. The two acts seem to me to be inconsistent beyond the utmost inconsistency of human nature; and even if I am wrong here, I still contend that the dramatist should deal with the probable and not with the possible. Besides, even admitting the possibility of such a repentance, something in Berwick's previous conduct should have prepared us for it. The play, as a whole, is not without interest. Many of the situations are ingeniously contrived, and the dialogue is generally neat and workmanlike. But it is too long,—at least for the English stage,—and too "preachy," especially in the last act. The impression made by it is that Ibsen forgot all about his "mission" as a social philos-

opher until three acts were completed ; and then he made haste to write his moral tag, and so spoiled a lively, interesting, clever, but not brilliant drama.

Two years after *The Pillars of Society* came (in 1879) *A Doll's House*. This is the play which has already been produced on the American stage by Mr. Richard Mansfield, and most satisfactorily. The difficult part of Nora was intrusted to a young actress, Miss Beatrice Cameron, who acted it with singular delicacy and insight, and gave it, too, the personal charm which it demands. The other characters were in competent hands, and it is safe to say that the play was seen to the best possible advantage. But the result hardly bore out the assertions of those who contend that Ibsen has established a "new art," by which the old is to be thrust aside. Indeed, what must have struck intelligent spectators most forcibly was the superiority of Ibsen's genius to the rather narrow grooves of his dramatic creed—the existence of a high quality of technique in a writer who affects to despise technique altogether. What could be more distinctly *habile*, what more in the line of Angier or Sardou, than the use which is made of the letter-box in providing the element of suspense? The dancing of the tarantella—in fact, the whole episode of the masquerade—is another case in point. It is not, then, mere novelty, mere oddity, which attracts us in *A Doll's House*; we recognize the originality of the artist, but we find that he expresses himself mainly by well-known, even by conventional, symbols. And this is not a demonstration of his weakness, but a proof of his strength. Almost any one can attract attention by being singular ; to hold it, there must be sustained power along acknowledged and fundamental lines. This power Ibsen manifests up to the point at which the moral tag begins. Nora is a fine and sane creation until the catastrophe which she has so long striven to avert has come ; then she, too, like Berwick, begins to be consciously didactic—to pose and to preach. It will be worth while to sketch roughly the plot of *A Doll's House*, familiar as it may be by this time, if only to make the nature of Ibsen's mistake perfectly clear. Nora is a childishly impulsive woman, happy with her husband and children, but quite unaccustomed to consider moral or

ethical obligations. She is treated by every one as an irresponsible being ; she lives, in fact, in a doll's house and enjoys a fool's paradise. Yet she is womanly enough and pure and true enough ; her frivolity is a part of her education rather than a part of her nature. She has become involved in difficulties simply because, when her husband's fortunes were at a low ebb and he was dangerously ill, she had borrowed money by forging her father's name to a note, in order to provide funds for a journey to Italy, whither the physician had ordered the invalid to go. Now her creditor, Krogstad, holds a post in the bank to which her husband has just been appointed manager, and he comes to Nora to ask her to use her influence for his retention. He holds the forged paper as a means of compulsion. She laughs in his face ; she will not believe that she has done anything wrong. Then he reminds her that for a similar transgression he lost his reputation, and therefore stands in need now of her intercession with her husband. "You !" cries Nora. "Would you persuade me that you did a brave deed in order to save your wife's life ?" "The law cares little for motives," he replies. "Then we must have very bad laws," says Nora. Ibsen's argument is, of course, of a woman so inconsequential as this, what can one expect ? The remainder of the play is devoted to the painful process of breaking a butterfly on the wheel of fate. Nora's husband will not listen to her pleadings ; he dismisses Krogstad, who at once sends him a letter revealing the truth. The revelation is postponed by Nora's efforts—precisely how need not here be circumstantially related ; and when at last it comes, all the poor creature's love of and confidence in her husband are swept away by the bitter selfishness of his anger. She endures his reproaches in dumb misery ; but when a second letter from Krogstad shows him that all danger of scandal is over, and he pleads with her to forgive and to forget, she tells him frankly that every tie between them is broken and that she can no longer live with him. Up to this point Ibsen has been finely true to nature with the ideal truth of art. But here again his besetting sin as a dramatist overcomes his artistic instinct. Nora coolly and calmly goes on to deliver a sermon on the duties of married life and

to convince her husband by the cold light of reason that they made a great mistake. Could anything be more out of harmony with Nora's character as previously presented? The situation is well enough, but it is most clumsily and inappropriately developed. It throws a false and unreal light on all that has gone before. We find it hard to conceive that a woman like Nora could so quietly abandon husband, children, and home, secure in her own inverted logic as to the duty imposed upon her. The Nora whom we have known throughout the play so far would have gone impulsively, recklessly, with no other reason than her unhappiness as an excuse. Aside from this well-nigh fatal flaw, however, the play is a strong one, and the spectator follows it, in spite of its simplicity of incident, with breathless interest. Except possibly in *Ghosts*, Ibsen nowhere reaches so high a level as in *A Doll's House*.

*Ghosts* followed *A Doll's House* after an interval of two years. In this play Ibsen takes up in earnest the principle of heredity suggested in its predecessor; and he deals with it not so much on the moral side, as in the case of Nora, but on the physical side, as in the case of Dr. Rank. The story is not a nice one, nor need it be told in detail here. Oswald Alving, a young painter, is the victim of his father's vices. Years before, that father had seduced his wife's own maid. The offspring of the illegitimate union is now a young girl in Mrs. Alving's household, the father and mother being long dead. To her, Oswald, unconscious of her origin, begins to make love; and the first act ends most effectively with a repetition of the scene which opened Mrs. Alving's eyes to her husband's infidelity years ago. She is about leaving the stage with the old pastor, to whom she has confided all, when she overhears the words between Oswald and the girl Regine from the dining-room, whither they have preceded her.

She shrinks back in horror, and stares as if out of her senses at the half-open door.

*Pastor Manders* (disturbed). Pray, what is it? What is it, Mrs. Alving?

*Mrs. Alving*. Ghosts! Those two from the conservatory — they haunt us again.

*Pastor Manders*. What do you mean? Regine — is she? —

*Mrs. Alving*. Yes. Come — not a word!

The scene is an original and powerful one. It is followed by others equally original and powerful; and the play concludes with a most grawsome situation, — Oswald and his mother sitting together in hopeless misery until the dawn outshines the dying lamps; he telling her that his reason will not be spared him much longer, and begging her to give him poison when at last the awful shadow of insanity has enveloped him; until finally his forebodings come true, and the curtain falls, leaving Mrs. Alving to face alone the question of keeping or breaking her promise. This is tragedy of the most unrelieved and poignant kind; it moves the reader out of his propriety, and it must, one would think, wring the heart of the spectator. But it is nevertheless fair to ask if Ibsen has not gone beyond the province of art in emphasizing the merely hideous. Throughout the play the contemplation of the physically, as well as the morally, repulsive is insisted upon: and now and again we wonder if this is really a drama at all, and not a work in medical science. Mrs. Alving's too circumstantial relation of her husband's character and habits is one conspicuous instance of the many lapses from good taste. Furthermore, the play is depressing by reason of the dismal pessimism which pervades it even to the smallest details. Regine is made a heartless and repellent creature apparently only because of her birth. Her reputed father is a lewd fellow of the baser sort, who married a disgraced woman, and who tries to persuade Regine herself to consent to a life of shame for the sake of the money it will bring him. Even Mrs. Alving herself was in former years only saved from the ignominy of flight from her husband by the virtuous refusal of Manders to give way to her entreaties. All this may be realism, but it is the realism which is true merely to the worst side of human nature. "The sins of the fathers" — this is always Ibsen's text; but he forgets that sometimes these sins are visited upon the grandchildren instead of the children. In fact, heredity is a hobby which he rides (not always scientifically) to death. One cannot help thinking that *Ghosts* would have been a much more powerful play had he not tried to emphasize at every turn a truth, the importance of which it is after all easy to overestimate.

The rest of Ibsen's social dramas may be more briefly summarized. After *Ghosts* his genius appears to suffer an eclipse; there is a distinct falling off in power, as well as in charm and ease of style. *An Enemy of the People* is a labored attempt to illustrate the selfishness of mankind when the pocket-book is touched, and the dangers which reformers meet when they run counter to local interests. Dr. Stockmann is the corporation physician at the Norwegian watering-place. His researches lead him to the discovery that the water is tainted, and that a great deal of money must be spent to remedy this serious defect. As things stand, the place is calculated to kill invalids rather than to cure them. But Dr. Stockmann finds that he can do nothing; the masses as well as the classes desert him; and at last, in spite of his impassioned appeals to the generous instincts of his neighbors, he finds himself "boycotted" on every hand. The story is not without interest, and the characters are generally well conceived; but somehow or other the play fails to interest us. It ends somewhat inconsequently with the remark that "the strongest man in the world is he who stands alone,"—an epigram which might have been said without five preliminary acts. *The Wild Duck* is even more vaguely dismal than *An Enemy of the People*. Hjalmar Ekdal has married a girl who is the cast-off mistress of Werle, a wealthy manufacturer. Werle's son, Gregor, comes home after an absence of many years to discover this fact; and thereupon he proceeds to enlighten Hjalmar, for the very intelligible reason that "what he calls his name is built upon a lie." Such conduct appears to ordinary common-sense as sheer lunacy; but Ibsen evidently intends that we shall approve it. Gregor fills the rôle of marplot throughout the remainder of the play with entire success, and Hjalmar evidently regards him to the last as a singularly discreet and magnanimous friend. It turns out that Hedwig, Hjalmar's reputed daughter, is in reality Werle's child—something which Hjalmar ought long before to have suspected, because both have weak eyes! Gregor persuades the poor girl that she can win back Hjalmar's affection by shooting the wild duck which is her especial pet; she consents to do this, but shoots herself instead, and the play concludes

with the rather brutal remark by Gregor that the sacrifice was not in vain so long as it reconciles the parents. It would be hard to conceive of a more lame and impotent piece of mawkishness than this. And the two latest social dramas of Ibsen only confirm the suspicion suggested by *The Wild Duck*, that what he has to say as a dramatist has been said, and that now, instead of achieving any real artistic progress he is simply working in a circle. Both *Rosmersholm* and *The Lady of the Sea* abound in skilful touches; there is, perhaps, even an increased power of characterization, along with a falling off in style. But both leave a bad taste in the mouth, and both seem, when all is said and done, to be unreal and illusive.

Yet it would be rather ungrateful to the author of two such plays as *A Doll's House* and *Ghosts* to leave his work with a last word of unfavorable criticism. What we have to recognize in Ibsen, after all, despite the unsightly excrescences which disfigure his art, is his command of the drama, where he is at his best, as a vehicle of intelligent and adequate expression of human weakness and failure. And although merely to express weakness and failure is a half truth, and so little better than a lie, the writer who in these days can really express anything at all, deserves at least a respectful hearing. But those who approach Ibsen as the master in a new art, who expect to see the old ideals of the world crumble at his touch, simply make him ridiculous. Original and powerful as his work, considered as a whole, may be, Ibsen's self-imposed limits are such that he is not likely ever to be reckoned in the general judgment of mankind,—which is, after all, the supreme court of appeal,—with the greatest dramatists. He will not supplant Æschylus or Sophocles or Shakespeare or Goethe; he will not supersede Aristophanes or Terence or Molière or Goldsmith or Angier. Even his "frankness" (or to speak more accurately, his brutality) will have little weight with posterity, if the rage for the "realism" of mere vulgarity passes away, as other literary fashions have done. Even now this "frankness," combined with the distinctly provincial outlook upon life which is everywhere visible in his work, must inevitably repel in some measure a large portion of the intelligent public.

## AN INSTANCE.

*By Lucy Agnes Hayes.*

A HEART beat in our midst that vainly tried  
Companionship of other hearts to gain ;  
A soul lived pure and sweet before our eyes  
Whom our un-sympathy caused cruel pain.

A mind whose fibre was so bright and fine  
It passed unseen of us, was at our side ;  
A man of foreign accent, workman's garb,  
In the great city, overburdened, died.

Thus mingling with our lot the exiles move,  
We pass them by, uncaring, on the street.  
If e'er we stand within God's city gates,  
What words of welcome shall we strangers meet ?

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## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

*By Edward E. Hale, D.D.*

**S**HALL it be Matunuck? Indeed, it is a little curious, seeing that Matunuck is one of my homes, that we have never tarried there.

*Miss Reader.* I am very much mortified, but I cannot find Matunuck on this map.

*Traveller and Tarrow.* No, my dear child, nor on any other, I believe, although the name existed, and the place, before your Jamestowns and Plymouths and Boston. But you can readily guess where it is, if you will construct the law of our condition.

Here is the senior editor of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. You are travelling with him from his winter home to his summer home. You believe him to be a man of sense; you suspect him to be a man of taste; you wish, because you are fond of him, that he may sometimes do as he chooses and live where he likes to live. Let us work from these premises.

1. He must live in New England, else how can he be editor of the MAGAZINE?

2. He must have his south wind off the ocean in summer, and not off the land, else he is not a man of sense.

3. He will avoid throngs in summer,

because at the Hub he must see more of them than is good for him in winter.

4. From his general nature and make-up, you would expect to find him, not on any high-road, but on one of the by-paths, so to speak, of life and opinion.

5. The Sun, Amon Rá, is the first fountain of Life and Light this side their Original, so we shall be sure to find him as near the sun as he can go, preserving the other requisites.

Now, with these postulates, let us construct the position. Will you take your map again?

*Miss Reader.* Here it is; and I have marked the place already, or I think I have. See,—I ruled this meridian just south from Boston. But you said you wanted to be as far south as you could, so I turned southwest as far as I dared,—please see; it is only the least bit,—I moved it west upon the mainland. If I had gone farther, the south wind would have passed over Long Island. But here is this nice bit of upland, where there is nothing between you and the West Indies. As for highways, I do not know; there is a road here. Is it very high?

*Traveller.* You are perfectly right, my dear child. You went south-southwest,—towards the Indians' heaven. Naturally, too, the editor would wish to be near enough to the sea to swim in it, with a beach available at all tides, and with the water in summer, and indeed the air, at an average temperature of seventy at noon. Yes; you are quite right. I see you have the coast-survey map. Fix the exact spot on it which you think the best. The best is not too good for the editor.

*Miss Reader.* I should not dare to advise, nor care to. But if you will look here: here is a fresh-water pond to sail upon; the ground is so high that you must have a magnificent view of the sea; there is not a railway train within five miles; all these woods must give lovely walks, and these ponds lovely sails. If the land can be had, I should think you would like to live here.

*Traveller.* You are quite right, my dear friend, as I see the Readers are apt to be in matters of taste. You have put your pencil in the exact spot where I have tarried at home for eighteen years.

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How fortunate for us that we took this seven o'clock train, instead of that more tempting express at eight! It is just as it is in the *Vision of Mirza* and other virtuous allegories. A modest train, and it makes some stops. But the world is so much more beautiful at seven o'clock than it can be again till sunrise comes round. To-morrow we will try it at sunrise. The sun rises at 4.30 now in Boston, since we gave Professor Langley those seventeen minutes in the morning, because he asked for them.

And how lovely the world is on the last day in May! "What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, dear Mr. Lowell, since you ask, I will say that the last day of May is, when the season is a little early, and particularly when your good fortune makes you tumble out of bed as early as six or even earlier. Dear Miss Reader, we have not ridden on this road together since that winter day when the snow was so white and the sky so blue and the pines so green. The sky is as blue as ever, but everything is more green than you and I remembered that anything could be. Each tree compares notes with the next to see

which can show the freshest life, and so does every blade of grass. Not one yellow or brown spire in the millions of millions. Summer will be very lovely, but nothing must pretend to have this joy and life and glory of a perfect morning in spring.

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HERE we are at Kingston. Do you see our flag? It is the model station on this road, and this banner has been awarded to it for neatness and prettiness and general care. That is the nice twentieth century way in which Mr. Miller takes care of our road for us. Really, it will hardly be nicer when we own it ourselves. And here is Mr. Taber, who manages it all so well. "And how do you do? Is everybody well? How has the winter gone?" "Yes, Mr. Hale, it is all well, and we are glad to see you. Your people are here, somewhere, looking for you." "Ah, yes, there is Joe; I see him. All well, Joe?" And so on, while we are riding on our lovely, lonely road, six miles due south to the sea, between ferns and bulrushes and arethusas and laurels and rhododendrons and everything else to make us comfortable, under maples and oaks and hemlocks and hackmatacks and tupelos and birches and beeches and everything else that knows how to give us shade, with the violets and hawthorns and the lupines expressing their general satisfaction, and this quick-stepping, iron-gray horse, who has come all the way from Iowa for the occasion, hurrying us along till the moment when we turn the grade at Broad Hill, and then, as to Xenophon's poor fellows on the Euxine,

The Sea! The Sea!

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Possibly it will help you, dear Miss Reader, to understand the lay of the land, if I remind you how the good God smoothed down our dear New England for our planting and living, and gave us some soil to plant in, and in general arranged things as they are.

It is now some ten thousand years—be the same more or less—since the whole of this little island, which gives the name to our magazine, was under such a sheet of ice as you may see in your dear Alaska. Only here the whole of the country east of Wisconsin was under the ice,

and in particular our dear New England was under some ten thousand feet of it, — be the same more or less, as I said before.

But this ice was not to stay here forever. Ice will slip down hill ; and when it comes to the neighborhood of oceans it will melt, particularly if the ocean be watered by a gulf stream. Now our good Atlantic Ocean is warmed by a Gulf Stream, and was then. So the ice over New England steadily crawled southward, a little eastward, toward the sea. It slipped along and slipped along ; and, as it slipped, it tore off the rocks from the tops of the mountains and carried them along. It did not slip very far in any one year, and it did not have to, for it had “ all the time there was,” — to take the fine national proverb, which is very useful to all evolutionists. And, as it slipped and as it melted, why, of course, the stones it bore with it, and the gravel it ground off the mountains, did not melt. And just as you see the white snow and ice in front of your house grow blacker and blacker in the end of winter, as the ice and snow thaw beneath, these ice sheets grew blacker and blacker on top with earth and stones. And they pushed before them a certain shield or covering of earth and stones, as the front of the ice melted when it came out in air warmed by the sea. And this bed of gravel and stones, thus pushed in front, is what is called a “ terminal moraine ” when you deal with a glacier. In our case, the ice once persevered as far as the line of Nantucket, Block Island, and Long Island. There the warm ocean was too much for it, and it gave way, and left its terminal moraine to tell its story, for your information and mine. And there it is, named by the names of those three islands, to this day.

And yonder, some ten or fifteen miles away from us, as we ride, is Block Island, to tell the story to you and me.

I suppose the weather fell warmer then. Somehow or other, after that long line of gravel, stones, and sand was left out yonder, the ice-sheet receded so far that its next effort was expended here where we are. And this ridge, where even Joe had to check the gray as we came up the hill, from the top of which Broad Hill looks southward and eastward, is the second terminal moraine. Hard and compact is

the clay that holds together boulder and gravel. And see there, — is that a flock of sheep, or of gray stones which were left here nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years ago ? Do not be mortified if you do not know : they have deceived even worsted spinners.

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Now, if you please, look up to the left yonder, as we drive along Queen Anne’s road, and see the gambrel-roofed “ Red House ” on that little hill, which protruded by a slight curve from the southern end of the second moraine. This is the house we are coming to. It is sometimes called the “ New Sybaris,” so simple and cosy is the life of the inhabitants. On this side is Willow Dell. No, we will not stop to water the horse. But is not this a pretty fountain, green already with ampelopsis ? It is built

“ To the memory of Wager Weeden,  
Who lived on this farm,  
And brought this water here.”

Yes, he was Admiral Wager’s grand-nephew, — the same who gave the name to Wager Inlet, when we were trying to find a shorter route to Alaska.

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Is it not all lovely ? So quiet, so fresh and green, the whole prospect ; and “ enough of it,” as the good woman said, whom Mr. Emerson has chronicled. She came down from a pinched and dried New Hampshire farm, and looked out on the ocean. “ I’m glad there’s one thing that there’s enough of,” she said. The sweep of our sea horizon here is well-nigh one hundred and eighty degrees of sea-line, from Gay Head Light to the east, — which we think we see sometimes, — round as far to the west as Montauk. Hundreds of sails of every type of vessel, sailing north, south, east, and west, — coal-tugs, menhaden vessels, excursion steamers, and the fishermen’s boats from the shore. And above, a sky which is breeding clouds all the time. It cannot but create them ; for over this ridge is a constant rising current of the sea air which has been heated by striking this sun-warmed moraine. It carries up the moisture of the sea with it, and then takes shape in those beautiful *cumuli* which you will watch day after day as they take new forms before you.

"Put your house where you can have a sky prospect," said William Peabody, "for your sky prospect is never twice the same."

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THIS same moisture from the sea cools on the leaves of the trees, and flows down to make these deep, clear ponds, like this below us where the boats lie. This place is what the geologists call a "pot-hole." That means that here a big iceberg was stranded, melted slowly, and, as it melted, left all around it the clay and gravel-stones which built up a permanent wall, so that ever since there has been this charming pond. It is the shape of Africa, rather more than half a mile long, shaded on every side by trees, and, as you shall see, perfect, when you are in the canoe. But this afternoon we will walk around it.

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I SUPPOSE these paths we follow were surveyed by sheep. This delicious odor, so sweet and spicy and grape-like, is from the huckleberry bushes, which are just now in full bloom. See the beds of the high laurel here! That will be in its glory in three weeks more,—as three weeks ago was the mayflower. Perfume of the sweetest is the law here, through the whole gamut of odor from the mayflower of spring to the bay of autumn. I am glad you came to-day, for the miracle is perhaps at its prime to-day. Two days ago these oak-leaves were still rolled together; yesterday's sun and to-day's have simply unrolled several thousand quintillion of them, so that each one presents a square inch or so of exquisite, tender green to your eye and mine, where we should have had only a little line.

Do you know when the Narragansetts planted corn here? They had no *Farmer's Almanac*, and they planted their corn "when the oak-leaf was as big as a squirrel's foot."

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FOR we are in the fine fishing country of the Narragansetts. This network of ponds and these shaded glades of wood were just the place for them. Oh, no; I am afraid there were more of them here then than there are of us now. Stop! There,—I was afraid you would crush it,—a ripe strawberry on the 31st of May! And Roger Williams says he has seen

enough wild strawberries here in their time to freight a ship. The English grasses run them hard in our day.

This pretty pond is Hot-house Pond. Will you scramble down to the shore with me? I will show you a pile of the stones with which they made the "hot-house" steaming-place of that day. Poor wretches! they had only too much rheumatism, and what you call a Russian bath was their only way for curing it. So here was a house—of skins, I think—built over the water. These stones were heated in the fire on the shore, then they were piled suddenly into the water beneath the skins, and the poor rheumatic was steamed above. Of which the name of the stones remains as the memorial.

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I THINK this pretty country looked much then as it does now. And between Narragansett Bay on the east and the Pequot country in Connecticut, I could take you ten or twelve miles westward through such sheep-tracks as this, with an occasional wood-road, where once was a little farm, hidden in pretty nooks where the oaks and maples had been cleared away. Nay, I could in the ten or twelve miles find you a few such little farms to-day. But, for one where there are bees and children, we should stumble, if I took you skilfully, upon five where nothing is left but a cellar and a lilac-bush or a white rose to show that the white man has been there. In the wooded tract that covers all the moraine I spoke of, I suppose two or three times as many Narragansetts lived as we white people are all together to-day,—summer squatters like me and mine, or prosperous farmers on the fields between the moraines and the sea. All of us together do not count near as many, I think, as there were of them when strawberries grew here by the ship-load, and when the passing sea-fowl overhead were not afraid of metallic cartridges or their contents.

But, alas for the Narragansetts! in Philip's War the whites of the Bay were afraid of them,—probably with good reason. They organized the strongest force they put together in that war; they marched across this very country, two or three miles back yonder; they fell on the Narragansett fort, and carried it; they burned houses and granaries, and in that war the Narragansetts, I might say, came to an end;—

though I who tell you this have "assisted" at an "election" of theirs, where was lately their reservation, within twenty years. We drove them out of the country, and you and I have taken possession of it, to walk in and fish in,—and consider the Indian problem. But for raising corn and wheat, we send to Dakota; my experience of this region is that it is a good place to raise boys. And I believe that my boys and our friend Westerly's agree with me.

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### WEST POINT.

*Traveller.* We are going to West Point, Miss Reader.

*Miss Reader.* Oh, indeed! you should have let me know before. I should have a new hat,—and about dresses,—are there not "hops" and such things?

*Traveller.* My dear child, shall I never make you understand that the people do not see you? The great convenience for you, of our method of travelling, is that the conductors do not see you, nor the "gentlemanly clerks" nor the argus-eyed reporters. Pray take the advantage of your invisible cloak and come along. I am one of the Board of Visitors this year, which is appointed by Uncle Sam to see how his one college fares, and to report to him what he is to do about it. The President names seven of these visitors, the President of the Senate names two, and the Speaker of the House three. So I shall see what there is to be seen, and you can see it, too, if you do not make too much delay about your hat and your shoe-strings.

Indeed, my dear Miss Reader, if you will remember in human life, that, after all, people do not look at us as much as we think they do, and that ninety-nine people out of a hundred do not look at us at all, or think of us at all, life will be made much more comfortable to you.

*Miss Reader.* Indeed, indeed, I am ready! Only, as I believe I said before, dear Mr. Traveller, you are so sudden in your movements. You say I can go without a trunk. Perhaps I can. But I want to prepare my mind. North Pole to-day, and the tropics to-morrow,—do you not see that at least I want to look up the Flora and the Fauna.

[In this remark Miss Reader shows some judgment. Possibly the traveller

may err in this way. But we are not here to consider his errors. We are now going to West Point.]

We could go up on the east bank of the river by the old line of railroad,—we could go up the west shore by the new. The west shore road, in fact, passes directly under the parade ground by a tunnel. And on one occasion some rocks from "Execution Hollow" fell into the tunnel, and cut a train in two,—so that half the passengers went out one way and half the other. We will not to-day take either road. We will go by the day boat. That is the most perfect bit of travel for a short distance, in the world.

Notice how perfectly the boat is fitted for just this purpose. We shall want to look right and left. We shall not want to be burned by the sun, or blown to pieces by the wind. So our whole upper deck is covered by a lighter deck on which no one may go. And we are shielded from the wind by these high large-paned windows. Here are plenty of chairs, of twenty or thirty different forms for comfort. We can take our choice and place them where we will. Those curly-haired little girls, who will care nothing for Palisades or Headquarters, are playing ball in the upper part of the great cabin, as if they were at home. We have only to sit and let the beautiful panorama, in this perfect beauty of June, sweep by us.

When I say "perfect bit of travel," I mean that every moment is occupied by something of interest. From New York, for a hundred miles up, this magnificent Hudson River has been studied, and every coign of vantage on either shore has been seized. It has been seized by people who had more money than robber barons ever had, and are stronger than they ever were.

The people who have taken possession belong to a nation whose motto is "Get the Best," and they have generally succeeded in getting it. We who travel belong to the same nation, and in one way or another we have given our instructions to the people who built and maintain this steamboat. And so I sit here,—and you invisible. We go and come, as we will,—and our excellent friend, Dr. Smith, who has been in all nations, tells us of his experiences of travel, and of the marvels of the history of this region. And while we move in this absolute comfort, and in safety

almost absolute, fervent prayers are going up over the world for a blessing on those who travel, as if travel were a special danger in life.

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HERE we are at the West Point Landing! What an army of people leave the boat here! And you and I thought we had the best places, and were sitting in them, not crowded. Has each of them thought that he had the best place,—as you and I have? Let us think so. See that old reminiscence of home,—

BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775,

in enormous letters chiselled into the rock upon the landing; they will remain there for centuries, that the young cadets of America may be sure to know when it was that

“Justice smiled awful when freemen take aim.”

The roadway goes up in zig-zags to the hotel. We pass Kosciusko’s garden,—and here is his monument. The engineer officer sent here first, when the works were laid out, was a Frenchman named Radiére. But he was irascible, and quarrelled with every one, so Kosciusko was put in his place; and we remember him gratefully.

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THIS Board of Visitors, to attend which we have come, is appointed anew every year. It meets for ten or twelve days before the graduation of the oldest class, and everything in the academy passes, or may pass, under its review. Every courtesy is shown to the members by the resident officers, soldiers, and teachers of soldiers,—and one has an opportunity, which could hardly be improved upon, to see the working of the academy and its results. Every gentleman on the board may attend any examination, or go anywhere into the various departments of study and discipline. And every afternoon an outdoor exhibition of one or another department is provided for the party. The officers and their families are most hospitable. The place is lovely, and June is perfect June.

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THE country is proud of West Point, and with reason. Once and again when it has wanted leaders who knew their busi-

ness, it has found them among men who had been educated here. And no one can fully understand how this work has been so well done till he has come to the spot, and watched well the life here. From the nature of the case, it is quite different from that of other colleges. For this is purely a professional school,—the profession prepared for being the service of an officer. And it is taken for granted that this officer may find himself in very responsible positions.

Here, therefore, is no nonsense or any talk which is not nonsense about “electives” or “optionals.” There are no “electives.” What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander: and the studies which are good for one are good for another. When I shall say, some day, “Captain Thusando, I wish you would compute for me the strain which will come on these ropes if we swing a bridge across this creek,” Captain Thusando shall not say, “I beg your pardon, general, but I did not elect the Calculus when I was at the academy.” The academy dismisses him from his class, and from its walls, just as soon as he does not pass its examination for what it wants. He may be afterwards a very good lawyer or artist or poet; but he is not an officer in a responsible position in the Regular Army.

So here is a school equipped, and well equipped, officered, and well officered, to do one thing. Other colleges have to graduate men fitted to enter on all walks of life. This academy only undertakes to fit men for this one duty. It is in this unity of purpose that is to be found one secret of its success.

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ANOTHER is in its isolation. It is, so to speak, a monastery or convent. Here, in this valley, stolen from the mountains on the west, and shut in by the Hudson on the east,—there are, say, two hundred and fifty cadets, a couple of hundred gentlemen and ladies, of whom the gentlemen are the professors and instructors in science and language, and both gentlemen and ladies the teachers of a great deal which no one can write in books. There are a few companies of engineers here, whose barracks are not far from the cadets’. There is a small hotel for visitors owned by the government, leased by them to a

competent landlord and well kept; this is under the absolute control of the government.

You see, then, that the life of the place is given to study, first and foremost, and one might say second, last, and entirely. There is almost nothing of the temptation to throw off study, which is the primal temptation of almost all colleges. Life must be a bore here to a man who does not study.

And again, an equality almost absolute, in the physical enjoyments and surroundings of each student, tells materially in the social order of the place, and relieves it from the follies of such a plutocracy as is the danger of Columbia or Harvard. The government pays each cadet five hundred and forty dollars a year. He sees but little of this money, but it is credited to him on the books, and from it he pays for his food, his tailor's bills, his laundry bills, which must be enormous, and so on. There is, therefore, little chance for rich men to buy comfort for money, and little danger that poor men will starve themselves into disability.

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WHAT comes out of this is a transformation more marvellous than I have ever seen in any other school. We Cambridge men say of Harvard that its business is to take two hundred cubs, and at the end of four years to give the world two hundred gentlemen. I think that a fair definition of the duty of that college. Here, in 1886, this academy received two hundred and one applicants, and in September perhaps twenty more. So many of these failed in their first examinations, and so many have been dropped since, that of the two hundred and twenty more or less only fifty-four will receive commissions now that their four years are over. The law of selection has worked,—and worked with such effect. And observe, if the fifty-four had not come up to a certain fixed standard, they would have followed the others. The country can have competent young officers, and she does not

propose, for any reason, to have those who are not competent.

Under the tremendous pressure of this system, the change wrought in four years is a miracle indeed. For it is the pure triumph of spirit and spiritual law, and that, I suppose, is what the word miracle means. The fifty-four who do come through, are, it is clear, well fitted for the work they have in hand, and they are men who have learned how to learn. They probably have not the "all-roundness" of the ordinary college graduate. But, on the other hand, they are well up in their chosen profession. And they have gained that faculty, most valuable of all, of using time to good advantage, as they enter on fields of study which are now open to them for the first time. —

BUT I am afraid Miss Reader had rather go to the hops, or see the dress-parades, than hear this discussion on education. Just so, dear Miss Reader, only I beg you to understand that there are no gentlemen in the world who are discussing the questions of education more carefully or conscientiously than the officers here,—from Colonel Wilson, the accomplished superintendent, through the whole circle. Now you really wish to see your cousin John, do you? I have sent him your card, and he will come. There he is now waiting at the hedge for you to come and see him.

*Miss Reader.* I go and see him? Let him come and see me.

*Traveller.* I beg your pardon,—you and I must obey orders like the rest. The cadet must not come into this hotel; that is a stringent order. So you see those nice young men are all waiting at the hedge-gaps. They have sent their cards in to their mothers and sisters, and to you too, I dare say. You need not appear to walk down to the gap. Here is your parasol; do you walk down this side path,—only go across the piazza so that the good fellows may see who it is. I think by the time you come to the hedge John will meet you there.

## AN ALUMNI MEETING.

*By Caro Atherton Dugan.*

IN ancient times there lived a giant famed  
Among the Greeks for strength so rare, the best  
And bravest of their heroes lowered his crest  
Whene'er he heard the great Antæus named.  
True son of Earth was he, and not ashamed  
To own her secret help: how in the test  
Of battle, were he thrown upon her breast,  
A strength invincible again he claimed.  
O Alma Mater! Hold us to thy heart  
For one brief instant as we come to thee.  
Weary we may be with the earnest part  
We bear in life, yet glorious certainty  
Awaits thy touch; we feel the answering thrill  
Of strength and courage and undaunted will.

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## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE convention of the National Educational Association is the most important educational meeting of the year. "Once a year," said President Marble in his article on the Association, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE last year, "from the North, the South, the East, the West, the teachers of youth and the formers of the future republic meet together to discuss that education which is the conservator of the republic. They look into the faces of the men and women whose writings and whose teachings they know about; they learn to know each other and to interpret what they read in the light of this knowledge. Each learns the conditions under which the other works in a remote part of the country. The friendships formed among teachers coming together from states widely separated, and moved to sympathy by a common interest, are an inspiration. The liberality of the railroad managements has made it possible for the poorly paid and hard-worked teacher from an Iowa county or a Louisiana parish to rest awhile near the refreshing springs of Saratoga, or to feel the Pacific breezes on the streets of San Francisco, and to meet there her sisters from Maine and Florida. It is by such experiences as these, by the interchange of thought, and by the acquaintance with social conditions and the warmth of Southern feeling such as the recent visit to Nashville has given, that the teachers of our land are better fitted to impart to American youth the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of what it is to be an American citizen."

It will be remembered that the meeting of the National Association at Nashville last summer gave occasion for a special educational number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, containing not

only the general article on the Association by Mr. Marble, the retiring president, from which we have quoted, but fully illustrated articles also upon Nashville and its educational institutions, and upon Dr. Harris, who was just at that time appointed Commissioner of Education. It is a constant aim of the Magazine to give prominence to articles upon education, and to make itself of interest and value to the teachers of the country. The series of articles upon our American colleges, begun with the article on Columbia College in the last number, is but a single feature of many which we trust will have this special interest. The article on St. Paul in the present number, valuable to the general reader as the picture is of the energetic capital of the great Northwest, is published at this time because St. Paul is the city for which the teachers of the country are at this time buying their tickets, and which they wish to know about. For their sakes chiefly, also, we shall follow this article with a similar one next month upon the twin city of Minneapolis. Indeed, knowing something about Minneapolis, we should hardly dare not do this. An article upon Horace Mann will give our August number an additional value for teachers; and this article upon Horace Mann will be followed in September by an article on Mark Hopkins.

The meeting of the Association, this year under the presidency of Professor James H. Canfield, at St. Paul, opens on Tuesday, July 8, closing on Friday evening. The subjects to which the general sessions are to be devoted are the following: "Essentials to Success in Teaching," "Psychological and Pedagogical Observation," "Examinations as Tests for Promotion," "The Moral Value of Art Education," "The White-Cross Movement in Education," "Compulsory Laws and

their Enforcement," "The Correlation of Subjects Taught in Elementary Schools," "The Place and Function of the Agricultural College," "System vs. Individuality in Teacher and Pupil," and "The Race Problem."

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SECOND only in importance to the convention of the National Educational Convention in our educational year is the convention of the American Institute of Instruction, which will be held this year at Saratoga, on almost the same days, July 7-10, as those of the greater meeting at St. Paul. Saratoga comes so near being in New England, that it may well be believed that the delegation of New England teachers attending the meetings of the Institute will be greater than that at the St. Paul convention; and Mr. Littlefield and Mr. Huling submit a programme that should suffice to draw New England teachers much farther than to Saratoga. President Andrews of Brown University is announced to speak on "Patriotism and the Public Schools"; President Hall of Clark University, on "A Plea for Studying European Systems of Education"; Mr. Tetlow, the principal of the Boston Girls' High School, on "School Instruction in Morals and Manners"; Superintendent Fisher of Weymouth, on "Woman in Education"; Professor Rice of Wesleyan University, on "The Place of Natural Science in the Educational Course"; President Raymond of Wesleyan, on "The Scholarly Spirit"; Professor Greenough of Westfield, on "The Essentials of Good Teaching"; and Superintendent Seaver of Boston, on "The Professional Preparation of Teachers." Other speakers will be President Low of Columbia College, Hon. Henry Barnard, Governor Davis of Rhode Island, Rev. A. E. Winship, Hon. T. B. Stockwell, and Hon. James W. Patterson. The New England teacher, therefore, who cannot go to St. Paul, but only to Saratoga, will be furnished a great deal to think about.

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BRIEF reference has been made in earlier numbers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to the interesting work which has been sustained for several years in the old village of Deerfield for the promotion of the study of history, and of our New England history in particular. The people of Deerfield are trying to solve the question how to make the intellectual life of the country town rich and stimulating. The historical library and museum which has been established here through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Sheldon is something unique, a collection in itself sufficient to repay the summer traveller for turning aside for a day in the beautiful old Connecticut valley town. And very notable in its way has been the success of Mr. Lincoln in maintaining in the village the summer school of history, of which he now sends out the following fifth annual programme: —

"The Fifth Season of the Deerfield Summer School of History and Romance will open Thursday, July 3, 1890, continuing every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning until July 31. The previous high standard of excellence in the character and variety of the lectures will be fully maintained. Among those relating to historical themes will be: 'Washington's Relation to the Great West,' by Mr. Edwin D. Mead of Boston;

'Bismarck and His Times,' by Hon. James C. Greenough of the Westfield Normal School; 'The Religious Drama of the Middle Ages,' by Prof. Francis H. Stoddard of the University of the City of New York; 'Puns, and Their Ancestry,' by Mr. Joseph Willard of Boston, and 'The Lotus in Decorative Art,' by Mr. Wm. H. Goodyear of New York. Upon literary topics the school will be addressed by Rev. James T. Bixby, Ph.D., of Yonkers, on 'The Kalevala, the Epic of the Finns'; Dr. T. Munson Coan, Richard Henry Stoddard, Esq., the eminent poet and critic, and Mr. E. S. Nadal of New York. The Current Drama will have a prominent place in the programme. Charles Barnard, Esq., the well-known author of 'The County Fair,' and other successful plays, will speak upon 'The Theatre—a Publishing House'; L. J. B. Lincoln, upon 'The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen'; and Miss M. Alice Jordan, the accomplished teacher of Rhetoric at Smith College, will open the course by reading 'Giles Corey, Yeoman,' a drama of witchcraft days, by Miss Mary E. Wilkins. Of especial interest in connection with the thought of the time will be papers by Mr. Henry Ware Jones of New York, upon 'Theosophy and Its Growth,' and Mr. Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago, whose efforts on behalf of the working-men of Illinois have given him a national reputation, upon 'The New Conscience in Action.' The final session, July 31, will be devoted to a discussion upon 'Recent Developments in the Social Movement,' in which a number of well-known advocates of social progress will take part. There will be one extra evening session, devoted to the presentation, by Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins of New York, of Mr. Barnard's charming monologue, 'Sarah Tarbox, M.A.' Mr. Barnard will present a short prelude, specially prepared for the occasion. The usual discussions will follow lectures. The President will conduct a class in 'Historical Aspects of the Labor Question,' and there will be occasional evening meetings for readings and informal talks, at private houses."

We wish that work in similar lines to these might be sustained in a score of our New England towns. How well, one thinks, would Mr. Watson plan such work in Plymouth, or Mr. Porter in Lexington! How well such work might be sustained in Portsmouth, in Haverhill, in Newport, in Hartford! How much such work would do for places much smaller than these! The great points, it seems to us, are that the work should be done chiefly with the local public in view and by pressing the local scholars into the service.

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THIS is the tenth year of the Old South prizes for essays in American history. The announcement for 1890 has just been published. The competition for these prizes is open to all who have graduated from the various Boston High Schools in 1889 and 1890. Forty dollars will be awarded for the best essay on each of the two subjects named, and twenty-five dollars for the second best—four prizes in all. The subjects for the year are the following, related as usual to the general subject of the Old South lectures, which this year is that of *The American Indians*: —

I. Efforts for the education of the Indians in the American Colonies before the Revolution.

II. King Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh: discuss their plans for Indian union and compare their characters.

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THE Old South Lectures for young people, for the summer of 1890, will be, as stated above, upon *The American Indians*, the several subjects being as follows: The Mound Builders; The Indians whom our Fathers Found; John Eliot and his Indian Bible; King Philip's War; The Conspiracy of Pontiac; A Century of Dishonor; Among the Zunis; The Indian at School.

The course will begin on Wednesday afternoon, July 30. These Old South Lectures are entirely free to the young people, tickets being sent by post to all applying in their own handwriting. It is the purpose of the Directors of the Old South Studies to follow the present year's course upon the Indians with a course next summer upon the New Birth of the World in the Fifteenth Century, thus preparing the young people well for the study in 1892, when they will be joining in the celebration of the fourth centennial, of the great time of Columbus and the discovery of America.

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ONE of the most important movements for the promotion of patriotism and good citizenship which has come to our knowledge is that which has recently resulted in the establishment in Chicago of "The American Society of Patriotic Knowledge," with Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson as its president, and a score of strong men as vice-presidents, and with a bright and energetic illustrated magazine bearing the title of *Home, School, and Nation* as its organ, chiefly for influencing the young people in the schools. Rev. Samuel Fallows and Martin L. Williston are the editors of this new magazine; and Dr. Fallows is the real author of the movement.

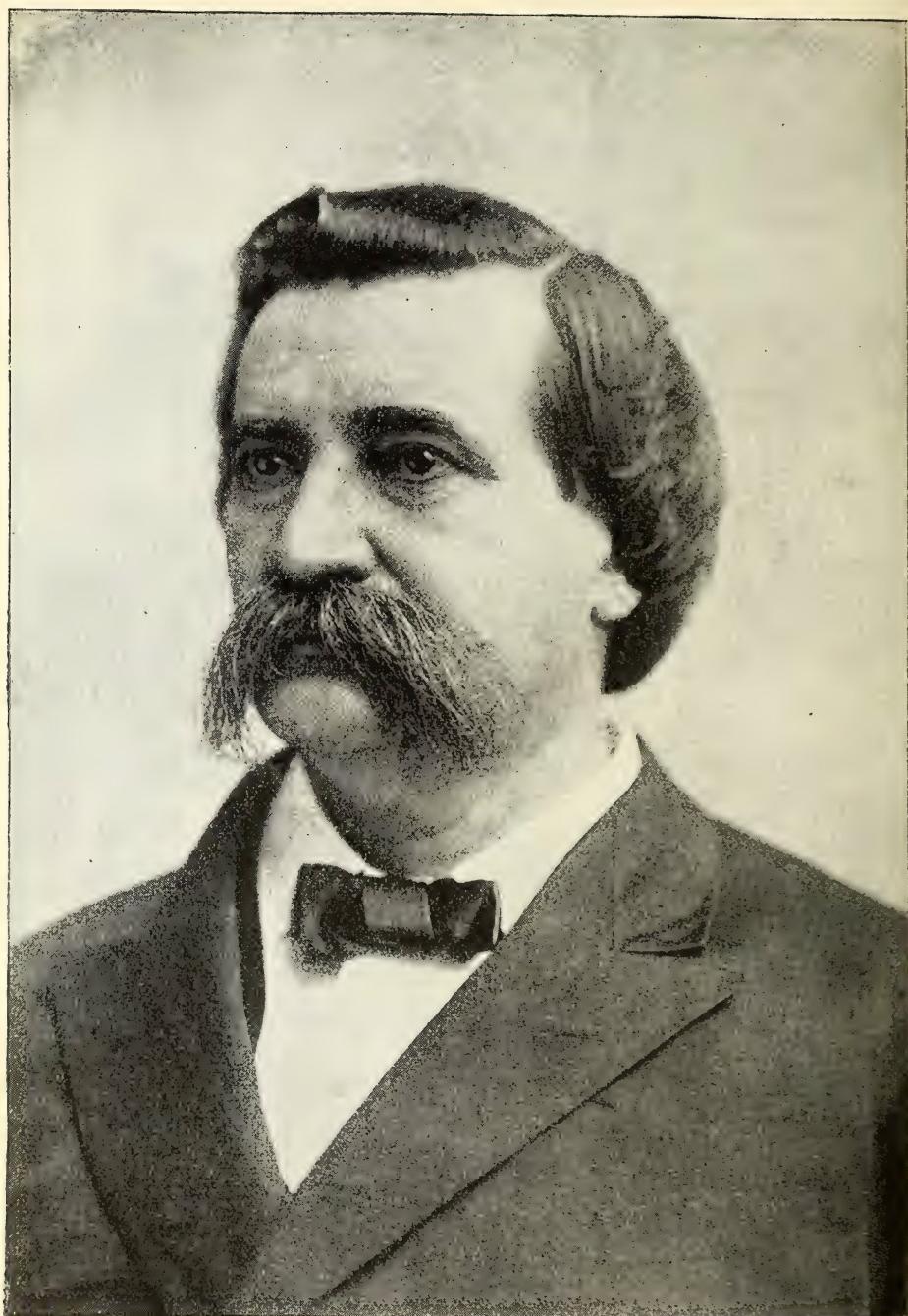
"On December 25, 1889," we read in the Society's circular, "at the suggestion of Bishop Fallows, an informal meeting was held in Chicago to consider the question of organization, and on February 7, 1890, at a meeting in the same city, at which a number of patriotic citizens were represented, the formal organization was completed. The Union League Club of Chicago, in the magnificent work done by them in arousing the spirit of patriotism among the children and citizens of Chicago and the Northwest on April 30, 1889—the centennial of the inauguration of President Washington—and the Old South movement in Boston, so successfully carried on for the past few years, gave inspiration to the leaders of this movement and definiteness to their plans."

The objects of this Chicago society, as stated in its constitution, are to promote patriotism among the children and youth of our schools and country and to prepare them for the duties and responsibilities of good American citizenship, by reaching them with healthful and helpful American literature, by lectures by the foremost thinkers of the country, by conferences and conventions, and by the formation of Young American historical leagues.

Among those who are deeply interested in the movement is Professor David Swing, who recently made it the subject of one of his sermons, in the course of which he spoke as follows: "Wisdom appears in that effort, new, but strong, to lead the young and all the public to group into memory and cherish these great names and events which caused this nation to come, and stay, and advance. If the book of remembrance is the best library of each average mind in this country, it should have great pages all written over with the names and principles, the events, the struggles, out of which issued slowly the Republic which now has no superior among the states upon our globe. If 'not to know history is to be always a child,' not to know American history is to be a poor weak patriot; to have a clear vision of the men and the ideas which made and won the conflicts of 1776 and 1861 is to pass away from childhood and to possess an inner power. When public men have in late years seen a new generation rising up in ignorance of the Nation's past, they have felt grieved over the picture and over that apathy which must come from a generation which simply makes money in the Republic and is ignorant of its origin and meaning. To meet this evil before it has wrought ruin, these men are rewriting history; they are making the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln days of thought; they are asking eloquence, literature, and song to come and color the living heart. What quickened this love of country and made a general awakening desirable was in part the immigration of criminals and anarchists from the Old World. They came in the double cloud of both ignorance and indifference; they thought North America in this century was the same arena of plunder that South America was in the times of the robber Pizarro. They came seeking spoils. They were finding numerous followers among the millions as ignorant as themselves. . . . In order to save the land from being overrun with the wildfire of anarchy, it has been necessary to ordain, not a revival of religion, but something akin—a revival of Americanism. In the school-house, where the wave of young life flows, in the magazine, in the newspaper, in all the club-rooms of higher character, and in the church itself, should be seen a revival of the truths and sentiments of the great past."

It is a pleasure to note the advent of a society with such pedigree and principles as these and with such an energetic life as that revealed by the six numbers of *Home, School, and Nation* which have come to our table. It is a pleasure for the New Englander to know that the movement owes its impulse and inspiration to the Old South movement in Boston. It takes into itself the "Old South" work already so successfully and intelligently established in Chicago through the efforts of Mr. Belfield; and with its varied instrumentalities and the large number of able men whom it has already enlisted in its service, it should do a work for the promotion of the study of history and for good politics in Chicago and the West of exceedingly high importance.





GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, 1868-1870.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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VOL. II. No. 6.

## THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

*By Major George S. Merrill,  
Past Commander-in-Chief.*

THE gathering of a mighty host of veterans of the late war is a fitting occasion to revert to the rise and growth of that great organization, with a membership comprising nearly half a million of the men who, on land or sea, were of the nation's defenders from 1861 to 1865 — the Grand Army of the Republic, the one veteran organization opening its doors to the soldiers of every army and the sailors from every battle-ship, including on equal terms the officer who wore the stars and the private whose only badge of distinction was that he carried a musket in the ranks and wore the blue of the Union. Do any "reason why"? The organization itself affords the best reply. No such membership could have been gathered and knit together, growing alike in numbers and unity of heart and purpose with the years, unless its principles and purposes were worthy the approval of patriotic men. With its simple yet comprehensive watchwords of "Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty," it has successfully sought to form a brotherhood of loyal men, to cement the comradeship born of battle, to care for the widow, the orphan, and the disabled, to treasure the story of the uprising, the combat, and the victory, and to inculcate lessons of loyalty.

A short time before the proceedings incident to the last Memorial Day, a veteran of the war against rebellion chanced to meet a friend, an intelligent young business man of thirty-eight years of age. Speaking of the coming ceremonies, the young man remarked that he was to a large degree ignorant as to the events of

the late war; he was but seven years of age when the contest began and eleven at its conclusion, too young to remember much as to its cause or character; during his school days the histories, of course, had little or no information concerning the great struggle then just ended, and while through his studies he became familiar with the wars of other times and peoples, and with the story of our own Revolutionary and Mexican wars, he must regretfully confess practical ignorance as to the later and larger combat. Just here the Grand Army of the Republic has had a mission. By the force of its numbers, its public gatherings, its camp fires, and more especially through the tender services of Memorial Day, it has awakened the interest of the people, particularly of the generation growing to manhood and womanhood, enlarged their channels of information and stimulated loyal sentiment.

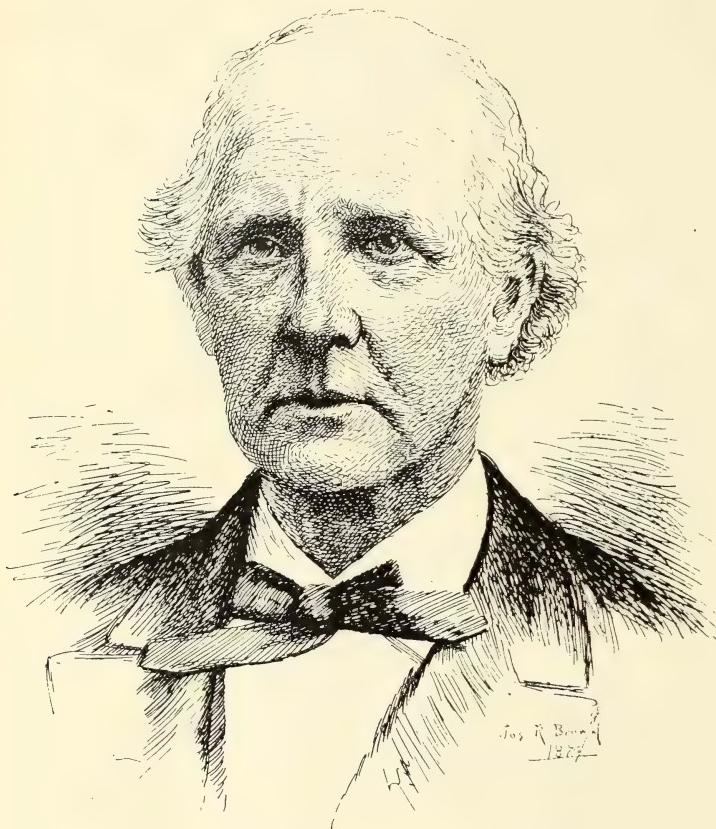
With the lapse of but a quarter of a century it appears singular, and yet considering the haziness surrounding the history of even important events of the war it is not so strange, that the story of the early days of the Grand Army of the Republic is clouded in doubt, and no little of the detail has been lost. Certain it is that before their term of service was ended, the warmth of association therein led the veterans to consider the question of continuing the comradeship, and at least two organizations, which have continued since, were formed, — the Third Corps Union and the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Quite generally, also, among the Union prisoners in the South secret bands were

formed for mutual protection and for aiding escape. Some of these had signs and passwords and a form of initiation, and it is not unlikely that herein was the germ of the original ritual and muster-in service of the early Grand Army. There is no com-

peace there came the presence of disabled veterans, suffering families, and distressed homes. The aid to these came cheerfully, but without organization, and the frequency of the calls speedily awakened the sense that something in the line of systematized

effort was not only desirable but imperative. All over the North sprang up veteran associations with varying plans, although generally united in a common purpose of rendering assistance to those in need, who had dared the danger and shared the conflict.

The country was agitated over the questions of reconstruction; the conciliatory feeling so general at the immediate time of the close of the war had been sadly smitten by the assassination of President Lincoln, and political parties were torn by the disruption between President Johnson and his party. Fresh from their efforts and sacrifices to maintain the Union, the veterans quite naturally entered warmly into consideration of the



General S. A. Hurlbut,

FIRST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

radeship quite like that born of danger, awakened by common peril, strengthened by toil and privation, knit by the touch of elbow in the weary march or the dash of battle. True, when the great army came joyously home, its standards torn and begrimed, yet resplendent with victory, the veterans put aside their well-worn suits of blue, bade good by to army associations, and took up anew the peaceful avocations they had laid down four years before, with little thought or purpose of further association as comrades of the flag. But into the earliest hour of well-won

questions affecting the nation's future, and purely political clubs under the name of the "Boys in Blue" and kindred designations were formed all over the North. In the midst of this strife and bitterness, though not as a part of it, the Grand Army of the Republic had its birth. Little wonder that it was associated in the minds of the public with somewhat kindred associations where politics dominated, or that in some locations the members found it difficult to absolutely discriminate between their duties as members of the organization and their rights and privileges as citizens of the

republic, and that therefore in the early days the taint of partisanship which became attached to the association, particularly in the central West, led to the loss of power and practical dismemberment of the order. Indeed, so loosely was the line then drawn that at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention in Pittsburg, in September, 1866, the recently organized department of the Grand Army of the Republic in Indiana was distinctly represented, and when a committee was appointed to formulate a plan for a national political organization, the Grand Army was one of the bodies from which a representative was selected. During the sessions of this convention a number of prominent soldiers from the eastern states were obligated in the work of the Grand Army and returned home to begin the institution of posts. But with this transient and altogether natural confusion in the beginning, the association of the Grand Army of the Republic with politics ended. When the work of the political veteran organizations of that period ended with the results of the presidential campaign of 1868, many of them formed the nucleus for Grand Army posts, and the latter organization made its position clear by the declaration of the National Encampment in January, 1868, that it did "not design to make nominations for office, nor to use its influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes." One year later an amendment to the rules and regulations was adopted,

declaring that "no officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nominations for political office be made."

Among the men who during the days of their service gave much thought to the idea of perpetuating the associations of the war period, and providing mutual aid in the future by means of a general organization of the veterans, was Dr. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, surgeon of the 14th



Statue of General A. E. Burnside, at Providence, R.I.

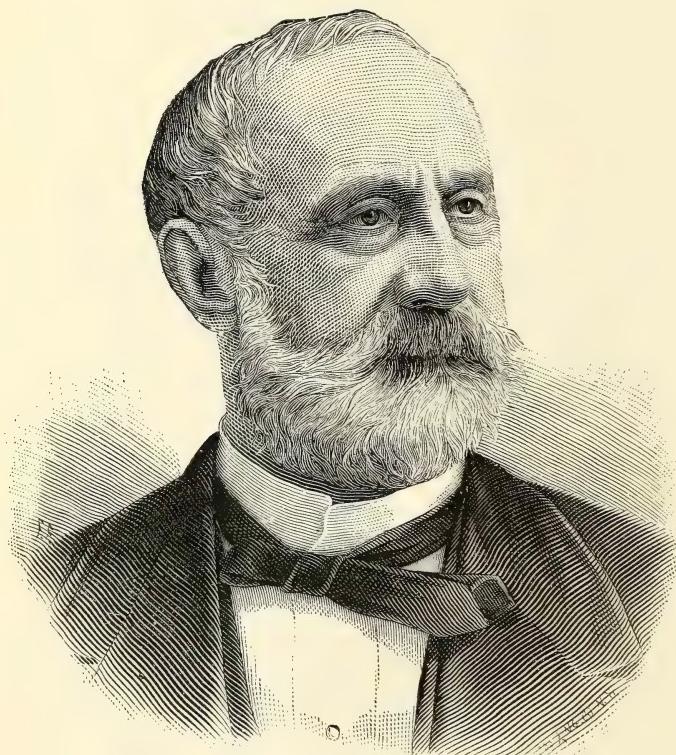
Illinois Infantry. In Chaplain W. J. Ruttledge of the same regiment, Dr. Stephenson found a cordial sympathizer in the proposition, and early in the spring of 1866 the two met in Springfield, Illinois, for consultation as to plans for carrying out their cherished idea. Dr. Stephenson, who must be regarded as the father of the Grand Army of the Republic, was already entering upon the preliminary work with the zeal of an enthusiast. He endeavored to interest whoever of his former associates he met in his project; he procured copies of the ritual of soldier organizations already formed, and in the latter part of

ritual was taken to Decatur to be printed, for the reason that the office of the *Tribune* there was in the hands of veterans and it was thought that the desired secrecy might thereby be made more secure. This mechanical work attracted the attention of a number of Decatur soldiers, with the result of procuring a list of twelve, to whom, under date of April 6, 1866, a charter was granted, constituting Post 1 of Decatur, District of Macon, Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic. The name of Dr. Stephenson is appended to this charter, and by a justifiable fiction he is designated as "Commander of Department."

Dr. Stephenson was a native of Illinois, born in 1822; he served as surgeon of the 14th Illinois from April 7, 1862, to June 24, 1864, the date of expiration of its three years term. He died at Rock Creek, August 30, 1871, his eyes not having beheld the later realization of his enthusiastic dream of an organization including the majority of that mighty host of freemen enlisted in defence of the unity of the republic. He had carefully planted good seed, had seen the springing into life of a magical growth, had mourned the desolating blast which swept the rising organization almost absolutely from the face of his own western states, but it was not given to him to watch

and witness the splendid resurrection to strength and power which has come within the past decade.

The original plan of organization was cumbersome, including in addition to the present system of posts, departments (state and national), a district or county government, with a distinct list of officers, the latter having direct supervision of the posts.



General Charles Devens.

1865 had outlined a form for use in the proposed new order; he invited several others to assist him in this work, and after much consultation a ritual was completed, and probably a dozen veterans were obligated therein, forming the group of original members. But chance carried the formal organization of the first post away from the actual birthplace of the order. The

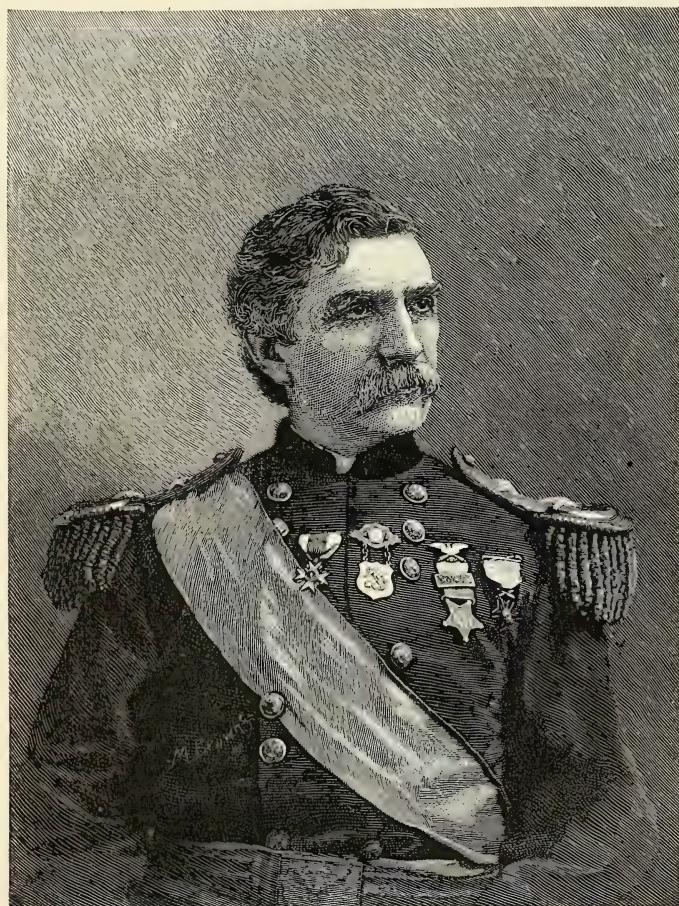
The ritual was of wearisome length. The latter was soon reformed, and the district attachment was dropped later. There was some delay, owing to local differences, before the members first obligated were organized into a post, designated as No. 2, but this was effected probably in June, 1866, the charter list including twenty-seven names. Contrary to the custom adopted later of ignoring all military titles and designating all members alike as comrades, the rank previously held by the original charter members of Post 2 is given, and it is curious to note that in this list were two generals, two colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, six majors, seven captains, two lieutenants, one surgeon (Dr. Stephenson), and six without titles. Four days after the organization of Post 1 of Decatur, five members were mustered in due form, under date of April 10, and these constituted the first recruits of the Grand Army of the Republic.

As embodying the ideas of the founders of the order, it is of interest to quote here the original declaration of principles and purposes promulgated in connection with the earliest organization, as follows :—

SECTION I. The soldiers of the Volunteer Army of the United States, during the Rebellion of 1861-5, actuated by the impulses and convictions of patriotism and of eternal right, and combined in the strong bands of fellowship and unity by the toils, the dangers, and the victories of a long and vigorously waged war, feel themselves called upon to declare, in definite form of words and in determined co-operative action, those principles and

rules which should guide the earnest patriot, the enlightened freeman, and the Christian citizen in his course of action; and to agree upon those plans and laws which should govern them in a united and systematic working method by which, in some measure, shall be effected the preservation of the grand results of the war, the fruits of their labor and toil, so as to benefit the deserving and worthy.

SECTION II. The results which are designed to be accomplished by this organization are as follows :—



General John F. Hartranft.

1st. The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together with the strong cords of love and affection the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges, and marches.

2d. To make these ties available in works and results of kindness, of favor and material aid to those in need of assistance.

3d. To make provision, where it is not already done, for the support, care, and education of soldiers' orphans, and for the maintenance of the widows of deceased soldiers.

4th. For the protection and assistance of disabled soldiers, whether disabled by wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.

5th. For the establishment and defence of the

surrection, treason, or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defence of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men.

Later additions as to non-partisanship have already been quoted.

The work of organizing posts was now rapidly pushed, and before the end of 1866 the order had extended into Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Arkansas, Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and Wisconsin. One singular fact, illustrating the crude condition of affairs at this time, is that the original charter of Post 2 of Philadelphia was issued by authority of the Acting Commander of the Department of Wisconsin.

It was deemed advisable to hold a convention, and as the district system of representation would have provided only a small membership, the call for the proposed gathering invited delegates from each then existing post, and in addition representatives generally of the soldiery of Illinois. This convention met in Springfield, Illinois, July 12, 1866. Fifty names were appended to the call, including such representative soldiers as Dr. Stephenson, General John A. Logan, General John M. Palmer, and Chaplain Ruttledge. The following resolutions, presented by General S. A. Hurlbut, were adopted:—

*Resolved*, That we, the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, recognizing the power of the principles of association, do hereby pledge ourselves, each to the other, to render all material aid and assistance in supplying the wants of the widow and the fatherless, and in furnishing employment to the poor, and to those wounded and disabled in the service of our common country.

*Resolved*, That as we have stood by the Government at the peril of our lives in war, so will we make it ever our care that no known enemy of our country shall wield power in the Republic, but the same arms which defended its sanctuary against open violence will protect it unflinchingly against all secret machinations, and never lay down our weapons until peace based on the principles of universal liberty shall be assured.

*Resolved*, That treason consummated in rebellion is a crime of the most malignant nature, and that every possible guarantee should be demanded



General John C. Robinson.

late soldiery of the United States, morally, socially, and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to their country, and to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people.

[The Indianapolis Convention of November, 1866, added "sailors" to the first line of section one, and also the following article in the second section.]—

6th. The maintenance of true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for, and fidelity to, the national constitution and laws, manifested by the disowning of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to in-

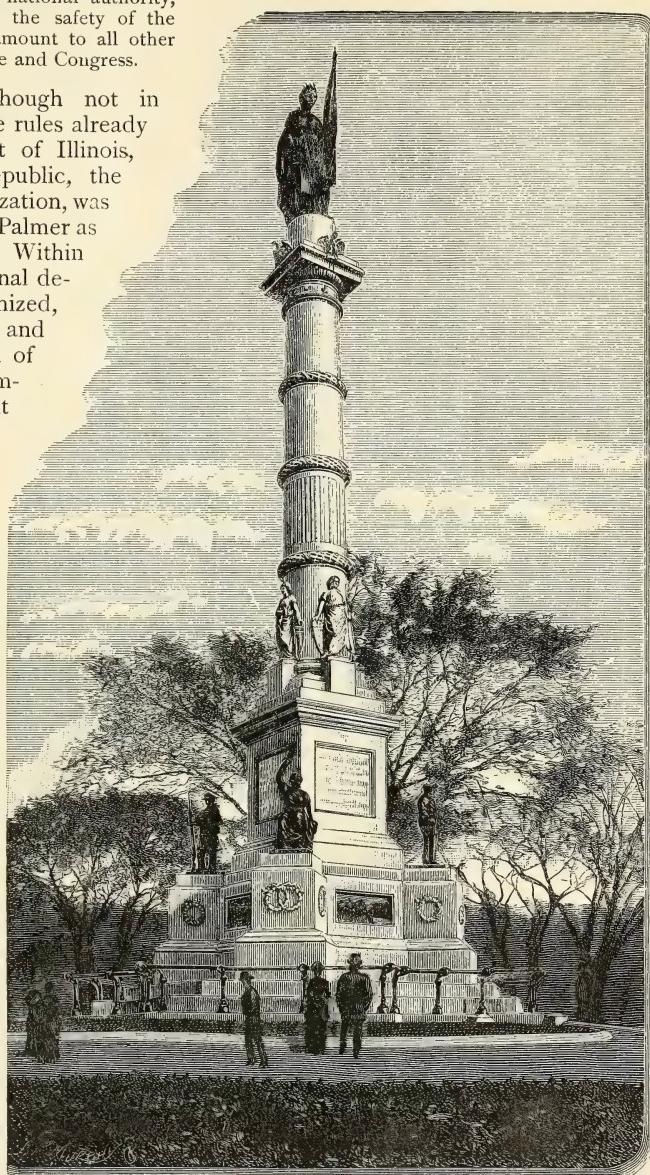
by all branches of the Government against the rash admission to place and power of those who were active participants in the rebellion, and thereby forfeited the rights of American citizens; and that we, the soldiers of the nation, who fought for supremacy of the national authority, have a right to demand that the safety of the Republic should be held paramount to all other considerations by the Executive and Congress.

At this gathering, although not in exact accordance with the rules already adopted, the Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, the earliest department organization, was constituted, with General Palmer as Department Commander. Within three months four additional departments had been organized, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa, and Ohio. Upon the election of General Palmer as Commander of the Department of Illinois, Dr. Stephenson seems to have assumed the position of acting Commander-in-Chief, and as such issued a call for a convention for the purpose of perfecting the national organization. The representation was by delegates from posts, all department and district officers being declared members *ex officio*, and in addition all soldiers and sailors desirous of becoming members were invited to attend.

This convention was held in Indianapolis, Indiana, November 20, 1866, and therefrom dates the National Encampment. The reports indicate that 228 delegates were entitled to representation; of this number 148 were credited to Indiana, not probably because the growth of the organization had in that state

already so far outstripped that of Illinois, credited with but thirty-four representatives, but more likely owing to the place where the convention was held. Besides

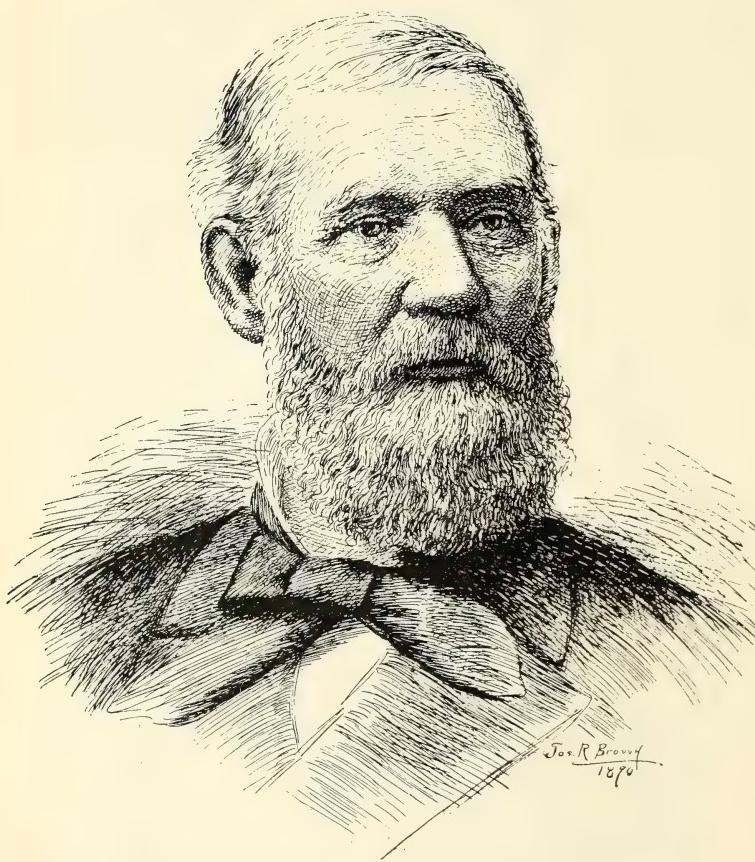
these two, the departments of Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, and the District of Columbia were represented. General



The Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common.

S. A. Hurlbut was chosen and became the first Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army. That this choice, no less than the previous selection of General Palmer as

Commander of the Department of Illinois, was a personal disappointment to Dr. Stephenson, need hardly be stated; but he loyally accepted the position of Adjutant-General, and during the year following labored zealously for the extension and upbuilding of the organization.



William Earnshaw.

The four years following the first encampment proved a season of phenomenal growth and extraordinary decline. Despite the picture presented to the prophetic eye of the founder of the organization, the officials of the early days seemed to be overwhelmed by the marvellous on-surging tide of membership which came in upon them. There was very little effort towards systematic organization, and none whatever as to reports and records, and even the best guess at the membership of that period must be a wild one. The claim

has been made that in 1868 the membership aggregated 240,000; certain it is that from departments having more than 1300 posts no return of membership was made to headquarters in that year. But Pennsylvania had nearly 150 posts, Ohio 300, Indiana a like number, Illinois 330, Missouri 109, Iowa 95, and Kansas 50, with a lesser number in other departments. It is quite probable that in those days the average membership of the posts was considerably larger than at present, but with all reasonable allowance it is unlikely that the total membership of that period approached the estimate above given.

The adoption by the third annual encampment, in 1869, of the "Three grade system" appeared to complete the demoralization arising from a misunderstanding of the purposes of the order, the waning of the early enthusiasm, and the lack of system, reports, records, and supervision. It appears to have been

believed by the delegates that one cause of the already perceptible decline in interest in the Grand Army arose from the want of a more comprehensive ritual; and in imitation of other secret societies, a system of grades,—recruit, soldier, and veteran,—was introduced. All then officers and past officers, and those who had held membership for a period of eight months, were declared eligible, upon taking the obligations, to the highest grade; thereafter admission was only to the grade of recruit, the latter entitled to take no part in the

post proceedings ; after two months, by a two-thirds vote of the members of the second grade, the recruit could be advanced to the grade of soldier ; six months must then elapse, and again a two-thirds vote of the third grade members only must be passed, before the soldier could be advanced to the grade of veteran. An elaborate ceremony was provided, with grips, signs, and passwords for each grade. All members who did not assume the new obligations before September, 1869, were to be dropped from the rolls.

The adoption of this system proved quite generally unpopular, the opposition very nearly amounting to revolution in some departments. Two years later the entire grade system was abolished, but not until under its provisions tens of thousands of the old members had been thus legislated out of the order and a degree of dissatisfaction created, the retarding effect of which was felt for years. Indeed, in some departments, notably in Massachusetts, a considerable number of influential veterans, excluded

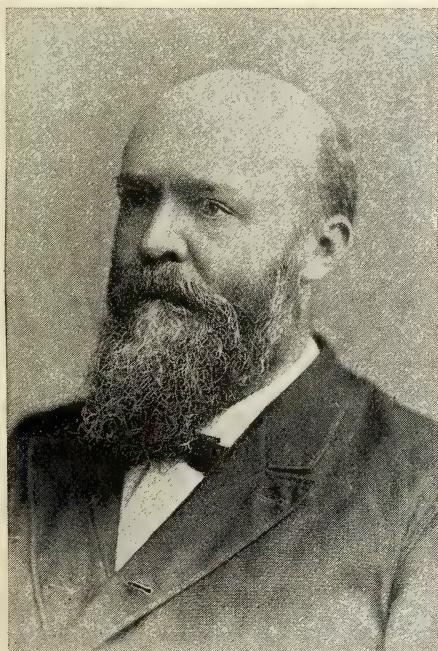


Major George S. Merrill.

under the operation of the rule for dropping members who refused to assume the grade obligations, have never returned to the ranks of the Grand Army.

As has been stated, the absence of even a pretext of records or reliable statistics from 1866 to 1871 renders exceedingly shadowy the story of the Grand Army during those years ; but enough is known to give evidence of a genuine " hurrah " period, a magical growth, and an equally sudden practical disruption. In the central West the organization almost wholly disappeared, and but for the departments of the East, which religiously " kept the faith," the Grand Army of the Republic would have faded out of existence as the dew disappears before the morning sun.

At the second session of the National Encampment in Philadelphia, in January, 1868, the financial statement was as gloomy as the membership report was unsatisfactory. The receipts for the year were \$352, of which amount, singularly, more than one-third was from Louisiana, the departments of Illinois and Indiana contributing nothing. The expenditures had been \$1637, leaving an indebtedness of \$1285. An assessment of one dollar on each post was authorized to meet the



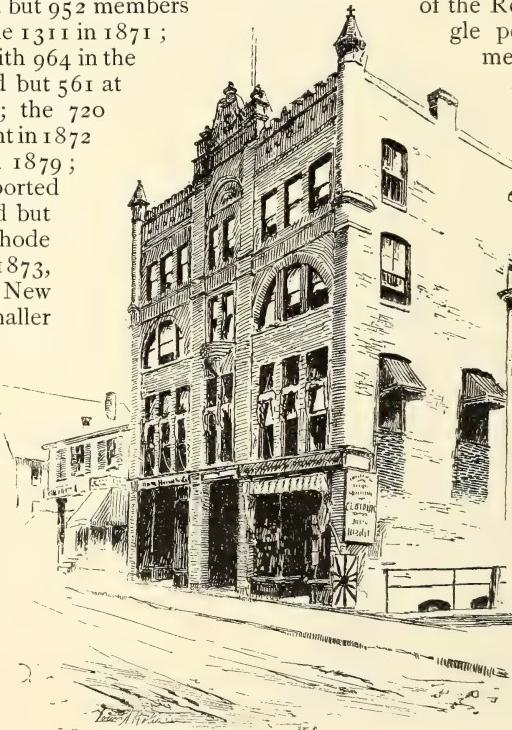
General Louis Wagner.

deficiency, but this realized only \$302, Illinois and Indiana being again conspicuous by the absence of the payment of a single dollar. Pennsylvania gave the largest amount, \$99, New York following with \$55, and Massachusetts with \$43. The financial demoralization seemed to keep pace with the uncertain membership. Again at the third annual session in 1869 there was reported an expenditure of \$3000 for the year, with receipts of only \$1260, leaving an additional deficiency of \$1740. Again Illinois, the birthplace of the order, with its sister department Indiana, failed to make any response to the financial requirements of the year. The burden of debt incurred in these years was not fully liquidated until 1872, when for the first time there appeared a cash balance in the hands of the Quartermaster-General, and from that date the question of finances has never clouded the history of the organization.

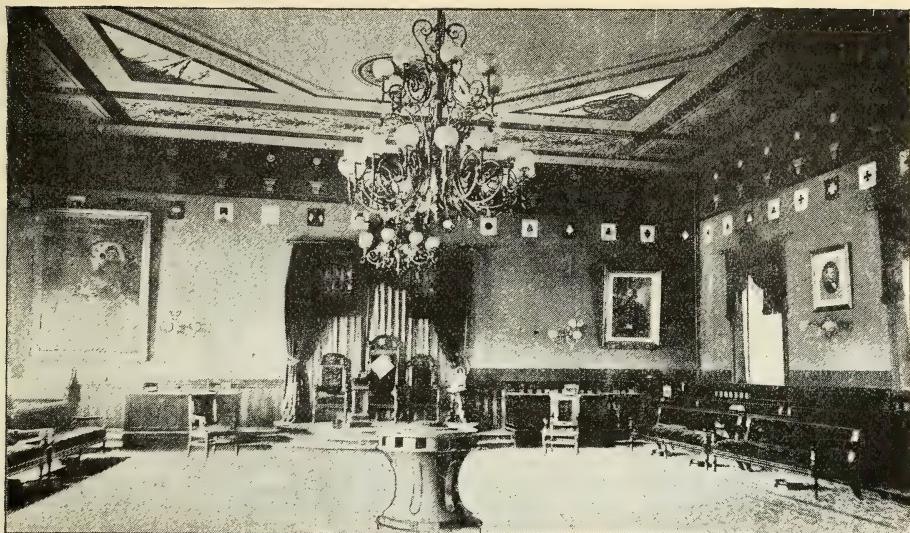
It would appear that no one of the departments escaped the effects of the period of depression succeeding the first outburst of enthusiasm. Maine found its low-water mark in 1874, when but 952 members were reported, of the 1311 in 1871; New Hampshire, with 964 in the latter year, retained but 561 at the close of 1873; the 720 members in Vermont in 1872 had fallen to 475 in 1879; Massachusetts reported 11,219 in 1872, and but 7609 in 1878; Rhode Island had 1022 in 1873, and 536 in 1876. New York showed a smaller loss, reporting 5120 in 1871, reduced to 4680 two years later; an increase of 1200 came the following year, with again a decrease to 4904 in 1877. Pennsylvania presents, among the persistent departments, the best record, only one year showing a decrease of membership, the num-

ber falling from 4045 in 1871 to 3545 the next year. At the close of the year 1878 the total membership in the country was 31,016, only 992 larger than at the end of 1871. In the year following there was a decided increase in members, but the new birth of the organization fairly dates from the administration of Commander-in-Chief Wagner, who introduced the feature of official visitations to the departments, and a vigorous system of recruiting, which set the order upon its course towards the present high point of success. His immediate successors took up the work with enthusiasm, and there has since been no cessation in effort to bring into the organization the great mass of the survivors of the Union forces. Commander-in-Chief Alger the past year has easily distanced all of his predecessors in the amount of time given, miles travelled, and visitations made in the interests of the Grand Army, and it is altogether probable that the membership has reached its maximum, the high-water mark, and that future commanders-in-chief must be content to note the inevitable recession.

The story of the rise of the Grand Army of the Republic, from the single post at Decatur to a membership of possibly a quarter million, and its swift decline until one-half the departments had gone out of existence and scarcely thirty thousand members remained on the rolls, possesses an interest of fascinating melancholy, but only the merest outline is possible here. The following arrangement of states may seem arbitrary to many readers, but in general the order is that of the rise and decline of the departments.



General Lander Post Building, Lynn, Mass.



The Hall, General Lander Post.

**ILLINOIS.** The department was organized July 12, 1866. A brief report in 1869 gave the number of posts as 330. There is no record of another department session until 1872; the year previous, but one post, at Rockford, was alive; in 1872 a *per capita* tax was paid upon but 246 members, increased in 1874 to 682; four years later the number was but 805.

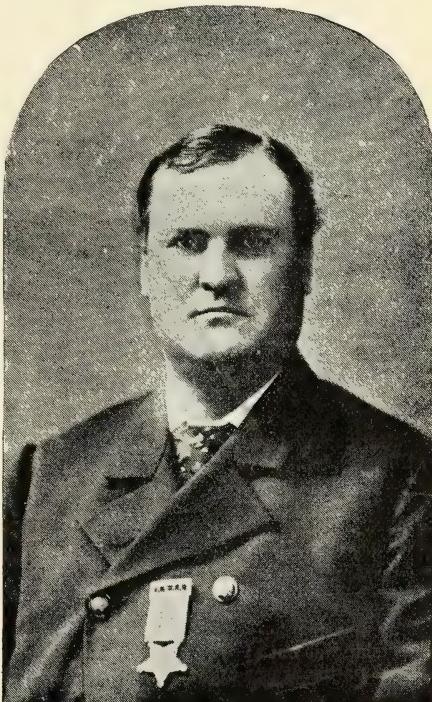
**INDIANA.** The first post was organized at South Bend in the summer of 1866; the department was constituted August 20, at which time the post at Indianapolis had nearly a thousand members; a few months later 300 posts were reported, every one, with a single exception, disappearing before 1870; the post at South Bend maintained its organization, and for a time after the dissolution of the Indiana department reported to Iowa. The department was reorganized October 3, 1879, the membership being then reported as 889.

**IOWA.** The first post was instituted at Davenport, July 12, 1866, and a department September 26; the following year 95 posts were reported; in 1870 the membership had been reduced to less than 500, and the following year the department was dissolved; only one post, that first instituted at Davenport, kept up its organization, with a membership at no time for a number of years reaching 100. The department was reorganized July 23, 1879, and at the close of the following year there were but 530 members in the state.

**WISCONSIN.** During the summer of 1866 a number of soldier associations were reorganized as posts of the Grand Army, and Post 4 of Berlin, instituted in September, is now the oldest with an unbroken existence in the order. The department was organized June 7, 1866, and although the number of posts was for several years reduced to three or four, 321 being the largest membership reported from 1871 to 1880, the form of a department organization was kept up.

**OHIO.** Posts were organized in the autumn of 1866, no records being in existence to show exact

dates; the department was constituted January 30, 1867; at the close of the following year 303 posts were reported; two years later the membership was reduced to 917, falling still further to 365, represented in eight posts in 1875, and reaching



Paul Van Der Voort.

only 675 at the close of 1878; the organization of the department was kept up, however, and reports made throughout.

**MINNESOTA.** The date of organization of first posts is not known; members were initiated early in August, 1866, and seven posts were in existence August 16, when the department was constituted.

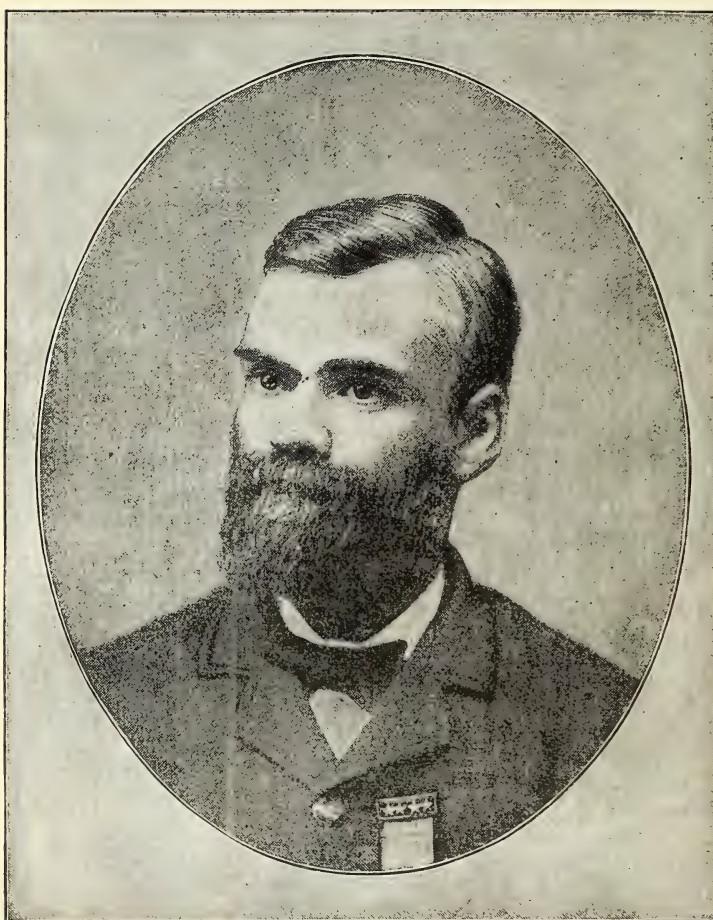
information as to the posts, and in little more than two years the department organization was lost to sight; in 1871 there was reported a membership of 179; no reports for the three succeeding years; in 1875 the number was given as 37; three years again with no reports; and 245 given as the total number for 1879. A provisional department was constituted November 19, 1875, and a permanent department January 22, 1879.

**MISSOURI.** But meagre records are to be had of the early days. Posts were organized in the latter part of 1866, and a department constituted May 7, 1867; the order grew rapidly and had a large membership; but a simoom seemed to strike it, and the reports ceased for eight years after 1871, when but 100 members were reported; in 1882 the membership was given as 129. A new department was created April 22, 1882.

**LOUISIANA.** There were ten posts in 1867, and a department was organized July 7; the latter disappeared altogether within two years; about 40 members remained in good standing through the years until 1881, when the number increased to 73 and two years later to 179; a new post was organized in April, 1872, and a department constituted in May, 1884.

**KENTUCKY.** A provisional department was organized in January, 1867. There is very little of record in existence to show the growth of the order, 124 members being reported in 1871, reduced to 68 in 1874; then comes a blank in the history, the department going out of existence. In 1882 a provisional department was organized, and at the close of the year 414 members were reported; a permanent department was constituted July 16, 1883.

**WEST VIRGINIA.** A provisional department was organized April 9, 1868; during that year the reports show the existence of 17 posts; the department lived only three years, and there were then no reports until 1880, when the organization of new posts was begun; the membership was then



Colonel Robert B. Beath.

The latter ceased to exist in 1879, only one post, at Stillwater, being alive; a year later new posts were organized, and on August 17 a new department was constituted.

**KANSAS.** The first posts were organized in November, 1866, by transfer of members of other soldier organizations; the department was constituted December 7; the latter had an existence of little more than two years, and while a few posts kept up a struggling sort of life, the reported membership was but 136 in 1876, and 232 in 1880. A new department was organized March 16 of the latter year.

**MICHIGAN.** A provisional department was organized October 1, 1867; the records furnish no

given as 30, increasing the following year to 142. A new department was created February 20, 1883.

TENNESSEE. Posts were organized in the latter part of 1866, and a department was constituted August 28; in December of this year, 17 posts were reported; the department lived but a short time, but there was a reported membership of less than 40 until 1876, when the feeble life of the order in the state apparently went out; new posts were organized during 1883, and a department was created February 26 of the following year.

FLORIDA. The provisional department dates from 1868, with a number of posts; the former was theoretically in existence until 1875, although no membership reports were made. In 1880 a new post was formed, reporting 30 members that year, 28 in 1881, and 32 in 1882. A department was created July 9, 1884.

ARKANSAS. There were five posts in 1867, and a provisional department was formed in that year; the organization had but a short life, however, and there were no reports of membership during the years preceding 1883; then new posts were constituted with a membership of 303; and in April, 1884, a department was created.

TEXAS. A provisional department was organized September 12, 1868; made permanent, if such a designation may properly be given to an organization so soon to disappear, in February, 1872; at this date there were 12 posts with a membership of 360. The department was of brief duration; in 1876 a membership of 16 was reported, and

and a permanent department July 11, 1877. After the dissolution of the early department the first report of membership was 35 in 1876, increased to 175 in 1878.

COLORADO. The first post was organized in 1867, and a provisional department was formed November 14, 1868; the following year there were six posts, but several shortly after disbanded; the department practically disappeared, and was formally dissolved in 1875, when the Mountain department, including Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, and Dakota, was created; in that year Colorado reported a membership of 147, and five years later this had reached only 206. Colorado was again constituted a department July 31, 1882.

OREGON. The first post was organized at Portland in April, 1869; another soon followed in the same city; these were consolidated in 1873, and disbanded three years later. A new post was organized at Portland, July 18, 1878, and a department established September 28, 1882. There was a report of 51 members in 1871; two years later, 154; then no reports until 1882, when the membership was given as 416.

MONTANA. Posts and a provisional department were in existence in 1868, but soon after the organization disappeared. A new post was instituted at Fort Custer in 1881, and the following year reported a membership of 57. After being attached in 1875 to the Mountain department, Montana was made a separate department March 8, 1885.

VIRGINIA. A number of posts were in exist-



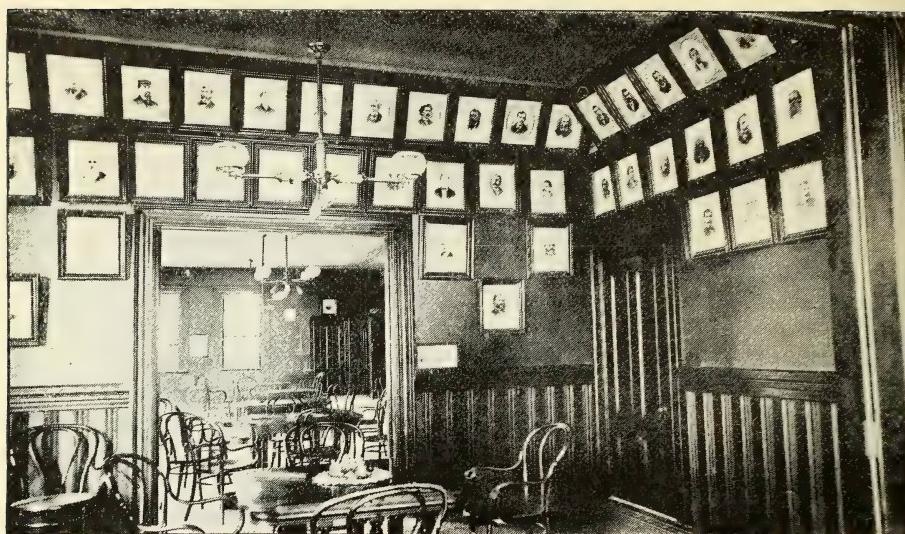
Reading Room, General Lander Post.

there the old record closes. A new department was organized March 25, 1885, the membership being at this time 269.

NEBRASKA. The provisional department was formed July 10, 1867. The records as to the organization and number of posts are not in existence, but the department was short lived. A new provisional department was constituted in 1874,

ence in 1867, and a provisional department was organized in February of the following year; the membership was small, falling from 387 in 1871 to 167 in 1875, but the organization was kept up, and a permanent department was formed July 26, 1871.

DELAWARE. A provisional department was organized in 1868, with four posts. There are no exact records, but the organization disappeared in



Memorial Room, General Lander Post.

1872, when the last post, at Wilmington, with then only 21 members, became extinct. In January, 1880, the work of reviving the order began by the organization of a new post at Wilmington, and at the close of the year 264 members were reported. A department was organized January 14, 1881.

MARYLAND. The first post was organized at Baltimore, November 14, 1866. January 8, 1868, a department was formed, 13 posts being then in existence. With one exception, the post at Frederick, all had disappeared with the department in 1872; in 1875 the membership was reported as 15; in August of that year, Post 1 of Baltimore was reorganized, and the following year the membership was given as 256. A department was constituted June 9, 1876, there being then six posts in the state.

NEW MEXICO. The first post was organized at Santa Fé, October 9, 1867; four years later three more were in existence, but before the close of 1873 all had disbanded. In 1882 the first new post was organized, and a department July 14, 1883; the membership at the close of the year was given as 285.

CALIFORNIA. The earliest members of the Grand Army were obligated on the evening of April 15, 1867, on the beach below the Cliff House, San Francisco, and Post 1 was formally instituted a week later. May 7 a provisional department was constituted, and the following year a permanent department. The latter has maintained its organization, although during the five years preceding 1877 the posts were reduced in number to four, and a part of that time three, with a membership varying from 286 to 109. Nevada is attached to this department, as were at one time Arizona, Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. By authority of this department, one of its comrades, in 1882, instituted Post 45 at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

POTOMAC. The first post was organized in Washington, October 12, 1866, and the department February 16, 1869. The membership in 1871 was 635; in 1875 it had been reduced to 82, and in 1878 was but 127.

PENNSYLVANIA. Originally two posts were chartered and organized in Philadelphia as No. 1; one of these held a charter from Dr. Stephen-



General Samuel S. Burdette.

son, acting Commander-in-Chief, the other from the provisional commander of Wisconsin; the former was finally recognized as the senior post and designated No. 1, and the other No. 2; the charter list of the latter contains the names of two comrades, Wagner and Beath, who have since been Commanders-in-Chief, and among the most active and useful members of the organization. A provisional department was organized in November, 1866, and a permanent department January 16, 1867; during the latter year 101 posts were organized.

MAINE. The first post was organized at Bath June 28, 1867, the department being constituted January 20, 1868.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. The earliest post was organized in Portsmouth December 6, 1867, and the department on April 30, 1868.

VERMONT. First post at St. Johnsbury, January 10, 1868; department, October 23 of same year.

MASSACHUSETTS. Probably the body of veterans first organized after the war was the "Fitchburg Circle of Union Veterans," formed in May, 1865, and which, in July, 1867, became Post 19 of the Grand Army of the Republic. The first post in the state was organized at New Bedford, the charter dating October 4, 1866; the post has had a continuous existence since, and antedates any other in the East. The department was constituted May 7, 1867.

RHODE ISLAND. First post organized in Providence, April 12, 1867; department constituted March 24, 1868.

CONNECTICUT. First post at Norwich, February 15, 1867; department formed April 11 of same year.

NEW YORK. A provisional department was organized December 1, 1866; prior to this, the exact dates not being known, two posts had been organized under authority of the Department of Illinois, No. 1 at Rochester, No. 2 at Buffalo. The work of organizing posts was rapidly pushed by the provisional commander, and on April 3, 1867, when the permanent department was constituted, twenty-four posts had been formed.

NEW JERSEY. Post 1 was organized at Boonton under charter from national headquarters, dated December 26, 1866. A post at Newark, organized under a charter dated December 6, issued by the provisional commander of New York, claimed seniority; the claim was disallowed, it being held that the charter from headquarters must have precedence, and the Newark post became No. 2. The Boonton post disbanding afterwards, the one at Newark was awarded the coveted No. 1. The department was organized December 10, 1867.

DAKOTA. The first post was organized January 7, 1882, at Fort Yates, and attached to the department of Iowa; other posts followed, and a provisional department was constituted November 23, 1882, and a permanent department February 27 of the following year.

ARIZONA. The first post was organized at Tucson, October 28, 1881; during the five years following there were added five more posts, all attached to California; these were transferred to the provisional department organized September 10, 1887; a permanent department followed, January 17, 1888.

UTAH. Post 1, of Salt Lake City, was organized September 18, 1878; two years later it reported a membership of 50. There had previously



John S. Kountz.

been a sort of garrison post at Fort Douglass, which disappeared when a removal of troops was made. A provisional department was created in 1879, and in the latter part of the following year the work of establishing new posts was begun. The permanent department dates from October 8, 1883; there were then seven posts.

IDAHO. Post 1 was organized at Bellevue, June 1, 1882, by officers of the department of Utah, to which it was attached. A provisional department was created September 1, 1887, and the permanent department January 11 of the following year; there were then 12 posts.

WASHINGTON. Post No. 1 was organized at Seattle, June 27, 1877; a provisional department was constituted July 10, 1878, and a permanent department, with seven posts, June 20, 1883.

GEORGIA. The posts in this state were originally a part of the department of Tennessee and Georgia; they were detached December 11, 1888, and a provisional department of Georgia and Alabama formed; Georgia alone became a permanent department January 25, 1889, with six posts.

ALABAMA. First attached to the department of Tennessee, then Georgia and Alabama; a permanent department of the state was finally created March 12, 1889, with nine posts.

MISSISSIPPI. This state is attached to the department of Louisiana.



General Lucius Fairchild.

First,	Indianapolis,	November 20, 1866,	S. A. Hurlbut of Illinois.
Second,	Philadelphia,	January 15, 1868,	John A. Logan of Illinois.
Third,	Cincinnati,	May 12, 1869,	John A. Logan of Illinois.
Special,	New York,	October 27, 1869,	
Fourth,	Washington,	May 11, 1870,	John A. Logan of Illinois.
Fifth,	Boston,	May 10, 1871,	Ambrose E. Burnside of Rhode Island.
Sixth,	Cleveland,	May 8, 1872,	Ambrose E. Burnside of Rhode Island.
Seventh,	New Haven,	May 14, 1873,	Charles Devens of Massachusetts.
Eighth,	Harrisburgh,	May 13, 1874,	Charles Devens of Massachusetts.
Ninth,	Chicago,	May 12, 1875,	John F. Hartranft of Pennsylvania.
Tenth,	Philadelphia,	June 30, 1876,	John F. Hartranft of Pennsylvania.
Eleventh,	Providence,	June 26, 1877,	John C. Robinson of New York.
Twelfth,	Springfield (Mass.),	June 4, 1878,	John C. Robinson of New York.
Thirteenth,	Albany,	June 17, 1879,	William Ernshaw of Ohio.

In the early days, as the imperfect records show, there was a considerable number of posts organized in other states in the South, and departments, provisional or permanent, existed in 1868 and later in North and South Carolina and Mississippi, but their history has been lost.

The second session of the National Encampment was not held until January 15, 1868, in Philadelphia, when General John A. Logan was elected Commander-in-Chief. The most notable act of his administration, indeed of any administration, was the order issued under date of May 5, 1868, designating May 30 as Memorial Day, to be devoted to "the strewing of flowers or otherwise decorating the graves" of fallen comrades. The observance of the day has become universal. The legislatures of seventeen states have made it a legal holiday, and to the bright offerings of springtime the Grand Army has very generally added the flag in miniature. Over nearly all the country the silent mounds where sleep the nation's defenders are on this day covered with fragrant flowers, and through the months of the summer the tiny flag is kissed by the breezes as it marks the resting-place of one of the nation's dead.

The sessions of the National Encampment, and the Commanders-in-Chief elected, have been as follows:—

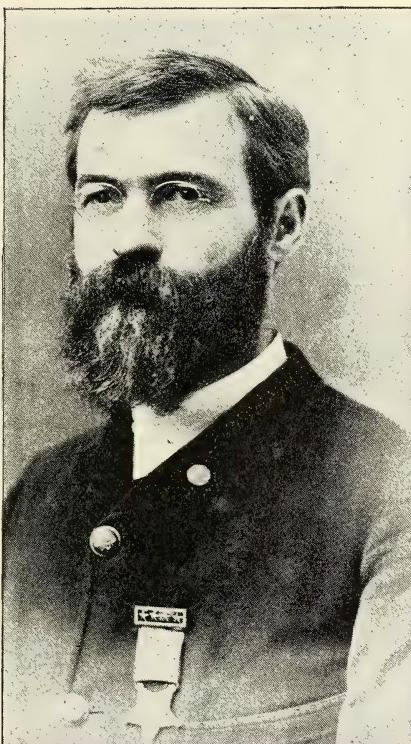
Fourteenth,	Dayton,	June 8, 1880,	Louis Wagner of Pennsylvania.
Fifteenth,	Indianapolis,	June 15, 1881,	George S. Merrill of Massachusetts.
Sixteenth,	Baltimore,	June 21, 1882,	Paul Van Der Voort of Nebraska.
Seventeenth,	Denver,	July 25, 1883,	Robert B. Beath of Pennsylvania.
Eighteenth,	Minneapolis,	July 23, 1884,	John S. Kountz of Ohio.
Nineteenth,	Portland (Me.),	June 24, 1885,	Samuel S. Burdette of Washington, D. C.
Twentieth,	San Francisco,	August 4, 1886,	Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin.
Twenty-first,	St. Louis,	September 28, 1887,	John P. Rea of Minnesota.
Twenty-second,	Columbus,	September 12, 1888,	William Warner of Missouri.
Twenty-third,	Milwaukee,	August 28, 1889,	Russell A. Alger of Michigan.
Twenty-fourth,	Boston,	August 12, 1890,	—

The following was the entire reported membership for the quarter ending March 31, 1890; the returns for the second quarter have not been fully made, but indicate a small increase:—

Departments.	No. Posts.	Members in Good Standing.
Alabama	12	277
Arizona	8	308
Arkansas	66	1749
California	114	6173
Colorado and Wyoming	76	2870
Connecticut	84	6740
Delaware	20	1166
Florida	18	385
Georgia	9	386
Idaho	17	446
Illinois	590	32,315
Indiana	515	25,043
Iowa	429	20,381
Kansas	484	18,445
Kentucky	145	5528
Louisiana and Mississippi	17	1242
Maine	155	9351
Massachusetts	199	21,742
Maryland	42	2200
Michigan	390	20,731
Minnesota	178	7237
Missouri	423	19,725
Montana	19	671
Nebraska	279	7666
New Hampshire	90	4975
New Jersey	113	7759
New Mexico	10	331
New York	638	38,985
North Dakota	32	778
Ohio	711	46,672
Oregon	47	1666
Pennsylvania	595	44,613
Potomac	13	3047
Rhode Island	21	2722
South Dakota	14	394
Tennessee	71	3171
Texas	32	813
Utah	3	138
Vermont	103	5164
Virginia	37	1215
Washington and Alaska	52	1894
West Virginia	93	2998
Wisconsin	264	13,781
Total	7,228	393,893

North Carolina has five posts, South Carolina one, and Wyoming seven.

Statistics but meagrely measure the influence which has gone out from the nearly eight thousand post rooms of the Grand Army of the Republic during the quarter-century of its existence. Not alone, perhaps not chiefly, in the cities and larger



Major John P. Rea.

towns, but in the quiet country villages, with less than a score of veterans, the little posts have been centres of patriotic devotion, tender charities, and loyal inspiration. In one small hill town of Massachusetts, of the score of men who went into the Union service, just fourteen returned. These early organized into a Grand Army

post, with a membership of but little more than sufficient to fill the offices. There has been no break in its record of meetings ; two or three of the original members have died, but fortunately a half-dozen veterans from other places have come to reside in the village, and the roll now numbers two more than at the beginning. At the other extreme stands General Lander Post, No. 5, of Lynn, with its membership of more than a thousand, for years the largest in the country, and without a rival in the amount of property or the extent of its relief work. This post was organized February 27, 1867, and during the follow-

library, ample kitchen, dining-hall, and rooms for social enjoyment, and has altogether in possession unencumbered real estate to the value of \$60,000. No organization has won and held a higher place in the confidence of the community, where it is a recognized power and a conspicuous pattern of well-directed energy.

Phenomenal as has been the growth of the Grand Army of the Republic during the past decade, let no one hastily infer that its best work has been in the mere aggregation of members. It needs neither apology nor defence ; in itself it is the most conspicuous and convincing monument of

patriotism which America possesses. Despite the inroads of death upon the ranks of the men who enlisted nearly thirty years ago, it presents an enrollment approaching half a million of the survivors of the grandest army the world has ever seen ; an army of men, not trained through a lifetime to the arts and acquirements of war, not of conscripts or Hessians, but of freemen, who upon the call of their country voluntarily forsook farm and workshop, college, counting-room, and factory, animated alone by a spirit of loyalty to liberty and devotion to the flag. During nearly a quarter of a century it has endeavored to cherish the memories of the great struggle ; to broaden the channels of charity by caring for suffering comrades who had dared, and the dependent ones of those who died ; to deepen the sentiment of loyalty, and through the tender services of Memorial Day inculcate lessons of gratitude and awaken anew the sweet sympathies and patriotic impulses of the whole

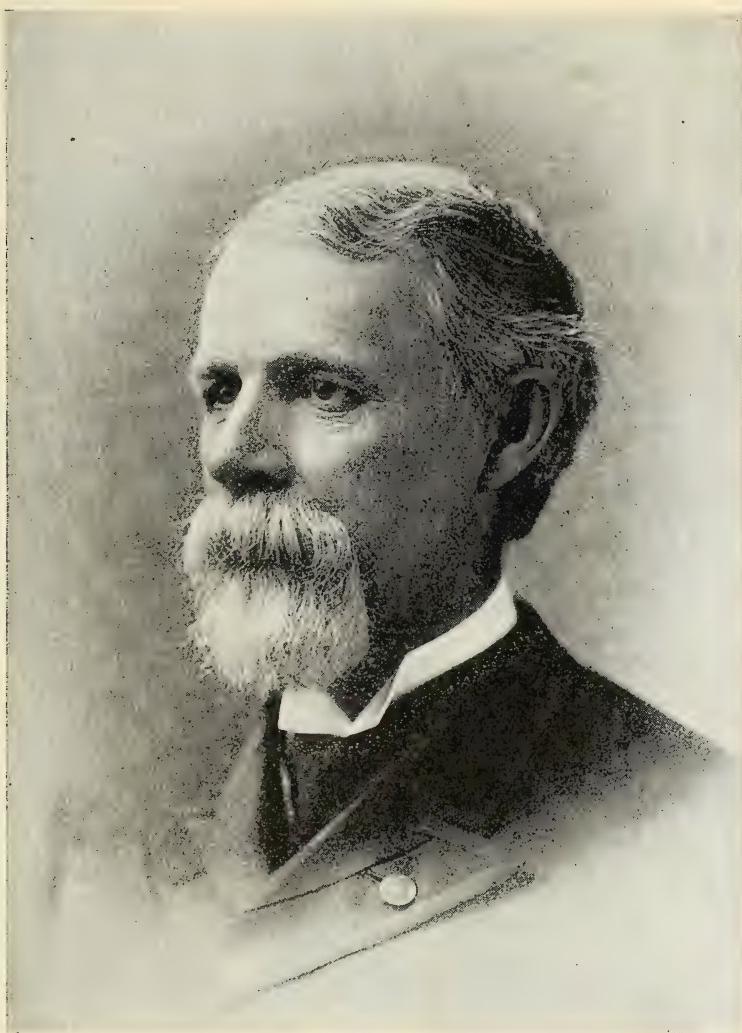


Major William Warner.

ing year arranged the first of its notable series of fairs for the relief fund, which have become known the country over. Since its organization it has expended nearly \$100,000 in relieving the necessities of disabled veterans and their families ; it has erected and owns the substantial building in which the post room is located, with spacious reading-rooms, a well-stocked

people. It is banded together with no purpose of politics or thirst for power, welcoming all, of whatever nationality, creed, or color, who were among the nation's defenders, demanding no oaths of allegiance except to the country and the flag, asking no pledges except those of Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty : —

Fraternity, which seeks to bind in closer



General Russell A. Alger,

PRESENT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE G. A. R.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDY.

ties the defenders of a common cause, to continue the associations and perpetuate the memories of camp and bivouac, of the long march and the bitter conflict, and to more closely cement the comradeship born of battle. Within its lines is no longer continued the disparity of rank necessary in service; the general commanding the army and the private soldier meet upon common ground as only comrades of the flag.—

Charity, which strives to securely guard the interests of the orphans and widows

of comrades fallen; to act as the almoner of a grateful people in driving from the door grim and sullen want, that no one of these patriotic wards of the Republic may ever be left in dependent poverty; quietly and unostentatiously completing its grateful service, through its intimacies and records more clearly appreciating the necessities and sufferings of old comrades and their bereaved ones, insuring a care and judiciousness of distribution impossible through any other channel; while surely from no hands can tender feelings

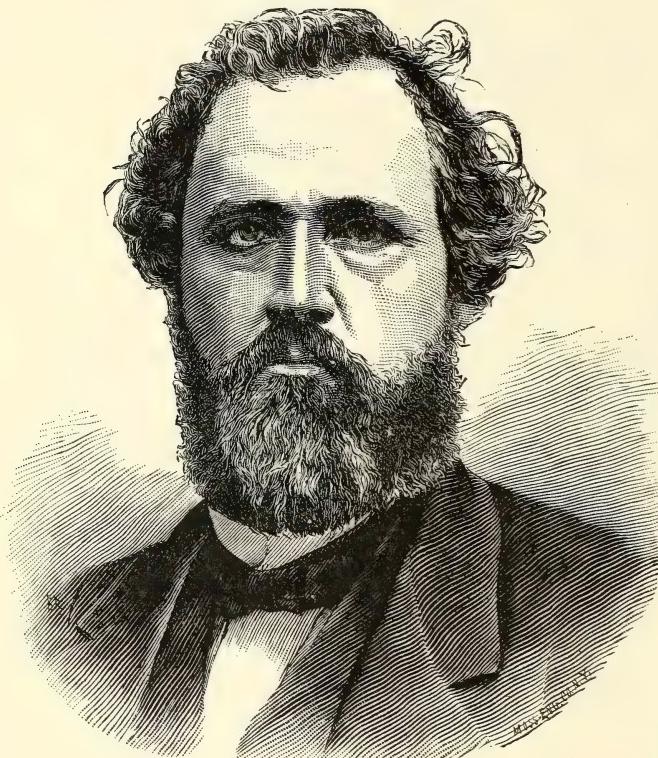
of sympathy and love come with so little of the chilliness of reluctant charity.—

Loyalty, as pure and unselfish as that which alike in 1775 and 1861 counted no sacrifice too great for country; no peril too imminent when the flag was assailed; no lives too sacred to be given for liberty.

Before entering the military service in 1861, the volunteers stood with bared brows and uplifted hands, solemnly swearing to defend the country against all its

helpfulness laid down in the early platform has been religiously and zealously enforced throughout its existence. Mainly through the efforts of the organization there have been placed in the statutes of the nation and those of most of the states provisions giving preferment to veterans in public positions. Its members, especially in Pennsylvania, contributed largely to the enlargement and completion of the work of preserving the great field of Gettysburg

as a national battle ground. It has directly inaugurated movements for suitable memorials to the great captain, Grant, and to the typical volunteer soldier, Logan. It has builded monuments and memorials in thousands of cities and towns over the North. It has directly expended from its charity funds more than two millions of dollars, which unquestionably is less than half its actual disbursements in this direction; and it is notable that the relief of the Grand Army is not restricted to its own membership, but the hand of the organization has ever been open to relieve want and distress wherever it has been found in the ranks of the veterans, and more than one-half of the entire expenditure has been



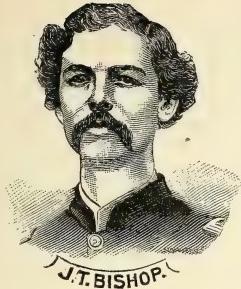
Major B. F. Stephenson,

FOUNDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

foes. The Grand Army of the Republic strives in peace to inculcate the duty of protection of that country against whatever influence of intrigue, of ambition, of party, of faction, of corruption, which measures its purpose by a standard less high and worthy than the best interests of all the people, the common weal of the entire nation.

The work of the Grand Army of the Republic has not been merely or mainly one of sentiment; the primal principle of

made in aid of soldiers or sailors and their families who were not enrolled in the ranks of the order. It has been the occasion of the formation of that organization of devoted souls, the Women's Relief Corps, with its splendid work of loyal love. It has created the sweetest holiday in the nation's annals. By its efforts sixteen states possess Soldiers' Homes; seven have homes for the orphans of soldiers and sailors; in twelve states, by legislation, the badge of the order has been protected against unlawful use;



J.T. BISHOP.



J.W. ROUTH.



JOHN H. NALE.



C.RIEBSAME.



G.A. TOLAND.



GEO.H. DUNNING.



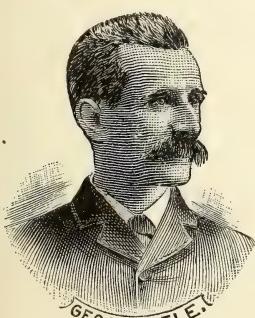
COL. I.C. PUGH.



L.T. JOS. M. PRIOR



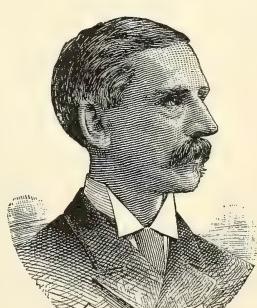
T.N. COLTRIN.



GEO.R. STEELE.



DR.B.F.SIBLEY.



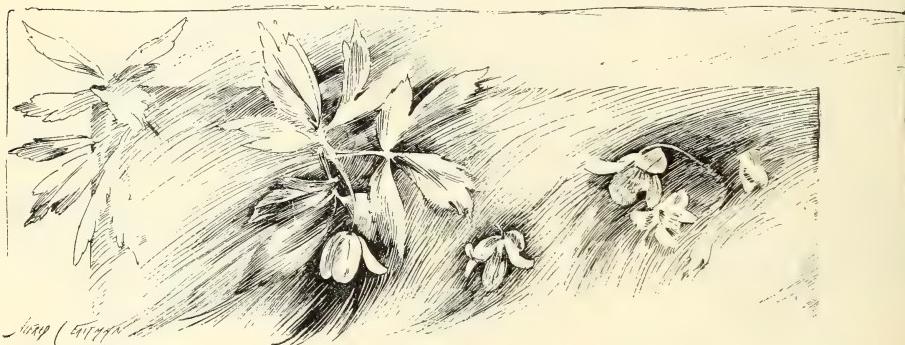
M.F. KANAN.

THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE FIRST POST OF THE G. A. R., DECATUR, ILL.

in seventeen states Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday, and other legislation has been effected. In the work of pensions, in the effort to secure more generous recognition of the sacrifices of the disabled veterans, widows, and orphans, and for the liberalization of general laws, the Grand Army has been active and conspicuous ; indeed, not a measure of special importance has been enacted upon this question during the past decade, including the recent disability bill, the most liberal pension law ever enacted by any legislative body in the world, which did not originate with this association.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a unique organization. In the words of a past commander-in-chief, "No child can be born into it ; no proclamation of President, edict of King, or ukase of Czar can command admission ; no university or institution of learning can issue a diploma authorizing its holder to entrance ; no act of Congress or Parliament secures recog-

nition ; the wealth of a Vanderbilt cannot purchase the position ; its doors swing open only upon presentation of the bit of paper, torn, worn, begrimed it may be, which certifies to an honorable discharge from the armies or navies of the nation during the war against rebellion." And unlike any other association, no "new blood" can come in ; there are no growing ranks from which recruits can be drawn into the Grand Army of the Republic. With the consummation of peace through victory, its rolls were closed forever. Its lines are steadily and swiftly growing thinner, and the ceaseless tramp of its columns is with ever lessening tread ; the gaps in the picket line grow wider ; day by day details are made from the reserve, summoned into the shadowy regions to return to touch elbows no more ; until by and by, only a solitary sentinel shall stand guard, waiting till the bugle call from beyond shall muster out the last comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic.



## TWO UNION MEN

*By Grace Blanchard.*

OVER by the negro quarters it was too hot for a ripple of anything but gossip. In the furnace-like air a mess of scandal was simmering : — Black Jenny had a white baby.

Up in the planter's mansion sat the only man to whom this would be no news. Yet his overseer had just come in to make the formal announcement.

"Mr. Wilbreham, our Jenny has a girl child, surprisingly — er — light-colored."

The man's tone was insufferable. He would wink, he would joke about it, he would take things for granted, his master's patience among them, would he ? It was as a master speaks to his hireling that Wilbreham replied :

" You may enter it on the slave-list, then."

Bowed out at the door, the overseer left it open for a lady who rustled in. At the appearance of his overseer the planter had

seemed bored ; at the entrance of his wife he seemed cowed.

"What is this I hear about Jinny, Gerry? They say she is dying, and I was counting on her to-night. She was the prettiest girl we have got to have about the table, and the bishop is very particular.—Gerry, do you hear what I am saying? If I were you, I'd put a stop to such doings. It is wicked, and it is vexatious to have these girls act in this way ; it will spoil my dinner-party.—Gerry, your indifference to my troubles is the worst of them. Seeing it is some white man like you who has been the cause of Jinny's death, I do think you might make up for his recklessness and give me another housemaid from the lot.—Well, if you prefer to cut the leaves of that magazine rather than answer me"—

When she was gone, the lord of the domain looked toward the cabin where Jenny lay dead. His weak mouth quivered, but his hand clenched firmly enough as he muttered :—

"My daughter shall never know she is a slave."

Miss Lucy Frye sat in her mother's sick-room, in the old home in Newbridge. She held a letter whose contents it was necessary to share with the invalid ; but her mother was painfully deaf, and the windows were open to admit needed air. She hesitated to scream her perplexity to passers-by. But the sick old woman called for water, and Miss Lucy took occasion, as she held the glass, to say :—

"Do you remember Gerry Wilbreham, mother?" A nod. "He was a handsome boy. You recollect how much he used to be here at our house when he was at college?" A color was rising in Miss Lucy's pinched face, but perhaps it was from the effort of speaking. "You know he married some one, some one else, and has lived on his plantation all these years? It seems he has a little daughter at last, and he has written"—she held up the letter—"to ask if he may send the child to live with me—with us, under the roof where he says he spent the best and happiest hours of his life."

She made a pretence of referring to the letter to see if she had quoted correctly. She murmured these gallant phrases of the writer to her heart ; her mother's ear caught them not.

"He says," Miss Lucy went on repeating, "that his will be no home for her. 'Probably the mother is one of those haughty Southern women. He says he will send a nurse, and will pay handsomely for the board and care of the two. Mother, do you hear? Money to buy medicine and luxuries for you, and a baby in the house' ; —and the spinster's face caught a Madonna look. "He says he wants her brought up as you brought me up."

And then poor Miss Lucy, overcome by memories, modesty, and the fear of eaves-droppers, went to the window and looked to see that nobody had overheard. She turned to the bed again when a feeble voice said :—

"I don't quite understand. But you're a good girl, Lulie. Do as you please ; it will all be right."

And so it came about that a child played in the grounds of the old Frye home, a child young enough to remember nothing of its past, affectionate and wilful enough to make a conquest every hour of the present, and beautiful enough to make one smile and sigh and say, "Ah, when she grows to womanhood!" For a while after the child came, a silent old negress was seen constantly tending her ; but when the fall winds blew, the mammy's teeth chattered as she crooned to the child, and when the snows came she shivered and shrank and died,—and the dusky little South-erner obeyed Miss Lucy's bidding.

Lucy Frye was relieved to be freed from the presence of the old nurse, who spoke with apathy of Marsa Wilbreham. But if she was not still longing for the old plantation, she had been well bribed to say nothing malicious about the planter's family, and Miss Lucy's imagination was free to clothe the old Gerry of gallant college days with the added graces that a few contemporary novels threw about a wealthy slave-owner. It was such a father that Miss Lucy described to the little Saba, such a dear papa that she was to ask God to bless.

The remittances, which came promptly, but unaccompanied by any word, were the means of divorcing those terrible partners, illness and poverty, and with new comforts Madame Frye lingered an added year in a peace of mind that peace of body secures. But she passed away at last, and Miss Lucy had nothing to do now but try

to modulate her voice, high and harsh with years of talking to the deafened mother, till she could call, Saba, Saba, as tenderly as she felt. It was pathetic to hear her telling a Mother Goose story to the fresh young ears. From long habit she laboriously called out loudly sentence after sentence of the sad tale of the *The Babes in the Wood*, till the little listener shrank more from the teller than the narrative. But with a buoyant spirit that showed itself ready to take the plums out of story and out of life, the midge would run off to the playground under the trees, and set her table with acorn-cups, chanting to herself, "And a robin covered them up, covered them up with leaves."

As she played, a grave young tutor, passing by, smiled at her over the fence, and she smiled back at him, dancing into the house the next minute to tell Auntie Lu that a man was out there whom the robins had covered up, for one of the leaves had stayed on.

"Oh, yes, dear, he's such a good young man. Run out and play before the sun goes down. Poor Professor Dawes," sighed Miss Lucy to herself, "that terrible birth-mark on his cheek! I am glad my little lamb did not shrink from him. I wish he could know her pretty fancy about the stain on his face."

Perhaps he was told it by the little romancer herself, for Saba chattered to him every springlike day, and they had famous exchanges of gifts,—a pussy-willow from a distant field for a dandelion from her playground, a bit of flag-root from the marsh for a bunch of red currants from Auntie Lu's garden. At first the little girl went out to the gate to meet the tutor, but soon he shyly came through the gate to find her, and Miss Lucy, looking through the shutters, wondered which of the two was the happier in the comradeship. It occurred to her to ask him to stay to tea, when the longer summer days allowed the child to have her supper with her elders, and then—for what woman is ever too old to befriend a lone young man?—it became Miss Lucy's custom to invite and defer to the young professor at every opportunity. And if she asked him to sit in her pew at church, what less could he do than get her books from the library? If he was asked to drive her in to the neighboring city, was it not his privilege

and duty to see that she had a ticket for the course of lectures at the college? Every unmarried man has one home besides his mother's, and poor, plain Professor Dawes found his niche on the haircloth sofa in Lucy Frye's parlor. And Miss Lucy looked at him, and he looked at the child, and the child glanced at them both.

Thus several years passed, till Saba came to stand where the brook and river meet. She had said her Seven times Two, and the birds now were not the robin redbreasts of her baby fancies, but the unmeaning warblers to whom, like Jean Ingelow's lassie, she sang:—

"I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, Oh, bring  
it!  
Such as I wish it to be."

It was when Miss Lucy saw womanhood dawning in the eyes of Gerry Wilbreham's daughter that memories of her own girlhood flooded back, overmastering the reserve with which she had penned her semi-annual reports of Saba's condition; and the letter that began, "Mr. Wilbreham, Honored Sir," ended with, "Dear Gerry, will you not come North and see your daughter and your old friends?" Poor Miss Lucy! it took long debating and the saving recollection that she was writing to a married man to make her add the *s* to that word, *friend*.

The reply to this appeal was so curt that it was a mercy it was unsigned and in a strange handwriting. It simply said:—

"Yours of the 29th ult. received. Let Saba go to some finishing academy after she has done with your town schools. Will double allowance for this purpose."

Miss Lucy was unhappy to such a degree over the ungraciousness of this reply that her digestion was impaired, and she had to take a month's diet of graham crackers and hot milk, which, in the simple days of forty years ago in which she lived, would have been called grieving herself sick.

How was she to know that the letter was not dictated by Gerry Wilbreham's heart, not even by his lips; that the plantation in his feeble, beringed hands had become unprofitable; that the overseer, with money thriftily laid up, was now loaning it to his master, and having sweet revenge

for the lofty scorn of trifles and haughty indifference to warnings with which Wilbreham had estranged the meaner, wiser man? The business of the estate was now wholly in the overseer's control, its correspondence under his direction; and it was he, smarting under the remembrance of the way in which Wilbreham had refused to acknowledge that any fellow-sinner had a right to the pretty little joke of Saba's birth, who now separated father and daughter completely. He craftily alluded to the absent girl as "My young lady"; but when the door had shut upon the conference, during which Wilbreham had begged that Saba might be kept at the North longer, it was in a far different tone that the overseer repeated, "Ha, ha, my young lady! Mine, fast enough." And to the same event the two men looked forward,—the hour when Gerry Wilbreham, having cursed his overseer and himself, should turn his face to the wall, curse God, and die.

In accordance with the Southern mandate, Saba, when she became fifteen, was sent to a finishing school. Lucy Frye chose the identical one in which she herself had been taught to play *The Maiden's Prayer*, and translate *Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia*. It was a kind of grown-up dame school, and in it Saba was easily the life and glory—a poppy among the wheat. All her loving imperiousness expanded in the refined, coddling circle of teachers and mates; and when, at eighteen, she came, with a cry of "Home again!" back to Miss Lucy, she was as fitted to inspire love as she was ready to demand it.

During the vacations with which the three years' schooling had been varied, she kept the thread of her childish friendship for Professor Dawes, stringing on it now a coquettish glance or a bit of womanly petting that came from her without pre-meditation. In ten years Professor Dawes had won for himself a high place in the college faculty, and the warm regard of every member of it. His disfigured face was welcome in every home in the town, and even the shallow Sophomore saw beyond his plainness and his diffidence, and went to him for advice.

It was in Saba's last spring vacation before coming home to stay permanently that one of these Sophomores sought the professor. He had looked for him at his

lodgings, but being told that he had gone over to Miss Frye's, the youth pushed his search within Miss Lucy's borders, and at the end of the gravel walk found the man he wanted. It was almost a pretty picture that he came across, there in the rose garden: a gay, lithe girl, a game of grace-hoops, an admiring man. The blemish on the picture was that the ribbon-wound hoop lay around the man's neck like a badge of slavery instead of about the girl's fair throat as a gilded yoke of sweet submission. The professor, ungainly at his best, awkward even on his throne in the class-room, was laughable in his bondage, and the Sophomore gave a little chuckle of amusement, which escaped him unconsciously, but which brought all three to their senses. The girl turned at the sound with the poise of a fencer, her face caught in all its arch friendliness. The youth bowed low to hide his dancing eyes, and the professor, forgetting self at once, stepped forward, asking, "Is there anything I can do for you, Flynt?"

"If you will be kind enough, sir, to loan me that book you were speaking of? I seem to need it for my thesis. I'm sorry to disturb you, and if you can tell me where to get it at your rooms—"

"It is not there," the professor interrupted. "It is in this house. I had loaned it to Miss Frye; but she has said she should not begin it till she is more at liberty." Like an old war-horse at the smell of powder, he ceased to be the playmate and became the professor at the voice of any one seeking information; and forgetting his unacademic decoration, he walked toward the house. The two young people looked after the dangling hoop with would-be proper faces, and then seeing the merriment in each other's eyes, burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" rippled Saba, "I'll never try to get a good aim again. But it is only literally that I can reach his head; figuratively, it is way up in the clouds."

"Yes," assented the young man, "along with the other saints. But may I ask how you play this game? It isn't exactly one of our college sports."

She crossed the sticks lightly above her head, framing her enchanting face as she explained the manner in which the hoop is whirled off the tips of the slender wands.

By that time the professor came back, book in one hand, hoop in the other. Miss Lucy had delivered him from the latter without seeing anything humorous in the situation : — did not Saba throw spells about them all? But the professor saw himself out of harmony, in some way, when he came back to the youth and maiden, and he said : —

"I will walk back with you, Flynt, if you like. I must not trespass on Miss Saba's missionary spirit longer."

"You know I love to play, Professor Dawes," the girl answered ; "but you look tired." Which was a kind way of putting it, for she might have said, "You look old."

And indeed he felt grave and superannuated. Who of us can forget that first time when we realized that we were no longer to be counted among the young people? It is small comfort to be told later, "Why, you look five years younger!" We have been classed in another generation, and all that is expected of us now is that we remember that we too have been in Arcadia, and be merciful to youthful follies.

Perhaps it was with a sudden sense of fatherly care of Saba that Professor Dawes said in explanation of the stranger's presence :

"Miss Saba, I should introduce you to Mr. Flynt. Miss Frye was particularly happy to turn the book over to you, Duane, for she knows your family well, and is pleased they are going to be in Newbridge so much during your college course. She says the name Flynt is an open sesame for you."

"Yes?" the young man said, with a look that showed him to be a loyal son as well as a handsome fellow. "Then perhaps Miss Frye will allow me to return the book to her myself, when I have read it? I should like to know any friend of my mother."

But he glanced at Saba as if she were the one he would like to know, and the girl, flushing and straightening herself a little under his look, dropped her childlike, irresponsible manner and said, with a curious touch of the Southern *grande dame*, and with the happy tact that makes woman lovable : —

"We should be glad to know you because you are Mr. Flynt, and because you are Professor Dawes' friend."

And the two men walked down the street together more in tune with everything because of one girl's happy phrasing.

It was natural, it was inevitable, with Duane Flynt's winning, persistent self, that after he had called to return the book he should call again to talk it over with Miss Lucy after she had read it ; and then, because Miss Lucy was no dummy, but a companionable though plain little woman, that he should call even after Saba Wilbreham went back to boarding-school for that last term. In the chivalry of his vigorous young manhood he felt no selfish laziness, but came and went in this house and that, brightening the women's faces everywhere with his Fortunatus' purse of the coin of kindly human speech. It followed then that when Saba Wilbreham came home, with her diploma and the prettiest graduation dress in the world, she found Duane Flynt fast in Miss Lucy's good graces. More books had been read and discussed by the two, and in almost every case the buyer and lender had been Professor Dawes, so that he also came in for a share in the verbal book reviews ; and Saba, with her opinions fresh from the literature teacher, but with unerring intuitions of her own, joined the trio in piazza chats that were the rarest part of the rare June days.

But it was not always imaginary people and doings that the quartette of friends discussed. Events of terrible reality and prophetic meaning were occurring at the North and South. Anti-slavery publications had been leavening New England, and Free Soilers, the Liberty Party, Abolitionists of every school, had been stirred to their hearts' core by the capture of Sims, the shutting up of Prudence Crandall's school, and the mobbing of Garrison.

In the Frye homestead, where even the morality partook of a haircloth rigidity, the attitude toward slavery could have been foretold almost to a word. It could likewise have been foreseen that discussion of the question would be one-sided, owing to the guests of the mansion holding, for the most part, the same opinions as its mistress. Lucy Frye read a chapter in the Bible and a column in the *Liberator* alternately. Professor Dawes felt the sympathy for the down-trodden black that a down-trodden white should feel. He, to be sure, was now the peer of any man in the little college town, but he could not forget those

earlier years when no one, except the Southern waif, had smiled on the poor tutor ; and was not his face, too, stained, if not with black, with a sweep of red that was repulsive to the eye ? Hence to the dictates of the Bible and of the *Liberator* he added those of his own heart, and denounced oppression of one man by his brother. Duane Flynt felt the certainty that a student of a moral philosophy textbook must feel, and burned with the sense of abstract right with which a college senior steps forth to do battle with the world.

But one and all of the three friends made a reservation as he or she reasoned, — Saba. If Saba's father held slaves, Lucy Frye pondered, it must be justifiable occasionally. If Saba Wilbreham was ever to go back South to live, her home must not be scattered to the winds by a Northern moral hurricane ; she must step back to a niche in the Carolinas as lofty as the one in which they placed her there among themselves. If we punish the South as it deserves, where will be her inheritance ? — so reasoned the faithfulest of her slaves, the professor. And Duane Flynt, checking his fiery denunciation of the South, looked at the beautiful, smiling, indolent, immature woman opposite him, and said to himself, "She is the South, — and she is perfect."

But Saba, for whom they laid down that which was as dear as their lives, that is, their prejudices, was strangely unpartisan in these troubled days. She seemed to have no attachment to localities, but to feel that where her friends were, there was home. And she had no friends South ; even her relatives there were represented to her by dollars and cents. This she fairly had to urge in extenuation of her lack of Southern zeal when her mates tried to force her, by extravagant Yankee language, into the rôle of the haughty Southerner. No one looking into her eyes could doubt that something slumbered there ; but who could tell whether it were ambition, love, or cruelty ? She was like an adorable child in her ability to please and be pleased ; and if the wrathful blood mounted on her olive cheek, or if her black brows knitted, it took but a perfect rose, a chord wafted from neighboring church music, a kiss from a baby, or a gem of poetry that came holily from the professor's lips or passionately from

Duane's, to restore her to a happiness that was contagious.

Yet even this simple nature felt the storm and stress, as a year went on, and then another, and she stood at the threshold of her twenties. It had begun to trouble her that she felt no more loyalty to the South. She could not hate the North ; for with woman's pathetic concreteness, as she said the word North, three friendly faces rose before her fancy. But ought she to drift like this ? Was it equally true that sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof ? She put this question half-whimsically when the professor and Duane stole an evening a few weeks before Commencement to spend on the Frye's piazza. They smiled at her indulgently, and went on thinking each his own thoughts. Duane counted over again the steps he must take after graduating before he could give hostages to fortune in the shape of wife and children ; while the professor, reading Duane's mind, groaned to himself, "Good God ! What will it be when he takes her away ? — and yet, I shall have known her." And coming back, as usual, to the simple, kindly duty that lay nearest him, he said aloud : —

"Drifting ? Who talks about drifting, Miss Saba ? We must anchor you here at the North as soon as possible."

And when the girl's eyelids fell shyly in the moonlight, and Duane laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder, Miss Lucy, seeing the pantomime, saw too how "a man may do without happiness and gain instead thereof blessedness." But when Saba raised her eyes again they were full of trouble, and she went back to her questioning : —

"But if I ought to hate either the slave or the slave-holder, and cannot ? "

"You would leaven the whole South, dear, if we could spare you to go back there," Miss Lucy interposed soothingly ; and the professor shook his head gently at her morbidity.

"What each one of us would really do in regard to the whole question is mere theory yet, and, please God, we'll keep it from becoming a matter of painful action."

"That's it," assented Duane, rousing himself from his castle-building and letting them look in upon the horror of the matter through his bold, clear young eyes. "It is all very well to let those tough, beastly

blacks work for a kind master, but when it comes to enslaving a being of any susceptibility,—and some of those mulattoes are sensitive as whites,—why, it simply doesn't do for me to think of a woman with any feelings, like my mother or sister, being at the mercy of one of those vile overseers; for, great heavens! I should pray she would shoot herself first."

A look of agreement flashed into Saba's face, and she glanced radiantly at him, proud of him, proud of her womanhood which called forth his chivalry, proud even of her South, since it was not wholly without patriarchal features, and since it allowed such a simple way of putting an end to an evil connection. But to take her life—his sister or his mother, or any woman who could live on in the same world with him! Did he value life so lightly, then? Would he take his own so freely, did it mean? And her exalted look changed to one of solicitude, and she lifted such tenderly anxious eyes that the professor rose as if stung, and said to Miss Lucy:—

"There is so much to do, this last month; I must go now."

"Come into the hall a moment," said Miss Lucy; but once there, she disappeared from him into the dining-room, returning with a round and rosy bottle which she insisted on his taking.

"It is only my currant wine, Professor, and you look thoroughly worn out. We must help you through these next few days."

"You are so good, Miss Lucy."

And that is all some women are destined ever to hear. Can they dream what it is to hear a man say, "You are so dear"?

Out on the porch, Saba and Duane divined each other's sweetest secret, though with his determination not to speak till he was a man out in the world and could win her with a man's rights and a man's income, he brought himself to leave her as soon as the professor rose, saying only:—

"I must go, too. My Latin oration needs endless polishing, and I must sit up half the night with it. I must be a success—for your sake, Saba."

That was the last talk the four friends ever had, the last time they ever met together. How differently they might have talked, what confessions and vows made,

if they had foreseen the blow that was coming upon them in the morning, Heaven only knows. But Providence, ruthless as it often seems, never sends a blow so cruel but that it might have dealt one still more cruel; and in this case they were spared all dread, all sickening apprehension. The shock came terribly, but, as Miss Lucy said, struggling pitifully, woman-like, with her own sorrow, that she might find a ray of comfort for the man's more selfish grief:—

"But, Duane, dear boy, there was no suspense about it. We knew the worst at once. There was no letter which we could fancy ambiguous—he came himself."

For the hour of the overseer's revenge had struck. Gerry Wilbreham lay dead, and the bustling madame, who had borne him no child, had died before him. The estate, entailed and mortgaged, fell into the hands of the quondam overseer, and he was mighty to rule. He would, the North permitting, gather up the reins that Wilbreham had held slackly, and would be a planter in his own right, laughing to scorn the fine talk about hereditary gentlemen and first families. He would be no champagne-drinking Marsa. A keg from the moonshiners now and then would sufficiently tone up his spirits as boss. He did not aspire to be another Gerry Wilbreham—except in one respect; and he took the train North to claim the girl. When he had her back in his house, she might play at ruling over it till he took to himself a lawful wife, perhaps. But he could tell better after he saw her, not what trade he would make with her,—it would not be her part to dictate terms,—but what trade he might want to make of her with a fellow-planter.

And the sun on that midsummer day saw a sight that left the little college town in mourning. For the overseer's legal papers were flawless, his immediate claim to the girl unquestionable, his demand that she should leave with him on the next train unappeasable; and Saba Wilbreham, stunned, killed in everything but body, took into her hand the bag that Miss Lucy had filled, put her arms around that quivering foster-parent, and without a tear or a message walked out of the house behind her master. God in his mercy granted that she should be too paralyzed to recall that she had hoped to leave it to follow Duane Flynt through the world.

But the bitterness of the knowledge of

her fate, when that knowledge came to the two men who had loved her, is past describing. The keen agony was left for them, and it was a kind of agony that no woman can know. Their inability to help her maddened them; while her powerlessness to save made Miss Lucy dumb, lest even she should question the Ruler of events.

But the years' companionship of these three friends was now to be the only light to lead Saba out of the darkness. Among them, by precept and example, they had formed her character to be more brave and chaste than the blood in her veins could have warranted. And now, as she was taken farther from them, the nearer her spirit grew to that ideal which they had formed of her. The more clearly she saw the two paths before her, the more like a shrine became the pure home she had left, and before it she was ready to lay down her life,—Duane had told her how. "I should pray that she would shoot herself first," he had said. Surely, if he would have his mother or his sister, much more he would have his love. His love! But she could think of that, after she was dead. She must not let herself be unnerved now.

She had been ushered into her father's old house, and was calmly walking about its rooms, looking for the arms that were sure to rest near trophies of the chase on every planter's wall. She would not try to write a good-by to Auntie Lu, to the dear old professor, to—O God!—to *him*; the letter would unman her, and never be sent, perhaps;—this room was a cool, dark place to do it in,—here, looking out on the roses,—this was the day the moss-rose would bloom out, by the moon-lit piazza.

And in the library, by the window where Gerry Wilbreham first heard of her birth, Saba saved her sanity and her honor.

The news of her taking of her life, though couched in the abusive, enraged words of the overseer, seemed heaven-sent to the three who mourned at Newbridge. It made it seem possible to them to go on living, now that she was "as a thing enskied and sainted." Miss Lucy put away the childish tea-set, the girlish fan, the budding

woman's sewing, and the moss-rose that bloomed that day, and then sat down to her lonesome table, where the food choked her till she bethought herself to ask daily to the empty place some poor and needy and hungry soul.

The professor and Duane went through their duties during the remaining weeks before Commencement. Were they not men, and must they not say, "Yet fell I unconquered, and my weapons are not broken — only my heart broke"?

But the last night had come; the strain was over; the Commencement of the morning was already a thing of the past; and the two had met in Duane's room, no longer as professor and pupil, but as men with a mutual sorrow and a mutual resolve.

"Flynt, dear boy, you will be leaving us to-morrow?"

"Yes, I must get away—but she goes with me wherever I go,"—and the young man flung open the little carved doors of a shrine-like picture-case on the wall, and Saba looked down upon them.

Duane with his sore young heart could not speak her name; but the professor uttered it now with a beautiful reverence. There came to one's thought a tablet of engraved scripture in a quaint old church, on which the word God, whenever it appears, is illuminated in gold; for whenever the professor spoke the dear name, Saba, it seemed illumined and her memory transfigured.

"I did not mean, Duane, that you would expect or try to go where the thought of Saba would not follow you. There is one place where it ought to lead both of us. There is talk of a war, Flynt."

The young man's half-defiant look changed to one of eager sympathy.

"To the battle-field, Professor? The sooner, the better. I will stake everything I hope for in this world and the next, in any struggle that shall go on against that damnable business. If a war breaks out, you will enlist! Swear it, Professor!"

And the two men, with eyes raised to the smiling face above them, clasped hands in a solemn compact. The stars which looked down on Manassas saw how well that oath was kept.

## THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS.

*By J. C. Macy.*

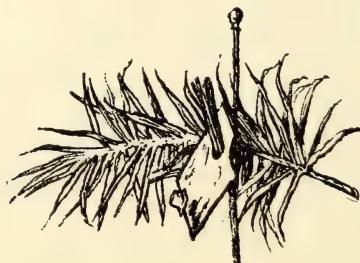
YOU don't quite remember? Ah! modest old fellow!  
Eh? Yes, we *are* gray and a little bit mellow;  
But if from the shade of yon sheltering thicket  
Should creep forth the enemy's vigilant picket,  
We'd prick up our ears, and we'd ram down the cartridge,  
And scent game that's different from squirrels and partridge,  
Old fellow!

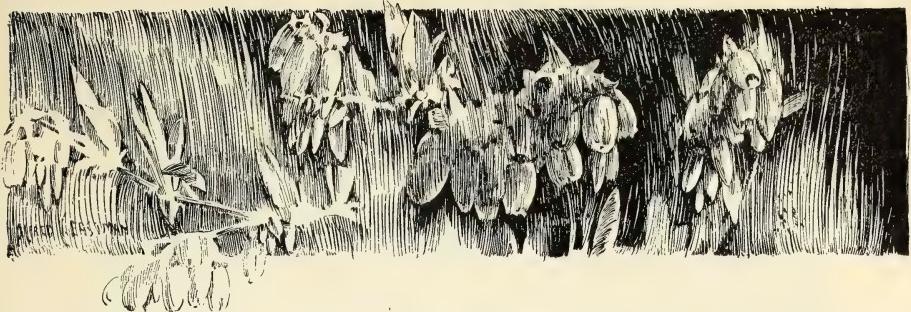
Think! — Aye, now you've hit it — there *had* "been some fighting,"  
Old boy, where the hail-storm of bullets was blighting  
And deadly. One half of the company shot there,  
All heroes, whose blood has made sacred the spot there.  
Ah! now you remember. Yes, Death *was* delighted.  
(He'd held a reception, and we'd been invited,  
Old fellow!)

We rested that night on the field, in our places;  
The moonbeams seemed trying to kiss the dead faces  
That lay there; while slowly I called the roll, giving  
The names of the dead with the names of the living;  
And when I called yours a strange feeling came o'er me,  
I dreaded to look at the thinned ranks before me,  
Old fellow!

I called you — no answer! But who was that crawling  
Across the torn earth where the shot had been falling?  
"He's here!" answered some one, and up you came, dragging  
Your poor, wounded limb; for you wouldn't be lagging  
At roll-call! "I'm present," you answered, and sank there,  
The truest of all the true heroes in rank there,  
Old fellow!

"I cared for you?" Bless your old buttons, don't say it!  
I owe you much more, but I never can pay it.  
For we two were messmates. Eh! Yes, 'tis warm weather,  
And tears come from dust and tobacco together!  
Come, let us go in. Hark! the children are singing —  
Our grandchildren! — Time has been swift in his winging,  
Old fellow!





## THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

*By Sarah E. Fuller.*

TO give a history of the Woman's Relief Corps would be to tell the story of woman's work from that memorable year in the nation's life, 1861, to the present time. Eloquently has one said that "it had been appointed that half in blood of men, and half in woman's tears, the ransom of the people should be paid." That woman did join not only in the sacrifice, but in the spirit of sacrifice, was clearly proved from the sounding of the first rebel gun at Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox. It was not enough that she should foster and encourage fealty and devotion to the principles of the Union; but how freely she gave of her heart treasures—all were placed upon her country's altar, that the nation's honor should be preserved! Who can measure the grief, or count the tears, as she bade husband, father, son, and brother go, and herself took up the task of keeping the home, the little ones, and the aged! How grandly she bore her part in the great struggle, the faithful historian will ever attest. To know of woman's work in the Civil War, we must follow her from Baltimore to Vicksburg, from Bull Run to Fort Pillow, on the march and in the field, in camp and in hospital. Wherever her hand could stay the flowing life-blood or cool a fevered brow, in the lonely vigils at the bedside of the dying, or when borne from out the smoke and crash of arms the wounded boys needed the ministrations of woman's hand, there was she tried and not found wanting.



Mrs. E. Florence Barker,  
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Ere the smoke had rolled away from Sumter, women were in line for work; and onward till the grand review in Washington in '65, how faithfully their work was done!



Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood.

When the soldier or sailor had laid aside the "faded coat of blue" and, with an empty sleeve or leaning upon a crutch or cane, found himself unable to care for wife and children or the dependent parents, then again woman came to the front. In every loyal state she took up the task of caring for the helpless veterans and providing homes and employment for widows and orphan children.

As early as 1869, the Clara Barton Association, auxiliary to Colonel Allen Post 45, G. A. R., of Gloucester, Massachusetts, Bosworth Relief Corps, auxiliary to Bosworth Post 1, of Portland, Maine, the

Ladies' Aid Society, auxiliary to Joseph Hooker Post 23, East Boston, Massachusetts, the Forsyth Aid Society of Toledo, Ohio, and the John A. Rawlins Aid Society of Marlboro', Massachusetts, were organized for this purpose, and also many others in Ohio, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa, Pennsylvania, and California. From that time on, women have worked hand in hand with the veterans to perpetuate the memory of the men who gave their lives to save the Union. To erect monuments and memorial halls, and to beautify and consecrate the cemeteries where rest our soldier dead, has been a work to which loyal women

in every state have given freely of their time, influence, and means.

The women of Iowa were the first to found a Soldiers' Orphans' Home. Ohio followed with its great Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, to which the women of the Buckeye state have contributed so nobly, being honored by the veterans in return with a place on its Board of Managers.

For the beautiful Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts the Relief Corps has ever shown the deepest interest. Nearly one hundred of its rooms are furnished by corps of different cities and towns, with all that can add to the comfort and pleasure of the veterans. Since the opening of the Home in 1881, the Corps of Massachusetts have contributed nearly \$12,000, which has been gratefully acknowledged by the trustees. So in every state our order is identified with all these interests of the G. A. R.

In addition to this work, the cause of the army nurse has awakened the deepest sympathy and interest of the Woman's Relief Corps. By vote of the fourth National Convention a bill was prepared by the Pension and Relief Committee, asking for a pension of \$12 a month for these noble women, who did such unselfish and humane service for our suffering men in camp and hospital during the war. This was presented to Congress, backed with a petition of thousands praying that it be granted; but while the Senate passed the bill, and it received the endorsement of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, it failed to come up for action in the House. The present year a similar bill was presented in Congress, with a petition 3100 feet in length, bearing the signatures of 160,000 men and women, with the endorsement of the National Pension Committee of the G. A. R., representing 500,000 comrades of that organization. This bill was reported favorably by a unanimous vote of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, and we may confidently expect it to become a law.

To Massachusetts must ever be accorded the credit of having conceived and carried into successful operation a state organization entirely of women, with a

beautiful ritual, installation and burial services, with an almost perfect system of reports and returns similar to that of the Grand Army of the Republic, and having as its object the relief of sick or disabled veterans of the Union army and their dependent families. By the official advice and sanction of General Horace Binney Sargent, Department Commander of Massachusetts G. A. R., and his Assistant Adjutant-General James F. Meech, a convention was held at the headquarters of E. V. Sumner Post 19, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Feb. 12, 1879, when sixteen different societies were represented, and twenty-three ladies signed a constitution and by-laws, for a state organization, to be known as the Woman's State Relief Corps of Massachusetts, with the following named ladies as officers:



Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller.

President, Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller of East Boston; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. M. L. Eastman of Orange, Mrs. G. Wheeler of Spencer, Mrs. S. M. Weale, East Boston, Mrs. Ida Wales, Abington, Mrs. Harden, Quincy; Secretary, Mrs. Katrina L. Beedle, Cambridge; Treasurer, Mrs. Merchant, Fitchburg; Chaplain, Mrs. Webb, Cambridge;

Conductor, Mrs. Sidney Sibley, Fitchburg; Guard, Mrs. P. F. Sprague, East Boston.

Thus in the old Bay State was the corner-stone laid upon which was built what is now the largest charitable organization of women in the world.

While from its inception the new organization had received the cordial support of such prominent comrades as General Sargent, Captain Meech, Captain J. G. B. Adams, Colonel T. E. Barker, Captain George S. Goodale, George S. Evans, A.



Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne.

C. Munroe, E. B. Stillings, and many others, yet the official recognition of the Department Encampment, G. A. R. of Massachusetts was not received until January, 1881, when the following resolution was almost unanimously adopted by that body:—

*"Resolved,* That the Department of Mass. G. A. R., recognizing in the Woman's State Relief Corps an invaluable ally in its mission of charity and loyalty, hails them as a noble band of Christian women, who, while not of the G. A. R., are auxiliary to it."

During the year 1880, the ladies of New Hampshire decided to unite with

their Massachusetts sisters in the new organization, and on December 8 of that year their department officers were duly initiated at the headquarters of General Hiram G. Berry Relief Corps, No. 6, Malden, Massachusetts, when they were invited to form a Union Board of Directors of W. R. C. work with the department officers of Massachusetts; and that board was organized, with Mrs. E. Florence Barker of Malden as president, Katrina L. Beedle of Cambridge as secretary, and Miss Keyes of New Hampshire, as treasurer.

It yet remained for the order to receive the recognition and endorsement of the National Encampment of the G. A. R. before it could be extended as widely as desired. Rev. Joseph Lovering of Worcester, Mass., then chaplain-in-chief of the G. A. R., was among the first to espouse the cause of woman's work as auxiliary to the G. A. R., and had sought by correspondence with many of the ladies actively engaged in this great work to bring about a union of effort which should be national in its scope and character. At the National Encampment held in Indianapolis, in July, 1881, he presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That we approve the project of organizing a National Woman's Relief Corps.

*"Resolved,* That such Woman's Relief Corps may use under such title the words, Auxiliary to the G. A. R., by special endorsement of the National Encampment of the G. A. R."

This endorsement gave new life to the movement, and in 1882 two corps were instituted in Connecticut, one in Illinois, one in Wisconsin, and one in San Diego, Cal. A wide-spread interest was soon manifested in the extension of the work. Prominent ladies in several states at once advocated the consolidation of forces,—among them Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood of Toledo, Ohio, known all over the West as one of the pioneers in work for the soldiers, and who had helped to organize nearly two hundred aid societies. Her graceful, earnest pen soon aroused the women of the West, and with the great-heartedness characteristic of them, they have been foremost in bringing about the almost phenomenal growth of the order since the National Union was formed.

During the administration of Paul Van Der Voort of Omaha as commander-in-

chief of the G. A. R., his attention was called to this special phase of woman's work, and he gave to it his hearty and earnest support. In General Orders he called a convention of the various auxiliaries in every state, to meet in Denver, Colorado, July 23, 1883. Thirteen states responded to the call, Massachusetts sending three delegates, Ohio fifteen. After a full and free discussion of the different methods of work, it was voted to form a national organization with the name, ritual, and regulations written and unwritten, of the Massachusetts Woman's State Relief Corps; and forty-five ladies signed the charter list.

The following named ladies were elected as officers of this, the National Woman's Relief Corps: President, Mrs. E. Florence Barker, Malden, Mass.; Senior Vice-President, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Toledo, O.; Junior Vice-President, Mrs. E. K. Stimson, Denver, Col.; Secretary, Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, East Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, Boston, Mass.; Chaplain, Mrs. Mattie B. Moulton, Laconia, N.H.; Conductor, Mrs. P. S. Runyan, Warsaw, Ind.; Guard, Mrs. J. W. Beatson, Rockford, Ill.; Corresponding Secretaries, Mrs. M. J. Telford, Denver, Col., and Mrs. Ellen Pay, Topeka, Kan. The question of eligibility was left open for one year for Departments to decide whether the membership should be restricted to those who were of kin to soldiers and sailors, or whether all loyal women interested in the work of caring for the needy veterans should be admitted.

A formal report of this organization was made to the National Encampment, then in session, when, by resolution of Chaplain-in-Chief Foster, the following action was taken:—

*"Resolved,* That we cordially hail the organization of a National Woman's Relief Corps, and extend our greeting to them. We return our warmest thanks to the loyal women of the land for their earnest support and encouragement, and bid them God-speed in their patriotic work."

This forever sealed the bond between the two organizations. From that date each succeeding commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. has endorsed the work of its auxiliary; and the results of each year's efforts, as shown by the official reports from every department, have proved the wisdom of the veterans in thus officially



Mrs. Emma Stark Hampton.

recognizing these co-laborers in their great work of charity. They also show the loyalty and devotion of woman to her country and its brave defenders.

The Fourth National Convention, at Minneapolis, decided that, "All loyal women of good moral character should be admitted to membership in the Woman's Relief Corps.

The total expenditures in all branches of relief work done by the National W.

R. C. since its organization is as follows : Expended in relief, \$182,731.39 ; turned over to posts, \$87,405.74 ; relief for army nurses, \$4,278.51 ; Jacksonville sufferers, \$500.00 : Johnstown sufferers, \$2,714.83 ; special relief, \$543.00 ; total, \$278,173.47. This is exclusive of the amount expended in fitting up the National Relief Corps Home at Madison, Ohio, and all the returns for the present year, which cannot be less than \$400,000.00.

There are now 28 full Department or

Ohio, have donated a beautiful and valuable tract of ten acres of land, with a large building, formerly known as the Madison Female Seminary, capable at present of accommodating twenty-four inmates. With a small fund at hand, we have been able to put it all in good repair, and hope soon to realize our desire to place the most aged and needy of the army nurses above future want or care. Throughout the country the public have ever generously responded to our calls, and we trust that the record we have made will warrant a continuance of confidence and support, as long as there remains one needy veteran or his dependent ones, who are our special wards.

The hearty greetings from the Grand Army of the Republic have been among the most pleasing and cheering features of the later conventions of the Woman's Relief Corps. Inspector-General Evans, who was the official messenger to the last national convention, said : —

" We appreciate all that you have done to assist us in the past. None can realize it more fully than we do. We know what the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic (and the only auxiliary), is, for it was created and endorsed by our organization. Seven years ago, when we stood in Denver, Colorado, and said that there should be an organization that would march hand in hand with us, we knew that that meant the hearty co-operation of good, true, and loyal women, devoted to the



Mrs. Charity Rusk Craig.

State Corps, 4 Provisional Departments, and 40 Detached Corps, with a total membership of about 100,000, all working in perfect harmony with the G. A. R., whose only recognized auxiliary they are.

Still another feature of our work remains to be mentioned. On July 17 of the present year a National Relief Corps Home, for ex-army nurses, soldiers' wives and widows, was dedicated. The generous and loyal citizens of Madison and Geneva,

interests of the Union veteran and those dependent upon him, and I cannot better express the appreciation of the Grand Army of the Republic of to-day than by referring you to that portion of the address of Commander-in-Chief Warner which refers to your organization, and which received the most hearty endorsement of our Encampment this morning. When I look at the report of your National Treasurer and find the large amount you have expended for

relief, I realize that every dollar you expend is a dollar saved to the G. A. R. Besides that, you have been the means of building up our posts, making our fraternity stronger, because of your gentle influence among us, leading us in our work of charity by caring for those whom we could not well reach, and helping us to disseminate the great principle of loyalty to the people, and especially to the rising generation, as well as to our children, who should know what this nation cost, and what their fathers endured to preserve it. Ladies, the Encampment which sent us here is in session this afternoon, comprising nearly one thousand delegates. They are here to take action for the best interest of the Grand Army of the Republic. They are the representatives of over four hundred thousand men who stood by the Star-Spangled Banner of the Union when it was in danger, and risked their lives that the Union might be preserved. We are here to represent them, and to bid you God-speed in your legislation for the future. Be true to the principles laid down for the government of your organization, and I am satisfied that its prosperity and its growth will exceed the fondest hopes of the most sanguine."

The presidents of the Woman's Relief Corps, from its organization, in 1883, to the present, have been as follows: Mrs. E. Florence Barker, 1883-4; Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, 1884-5; Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, 1885-6; Mrs. Elizabeth D. Kinne, 1886-7; Mrs. Emma Stark Hampton, 1887-8; Mrs. Charity Rusk Craig, 1888-9; Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, 1889-90.

The last national convention of the Corps, the seventh annual session, was held at Milwaukee, last August. Miss Clara Barton was present, and addressed the convention at the opening meeting, after the words of welcome from the governor of Wisconsin and the mayor of Milwaukee, and after the warm words in which Dr. Reed of Denver paid tribute to the women of the Corps as the Florence Nightingales of the Union army.

"My heart is full of tenderness," Miss Barton said, "and my voice is full of tears. There are those of us here who remember in reality what all these scenes are; we

lived through them, and when they are referred to we are touched by them as no one could be who had not lived through them. Here are those who are banded together as sisters, whose hearts are untiring and brave in the great, good work of the order. There are those here who have



Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer,

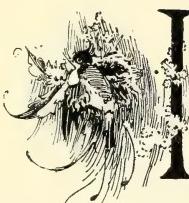
PRESENT PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

laid down the greatest, the best, and the bravest, and who sit here in the light of memory and listen to what is said, and bid God-speed to all that may be done."

As Miss Barton left the convention she spoke these good-by words: "Mrs. President and Ladies, I shall not see you again. I know by my own heart where I am in yours, for scarcely can I keep back the tears when I sit here with you. It comes to me o'er and o'er that Providence has taken from me all my sisters, but when I am with you I feel that you are sisters all. Next year I learn you are to meet in Boston. Remember that it is only a few miles from Boston where I was born; and in the name of all I love I bid you welcome, and pray you to come; let me see you all there, and good-by."

## A TROUT IDYL.

*By Rev. N. H. Chamberlain.*



I AM an old trout fisher, bred from the days of a boy's bare feet to the gentle craft, and even now, bent under the thing we call life, finding solace past words in a trout brook. I have fished towards all points of the compass and in all weathers. I have been always of one mind : "God bless the man who invented trout fishing." Not that the sport pleases all—for what pastime ever did—but it has given me a thousand hours of peace; and now, when the foot is a little heavy and the brook towards the end seems a trifle long in the strong sunshine, it brings me fragrant memories out of old hours when, in days of youth and hope, I and my friends flung flies into deep crystal pools or watched the lines meandering under the hollow reaches of mossy banks, and everything was as fresh as the violets under our feet. To remember is not always to be happy, but I appeal to every lover of the sport to say whether his trout-fishing days were not red ones, even to the gateway of the last ones, when the sun is going down in the evening shadows of our age, and we look through the avenue of autumn leaves.

I remember my first trout. We had a holiday that dropped as a prize out of the sky into the hands of the dozen young rogues of our neighborhood, who made scant moan for the schoolmistress' sore throat and much clamor about the things which were to betide us by flood and field. The rest went bird's egging; but three of us, Tim Field, John Hay, and I, went down to the June brook which crept and eddied and stole its way under the meadow hummocks to the tide. Three green poles cut out of the willows, heavy and scrawny, with three white lines of cotton wicking, and all but mine a pin hook, and three boys—ah, merry thoughtless boyhood! full of craft, with a stone against stray birds or chipmunk, tumbling down to the brook! And what a brook! sly and silent where it begins from the throbings of

spring waters out of white sands, creeping carefully along between damp mosses, and with its face shadowed by clover, daisy, and buttercup; taking its repose at the foot of the bank in the tiniest of pools, through which the sober-colored pebbles look up as it were to the sun that painted them in the alchemy of the gods; gliding down in long, cavernous reaches, where the banks fall together, and then creeping out into the open again after the sunshine,—secret, clear, cool, and busy, all of these; here was the trout brook for us. Not one of us had ever caught a trout, but we had uncles who had, and besides we had peered into an occasional basket in the village store, when some fellow had come back with his prize of speckled beauties, and vaunted his glory to the great world that ate peanuts and bragged of fish.

Behold, then, three barefoot boys, three poles all in a row, and three pairs of eyes watching for "bites" and absorbed in the future fish! Tim speedily caught a minnow, and was chronically disgusted at loss of bait; Jack hooked a meagre eel, and seemed in better spirits until the semi-snake slid out of his shallow pocket into the brook again; and I had naught. What mattered it that we fished on an hour or so, with no better luck than an occasional stumble into a muskrat hole and a daubing of our blue cotton breeches? Where hope is strong, fortune may come late to the patient. And it came to me that day,—O golden morning of my first trout! I shall never forget the spot nor the moment. Even now in winter dreams, in my city home, when the northeaster drifts the snow down the street, I am fishing earnestly in that very meadow, and feel the sunshine as of old. It was where the stream crooked and sped in under the green and close-mouthed banks with a gentle swirl, and my line went eddying down into the cool shadows, while I bent forward like the Russian serf in the picture, absorbed in the great future—a fisher boy to the toes and the very straw hat.

"Look at ye'r line," says Jim, "running away, I tell ye!" And there was the white

wick string running down stream among the grass,—and angels knew what at the other end ! “ Pull, I tell ye ! ” cry both boys in chorus ; and tugging I was, as hard as a boy’s bone and muscle could. And what thoughts there ! I was living that instant ages, ages with everything I ever knew or dreamed of all mixed and flashing together in a medley that made all uncertain, and yet as vivid as a sky flash ! Thinking of that moment since, it has seemed almost like life and death together.

“ Pull, wont ye ? ” cry the boys in a shout that has a bit of anger in it. “ Don’t yer see him ? ” Well, I didn’t see him, and I *was* pulling, and I remember blurting out, “ Well, you pull him ; I can’t.” And so they rushed in for a pull. Jim went head first into the stream, and Johnny seized the willow pole, and he and I pulled — ah, heavens, what splashing at the line’s end ! We tugged — fire, yea, delirium, in my brain ! — and how, I never knew ; but somehow in a mad ecstatic scramble and flurry, head, legs, and arms in grand confusion, we flung out and landed ten feet away from the brook, that big trout ! What could I say ? what did I think when the white flanks of that trout gleamed from the green banks, and that heavy muscular writhing of his troutship, which stands for size, revealed itself ? There he was in the green grass, tumbling and threshing about as a giant stung by a battle spear, — and the hook gone deep down his throat. I remember that Jim looked like a muskrat as he came out of the depths ; and Johnny and I, unwinding ourselves from pole and line, broke into a tremendous subterranean “ Oh ! ” as, with eyes that looked like the same letter in a dropsey, we three knelt down upon the green sward over the dying fish. What beauty, what glory, what agility ! Beautiful crimson and gold in spots, and such fins of flame and royal flashings of sunset dyes all over him ! I have seen picture galleries and sunsets, but never such glory, or glory at any rate that moved me so, as here. Three boys in their admiration forgot their tongues and beheld in silence.

“ Will he bite ? ” says Jim finally, in undertone. “ Yes, you fool,” says Johnny, *sotto voce*, “ he’s got teeth.” So we waited till his lordship was indisputably dead, and then we walked round him in circles, bending over anon to get some different point of view.

Then, how to bring him home ? First, of course, unhook him. But how to do it ? We pried his mouth open with a cedar splinter, which the tide had washed there, and Johnny, very cautious in matters of the teeth, by some happy legerdemain brought out the hook from the red depths of the gullet.

Then how to carry him ? Too big for a dozen pockets ! “ Try my hat,” says Jim. So Jim put him in his hat, and the hat goes on with the tail hanging down over the left ear. But hat and fish fall smack together on the sand before Jim has gone a rod. Then we hold a council, rather noisy and very brief. “ Cut a stick,” says Johnny, “ and hang him.” So we cut an alder, and hang him by the gills, and while Johnny and I bear his lordship, something as the Hebrew spies bore grapes to Joshua, Jim brings up the rear, admiring the trophy. Three such stately boys, with such a sense of satisfaction, as of those who merit well of mankind ! I believe I walked straighter after. Such deliberation and silence as we walked into mother’s kitchen ! Such stories as we had to tell of what was done and who did it ! Such respect from our juniors and a smack of envy in our seniors — and for ourselves such satisfaction and vast content ! The mathematical genius of our household put the trout in the scales. He weighed something less than a whale !

For a long time I used to pity a trout in his taking, but I have come to be almost as cold blooded as himself. For in spite of the superb creature he is, and while I pardon his gluttony in small fry, — all worms, caterpillars, moths, flies, spiders, frogs, minced meat, and even moles and mice, — I have never pitied him, since I made the discovery that he devours himself in his posterity, and is, in short, despite his elegant livery, a most cruel cannibal. A little trout fights very shy of a big one’s nose every day of the year. There are rogue trout that make a desert where they hide in a secret and ready hole under log or bank, and devour without stint or pity the younger and more unsuspecting denizens of the stream. One big trout in a tank will eat up, as the trout breeder knows to his cost, several thousand youngsters in an incredibly short time ; and worst of all, these rogues have a hiding power curiously elusive and dis-

heartening to the tank owner. Where all the trout come from, or where they go to or are hid in any stream at certain seasons and in certain states of atmosphere, passes the comprehension of more men than myself. My boy Harry may paddle me up my broad, clear stream on an easterly day, with muffled and careful oars, and there is not a trout in sight. Give us a warm, southerly rain, and the water is alive with them. They told me out West that the Indians would starve with the streams full of trout, rather than touch one, thinking them ghostly and uncanny. And I can understand how these children of the forest, looking down into the deep, silent black pools, with the shadows of the branches of the trees dancing on their waters, as the mountain wind moved them, and catching glimpses of the swift black shadows—trout in motion—darting through the deep, “one moment seen, then gone forever,” might fancy them unquiet spirits of dead eagles, or swift things of prey, who for punishment, were sent down to the under world of waters, to be forever in motion and never at peace.

All trout are not the same trout. There is as much difference among them as among dogs or horses. Every stream in my town has differently marked trout, so that from the fish the expert can tell the *strema*. This is partly due to the water, and of course the feed in it, but much more to the ground where they dwell—dark or muddy bottoms giving dark trout, and light gravelly ones trout of a lighter shade. Trout, like men, are creatures of circumstance, and under a fate that consigns them to a given brook, and they take their color from the home they move in. As the breeders tell me, they are like the Ptolemies of Egypt in this, that constant interbreeding debases the stock. The meanest looking trout I ever saw were in the Northwest, where the form is scrawny, the colors fewer, and the crimson of our Eastern fish degenerates into a sort of faded brick red. The handsomest fellows I have ever seen have been in streams open to the sea; and the sea trout of Cape Cod have a gleam of silver for ground color, overwrought with crimson spots, and a wonderful iris of indescribable colors, which vanish rapidly when the fish are landed.

Trout flesh, in its flavor, is as subtle and

as variable as the waters the fish live in. In sluggish waters, or when fed in breeding tanks, they are apt to taste of poor butcher's beef; but when they feed themselves, or fight for life in a foaming stream, like the reuss of St. Gothard, they are at their best. If the whitest lilies spring out of the blackest waters, and the purest lives out of the profoundest sorrows, so the best trout are bred in the chilliest, foamiest, swiftest stream.

Trout-land is a broad domain, and I had almost said a low one, only that some of the best brooks are up among the hills. Pure spring water is an absolute necessity for a good trout, and a trout stream generally flows through and stands for a healthy neighborhood. I met a west country man in the Kickapoo valley, with his house backed down on a trout stream, who said, “When I came out West from the Old Colony, and was looking round for a farm, I saw trout in this stream, and so I reckoned it was a healthy place, and settled down.” Yet the nature of the ground one fishes over, leaving out the fish, has very much to do with the pleasure and comfort of one’s pastime. For instance, I have no fancy for wading up the stream from the Flume in the White Mountains to the Profile House, leaving out the Basin, which is twenty feet deep or more. I tried, after a sharp rain, with my friend the Doctor, then a famous phrenological lecturer, and now of blessed memory, and nearly lost my life in the venture. Why the fisherman at the Flume told us to do it I could never make out, unless he wished there should be two less trout fishers round there that season. Anyhow we waded waist deep, and then took to the woods either side of the stream; and then such slipping off moist and rotting trees, blown down of ancient winds, and such tumbles into holes concealed under the long ferns where the roots of the same trees had been torn out, and such clamberings over jagged rocks, with the rain dripping down our backs, like the man in Father Phil’s sermon, the stream big enough to turn a mill wheel, and coming out at the Basin drenched and exhausted, with miles more of the same sort, to the Profile! That was trout fishing with a vengeance, and without a fish! The sport loses somewhat of its grace in a meadow rich in mosquitoes;

and to wade down from the outlet of Chazay Lake in the North Adirondacks, tumbling over and through breakwaters of wrecked and agglomerated trees, thrown every ten rods or so blank across the stream, and attended on your pilgrimage by "a cloud of witnesses" in the form of black flies, is not sport that fits one for the kingdom of heaven. My friend, the senior warden, a hale, hearty Scotchman, who has thrown flies in highland and lowland from the time when he could run alone, and who can sit on a log, graciously furnishing the gnats their evening meal, longer than any man I ever knew, without a single trout breaking water, tried that stream one sultry morning with me, to both our hearts' content. He gave over at the first dam, and my guide lost his way, although I forced him to "shin" (boots and all) the tallest tree we found, and the day was far spent before, wading the stream, we came into the open. When one is so lost, it is well to know, as the Indians do, that forest trees mostly bend south, in obeisance to the sun, and that the thickest and longest mosses grow on their north side. And if you wish to know which way the wind is blowing, when it is near calm, that you may judge whether the day is favorable for a good catch, wetting your finger in your mouth and holding it up in the air will tell you; your finger's coldest side is the wind side.

But above all, I have no fancy for fishing over ground that breeds venomous snakes. You seem treading a little too close on eternity, especially if the grass is long. I remember two such days in middle Minnesota, one August, when the rattlesnakes, they say, with a film over their eyes, are themselves nervous, and often strike without rattling. How well do I remember the look of the round red bluffs where I knew they were basking, the brown and yellow fellows, among the hot stones; and who could say but the drought had drawn a thousand or two down into the ravine where we fished? How well I remember the careful mincing steps, and one meadow where I found myself alone in that long, coarse, rustling Western grass! Somehow I fell into a snake panic. Every grass shadow and dead root I came across I verily expected would begin to crawl and rattle. How often in the midst of the tallest and driest grass did I mistake

its rustle for the dreaded sound; and, as my profession forbade it, I was not fore-armed as they usually are in such regions with a drop of whiskey! The clear upland which I would reach for safety seemed hours, ages, away. I never was so long going so short a distance. I never knew a meadow so full of holes and hummocks where snakes hide, nor so many twisted sticks and shadows, nor such eternal rustling and hissing of dry grass. The day was hot enough, but my fright made it hissing. I sweat at every pore, and my nerves were higher strung than any snake that ever bit. How well do I remember the last forty feet of that writhing, hissing grass, and the rush of desperation with which I flung myself through it to safe land! If I am ever delirious, I shall dream of snakes and that meadow. Apropos of snakes, the senior warden tells me he was bitten once in Delaware County, New York, in a like sort of grass and meadow, by "something," and that a quart of country whiskey drank raw touched him much less than water. For the good name of that church functionary, I am sure it was nothing less than a rattlesnake.

I love best of all a brook in the east land, winding and tumbling from the hill to the sea, whereon I may be hid from all mankind, one moment among white pines, and then again at the bend spy the white farm-houses across cornfields, and see beyond the tree-tops the steeple of the village meeting-house; where I come across the handiwork of my fellow-man in gray stone walls, topped with a cedar rail, running down to the brook; where I know who owns this swale and wonder when Farmer Jones or Farmer Smith will cut his grass; where when the sun is strong I can take my siesta on a dry knoll, prone on the aromatic floor of pine leaves, and hear above me the susurrus of the pines and note the light spring of the red squirrel in the branches, or look through the purple haze of the glade at the lazy robins with uplifted head listening for the plough of the worm in the greensward, or hear the wrangle and gossip about the family rookery where their little ones are panting for breath or solaced by the grateful grub which the mother-bird lets fall into the uplifted mouth; can hear the rumble and cry of the distant train beyond the hills, and even the faint whirr of the wheels of

the mill far down the stream ; and be fanned by spurts and whiffs of the lazy air into a dreaminess which befits the peace of the hour.

At such times, and especially in the first freshness of spring, when the apple blossoms, madonna flowers, are in bloom, in the very week, if I can find it, when their pink is paling into white, I like to pitch my mind's tent in some ancient orchard, that lifts in the fresh air its wrinkled and mossy arms, as if in prayer — and lunch. I must have a trusty friend with me, — three at such times is a crowd, unless one be a boy to run errands to the brook and carry baskets, — and then and there I eat a trout fisher's dinner. Fresh air in your lungs, the spring in your blood, the apple blossoms over your head, fretted only with the wooings of the busy bees whose hum invites repose — and what appetite ! what dinner ! Epicures would envy and wonder. If in this world, as economists say, dinner is too often in one house and the appetite next door, with us all this is changed and appetite and feast are matched. Spread out the white napkins (very likely you once wrote sonnets to her whose initials are on them) on the greenest grass, at the tree foot, bring out the boiled eggs and sandwiches and the papers of pepper and salt, lose never a spoon or fork for fear of the housewife at eventide, say an honest grace in your heart to the Giver of all these indwelling and outdwelling blessings, and then fall to like honest gentlemen in charity with all the world. No man ever forgets such hours, I warrant me. The flavor of the feast furnishes blood for some of my most grateful memories. Some of my co-diners do not fish any more and are gone where it is written they never hunger. I miss them and I remember them.

Some of the best men that ever led a line on a Southern battle-field were among the most skilful I ever knew to throw a line into a trout brook, and an eye for country, educated by the gentle craft, has been of great stead when the brave fellows had to march a regiment down the Shenandoah or charge, in broken and woody country, the line of distant bluffs. I remember two such — gentle fishermen of long ago — two brothers. One died at Antietam, and the other at Gettysburg, both like soldiers and the true gentlemen they were. They who die for an idea are

the only ones who live, as He has said, who took for his society and body-guard on earth a band of fishermen.

And I? Do I not know that life is like that trout stream yonder — the same stream in the limits of its banks which change and crumble and yet forever hold the current, while its waters flow into the greater tide that lies round all the world? You and I are only eddies in the stream yonder — things writ in water in the very hour we fish therein. What is it to die? To lapse as these waters do into the sea? I believe that "the sea is His also and He made it"; so whatever betides and whoever dies, I will see my own face in the stream, and fish on. When the stream bears me to the tide I will reach out my hands in the twilight after Him. When I touch Him, as I trust I shall, I pray also to touch in Him, with a thrill of His very peace, many — and among them some brave, gentle, manly natures whom I learned to love and honor in the gentle pastime of a New England trout brook.

The trout fisher's after-dinner time is full of fragrance and meditations. I hold that a cigar helps both, — I mean a good one. Then we try to think round again the vast circle of what we call a man's destiny, and we say to ourselves, "What is it all? and what are we all?" I am not sure that any new philosophy known to the books was ever evolved, but several have at least been polished and completed, at a trout brook. Perhaps it was a good greater than we knew, when our siesta taught us how great the circle of truth is and how brief we mortals are.

Then when the dream and the tiredness are gone with the south wind that has been in the leaves over our heads, let us have our afternoon dash at the brook. I hope those white-edged clouds in the west will broaden before night ; a sharp sprinkle of rain would put fish in our basket. The afternoon stream is wider and deeper now ; like middle age its waters have a more stately and peaceful flow than when in the youth of the upper brook it went dancing over the gay pebbles, a young stream out on a merry-making. The lower brook has not only greater gravity, but usually bigger fish, if the season be not too warm. Down there at the curve in that black round pool elbowing its way in under the right bank, its crystal waters floored with the

black marsh mud, sifted out by the edge of the sea-tide that sometimes creeps feebly up as far as this, I expect to find a famous fish. He is lying, ten to one, with his nose streamward, a little up current, perhaps, under the lowest bank edge where the flow has washed out a hiding-place between the sand floor and the bank, waiting like Micawber for something "to turn up"—or rather down, towards his blunt nose. Very little comes his way that escapes his ken or, if it be edible, his maw. That pair of black diamond lenses, set well back behind his nose as if to see all ways, are sharper than a policeman's eyes and twice as handsome. Woe be to gnat or grasshopper that swims or tumbles into his domain. A splash—a dash—a graceful curve of the spotted body made with that broad fluke of his tail—and something has ceased to be! The murders such a fellow commits in any twenty-four hours, if he had a conscience,—as he has not, but only stomach,—would fill him with unquiet dreams and throng the pavilion of that under bank with ghosts. But no! except in chase or motion a big trout has a taciturn air about him, very unlike the cruel cannibal and destroyer that he is. Indeed, when he lies athwart stream, lazily fanning himself with his fins, which move in brief, slow arcs in the tide, he seems lazier than the laziest bird or insect afloat in air. Nor did I ever know other creature that could hold his nose in one place so long,—not even a cat watching a mouse. But rouse him—let him descry a straw hat or a pair of boots coming down stream, or your veritable self flinging down your fly towards him—let him smell danger afoot and an enemy at hand, then what life, what dash, what swiftness, as if a sky flash under water! Then he is, as it were, muscle of flame; his glow is strength, and his wake through the water is faster than any railway train. That is to say, if he runs and don't hide. For he is also a most secret creature, and his tact in stowing himself away out of sight is something marvellous.

In his beauty the trout is the flower of the brook; but these qualities compel me also to call him the Turk. As a nomad, he is an Arab. In locality and history I might call him an Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic fish. But the bottom fact about him is, that beneath all disguises of his spotted

and beautiful robe he is a barbarian. Therefore it is that civilization, which is better, alone conquers him. I grant you that wild men may catch trout with nets, weirs, bone fish-hooks, spears, or what not; but for their success the fish must either be very many or very silly. I repeat that it takes civilization to neatly conquer a trout wide awake. Some say we should judge a nation by the quality of its battle-line. I had as lief judge its civilization by its trout lines; picking up, if he would let me, an average trout fisher to examine him and his tackle after he has just landed a two-pound trout. The national ethics I could read in his face. The national industries I could read in his tackle. I say, show me a nation's trout lines from reel to hook, and I can measure therewith its civilization.

Let us see what civilization can do with my fine fellow in the pool yonder. I am sure he is there, for no foot-marks are in the grass, and I have noticed that a new trout from up or down stream takes regularly the old one's place within twenty-four hours after I have landed the latter on the greensward. I fancy it is a good feeding hole. Well, then, if you would catch your trout, make ready. First look well to your bait and see that it be fresh and lively (I have always thought a worm red and fat, rather than pale and lean, the better); note that your hook-point be covered; give your basket a swing well over your left shoulder to have it out of the way when the struggle comes; see that your line runs free over the reel; bend low as you steal through the open, and halt, if you can, where the bank best hides you. I do not care for a noise, for a trout is as deaf as a stone and cannot hear a gun shot if you should fire one now, no matter what you are used to think or what your grandfather told you. Now look for a clean throw, so that no bush will hamper your line on the very bank-edge, and you must crawl down in a silly and ejaculatory temper to unfasten it,—a good throw, clear of briars, and at the upper end of the pool. Let the bait float down deeper and deeper towards the deepest by the curving bank where the trout dwells. I warrant me he saw it before it struck the water, and is making up his mind to examine further. Do not hurry or be nervous, for I know in this

pool is neither stump, nor sedge, nor sunk bramblebush to trouble your endeavor. Steady there! Look at that tremor of your line; his lordship has smelt your bait and touched it with his nose. Heaven send him appetite, for he seems lazy this afternoon! No; only his lordship's caution and playful way of making ready. Kings never hurry—nor sometimes big trout. Look! I told you so; your line, taut and straight and deep down, is making for the bank, where his lordship will complete his feast. Now strike him hard and steady with a blow towards the stream middle. Hooked! hurrah! how the reel whizzes! My lord is hurt a trifle, and the bit is well in mouth. Well, let him play. He is rushing down stream. Just below there under water is a jagged stump for danger. Reel him hard and quick. There! my lord feels the bit and turns this way. Steady the line, not too hard nor sudden. 'Tis a big one this time, mark me. He makes for the under bank again. Hold hard and give him a taste of water down that throat of his. Drown him a little. Ah! but what a dash that was,—that makes the reel spin again. His lordship feels himself in danger, and is losing heart. Reel him in now and give him air. Zounds! what a circle he makes there in the upper water! And what a fish,—broad-backed, blunt-headed, beautiful cannibal at bay! Don't lift him out. The hook might tear. Give us the landing-net. Softly; get it well under. Now lift. Ah, what triumph, what delight, when we have landed his lordship and he lies slashing himself in the grass! Note his muscular strength even in dying. If a man had might in the same measure, he could slay, with his fist, an elephant.

The last moment of the day's sport, like the last moment of a boat-race or a battle, shows a man's mettle. I have known many to give over with three good hours of daylight left; these are they who bring home a meagre mess. I test my boys by the time they will wait for a bite. The boy who will bob for a bite at the nose of a dead eel one calendar hour, as my boy Harry will, is a hopeful apprentice to the gentle craft. When you go on a brook, fish it through, unless you have plain information that parts of it are bare of fish. I have noticed that last hours are often the most fertile and satisfying,

and besides perseverance is a virtue precious in more places than a trout-brook. Therefore, I fish on towards the evening, the brook deepening and broadening, and the shadows, too, until we come to the last hole, and there is only sea-weed and the harbor beyond. Then, just a trifle tired and with a fair catch, I like to adjourn to the upland and there enjoy the evening calm a moment, lulled and toned by the low registered babble and beat of the waves on the white harbor sands. Lazy sea-birds sailing along the beach, and the crow high up making a straight line inland for his nest, and swallows skimming through the air for gnats, with distant tinkle of cow-bells in the upper pastures, and faint echo of voices from the farmhouse or village, and sunset clouds, bilowy, barred gray, or golden,—one may take his rest a moment among these under the old dome with much inner satisfaction.

My stomach usually recalls me to the sense that I am a very mundane creature. I am not ashamed to confess that after such pastime I am greatly hungry. Home, then! But first bring out your fish and lay them on the sward, and count and mete them. Range them in rows, the fish according to their size. A trophy worthy of Miltiades! Gather from the meadow the green, moist mosses to line the bottom of your basket. Lay your fish with veneration upon that velvety carpet, and sprinkle over them the meadow-flowers; then with a swing of your basket over your shoulder, tramp home with the honest tread of a man who respects himself and has no quarrel with the world. You may dare with your prize to enter, booted and browned, the neatest housewife's kitchen; you will be pardoned for your fish. If you have my luck, when I go home after such a day, you will find yourself the centre of a most friendly group waiting for you to lift the basket's lid; and perhaps there is a little golden head level with the aforesaid basket, peering into it before all the rest to add her amazement and congratulations too.

In all this praise of brook fishing, and that in a certain province, let no man think me provincial. The true sportsman has a large mind towards his brethren in all their sport. As I was bred to the brook by the sea, I like it best; but I do not forget the mountain pools, nor the dashing

torrents between the hill rocks, nor the broad rivers where one wades to throw his fly in the full, swift current, nor, above all, the Adirondack lakes, which mirror some of the greenest mountains and nurture some of the most delicious fish. I do not belittle the ardor and slightly exclusive enthusiasm of him who tells you there is no true trout fishing but with flies. Heaven grant him a long, light, airy throw and a broad-backed, speckled fellow to strike when his fly touches water! There is a certain ineffable grace and neatness in fly fishing. I confess that at times trout may be won by flies as by nothing else, and I envy his pastime, who, in his city library, before the blaze of a cannel coal fire, brings out his fly book and frames out of the choicest colors new flies for the next spring's fishing. I may admit for his comfort that fly fishing is the aristocratic phase of the sport, and all else a little plebeian; that the flies are for the House of Lords and worms for the House of Commons. Well, I am a commoner, and I prefer to run my risk and my fisher's course, as fish and seasons go, dangling from my trout line, as the most dangerous of fish seductions, a good, honest Anglo-Saxon angle-worm. Blessings on his blunt head, and may his fate be ever a trout's mouth!

I hold that, after all, the value of trout fishing is in its power of education. Whoever gets only a basket of trout out of his fishing fails. For apart from the vigorous exercise it gives, and a certain placidity of temper,—at one with the silent brook in which he angles,—trout fishing has a positively teaching power beyond that of many a pedagogue I know of. For as every vice is the antipode of some virtue, so it matters little to a troutsman whether he be taught by his failure or success. For instance, let him go in a hot temper to the brook. Ten to one he will throw his line into a thorn bush at the first move. Let him with anger try to snatch it thence; he is almost sure to lose either hook or line, and peradventure both, with a broken rod to boot. The difficulties soon reduce a man to moderation and a steady, col-

lected mind. So, too, the pastime educates to faith, hope, and charity, besides tending to make his mind broad, round, and alive to all gentle and beautiful things. Of course I hold trout fishing to be the sport of a gentleman, that is, of a man who knows there is the good and beautiful, and in this life tries to find and honor it. I leave out of my list all of the commoner kind who fish for hire, mere fish butchers at best, and give that honest title only to those who fish for the love of it. I have known many such, and while I never knew a regulation saint among them, I never knew a Pharisee, and most were as healthy, honest, wholesome men as you could wish to see. I wish every boy, city or country, could be sent trout fishing one week every spring, as a necessary part of his education. Indeed, I would not forbid the girls. If I could carry my suggestion into a custom, the next generation of grown-up boys would give me a statue. I should beg to be shown with a trout rod well in hand.

But the laws East are making sad havoc with anybody's right to fish, unless he owns a preserve. In the town where I was raised, without permission of the proprietor I cannot throw a line into a single stream where I used to fish; and along these confiscated creeks are a swarm of forbidding sign-posts, and terrible penalties against poachers all stamped down in printer's ink, harsh enough for an iron age and unworthy of this one of—greenbacks. Very well, I own my own preserve and must do like the rest, or my neighbors will turn the town, plus the summer visitors, upon my stream to clear it out. But for all that I believe it to be against good morals to shut out boys from fishing, and I hold that as their forefathers fought for free land and free water, no state has a moral right to take away inherited privilege, and that the protective laws, so called, if they protect the fish, certainly defraud many a man who would like to fish. The poor and landless have pangs enough, and it runs towards the national danger line to deprive them of their humblest ancient pleasure.

## THE TOURMALINES OF MOUNT MICA.

*By Susanna B. B. Merrifield.*

IT seems that it came by degrees to the people of Paris, Maine, just what kind of a locality theirs was. There was nothing significant or especially attractive in a farm with wood lots, cow pastures, and rugged stone walls. On this quiet, beautiful spot, one would look out and beyond, rather than down at those weather-worn rocks under the feet. Yet this place is the renowned Mount Mica, where the rarest treasures have lain concealed, while mighty forces have been silently at work forming and perfecting them. Chief among them is the tourmaline, in the utmost perfection of its crystallization and color. It is unsurpassed by any gem of its kind in the world. This elevation of land—for it is but a gradual ascent from the farm-house below—was so named from the great sheets of mica that lay glittering upon its surface when discovered.

It came about by accident—or what one terms an accident. The rocks had kept their secret, age after age, weather-beaten above, but accumulating, forming, disintegrating, below, when in 1820 two students, Elijah L. Hamlin and Ezekiel Holmes, were searching the locality for minerals. Half concealed and very unpretending lay the dull feldspar and quartz, holding fast to their prize, but a discerning eye detected the fragment of a transparent green crystal lying loose upon some earth which clung to the roots of a tree. The students felt sure of a treasure, but darkness was well upon them and they resolved to leave the place until the following morning; but during the night a snow fell and remained until spring.

Our two students were promptly on the spot the coming season. Their astonishment knew no bounds—or their joy, we may well believe—when they laid bare many more pink and green crystals half exposed upon the rough, jagged ledge. After carefully removing the overlying soil which the decaying rocks had formed, scraping cavities here and there, working with whole heart and soul, lo, the reward of their labor, in form of thirty or more crystals of evident beauty and clearness!

And more; all over the top of the rocks and down the hillside lay riches untold of the associate minerals. The people of the town hastened to the spot, and immediately some very valuable specimens were obtained. No one knew up to that time what to call their prize, so the young men enclosed a few of their best crystals in a letter to Professor Silliman, awaiting his reply with impatience. He hastened to tell them that they had made a most important discovery in finding a rare gem. And these were the first tourmalines of Mount Mica. This place, in its ages of silence, had been waiting, perfecting itself, that the hand of man should finally unlock its treasures and give them to the light of day.

In 1825 Professor Shepard visited the place and found several very fine crystals; and later Professor Webster opened a "pocket," which revealed a fine grass-green specimen, also a most remarkable red one. In 1865 the deposit was believed to be exhausted, though the work had been extremely superficial, the excavations being only fifteen feet square and six feet deep. Fresh encouragement came later, as investigations were made by true votaries of science, and new pockets were constantly opened, with the tourmalines lying loose in the decaying feldspar, or embedded in the floor of the cavity.

About this time Dr. A. C. Hamlin, collecting the facts here outlined, made most important explorations, and added greatly to the knowledge of the capacities of the ledge. His excavations made from time to time have yielded to him one of the most valuable collections in the world. Rock was removed by tons, and cavities were struck yielding more wonderful results than before. Again came a time when the deposit was considered mostly exhausted; but the interest in the place was beginning to become general, in other countries as well as our own, and the feeling was strong that fresh exertions should be made to develop its resources still farther. This led to the formation, a few years ago, of the Mount Mica Company,

now successfully in operation. The ledge has been explored for over one hundred feet, and tourmalines found at both ends, and it is thought there are possibilities for four hundred feet or more. Mount Mica has thus fairly earned its reputation among mineralogists, as being one of the most remarkable places in the world for this beautiful gem. Nor is this all. Not for its tourmalines alone is it interesting, as we shall see later, for nearly forty varieties of the associate minerals are here found.

But let us describe some of these crystals. In color they are white, blue, pink, and green, the color varying with the composition. Two years ago some of the pockets opened contained grass-green or blue-green crystals, one of which measured ten inches in length by two inches in diameter. This is believed to be the largest found in the world. Another was seven inches long by one inch in diameter. Others without number were phenomenal in size and beauty, some of them having the lustre and nearly the color of the ruby. The gradations of color are a most important feature in the gem. On this point the mineralogist revels in ecstasy; and well he may. Here a crystal red within, passing to green outside; there an exquisite red shaded to white, then blending into green again; or they may simply be red and green or white and green. They are marvellous in beauty.

The tourmaline in its physical character is first, in crystallization, rhombohedral, in prisms of three, six, nine, and twelve sides, terminating in a low three-sided pyramid. It occurs also massive, and coarse columnar, somewhat resinous when fractured. In hardness it is about 7.5, a little harder than quartz. It is brittle and, as in the case of the beryl, well-terminated crystals are most difficult to obtain. In constitution it is complicated, containing silica, alumina, magnesia, and a variety of other elements in small proportions. The presence of boron trioxide gives an interesting feature in the analysis of the mineral, while its electric and optical properties are an increasing delight to the student. The sides of the prisms are often rounded or striated. This is due to oscillatory combination, which is a tendency in the forming crystal to make two different planes at the same time. This makes a

very interesting study, and the presence of these striations is welcome assurance to the beginner that he is correct in his conclusions.

Let us return to the associate minerals, which are found in profusion at Mount Mica. Truly the setting is worthy of the gem. Mica should be mentioned first, for tons of this mineral have been taken out, with its associate rock. Some specimens were more than a foot in diameter, weighing from twenty to forty pounds. Brookeite, spodumene, yircon, apatite, hebronite, amblygonite, and cassiterite, in all their varieties, have been mined, the latter by what has already been found giving much promise that a valuable deposit may be met in time.

After the blasting, the great business of the moment is to reach the pockets. But that is no concern of ours; to the humbler aspirant, when the working-hours are done, there are treasures still left in the way of fragments of crystals of all colors and varieties and rejected pieces of rock. These the student knows how to value,—a sort of aftermath they are to the gleaner of knowledge. The workmen are prodigal of these riches, and we were grateful for the crumbs from the royal table. Blocks of mica glitter everywhere, and beautiful lilac lepidolite-lithia mica lies about in small pieces, as part of the *débris*. Several tons of this mineral have been disposed of to collectors, one mass weighing five hundred pounds. Graphic granite; gray and white albite, the latter perfect in its snowy whiteness and dendritic delineations; feldspar, white and pink, with its beautiful pearly cleavage; cleavelandite, a lamellar variety of albite; quartz in many of its varieties, the smoky and white most plentiful. Here a beryl, and fragments of beryl lying everywhere; and cookeite, most interesting because it is thought to proceed from the alteration of red tourmaline,—all these are here, and many more.

During the drive from South Paris to this famous ledge, abundant examples of the black tourmaline may be seen in the stone walls by the roadside. They are in the form of slender crystals, or occur massive, embedded in masses of granite or feldspar. These are black from the presence of iron. In these observations the student may pass some most profitable mornings. The great contortions in mica schist in their fantastic shapes are special

objects of interest, and mica, always mica, glitters everywhere. There seems a great waste of material on every side ; but the eye becomes accustomed to the prodigality of nature in this region, and looks in some expectation of more at every turn.

The future resources of Mount Mica remain to be proved ; but reasoning from the known to the unknown, the outlook is certainly most promising, both for the development of the ledges now being worked, and of those in close proximity.

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## POLITICAL PROGRESS AND POLITICAL DANGERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

*By Raymond L. Bridgman.*

THE life of Massachusetts, as a body politic, comes to manifestation in the legislature. A sure foundation for growth was laid in the constitution a hundred years ago, and the development of to-day is for the most part seen in these phases, — the adjustment necessary on account of the increase of population, the assimilation of new forces brought into the social order by modern inventions, and the extension of our theories of government. To illustrate : the growing pressure of population requires continual care that one citizen shall not encroach upon the rights of another, and the restrictions needed are more positive than in a sparse population ; the developments of modern invention have originated new problems of rights and duties ; the question of extending the functions of government into matters of business, such as the railroads, the telegraph, gas and water supplies, and the like, has become prominent in our legislation, and will be far more at the front in the near future, judging by the present outlook.

Now, a bird's-eye view of our recent legislation shows clearly that the Commonwealth is making rapid progress. Life and growth of the community as a whole mark the last few years especially, and the increased agitation shows no signs of rest. Taking the laws for a criterion, it is clear that active forces are rapidly making the people more comfortable, more certain that they can secure justice, and that every one will have a fair chance to make the most of his gifts and of his opportunities. This is evident, though the problems due to increase of population are serious. Society is in danger of becoming hardened.

It is difficult to stir a great mass of people. Men have their own business to attend to and do not wish to be burdened with the cares, complaints, or sufferings of those who are unfortunate. The tendency of such matters is to inertia, and anything which counteracts this tendency is so much a proof that the spirit of enterprise and of humanity is awake and active.

He who observes the progress of Massachusetts in late years will find a proud record, in spite of the sad mistakes which have been made. Plenty of laws have been enacted for the preservation of the physical health of the people, and for the promotion of their moral vigor. Special favors have been shown to the poor and unfortunate in way of saving them from becoming the prey of the careless and heartless, as many illustrations will prove. For instance, the state has said to employers who would not willingly grant the favor, that a large class of people shall receive their wages every week, instead of every month. It has given to those who do not believe they are receiving just wages an opportunity to seek a redress of grievances without resort to strikes. Women and minors have received special protection. The state guards their bodily health under strict laws. At the same time, the capitalist has been given increased opportunities for profitable investment of his funds. The labor people have been opposed by their employers, and the capitalists have had to contend with the jealousy of the labor element, but there has been a sufficient disinterested portion of the community in each case to permit the advance step to be taken.

On the whole, as the record embodied in her laws shows, Massachusetts is merciful and just, and has both these virtues in active exercise. A quick ear is always given to the real distresses of the people. Mere agitators are not able to secure the ear of the state, nor have all the schemes which have been offered in good faith for the alleviation of the evils of the poor been approved, for they have not commended themselves always to the common sense of the state. But there is no foundation for a suspicion that the state is indifferent to the cry of the needy and friendless.

Massachusetts is strict upon matters of morals. Perhaps this would be denied, could some of the people of a hundred years ago look upon the state to-day, but the recent record of the laws demonstrates that the state is always ready to do anything which gives reasonable promise of helping the people to better lives. Relaxation has not occurred, so far as the statute book is witness to changes in the public sentiment of the state, but every change has been the other way. Massachusetts not only intends that the way of the transgressor shall be hard, but that the way to moral cleanliness and strength shall be as easy as possible.

Public spirit in Massachusetts is active for purity in politics. This is undeniable, though the leaders have often been discouraged by the slow progress of the people. Though the people as a whole are often deluded by plausible promises and make serious mistakes, yet when the issue is plainly presented they are sure to be found on the right side. Ample proof of this is seen in the new Australian ballot law and in the thorough success of the reform of the civil service. In each of these matters the state has been a pioneer. New York is the only other state which has a law for the reform of the civil service, and there is no prospect that any other state will follow her example soon, beneficent as it has proved to be in practice.

Popular faith is growing in the efficiency of the public schools, and the advantages of a public school education are given by state benefactions to the towns which are too feeble to maintain unaided a suitable system. Through the schools the state is solving some of the knotty problems of the times. She is trying to make a homo-

geneous population. She proposes that the public schools shall be better than any which can be maintained by private enterprise.

Glancing thus at the recent political growth of Massachusetts, and judging the state by the wisdom and conscience embodied in the laws, it is found to be worthy of high honor. It commands admiration. It compels confidence in the future. But there is another side to the story of the present and to the forecast of the future. The prospect is that the state will endure loss and suffering which might easily be avoided. But the people do not promise to avoid them. The state is yielding to-day to the ambition of men whose "barrel" is their claim and their agent for securing public office, or whose commendation is their activity in their own behalf. Ambition is defended as honorable, but it is made an excuse for dishonor. Because it is an honor to be highly esteemed by one's fellow-citizens and to be placed in public office, the honor is often hunted by the office-seeker. Too often the candidate and the people fail to see that the honor has departed as soon as the man moves to capture it for himself, instead of waiting for the sense of the people to discern that they honor themselves in honoring him. If he does not capture the honor, so the excuse is made, some other man will who is equally a self-seeker, and so the evil grows. The danger is that only those will seek public position who have the time and money to do so. The really competent and honorable man, whose time is demanded by his vocation, is debarred from consideration by such a state of affairs. No one can be a candidate who cannot pay his workers, who shall work while the people sleep, and thus carry him into office. More than this, no one can enter the lists under such a system who is not able to contend with another candidate who employs the same means as himself. It is a contest of purses, of promises to friends, and of selfish ambitions. The public good is not the object sought, nor is there any thought, in the scramble, of sacrificing one's self for the benefit of the people. Such an idea would be too ridiculous for belief. Organized raids by men of means upon public office have been too often seen in late political campaigns in Massachusetts.

The low political tone in this respect has even forced into this kind of competition men whose principles have been against it, who have been ashamed to yield to the demoralizing influence, but who have seen that by that door only lay promotion to office. They have been overcome by their ambition. They have thrown away their sense of shame, and their money has helped to fasten upon the state a political practice which they know to be infamous and which they secretly condemn. This tendency has no cure in itself. The remedy must come from without.

Another evil threatens the Commonwealth. Massachusetts does not have the benefit of the best legislative capacity of her people. She has among her citizens an ability and an integrity which would improve the quality of her legislation. But men go through a legislative course and graduate. They acquire valuable legislative experience at the expense of the state, and never put it to use. It is the custom for men to go to the House of Representatives, then to the Senate; and then the ablest, or the wealthiest, or the most ambitious struggle on for higher things,—for the council, for the governorship, for Congress, for the United States senatorship. Never does an ex-senator return to the House. Comparatively few representatives are seen in the hall again after they have once yielded to a successor. Some of them find it more profitable to return to the State House as members of the lobby: a leading witness at the West End investigation testified that every year twelve or fifteen recent members are applicants for employment in the third house. Rarely does one who has been through the legislative course imagine that duty to the state calls him to serve further in an office on the same level with the position he held a few years before. He has exhausted the honors of that place. More than that, the ambitious men who are crowding for legislative honors would think themselves debarred from just promotion if an experienced legislator should return to his old place of service. The people do not expect it. Ex-senators, ex-councillors, ex-governors, and ex-congressmen are never available for legislative service. They have used the legislature for a stepping-stool, and they are set aside and set themselves aside as effectively as

if they owed no duties to the state, and as if the state having honored them, and having added to their professional standing and to their prosperity, had no possible claim upon them. Selfishness alone is the consideration which takes them out and crowds them out of the service of the state, and everybody acquiesces in it.

Not only do men of legislative experience cease to be of service when they begin to be valuable, but there seems to be a deterioration in late years in the quality of the legislators as a whole. The tendency is more and more to fill up the seats with men of local reputation only. Some of these are excellent men, faithful, honest, and capable. But the legislature contains to-day, few who are known as prominent men all over the state. The representatives from one county are unknown to the people of another, as a general rule. Local ambitions and the foolish practice of rotation in office increase the evil, but a great evil it is.

Again, since the Legislature is the court of last resort for the people, a constant popular watchfulness and jealousy are needful in order that popular rights may not be sacrificed. The force embodied in the government makes it a powerful machine, and hence the temptation to seize the government and to prostitute it to private or corporate uses is as vivid and as constant as the presence of a pile of coin in an old-fashioned iron box would be to a modern burglar with his complete outfit of scientific tools. Keen business men see the prodigious wealth which is possible when the power of all the people is usurped and turned to private account. Hence, the schemes for the consolidation of gas and electric light companies which brought the Legislature under its control, and would have been law but for the manly and convincing veto of the Governor. Hence the successful struggle of the dishonest oleo business for continued life with the sanction of the Legislature. The state Senate is the weak point in the legislative scheme, and the corruptionist and the reckless corporation fly at it instinctively as the vital point, as the hound flies at the throat of the deer.

Popular rights are in constant danger in the Legislature, unless the people are as constantly watchful. But the people are many; they are scattered; they are not

particularly interested as persons. The interested men who would seize the lever which controls the powerful engine of the popular will are few; their energies are active and concentrated; they have a great prize at stake. The odds against the people are tremendous. The sin which is designed against popular rights is great, and the professed high moral standing of those who combat and destroy those rights makes them the worse offenders. The West End investigation has demonstrated this to Massachusetts people, and they now have another warning to exercise that eternal vigilance by which alone their liberty can be maintained. By systematic effort a precedent has been established sufficient to destroy the sacredness of the last court of the people, if that precedent is permitted to stand. If the West End's methods prevail, justice will be vanquished and money will rule supreme. Legislators will give their attention to such petitioners only as can afford to dine and wine them. Lobbyists will multiply in the legislative corridors to demand a fee of every petitioner for justice, and to blackmail him and defeat his petition if he refuses. A great crime against the people has been committed by the West End officials; the Legislature has passed formal condemnation upon them, but has nullified its own verdict and shared the shame (though honorable exception should be made of the large minority of the House) by giving the fruit of their guilt to the West End company; the Governor has not discerned that the purity of the people's court is paramount to the conven-

ience of Boston, and has signed the bill. It is an hour for a popular awakening.

One who has much acquaintance with the Legislature or with the political movements of the state is compelled to say that patriotism is often a feeble factor, while selfishness is strong. Were there another civil war to sweep men off their feet by the tide of devotion to native land, doubtless the response would be as thrilling as in 1861, and self would be lost in the demands of the nation. But in times of peace, when no danger is apparent, when no need of self-sacrifice can be seen, then public life is controlled by selfish interests, and public morals are on a lower plane.

With these evils is a popular indifference to the men who are honored with political office. It is expected that the "hustler" will capture the prize, regardless of his qualification for the place, while the capable man who regards the decencies of politics, who has a lively sense of the dignity due to the state, is left far behind, even if a few friends are active in his behalf. It is high time that the real voice of Massachusetts be heard. Did she see clearly the crisis, she would overthrow the selfish, and drive the money-changers from her temple. She has suffered much in the last few years from the promotion of unworthy men to office. The injury she bears to-day is real and great. If her people choose, they can assert themselves, throw off the selfish and ambitious men, and promote to office only those whose qualifications are their ability and their honesty in the service of the commonwealth.

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## HORACE MANN.

*By Mary R. Keith.*

THE spectacle in any age of a man wholly actuated by an unselfish desire of benefiting his fellow-men is rare. A modern Socrates or Pythagoras, incurring enmity and odium for his heroic efforts in behalf of the very community that visits him with its displeasure, yet righted, like them, in the eye of posterity, and placed on a pedestal of fame, —such a one it is interesting to contemplate.

A generation has grown up since Horace Mann lived and worked. He has become almost historical, and therefore a brief *résumé* of his life will not for most readers be superfluous.

He was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, in the year 1796, of true Pilgrim stock, of which he was proud, thinking, as many of us do, and although his ancestors were plain farmers, that one could have no bet-

ter origin. Throughout his life, a guiding sentiment and a motive for exertion in the work he chose was his belief in the high destiny of the descendants of those men who left the old world, to plant New England. In his own words: "In many respects, the colonization of New England was like a new creation of the race. . . . This transference of the fortunes of our race from the old to the new world was a gain to humanity of at least a thousand years." He believed that we were a people peculiarly commissioned for the work of the education and amelioration of humanity.

As a boy he must have been remarkable in character and in appearance. Lively and affectionate, full of fun and wit, he yet led a repressed life, the stern ideas of those times forbidding much expression of feeling between parents and children. The death of his father when he was thirteen years old, and the poverty of his family, made it necessary for him to work hard even at that early age. "Industry, diligence," he says, "became my second nature. Owing to ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish. This compensation I derived from the rigor of my early life." But the work was too hard for him, and engendered a delicacy of constitution, which, however, he did not allow to stand in the way of the gigantic labors of his later life.

His early love for books and learning is a matter of course. The family poverty stood in the way of the gratification of that love. But at last, by the aid of a classical teacher, he prepared himself, in six months from the time he first studied Latin, for entrance into the sophomore class of Brown University. This severe study, and that of his college course, so debilitated him that he never recovered from it. His life was one long battle with threatened disease. By that means, however, he learned to set great value upon physical health, and to study the art of being well to a degree that was unusual in his time, and that stood him in good stead as an educator. He afterwards used to say to young people that it was a duty to be well; and I have known him to praise a student for looking particularly well, and to say it was greatly to her credit. Only in his own case did he ever justify any transgressions of nature's laws. He was wont to say at such times, that the

cause was of more importance than his individual health or life.

At the close of his college course he fitted himself for the bar. As a lawyer he was fast achieving fame and fortune, although it has been truly said of him that he never argued except on what he believed to be the side of justice and right. His interest in politics became warm and active. He was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, and had become president of the senate, when the State Board of Education was formed, and he received the invitation to become its Secretary. Looking at the matter in the light of personal advantage only, almost no one would have given up the lucrative practice of a profession and resigned the dignity of his place in the senate for the comparatively humble and laborious position of Secretary of the Board of Education. Mr. Mann did not think, when he did so, of fame or profit. He knew that he made a great pecuniary sacrifice. Great and enduring fame came, though he sought it not; and it is well for more than Massachusetts that he became an educator.

At the time the Board of Education was established, there seems to have been a good deal of apathy in regard to education and the public schools. Certainly the right one was chosen to remedy such a state of things. The work was a thoroughly congenial one to Mr. Mann, and he entered into it with all his heart and soul.

All that he had ever done he had done with energy; as he said himself, it was natural for him to work. Education was clearly his life work, and he put his life into it. As he labored, the horizon broadened; the more he did, the more he saw to do, until the outlook became immense. Conventions were called in every county to stir the people on the subject of education. Reports were called for every year from every school committee in the state. At each of the conventions Mr. Mann was present and spoke, and often even gave instruction to teachers as to how to teach. Every year he prepared a voluminous report upon what had been done throughout the state; every year he prepared an abstract from the reports of the school committees in the state,—a year's work, he said, compressed into three months,—going over six thousand pages of all sorts of illegibility. He established Teachers'

Institutes, got up at his own expense four or five conventions to every one that was authorized by the Board, and established and edited educational periodicals, notably the *Common School Journal*. His works are to this day, more than any other, the text-books for teachers; they form the ground-work of school superintendents' reports, and are the basis of most of the various school "systems" all over the country.

All this, and much more, he did by his own individual labor mainly, and much of it at his own individual expense. Finally, with Herculean exertion and with the aid of friends, particularly Josiah Quincy, between whom and himself a very strong friendship existed, he established a Normal School at Lexington, and afterwards others were established. He did all this that the public mind might be aroused, that teachers might compare knowledge, that no bright idea, no stroke of genius, no happy method, should be suffered to die where it originated, but should benefit all, that a uniform system might be established throughout the land.

Such labors would seem great even if carried on with the sympathy and co-operation of all. But Horace Mann was not suffered to work without opposition. Attacks upon the Board and upon himself were frequent. His contests with the "thirty-one" are famous. It is true that he was somewhat prone to personify evil in his opponents. He knew his own rectitude to be absolute, and he believed firmly that his side of the question was right; what then must his opponents be but wrong, and fighting for the wrong!

When he was travelling in Europe, the number of ink-spots upon the walls of various rooms where Luther was reputed to have thrown his inkstand at the devil seemed particularly to strike him. It was typical of himself; he was always throwing a moral inkstand at the personified evil about him, and wherever he went he was certain to arouse opposition. Whether or how much this is to be attributed to his personal characteristics, and how much to the fact that a reform is almost never introduced without much opposition and bitter opposition, I do not attempt to say.

There were in Mr. Mann two directly opposed sides of character: the lion-like sternness and combativeness which he

showed towards his enemies or the enemies of the right, and the affectionate, tender nature which he showed to his family and dearest friends. When president, afterwards, of Antioch College, his students felt these different aspects. He would sometimes plead with them, melting even to tears; sometimes turn upon them all his old lawyer's logic, and pour out his wrath in fiery sarcasm. In either case his effect upon them was great. His presence, too, was imposing,—his figure tall and slender, the dome-like head crowned with silver hair, and the eyes piercing. Memory retains that figure in all its impressiveness, while others known then and since have faded.

At the end of six years of work on the Board of Education, Mr. Mann was so worn out that rest and change were necessary, perhaps to save his life, and he went to Europe. This trip to Europe and his wide and thorough examination of schools there have been of almost incalculable benefit to our own schools. He found there teaching specialized and made scientific as it had not been here,—found it a profession. Teachers prepared themselves for teaching in normal schools. Mr. Mann's way of resting was to sit all day in a school, ask the master questions, and examine the pupils; this day after day through the whole of his stay abroad, until he accumulated a fund of general and particular information which he afterwards applied with such benefit to the schools at home. What has been called object-teaching is in the main the outcome of his observations of foreign methods. He found that children there were allowed and taught to use the eye to a very great extent in learning. Things, instead of being read about or heard about, were looked at, and understanding of a subject was so much the quicker and more comprehensive. Oral teaching with a presentation of the object talked about seemed to him a great improvement upon teaching almost entirely by text-books.

The intensity and interest of the teaching in the good schools also struck him forcibly. I give from his writings one example of a lesson in geography which seemed to him perfection:

"The teacher stood by the blackboard with the chalk in his hand. After casting his eye over the class to see that all were ready, he struck at

the middle of the board. With a rapidity of hand which my eye could hardly follow, he made a series of those short divergent lines or shadings employed by map-engravers to represent a chain of mountains. He had scarcely turned an angle, or shot off a spur, when the scholars began to cry out, 'Carpathian Mountains, Hungary; Black-forest Mountains, Wurtemburg; Giant Mountains (Riesen-Gebirge), Silesia; Metallic Mountains (Erz-Gebirge); Pine Mountains (Fichtel-Gebirge); Central Mountains (Mittel-Gebirge), Bohemia,' etc. In less than half a minute, the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow northwest into the German Ocean from those that flow north into the Baltic, and southeast into the Black Sea, was presented to view,—executed almost as beautifully as an engraving. A dozen crinkling strokes, made in the twinkling of an eye, represented the head-waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain-sides, cried out, 'Danube, Elbe, Vistula, Oder,' etc. The next moment I heard a succession of small strokes, or taps, so rapid as to be almost indistinguishable; and hardly had my eye time to discern a large number of dots made along the margins of rivers, when the shout of 'Linz, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin,' etc., struck my ear. At this point in the exercise, the spot which had been occupied on the blackboard was nearly a circle, of which the starting point, or place where the teacher first began, was the centre; but now a few additional strokes around the circumference of the incipient continent extended the mountain ranges outwards towards the plains,—the children responding with the names of the countries in which they respectively lay. With a few more flourishes, the rivers flowed onward toward their several terminations; and by another succession of dots, new cities sprung up along their banks. By this time the children had become as much excited as though they had been present at a world-making. They rose in their seats, they flung out both hands, their eyes kindled, and their voices became almost vociferous, as they cried out the names of the different places which, under the magic of the teacher's crayon, rose to view. Within ten minutes from the commencement of the lesson, there stood upon the blackboard a beautiful map of Germany, with its mountains, principal rivers and cities, the coast of the German Ocean, the Baltic and the Black Seas; and all so accurately proportioned, that I think only slight errors would have been found, had it been subjected to the test of a scale of miles. A part of this time was taken up by the teacher in correcting a few mistakes of his pupils,—for the teacher's mind seemed to be in his ear as well as in his hand; and notwithstanding the astonishing celerity of his movements, he detected erroneous answers and turned round to correct them. The rest of the recitation consisted in questions and answers respecting productions, climate, soil, animals, etc. Many of the cosmogonists suppose that after the creation of the world, and when its whole surface was as yet fluid, the solid continents rose gradually from beneath the sea; first the loftiest peaks of the Andes, for instance, emerged from the deeps, and, as they reached a

higher and a higher point of elevation, the rivers began to flow down their sides, until at last, the lofty mountains having attained their height, the mighty rivers their extent and volume, and the continent its amplitude, cultivation began, and cities and towns were built. The lesson I have described was a beautiful illustration of that idea, with one advantage over the original scene itself: that the spectator had no need of waiting through all the geological epochs to see the work completed. Compare the effect of such a lesson as this, both as to the amount of knowledge communicated and the vividness and, of course, the permanency of the ideas obtained, with a lesson where the scholars look out a few names of places on a lifeless atlas, but never send their imagination abroad over the earth, and the teacher sits listlessly down before them to interrogate them from a book, in which all the questions are printed at full length, to supersede on his part all necessity of knowledge."

Mr. Mann devoted his whole time abroad to filling his mind with facts which could afterwards be generalized into an improved system for Massachusetts. Cathedrals, castles, pictures received but scant notice, so absorbed was he in what he considered a far greater work than any in art alone; or he looked on this extravagance or that but to wish that the money had been better expended in elevating the race.

The results of his efforts are seen in the character of our schools at the present time. The best Massachusetts schools—and from them in great measure those of other states—are modelled upon his conclusions. At the time of his visit, in 1843, he considered the schools of Leipsic as perhaps the best in the world. In 1873 I visited Leipsic and put a young boy into one of the Burgher schools (which correspond with our public schools), with boys of his own age. I found on trial that he was so much more advanced than they that it seemed a waste of time for him to remain. It seems fair to conclude that our schools have advanced so as to be on a par at least with the best European schools.

After Mr. Mann's great work as secretary of the Board of Education, he was elected to Congress, in place of John Quincy Adams, who died on the floor of the House.

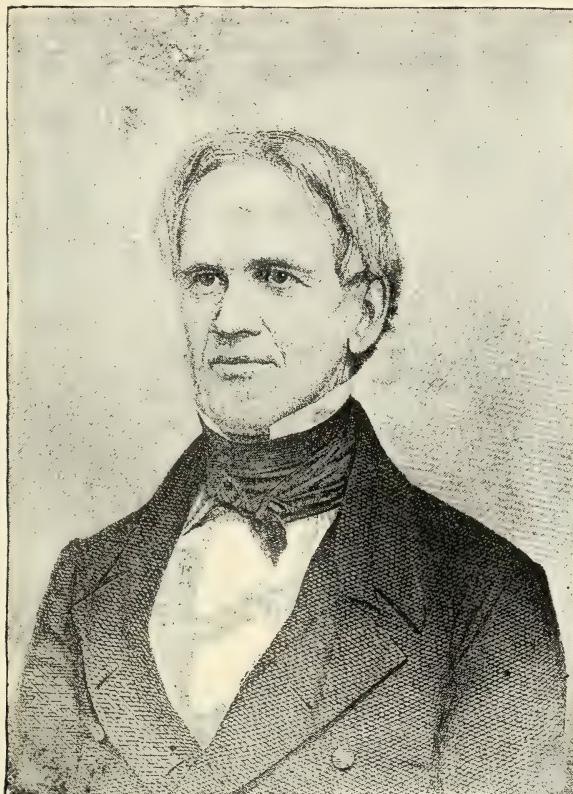
Mr. Mann was in Congress at the period of the hottest agitation of the slavery question, just before the war, when Webster apostatized. He himself was Webster's most active opponent; and though his course at the time lost him many friends, through Webster's great influence, the ver-

dict of posterity has confirmed his judgment of the cause and the man.

We come now to a part of his life which is the least known, but perhaps the most characteristic. The man who would decline a nomination for governor of Massachusetts from a respectable party to become

college where no one should be allowed to add the attractions and power of a trained intellect to a bad moral character. He meant that no one should graduate from Antioch College who had not good principles as well as a good education.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, where Antioch



*Horace Mann.*

the president of a western college of more than doubtful financial foundation, and as the West then was, was the man I have been trying to describe,—one actuated by the highest and most unselfish motives of love for mankind. He said, in regard to his acceptance of the presidency of Antioch, that two ideas won him towards the plan: "first, that of redressing the long-inflicted wrongs of woman, by giving her equal advantages of education with men; second, the idea of maintaining a non-sectarian college." Another motive he used to add—that of carrying on a

College was located, was a small western town with but little in it outside the college. The general aspect was monotonous to one accustomed to the varied scenery of the eastern states. But it had a beauty of its own. Broad, smiling wheat fields extended as far as the eye could reach; magnificent forests grew everywhere, except in the cleared lands. A spot which would have been remarkable for beauty anywhere was the Glen. This was a very singular freak of nature. For several miles between Yellow Springs and the adjoining town ran a deep ravine, whose sides were

formed of perpendicular or terraced walls of limestone, in some places two or three hundred feet high. The limestone was so soft and crumbling that various agencies had worn it into strange shapes,—towers and battlements, immense buttresses, isolated pillars like monuments, many evidences of the rush of a mighty torrent centuries back. Some of these walls time had rounded and sloped, and the smooth green covering met the level green of the plain below. Others were left in all their

around the college was in a state of chaos. He had the task before him of bringing order out of this, and of drawing what mind there was out of the mass of somewhat rough humanity offered him as a basis for college classes. With the aid, however, of some material from the East and from other colleges, he succeeded in having in the second year sophomore and freshman classes of no mean ability.

From the time of the opening of the college until his death, his life was a series



Antioch College.

fantastic wildness, with banners of ivy waving from their mock battlements, and their frowning heights studded black with cedar. Through the smooth green below a clear stream ran, now rippling over a stony bed, now winding in and out among islets, with many a mossy log from shore to shore, now settling deep and dark at the foot of black crags, and twice dashing out in waterfalls of considerable height and power. For several miles views were afforded which one who had travelled declared to rival those of various parts of Switzerland. At any rate the Glen was fully appreciated by the students who frequented it, some to study, some for pleasant walks, some to dream away their time in visions of future greatness,—castles in the air as real as the castles which met their gaze upon the cliffs around them.

Attractive as the country itself was, when Mr. Mann first arrived everything in and

of contests with pecuniary difficulties and the religious bigotry and ignorance of some of the men who had founded the institution. The weeds sprang up so fast in the virgin soil into which he had struck his plough that they threatened to overpower all the good he could grow.

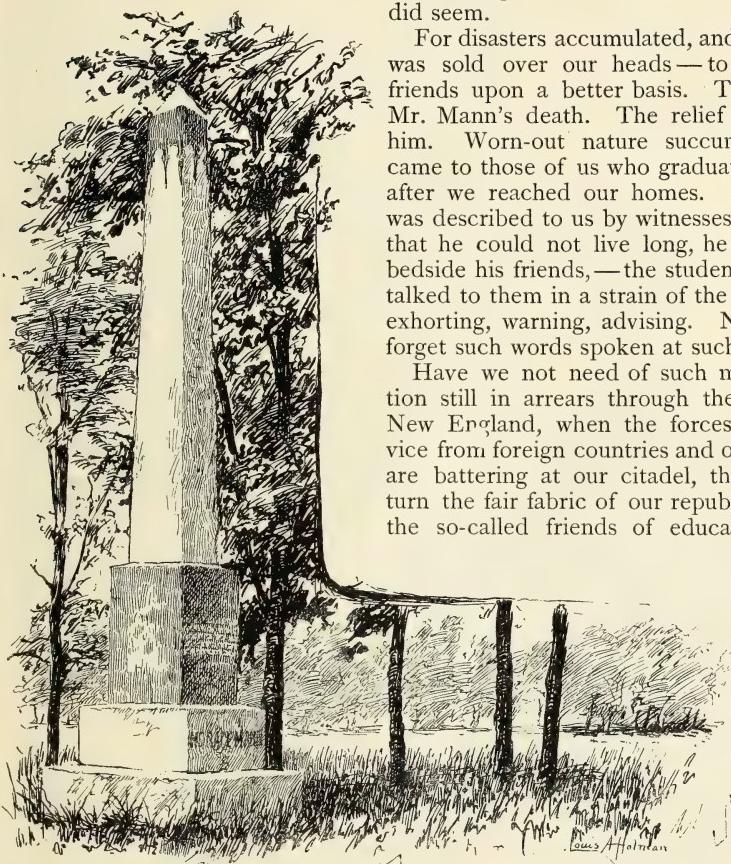
There was a bright side, however. His students loved him and appreciated him, though they were ignorant of the extent of the sacrifices he had made for them. The study in the college was good, solid study, which would have done credit to many an older college with much greater advantages. There was an enthusiasm and united feeling among the students, which made living at Antioch seem like dwelling in a world of better motives and purer air. In the latter years of his being there, Mr. Mann had attracted to the college some fine spirits among his corps of professors, notably Miss Lucretia Crocker, who was but

lately on the Board of Supervisors of the Boston schools. Miss Rebecca Pennell (afterwards Mrs. Dean) was always his right hand, both before and after his going to Antioch. The influence of such refined and noble women could but have been great both with the young men and women of the college. They were a revelation to them. And the strong and vigorous mind and high moral tone of the president pervaded them and penetrated deep,—how deep only their after lives have known and shown. Many a finely equipped mind has gone forth from those walls to benefit the world; many a one looks back upon the friendships formed there as the founding of what is best within. Could Mr. Mann now see some of the results of this last work of his, I think that he would feel, as we feel whom he benefited, that his life had not been given in vain, as at one time it almost did seem.

For disasters accumulated, and finally the college was sold over our heads—to be bought in by friends upon a better basis. This was just before Mr. Mann's death. The relief came too late for him. Worn-out nature succumbed. The news came to those of us who graduated that year soon after we reached our homes. But his death-bed was described to us by witnesses. When he knew that he could not live long, he summoned to his bedside his friends,—the students he loved,—and talked to them in a strain of the highest eloquence, exhorting, warning, advising. No one ever could forget such words spoken at such a time.

Have we not need of such men,—with education still in arrears through the country, even in New England, when the forces of ignorance and vice from foreign countries and our own dark places are battering at our citadel, threatening to overturn the fair fabric of our republic, and when even the so-called friends of education are trying to

curtail it for the masses? The Pilgrim Fathers, with their scant means, encompassed by privations and dangers of every sort, could yet pass such a law as that every town containing one hundred families or householders was required to



Monument to Horace Mann at Antioch College.

"set up a grammar school," whose master should be "able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university." But some men of high position in the educational world would now limit the free education of the people to the merest rudiments, instead of feeling with Horace Mann and other high-souled masters, that the state can hardly go too far in educating. It is for the advantage of every one in a republic that education should advance, not retrograde. Assailed thus from within and from without, the country yet needs Horace Manns.



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

# THE BIVOUAC OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

*By L. Blanche Fearing.*

## I.

THE wind, like a wandering musician, comes singing across the wide night,  
And takes for a harp the great forest and sweeps it with fingers of might,  
Till the pines are a-thrill and a-tremble with music as solemn and sweet  
As I think an archangel's pinions from heaven-tuned harp-strings could beat.  
A forest of dark pines above, and a forest of brave men below,  
And a murmurous music of branches and voices that mingle and flow !  
Against the thick darkness the watch-fires roll their red ripples of light,  
And send up their sparkles of fire-foam glittering into the night.  
Like the measured music of oar-strokes, I hear on the billows of sound  
The rhythmical tones of one reading a rhyme as he lies on the ground.  
Through yonder gnarled tree-roots thrust forward and crossed like a giant's knees,  
A little brook gurgles and gambols and laughs at the tricks of the breeze.

## II.

There Lucius is bathing his brow and the dust from his curly brown hair,  
While into his serious face the wind-flickered fire-gleams flare.  
A bright thought strikes over his brain, flashing meteor-like from his eyes,  
That grow large with its light, while one hand is suspended midway as he tries  
To look through the curtain of darkness. Come, Lucius, and enter the ring,  
And tell what you see through the star-chinks God left in the darkness ; come sing  
The song that you tell us she loves so, — the owner of that golden curl  
You shook out last night in the fire-light, and coiled and un-coiled and let twirl  
And twist like a lithe, shining serpent. They're dancing off there through the trees,  
And yonder we hear the whist-players, but we will have nothing of these ;  
The pipe and the song and the book and the talk about home are the best  
For repose of the mind and the body, — for bodies will rest if minds rest.

## III.

There Robert was sitting last night, with a long brown ribbon of hair  
Twined tenderly over his fingers, his girlish gold locks in the glare  
Of the firelight taking the tinge of the sunset upon their bright rings,  
The soul of a smile, like an angel, just brushing his lips with its wings.  
I leaned from the shade and touched lightly the fingers so slender and fair ;  
“ Ah ! Robert,” I murmured, half smiling, “ your sweetheart has beautiful hair.”  
“ My mother,” he said, “ is my sweetheart,” and blushed like a lover, and drew  
The rich, glossy ribbon of hair o'er his beardless red lips, and I knew,  
Though his face was averted, a tear slid over his cheek, like a pearl,  
By the wave of a tender emotion washed up from his heart. Like a girl  
Was Robert — so gentle and gracious ; his sweetheart, God help her ! will steep  
Those rich locks with tears through the nights grief has shorn of the soft down of sleep ;  
For Robert was shot — was shot dead, was the only soldier that fell  
In a skirmish to-day with a squad of the rebel cavalry. Well !  
I may be missing to-morrow, then somebody else will have tears  
For the angels to count and consider, and balance against these dark years.

## IV.

What, Oscar ! — no picture, no ringlet, no charm to be kissed, that will bring  
 A beautiful vision before you, like touching a magical spring,  
 To make in your dreams the heart-music of voices sound near that is far,  
 Or draw some dear form to your presence, as draws through the darkness a star ?  
 What ! — no one but self and the darkness self left to itself can but breed ?  
 God, succor a man from himself ! — to be saved from himself is man's need.  
 Yes, comrades, I know I'm a dreamer, but then I am vibrating still,  
 Like a lute 'neath the magical touch of a master musician ; I thrill  
 With a chord that, once sounded, is never hushed back into silence again.  
 Just look at the beautiful curves of that purposeful face, and smile then.  
 Yes, Oscar, till touched by that smile I was sour and cynical too ;  
 But then all my nature suddenly ripened and sweetened and grew,  
 And into my heart all sweet impulses fluttered and flocked like white doves.  
 Oh ! the pitifullest thing in God's sight is the man that nobody loves.

## V.

Ah ! Willis, you're still as the future ; you never will show us your heart,  
 Except in the quick-flashing smiles that from under your eye-lids will dart,  
 Or glance from your lips like swift sunlight flashed up from heart-fountains below,  
 Or as if the wind lifted a curtain, revealing an instant the glow  
 Of a rosy, warm chamber, then dropped it, then lifted, then dropped it again.  
 Most hearts find it sweet to commingle their currents of pleasure and pain.

## VI.

What grave, sweet eyes for a child, open wide with the wonder of life !  
 Poor Hal ! what a terrible shadow has darkened 'twixt him and his wife !  
 The human heart, like a wine cup, holds not a drop more than so much ;  
 Then the jar of a pitiful word, the thrill of a brotherly touch,  
 Will make it spill over, and so, I know there's a cloud on his life —  
 One thridded with lightning ; I know she is not what he thought her — his wife.  
 'Tis easy to see what one seeks for, so easy for man to mistrace  
 A beautiful soul which he hungers to see in a beautiful face.  
 Oh ! nobody knows but a soldier how strong are the brotherly ties  
 We forge in the glow of these camp-fires. Yes, she has sweet, solemn eyes —  
 The child looking trustingly up ; how he kisses the picture, and lo,  
 Tears run down to mix with his smile, like rain into sunshine. I know —  
 I think that I know how one's child could keep one's life sweet like a charm.

## VII.

Look — Ernest has fallen asleep, with his head on his folded right arm !  
 What magnificent thews there of limb, disposed with what masculine grace !  
 See — the blind, bright flame creeps singing, singing close to his face !  
 It has rosied his cheek with its breath ; how he smiled — is smiling again !  
 Some tender, twittering thought has nested bird-like in his brain,  
 And under its soft wings the young dreams are stirring ; ah, now he grows grave,  
 And some splendid emotion is heaving his broad chest, wave upon wave !  
 On his forehead the light of a purpose grows like the dawn in the sky ;  
 He starts with a cry, and O ! hear what a bugle note rings in that cry !  
 "No, Gertrude, right always, right ever ; go your way if you will with your own ;  
 Love must drop her sweet lute and sit silent when duty's clear bugle has blown."

His own voice has shattered his dream, and he sinks with a blush to the ground.  
 Oh ! the sweetest, thrillingest music that ever earth knew is the sound  
 Of glad human accents heart-tuned, ringing up from the quivering strings  
 Of a passionate heart which a noble emotion has swept with white wings.

## VIII.

Rest ! rest ! is it time for the signal ? Well, comrades, good-night and sweet dreams !  
 Into his fence-rail tent, where the firelight glimmers and gleams,  
 Each creeps with his blanket, and sinks on the couch of pine needles long spread  
 For the army in blue by the pines, while they patiently sang overhead.  
 With the beating of hearts for their music, and lighted by luminous smiles,  
 On a tideless ocean of thought, before fancy's wild winds, from far isles  
 The white dream-ships come sailing, sailing into the brain.  
 Now silence majestic and starry, unvexed, undisputed, will reign,  
 Till the moon, in her grave clothes of mist, creeps into her grave in the west,  
 And the dawn, from her threshold of pearl, steps forth with a star on her breast,  
 And the passionate young wind rises and rushes to clasp and kiss  
 Her shining ankles, and suddenly sink in a stupor of bliss.  
 Who would guess that a host in the forest slept under its quivering bars,  
 Through which gleam the friendly fires of the bivouacked host of the stars !

## IX.

Some moments are worth living twice ; I should like to live over again,  
 With its splendor of stars in the sky, and its flush of new life in the brain,  
 That night in the heart of the summer, that night in the heart of my youth,  
 When I found she was mine, mine forever, for earth and for heaven, — dear Ruth !  
 I offered my love, and she took it so simply and sweetly, unskilled  
 In the maidenly art of coquetting, in the trick of a blush all undrilled.  
 I wonder if heaven can rival some of earth's moments of bliss ;  
 Can it cheapen a nectar so costly as sometimes has dwelt in a kiss ? —  
 That beautiful gift of love's angel to men, when he looked through a smile  
 On the perfect unspeakable rapture of hearts that were asking the while  
 For a symbol more subtle than language, all pure, comprehensive, and sweet,  
 For emotions that cried for their pinions like young birds in every pulse-beat !  
 Then neither opened a thought by the golden-hinged gate of a word,  
 Nor lifted a hand nor an eyelid that moment, nor seemingly stirred ;  
 But the quivering silence between us thrilled as if thridded by nerves,  
 While the sunlight slept on the rocks, and the bright water broke into curves,  
 And we heard the silver slap of the waves on the glistening sands,  
 Like innumerable water-nymphs choking with laughter, and clapping their hands.  
 Does she feel my soul drawing hers, while hers draweth mine from afar,  
 As earth is moon to her moon, and star to her evening star ?

## X.

The pines were awake all the night, or else whispered and talked in their sleep ;  
 The watch-fires burn low and gleam redly ; the picket guards quiet watch keep.  
 What was that ? Some hurrying troopers dashed clattering by through the night,  
 Like the rush of a storm-cloud that rattles and clashes the hail in its flight ;  
 Then silence again, save the pawing of steeds in the corral, who feel  
 A prescience dim of the dawn across their dull consciousness steal.  
 By an instinct that lights the brute brain like a gleam of far reason, they know  
 What time the world-wheels turn 'round. It is time for the bugle to blow.  
 No glimmer of dawn in the east, no hint that the darkness is worn,  
 But the morning star stands the white prophet of day in the gates of the morn.

But sleep, the sweet mother of dreams and enchantress of reason, has wrought  
No spell on my soul, though around me soft breathing ; the glimmer of thought  
'Neath my eye-lids and gleams of the future that under their edges would creep  
Have dazzled and frightened her from me, for mind is thine enemy, sleep.

## XI.

The brook widens out to a river sun-flushed, and I thought it was night ;  
The white water-lilies are folded like angel-hands lifted in light ;  
And there is the rock where she sat ; do I see ? — she is sitting there now,  
With a splash of sunset red like an oriole's wing on her brow.  
The war was a dream. Ah well ! so much of man's life is a dream,  
He scarcely knows what are the real, and what are the things that but seem.  
Yes, Ruth, I will bring you the lilies, see — all I can carry ; now hold,  
Hold fast all I give you, and promise that warm smile will never grow cold.  
Let us never misunderstand, but be frank and fearless as true,  
For the ice once formed between, it is hard for the heart to beat through.  
I will keep only one in my hand to pluck, while I lie at your feet  
And tell you the dream I have had of the war with all anguish replete.  
The sun, like a rose of fire, draws into the calyx of night,  
And see — like a youthful moon, how the evening star glows on our sight !  
Hear the sheep tinkle under the bridge, and the bleat of the yearning lambs,  
As over the pebbly shallows they struggle to follow their dams.  
There's a water-snake there, I'm sure, such a line of white ripples to make ;  
How the tiny waterfall laughs, like an infant that dreams half awake !  
Hear the lonesome trill of a bird belated that calls to his mate ;  
How happiness quickens the wings of the slow hours ! yes, it is late —  
So says the silver tongue of a far-off bell, if you hark,  
And the rich, ripe August moon drops mellowing into the dark :  
But, O Ruth, I wish that all mortals could taste of a rapture like this ;  
Do you know, I think grief hardens and want makes selfish, but bliss  
Exalteth the soul like an eagle, and widens its wings to the light.  
Listen — the blast of the bugle that pierces the deaf ear of night !  
The echoes start out of their slumbers ! the rattle of drums ! how it thrills !  
What a glimmer of freighting about us ! how strange in these peaceful old hills !  
I start to my feet ! what a vision of watch-fires and soldiers and tents !  
The dream that still clings to my eye-lids confuses impressions of sense.  
I couldn't have slept but a minute, but dreams are the scorners of time  
And of distance ; we ride on their pinions through cycles and circles sublime.

## XII.

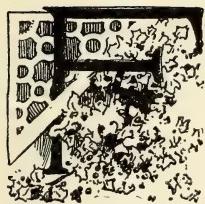
What a murmur confused, incoherent, arises from hillside and dale,  
As if a still sea into murmurs were lashed by a swift, sudden gale, —  
The bustle of breakfast, the babel of talk and the clatter of tools,  
The lowing of cattle, the neighing of steeds and the braying of mules !  
Now up with the knapsack and musket, fall in and file out one by one,  
In line on the Milledgeville road where the army is stretched in the sun,  
Uncoiled like a splendid serpent with glittering scales of steel,  
Along which the long, bright arms of the sun in wonderment feel.  
Now what if a death-winged bullet comes singing its way to my breast ? —  
It is sweet to be loved ; it is nobler to love something noble ; 'tis best  
To lock with its heart-beat and wing-beat that fluttering thing in the soul,  
When the great human heart sends its drum-beat in deep, solemn thunders that roll  
Along the tense nerves of a nation, to lose all self-good in man's good,  
Like a sunbeam self-merged in a single heaven-broad ray. By heart blood,  
With thunderous fiat of cannon and lightning sword-flashed from the hand,  
We will rescue God's will from man's insult — God's will that our eagle must stand —

Bird of freedom, both strong wings unbroken by treason's mad shock of alarm ;—  
 (How strong is a man when he feels the right leaning on his right arm !)  
 That all souls are white being fashioned from one God's luminous breath —  
 All white, not sin-blackened, all knowing one manner of birth and of death.  
 We will save from man's insult God's will to have all men equal and free ;  
 Dear God, go before us and lead us another day's march to the sea.

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## A BOLD NEW ENGLAND ROVER.

*By S. R. Dennen, D.D.*



EW family names have been more conspicuous in our New England annals than that of Whitney. Few families have contributed more to the things that are beneficent and valuable in our midst. The characteristic push and courage of the Whitneys of earlier days have been transmitted to their descendants. Whenever you find anything significant among us in invention, in art, in music, in manufacture and enterprise, in politics or religion, you are very apt to find the name of Whitney on the father's side or on the mother's side.

Few of this good New England name of Whitney have been more remarkable than the adventurous man who is the subject of this brief sketch. Samuel Austin Whitney was born September 27, 1770. He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, a town that has reared more great men and women than almost any place in all our borders. When five or six years of age his parents removed to Boston. Here he received as thorough an education as the Boston schools then afforded. At the age of twenty or twenty-one the family emigrated to Castine, in the province of Maine ; and it was here that he entered upon his noted career of business.

When a lad he was frail and developed a tendency to consumption, that scourge of New England. Several brothers had died of the same disease. Young Samuel was sent on a sea-voyage in the hope of strengthening his constitution. While in a foreign port he was seized with the small pox, and lay for weeks at the point of death. He finally recovered, and lo ! all

physical weakness was gone, and with it all tendency to pulmonary disease. No more robust and healthy man, to the end of his days, could be found. This voyage in quest of health roused in him a love of the sea and a sailor's life. The people of the province of Maine, moreover, were a ship-building and sea-faring people. What wonder, then, that the enterprising young man should turn to the sea as a means of getting on in the world ? At this time, when young men looked forward to a home and family of their own, none of them to a life of single selfishness, he became interested in a beautiful young woman of his own village. A mutual attachment sprang up between them. Her taste, however, was not for the sea. She was a lands-woman. She refused to be married unless young Whitney would quit the sea. He was in a strait betwixt two, desiring to follow his sailor life, but desiring still more the companionship of the girl whom he loved. Like the toper, who resolves to leave off his cups by taking a final glass, young Whitney determined to make one more voyage. This should be the last. He would then quit the quarter-deck and leave the sea-breezes and excitement of the sailor's life behind him, marry and settle down as a sober business man and pater-familias. We find him, therefore, in the summer of 1796, at Plantation No. 2, in the district of Penobscot, some sixteen miles from Castine, busily at work building the *Hiram*, a staunch vessel, in which to sail his last voyage and make his farewell bow to Neptune. November of the same year finds his vessel completed and loaded with a valuable cargo of ship-timber and oil of spruce. On the 7th of December she spreads her sails and clears

for Liverpool. We may add here that at the age of twenty-six Whitney was sole owner of the *Hiram* and her entire cargo. He both built and loaded the ship, and that at an age when most young men, Micawber like, are waiting for something to turn up. He was also an accomplished ship-master and sailed his own vessel.

All went well and promised a profitable venture, when, lo! on the afternoon of January 4th he is sighted and chased by the French privateer, *La Vengeance*. Night shuts down before the *Hiram* is overtaken. But all through the darkness the privateer watches, ready to spring upon her prey as soon as daylight reddens the eastern horizon. Two shots are fired across her bows, and she is ordered to lay to. Promptly the command is obeyed. A boat is sent to take off the young captain and his papers. Once on board the privateer he gives a frank, open answer to all questions, and delivers up his papers. Under the pretence that his papers are not regular, his ship is seized, his crew, with the exception of the first and second mates, are taken out, and a crew of fifteen Frenchmen, under a prize-master, put on board and ordered to some port in France or Spain. Scarcely has the excitement of the capture quieted down, however, when, four hours later, the *Hiram* is recaptured by an English man-of-war, the *Clyde*, and brought into Portsmouth, England.

After going through the High Court of Admiralty, and being ordered to pay the value of one-eighth of his ship and cargo, and give the court a grand dinner,—to which he is not even invited,—and innumerable annoyances and delays, Whitney sails for Liverpool, where he disposes of his outward cargo and reloads with a valuable assorted return freight, sailing for Savannah, Georgia, August 2.

For a time all goes well, and visions of home cheer the hearts of all on board. On the 13th of September he is again sighted by a French sloop-of-war, pursued and captured. His crew, with the exception of Henry, his seventeen-year-old brother, one man, and a twelve-year-old boy, were taken out of the *Hiram*, and ten Frenchmen, under a prize captain, put on board, and ordered to Cayenne.

Captain Whitney determined, after measuring the calibre of his captors, to retake his ship. Four days afterwards he

put his resolve into execution. I will let him tell his own story, as related in a letter written from Martinique, November 18, 1800, to a gentleman in Boston, and published in the *Mercury and New England Palladium* of January 16, 1801:—

"I arrived here the 13th inst., after being twice taken and retaken, and one hundred and two days at sea. I left Liverpool the 2d of August, and on the 13th of September, being in longitude 55° and latitude 29°, I was taken by a French sloop-of-war, and all my people taken out, except Harry (aged seventeen years), one man, and a boy twelve years of age, an apprentice of mine; and manned with ten Frenchmen, and ordered to Cayenne. I, being determined on an attempt to retake my ship, on first discovering her to be French, loaded my pistols and hid them in a crate of ware, which had I not done I should have lost them, for no less than three different times were my trunks searched for them, as were the cabin and all parts of the ship which they could come at. They found my ammunition, but my pistols were secure; and such was their extreme caution that they would not allow any man to be off deck, but ate, drank, and slept on deck. Finding that I could not obtain any advantage of them by getting them below, I determined to attack them openly by daylight. Therefore, at about four o'clock, on the fourth day after being taken, I secured my pistols in my waistband, having previously told Harry and my man my determination, and directed them to have a couple of handspikes where they could clasp their hands upon them in an instant, and when they saw me begin to come to my assistance. The prize-master was now asleep on the weather hen-coop, his mate at the wheel, and the crew on different parts of the main-deck. Under these circumstances I made the attempt by first knocking down the mate at the wheel. The master started up so quick that I could get but a very slight strike at him, upon which he drew his dirk upon me, but I closed in with him, sallied him out of the quarter-rail and threw him overboard. But he caught by the main chains, and so escaped going into the water. By this time I had the remaining eight upon me, two of whom I knocked backwards over the quarter-deck, and Harry and my man coming aft at this time with handspikes, played their part so well among them that I soon got relieved. I then drew a pistol and shot in the head a black fellow, who was coming at me with a broad-axe. The ball only cut him to the bone, and then glanced, but it had an excellent effect, by letting the rest know that I had pistols, of which they had no idea. By this time, the mate, whom I had first knocked down, had recovered, and ran down to his trunk and got a pistol, which he fired directly at my man's face, but the ball missed him. The prize-master, whom I hove over the quarter, got in again, and stabbed Harry in the side, but not so bad as to oblige him to give out till we had conquered. In this situation we had it pell-mell for about a quarter of an hour, when we got them a running, and followed them on, knocking down the hindmost, two or three times around the deck, when a part of them escaped below,

and the rest begged for mercy, which we granted on their delivering up their weapons, which consisted of a discharged pistol, a midshipman's dirk, a broad-axe, a hand-saw, etc. We then marched them aft into the cabin, and brought them up one at a time, after strictly searching them, and confined them down forward."

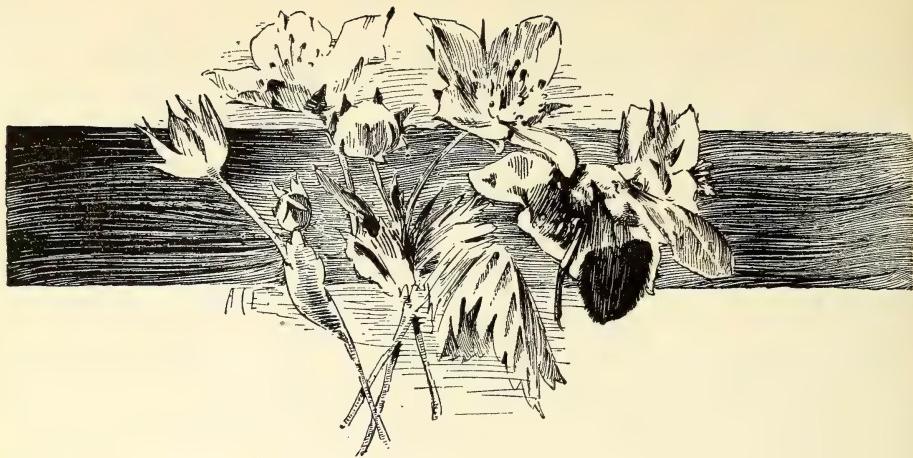
Ten days after this daring action the *Hiram* was again captured by a French privateer from Gaudaloupe. The vessel was now plundered of all her cargo to the value of eight or ten thousand pounds sterling, a crew of fifteen Frenchmen put on board to take care of one Yankee captain and a little boy, and ordered into Gaudaloupe. But the Frenchmen were ignoramuses, knowing nothing about sailing the vessel. After floundering about for many days and nearly wrecking the *Hiram*, they were forced to call on Captain Whitney to take the wheel. This he did, meaning to bring her into Savannah. In this he failed, and steered for Port Royal, Martinique, then in possession of the English. When off the harbor, on the 11th of November, he was captured, as he meant to be, by an English man-of-war, under Rear-Admiral Duckworth, and brought into port. A second time he goes through the prize court, pays his condemnation, cost of court, and salvage. A few weeks later he sails for Savannah, with a large fleet of merchant-vessels, under convoy of an English man-of-war. He abandons or sells the *Hiram* for a mere trifle and returns overland to Castine. This ended his sea-life. This eventful voyage consumed more than a year of time and entailed a loss of many thousands of dollars. This is the subject of one of the French spoliation suits now before the Court of Claims.

Shall we glance a moment at this plucky seaman's subsequent fortunes? Nothing daunted, he entered at once into active business. He married and began a most energetic, new career. The same indomitable will and push that marked him as a sailor, remained with him on the land. He crossed Penobscot Bay and located at the mouth of Duck Trap River and began the town of Lincolnville. The river is bridged, a dam built, a saw-mill, grist-mill, carding-mill and shipyard all put in successful operation. Here he built a large number of vessels. His fortune, however, was a chequered one. The river on whose banks he cast his lot was a fickle and treacherous

one. It drained a large and steep watershed and was subject to sudden and fierce overflows. He went to bed at night with all snug and safe, only to wake in the morning and find bridge, mills, dam, ship-yard, all swept away, and thousands of logs floating in the bay. He was not even bent by the storm; noon time found him courageously at work repairing his shattered fortunes; bridge, dam, mills, ship-yard spring into life again as if by magic.

This same disaster befell him again and again; with each recurrence he quickly rallied and rebuilt what the flood had destroyed. He built the village of Lincolnville and owned nearly every house in the place. He was not only a remarkable business man; his character was remarkable. Richly endowed with every noble and generous trait, his influence was felt far and wide. His touch put life into individuals and into enterprises. His enthusiasm and hopefulness were inspiring at a time when these were needed on the rough frontier of the province of Maine. As a generous landlord and employer, he was beloved by the whole community, most of whom were his employees. As a benevolent man his hand was open to all calls for aid. As a citizen he was active and wise in all public affairs. He was especially so in the transition period when the province of Maine took on independent statehood and cut loose from Massachusetts. He gave time and money without stint to the new state, and entered enthusiastically into all that concerned the public weal.

His intense activity and nervous strain told on him at length, and mind and body wasted slowly away. His life, little known indeed in the broader fields of history, was a strong, typical New England life. His sons, also, were among the most honored and enterprising in the land. Samuel and John P. Whitney were to New Orleans what Amos and Abbott Lawrence were to Boston. When John P. Whitney died, the flags on the public buildings and shipping in Liverpool and London were placed at half mast, an honor accorded to few Americans. Such men as Samuel Austin Whitney are to be remembered and their names are to be cherished. From such services it is that New England and, indeed, the whole nation, derive their courage, their ingenuity, their enterprise, their public spirit, their honor.



## THE DESECRATION OF VALLEY FORGE.

*By Allen Eastman Cross.*

[“Unless Congress steps in to purchase it, Valley Forge is to become the site of a brewery. It is to be hoped that our law-makers may awake to the duty of preserving this spot as a national park for future generations.” — *Newspaper Item.*]

THE places where our heroes trod  
Are dear to liberty ;  
The conscious turf, the sacred sod,  
Is the foundation of our God  
For altars of the free.

If, then, each loyal battle-field  
So grand a power may gain,  
What dearer spells the genii wield  
O'er Valley Forge, that once revealed  
Such sacrifice of pain !

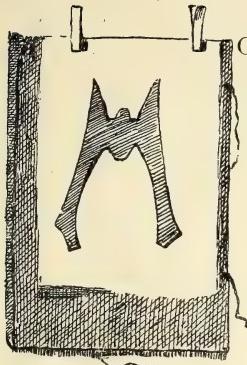
There once, unvanquished by the foe,  
Our fathers dared to die ;  
And there, where famine to and fro  
Stalked like a spectre on the snow,  
A camp of death did lie.

There is the fort that first was laid  
By dauntless Washington,  
And there the tree 'neath which he prayed,  
Mourning, when each fresh grave was made,  
As for a valiant son.

Then, God forgive us, if we e'er  
Such holy ground disdain !  
Our land a common shame must bear,  
If any faithless hand should dare  
This valley to profane.

## THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

*By Alice Fessenden Peterson.*

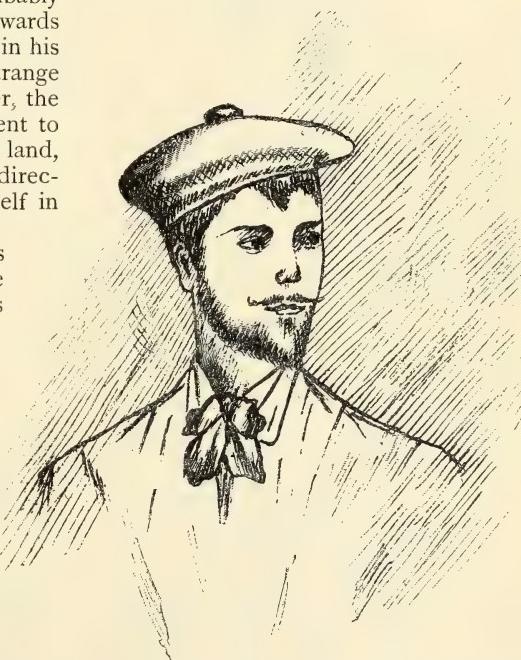


OST of the American students who seek Paris for the privileges of the art schools there, enter the city with little knowledge of the French language, trusting to luck and their own perspicacity to discover their exact destination in the great city. Step-

ping from the train, the prospective rival of Bouguereau finds himself in the midst of a babel of strange sounds, indescribably bewildering, and he feels, as he afterwards frankly confides to the folks at home in his lengthy first epistle, "like a cat in a strange garret." After experiencing, however, the various trials and perplexities incident to the arrival of a stranger in a foreign land, the student, with the aid of previous directions from a friend, establishes himself in his pension or lodgings.

The next step is to hunt up Julian's *académie*. He is directed to 48 Rue du Faubourg-St. Denis, and discovers the sign, which invites him under an arch, through a large court and up two flights of well-worn stairs,—and he enters Julian's famous school. He is welcomed by the clerk, who summons an interpreter from the studio, and after paying his tuition in advance according to the custom,—it is twenty-five francs per month,—and choosing between the two divisions of the school, one under Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant, and the other under Bouguereau and Fleury, he enters the atelier proper. We will suppose that our friend joins the Lefebvre faction. He now becomes a *nouveau* or novice, and after paying his *masse* or punch-money to treat the crowd,—an old custom among the students,—he is installed as a regular member of Julian's school.

He sees before him a long room crowded with students, seated at easels, ranged around the model, who is posed upon the throne or model-platform. From the floor to a point as high as a man can reach, the walls of the room are honeycombed with palette scrapings, which make an exceedingly striking dado. The walls are also adorned with caricatures done by the students, and one large space is devoted to prize-drawings, framed and hung upon the wall. The French are very quick to appreciate the humorous side of things, and any marked characteristics of the students are caricatured for the benefit of the future generations of seekers for art culture.



The ventilation of this room is execrable. The air is usually opaque with smoke from the cigars and pipes of the students. Add to this the excessive heat of the room coming from the stoves,—the temperature necessarily high on account of the models,—laden with impurities from the exhalations of five hundred pairs of lungs, with an

almost utter lack of fresh air, and some idea may be formed of the customary condition of the room.

The hazing of the *nouveaux*, which in former years was much in vogue, has now almost entirely been done away with. For-



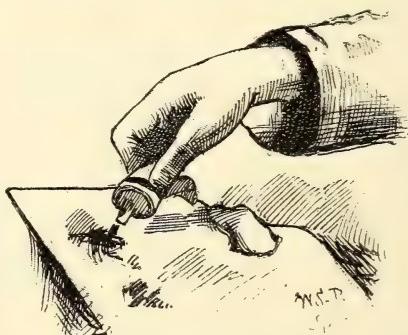
merly the American students were much in the minority, and consequently received very rough handling from the Frenchmen on their entry into the school. But of late years the Americans have increased in number so rapidly that they are for the most part unmolested. To be sure, an American finds himself the victim of some imposition from the Frenchmen occasionally, and he is obliged to guard his rights to some extent at first. But after he has asserted himself a few times, thrashed a Frenchman or two, and clearly demonstrated his American independence, his rights are respected and he is let alone.

The placing of the students is done by alphabetical system once a week, and naturally the best places are coveted. The student chalks his name on the floor under his easel at his appointed place, and by this operation presumably takes possession of the place for the week. A wily fellow may take it into his head to usurp a desirable position when the rightful possessor of it is absent from the room, and the student returns to find his place occupied; but if he is a man of pluck he will proceed to oust the intruder and re-establish himself.

The students are clannish. The Ameri-

cans for the most part associate with their own countrymen, and the same may be said of the Frenchmen. It is quite possible for an American student to remain several years in Paris in the pursuance of his studies without learning more of the French language than the few necessary phrases which, from constant hearing, must needs impress themselves upon even the most unheeding. Living in the American student-colony, associating almost wholly with Americans, he may learn comparatively little of the French language and of the French people. But in so doing he will miss many interesting and valuable experiences, and lose the kernel and the flavor of what would otherwise be a chapter for most fruitful reminiscence. This clannishness is a mutual loss. The Frenchmen could imbibe as many wholesome ideas from the Americans, which now they miss, as Americans from Frenchmen. In all this one does not of course mean to imply that there are not warm friendships and most helpful society among many of the French and American students, for such there are.

The students choose a *massier* or leader, who is a sort of referee on matters of dispute, who oversees the selecting of models, who directs the voting for the pose, and



who takes the lead in all matters pertaining to the studio.

The models apply at the atelier every week, and the students select by vote a desirable one, and are also permitted to vote upon the pose. Once a week subjects are given out to the class, from the Bible or mythology, for the students to develop according to their conception of the subject, and the results are judged by the professors. Those whose compositions rank highest in merit are given the choice

of desirable places for the week, and the rest are filled in alphabetically.

On Monday mornings everybody is on hand bright and early, each desirous of making a good beginning for the week. The professors visit the school twice a week alternately, they being occupied in the meantime at their own studies; so the school practically runs itself, and the students make "Rome howl." A crowd of five hundred young men, most of whom have but recently passed out of their "salad days," will be apt to indulge in a few capers and exercise a lung or two in the course of a session, and a student at one of these schools will not be troubled with *ennui*. Practical jokes of every imaginable character are constantly perpetrated, and the room, save during the visits of the professors, is generally in an uproar. The *massiers* usually settle any disputes among the students, although occasionally the disputants settle their own quarrels by pugilistic resource or by the aid of stools or some convenient missile; and often an offender who persistently whistles during working hours, or makes himself otherwise obnoxious, is treated to a veritable cannonade of stale bread, from the store used for erasing, moulded into balls of greater or less solidity.

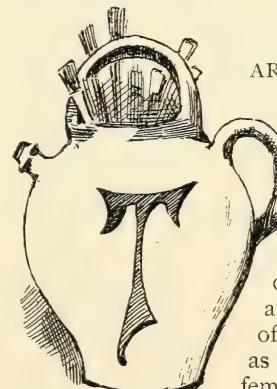
The Frenchmen are very fond of American national airs, especially *Yankee Doodle* and *John Brown's Body*, and a favorite diversion is the vigorous rendering alternately of the popular national tunes of the French and the American factions.

Naturally the noisiness of the art school — although we certainly hope that our pictures of boisterousness will not lead any to think that this great French school is all noise and that it is not very full of serious workers doing serious work, — renders its neighborhood rather undesirable; and although M. Julian has made numerous attempts at finding more desirable quarters, in consequence of the many complaints made by students as to the unhealthiness of the atmosphere in which they are obliged to work, they have thus far proved unsuccessful. One can easily understand why this crowd of five hundred students would be annoying tenants. Therefore the school continues in the old, ill-appointed quarters, and students must accept the unavoidable. Most of them have studios of their own outside of the

school, after the first or second year, spending only a few hours a day in the atelier, by this plan availing themselves of the advantage of study in the school, and at the same time avoiding an all-day confinement in its fetid atmosphere.

An interesting feature in the routine of the school is the execution of the *concours esquisse* or competition sketch, beginning in November and continuing on the second Sunday of every month in the term, for the placing by merit of those who intend to compete for the prize of the *concours* proper. This latter is a grand contest between the most ambitious students of all of Julian's four schools, including the two schools for women. The subject is a drawing from life, and the student who produces the best result is rewarded with a medal and a prize of a hundred francs. The preliminary sketching for the placing of the competing students is arranged on the same plan as that of the weekly composition sketches, the subjects being given out in the same way for execution, although the work is done publicly at the atelier, instead of at the students' rooms as in the weekly *concours*. The monthly *concours* have no relation to the weekly ones, and are only contests for places at the final *concours* for the prize.

The American students neglect these contests much more than they ought, for it is excellent training, and affords an invaluable stepping-stone to higher things.



ARTISTS' MODELS.

Of the artist the model is merchandise, a guide for drawing, an accessory like easel or palette. The artist hardly thinks of his male models as men, or of his female models as women. The consciousness of sex, especially in any way involving the consideration of chastity, is not present to the true artist's mind. As to the models themselves, they can find lucrative employment in their profession without any possible

sacrifice of chastity. The life is easy and varied, and affords an independent existence which, although the work is exacting, pays better than most other employments. The period for eligibility in posing rarely extends beyond thirty years of age for women, while the men may follow the profession all their lives, if they please, commencing with the role of a cherub and ending with the various saints of the religious calendar. There is a celebrated old Italian model in Paris, who has printed upon his cards : "Fousco, Roi des Modeles" — king of models. This old fellow is seventy-six years old, and has posed for seventy-five years. Formerly the Italians had a monopoly of the model profession in Paris, their beautiful physical proportions and their indolent temperament especially fitting them for this occupation, which requires neither manual nor intellectual labor, and is thus entirely congenial to them. Of late years, however, the Parisian artists find that their work demands more variety and more intellectual perspicacity than the Italian models possess, and preference is now often given to the Parisians and Parisiennes, the Italians not being so generally employed as formerly. Naples and other Italian cities, however, are continually contributing models of all ages and figures. They flock to Paris *en famille*, ready to exist upon almost nothing, happy if they can keep soul and body together by an occasional chance opportunity to earn a few sous. This class of models live in the utmost squalor, herded together in a ramshackle quarter of the city, crowded into tumble-down houses that are on as poor terms with cleanliness as the inmates. They are too lazy to exert themselves to better their condition,



which is a thing not extremely difficult, as they receive good wages for their work. If two or three members of a family have work, their earnings suffice for the maintenance of the rest. The Italian women have very regular and classical figures up

to the age of twenty years, the symmetrical lines of neck and breast and the contour of the limbs being especially attractive. The head is often of an antique mold,



beautiful  
in shape and  
easily suggesting  
a goddess. The fault  
of the greater proportion  
of the Italian women  
is the lack of fine limbs  
and hands and feet. The  
men, on the contrary, are  
especially gifted with delicacy of extremities,  
and many of the Italian male models  
make a specialty of posing for their hands.  
In physical proportions they are often  
personifications of masculine vigor, and  
most available for portrayals of Apollo or  
Achilles.

The profession of a model is far from being despised in Italy itself. The honor of having posed for a master is a great distinction, and families pride themselves upon the fact that their ancestors served as models for Michael Angelo and Raphael. The story is related of a village in Romagna, where the entire population have figured as models. The mayor, who once posed as St. John, affirms that there is not a woman in the village who has not figured, or could not do it again, as a Madonna. The place is dubbed the "Village of the Hundred Virgins."

Models in general apply for work at the artists' studios and at the academies, usually appearing Monday mornings. They disrobe, and their eligibility is judged by

the pupils under the leadership of the *massier*. They are put through a number of poses, and their services are declined or engaged by vote of the students, the model turning his back while the voting is done. The chosen one presents himself at the

*atelier* at the appointed time, and the pose is selected by the students. This pose the model must be able to maintain throughout the week, resuming it at each session. Engagements are made with models weeks ahead of the appointed time, and if a

model does not appear promptly as agreed, he forfeits the entire week's wages, as another applying for an engagement may be chosen hastily to supply the delinquent's place. The sittings begin at eight o'clock and continue until noon. They begin again at one o'clock and end at five. Each model is expected to be able to hold a pose forty minutes at a time, unless the pose be an extremely difficult one. They are allowed ten minutes between the periods of posing. Many of the models become so accustomed to maintaining fixed positions of the body, that they are able to doze during working hours, while others fall into a sort of trance with eyes fixed upon vacancy. Often the students amuse themselves with experiments in mesmerism upon models of receptive temperaments, in order to secure an uninterrupted pose. One model who was subjected to this influence in Paris held a fixed pose for four entire hours, a thing, be it remarked by the by, which proved exceedingly detrimental to the victim's health.

In the academies the models are paid by the week, the usual price being thirty-six francs or about seven dollars per week, while in private studios they often receive twelve dollars per week. During the weeks devoted to the *concours*,

when the model is chosen with more care, and is obliged to keep a perfectly steady pose, the payment at the schools is slightly more than usual. The hard-working ones can also pose for the evening classes, where they are paid eighteen francs per week. Frequently an enterprising model will give little entertainments, or exhibit feats of strength or legerdemain during rests, in this way earning a few extra francs. On the last day of a model's engagement, a hat is passed among the students by the latest *nouveau*, and each contributes something for the model's benefit. If the model be an especially popular one, a goodly amount is often realized. This is an old custom among the Paris students.

There are social grades among models, as there are in other professions. Many of them pose only for the masters in private studios, receiving high prices for their services. These models are never seen in the academies and schools. The lower grades, as those from the Italian quarter, make no discriminations, but take anything they can get. Those models who are for-



tunate enough to be employed by the masters find their occupation remunerative and pleasant. They are almost always treated with great consideration and kindness by

their employers, and are often taken by them to their summer studios. Frequently artists visit the model quarter to find a particular type, and they find that the models are very shrewd in detecting an intruder in search of amusement. They are not inclined to be careless in exposing their desirable "points," but the true artistic appreciation is at once acknowledged, and the merchandise is bargained with the utmost nonchalance.

Summers are periods of general idleness. Few of the artists remain in Paris, and the models find a necessity for economizing while in receipt of winter's wages, in order to tide over the dull summer season. As a class, they are extremely frugal and simple in their habits, and a little money goes a long way with them.

#### THE SALON.

NATURALLY the crowning event of the art year is the opening of the *Salon*, a event in which indeed all Paris is interested. This occasion is anticipated eagerly by the ambitious student, whose hopes are centred upon the admission and exhibition of the work upon which he has expended hours of anxious toil. The

picture is finished by the first of March, and is sent to the *Salon* between the fifth and fourteenth of this month. With the work is sent a form containing the name of the artist, his nationality, the place and date of his birth, the names of his professors or instructors, his present address, and the title and dimensions of his work.

Most of the prospective exhibitors send their works on the last day for receiving, and the streets are animated by the spectacle of thousands of works of art *en route* to the Palais de l'Industrie. Many of the artists carry their own works to the building; other works are conveyed in immense wagons whose owners make a

business each year of transporting pictures to the *Salon*; others still are propelled in little handcarts,—all having a common destination.

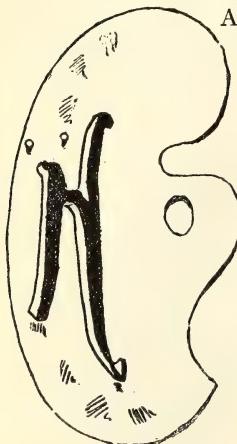
Those who convey their works in person enter the building and pass up a broad stairway. At the top of the first flight they enter a room filled with long files of picture-bearers passing a desk, where each picture is measured and registered, and the number and the initial of the artist's name are chalked on the back of the frame, this number being also put on the receipt for the picture. An artist is allowed to send two oil paintings for examination.

The last day of entry is a sort of fête day for the students, and they repair in a body to the Palais de l'Industrie, stationing themselves outside or just within the entrance, and giving their gay spirits full vent. Each picture that goes in is scrutinized and commented upon with the utmost freedom. A doubtful picture receives merciless scathing as it passes by, while the appearance of a work by one of the masters is a signal for doffing hats and "presenting arms" with canes or umbrellas.

The crowd of students surges back and forth, chaffing each other and the passers-by, performing pranks of all sorts, shouting, singing, laughing, and executing such antics as only toil-released students can. The long term is practically over, the pictures are submitted to their fate, and the relaxation is tremendous. Even the police find it hard to preserve order. Charges are made upon the crowd, and the scene is sometimes a lively one.

All exhibitors in the *Salon* are allowed to vote for the jury. The jury is composed of forty members, without distinction of style or school. Every artist who is elected a member of the jury signifies his acceptance or refusal of the honor by a letter addressed to the President of the Society of French Artists; but refusals are rare. The jury elect a president from among their own number, and their duties begin.

The large and medium-sized pictures are placed in the halls of the building, piled up against the walls. Two attendants hold a long cord before the picture being examined, to clear a space in front, so that it can be readily seen. Between the picture and the cord stand the president,



the secretary of the jury, and the workmen who handle the pictures. Two other employees register the decision upon the back of the canvas: *A* for admitted and *R* for refused. The admission mark is also stamped upon the back of the frame by the secretary of the jury. The members of the jury stand in front of the cord and vote upon the picture by raising their hands, which the president counts in a loud voice.

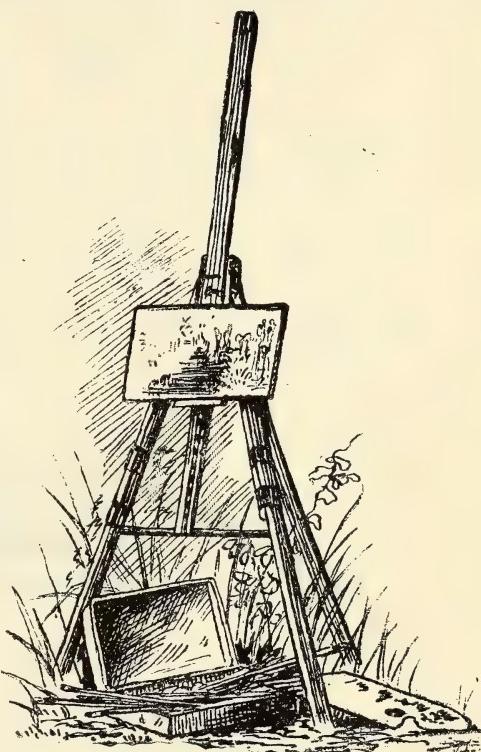
Each day a revision is made of the rejected pictures. It is at this time that discussions arise between the members of the jury. These controversies are principally confined to the exponents of the different schools of painting. Finally, when the jury has examined all the works, they proceed to a general revision, vulgarly called *repêchage*. This is usually favorable to about two hundred and fifty pictures. The conscientiousness of the work of the jury is noteworthy. Whoever sees the process will be impressed not only by the sincerity of the deliberations, but also by the dignity which prevails. There is no inattention, no shirking of duty. Each man puts his best thought and discrimination into his decisions. All are competent and eminent artists, and form a just tribunal for this work. Eight thousand pictures are sent annually to the *Salon*, and an average of twenty-five hundred accepted; one may gain from this some idea of the magnitude of the work.

In admitting a picture, the jury bestow upon it one of three numbers,—1, 2, or 3,—or no number at all. The number serves as a guide for placing. Number 1 is given the place of honor "upon the line," that is, on a line with the eye, where it can be seen to best advantage. Number 2 is the next above; number 3 is still higher;—and those pictures which receive no number are "skied,"—an expression which explains itself. In addition to the oil-paintings, there are exhibited in the *Salon* specimens of sculpture, water-colors, black and white drawings, engravings, etc., etc.

The results of the jury-work are awaited with fear and trembling. Many a student, having submitted his first picture to the terrible ordeal, finds his sleep greatly disturbed during the two weeks which must elapse before he receives the momentous verdict. Visions of an ominous green missive announcing the rejection of the off-

spring of his talents haunt his dreams and destroy his peace of mind, and he hovers distractedly between hope and despair. If his work is accepted, he receives a thrice welcome notice inscribed on white paper. A list of the names of those who are "in" is sent to M. Julian each day, and is read by him to the students amid great excitement. Then congratulations and condolences are in order.

An artist who has exhibited pictures in previous *Salons*, and whose works have



been awarded a medal, has his subsequent works "passed" without examination.

Eighty men are employed in placing the pictures, and when a tenth of the halls have been hung the president assembles his colleagues to examine the work. If a member finds that the number given a picture by the jury has not been respected in the placing of the work, the president requires a vote for replacement; but this occurrence is rare. After the work of hanging the pictures is completed, the jury passes criticism on the work in its *ensemble*; and this ends the jury's duties until

the last of May, at which time it devotes two or three days to the examination of pictures which are to have honors bestowed upon them.

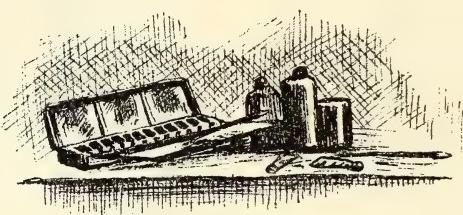
The jury on painting disposes of forty medals. There are three classes of medals awarded. The first class has three medals, the second class has ten, and the third class has twenty-seven. The highest award which the *Salon* can confer is the Medal of Honor. Next below this is the first-class medal. These two honors are seldom attained except by a master, and are rarely awarded. The highest medal usually given is that of the second class. The "honorable mention" is the lowest grade of distinction conferred, and is the first step toward a medal.

The great day of the year is "Varnishing Day." It is practically a "private view" of the exhibition, when the *élite* of Paris avail themselves of an exclusive opportunity to visit the *Salon*. "Varnishing Day" is so called because it is the day previous to the public opening of the *Salon*, when any retouching or finishing strokes are added if desired. It is a sort of fête

day for Parisian high life, and every body dons gay attire to grace the occasion.

One can imagine the agitated search which the young artist, enrolled for the first time among the exhibitors in the *Salon*, makes for his picture. He is anxious to see whether it has been "skied" or placed "on the line," whether its position "kills" it, or displays it to advantage. The evening of this momentous day is celebrated with great vigor by the fortunate ones, and the festivities are usually prolonged into the small hours of the night.

On the day after the closing of the *Salon* the exhibitors present the receipts which they hold, and the works are withdrawn. The close of the *Salon* is the signal for a practical desertion of the city by students. Those who are to remain for another term at the Academie go to Normandy, Holland, or other adjacent countries or provinces, to sketch and to enjoy summer relaxation, while those who have finished their course of study depart for their various homes, Americans for America, carrying with them a store of pleasant and stimulating memories of their student life in Paris.



## A WOMAN OF SHAWMUT.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL TIMES.

*By Edmund Janes Carpenter.*

### VII.

IT was late when Ezekiel heard the heavy tread ascending the stairs, and he hastened to open the door for the governor. The candles had long been lighted and the room presented a cheerful appearance as the chief magistrate entered. He at once removed his ruby-hilted sword and laid it upon the table, just where it lay when Penelope had made her first visit to the mansion. Perhaps the circumstance

served, through a process of association, to recall to the governor's mind this visit, for he exclaimed, as he threw himself into the great arm-chair :—

"I would, Ezekiel, that Mistress Penelope were here with thee, to welcome me with congratulations. But it will not be long ; that thou must promise me."

"I promise that gladly, your worship."

"So we have succeeded, we have succeeded," said the governor gleefully, yet with a slight restraint of manner.

"At last, yes," responded the secretary.  
"The Lord be praised!"

"Amen!" responded Governor Bellingham, but with some lack of fervor. Then both sat for some moments in silence. At length the governor spoke.

"I have no wish to detain thee later, Ezekiel, for thou must be weary. I myself shall be busy with my thoughts yet a little while."

"But thou art still fasting, good sir, and the hour is late. Wilt thou not that I bid Malchus serve thee here?"

"Yea, Ezekiel, I had forgot the needs of the body. Yet I cannot sleep at once. Let Malchus serve me here."

Ezekiel gave the necessary order, as he left the room, bidding a good night to the governor. Then he retired to his room and to bed. But the gray dawn was stealing into the eastern sky before his eyelids closed in slumber.

## VIII.

THE young man lost no time in availing himself of the permission granted by Penelope, and the second and the third publication of the banns were made in rapid succession. The summer passed quickly, though to the impatient Ezekiel the weeks moved with leaden wings. It had been determined that the nuptials should take place in midwinter, and the young girl's wheel and loom were busy as day by day the snow-white linen grew beneath her hand. For a time the gossips were busy in discussing the future of the young people. But as both were favorites, the speech of the gossips was kind, and only good wishes fell from their lips. The young men envied Ezekiel the rare good fortune which promised him so lovely a woman for his wife. The young women agreed that the colony contained none more gallant and more pious than Ezekiel, and that Penelope had done excellently in her choice. Some of her nearest friends begged her acceptance of pieces of linen from their own looms, while others sent great skeins of unbleached woollen yarn made upon their own wheels from wool grown in the sheep pasture upon the Neck.

Thus the summer passed and autumn came. Governor Bellingham walked in his garden and looked with pride upon

the ripening clusters of grapes upon the vine which he had planted a year or two before, and which this year had just begun to yield its fruit. A few late autumn flowers lighted up the borders of the paths with flashes of scarlet and of gold, and the dry leaves rustled upon the ground. Upon the trees a few clusters of leaves yet remained; but every passing breeze filled the air with tints of crimson or of gold.

The governor's eyes lighted with pleasure as he saw a slender figure approaching slowly along the grass-fringed street, and he drew near the paling lest she should pass without his greeting.

"I salute thee, fair mistress," said the governor, gallantly, as Penelope drew near. Penelope started with a sudden blush as she heard the words, and for the first time noticed the speaker. If the whole truth must be told, Penelope, whose way, quite by accident indeed, had fallen past the governor's mansion, was more intently watching the door than the garden, with the thought, no doubt, that perhaps Ezekiel might at that moment chance to come forth. The governor's salutation recalled her from a pleasant reverie. But she soon rallied from her embarrassment and dropped a modest courtesy to the governor, though the blush still mantled her cheek. She paused beside the paling. The governor lifted the great wooden latch which secured the gate and swung it open.

"Wilt thou let me show thee my vine, Mistress Pelham?" he asked. "It hath but just borne its first fruitage. I was feasting my eyes upon it, when I beheld thee drawing near."

"Yea, sir, it would please me well to see it," responded the girl. They walked side by side through the garden to the wall, against which hung the great purpling clusters, half hidden beneath the leaves. Governor Bellingham lifted them tenderly, one after another, almost lovingly, talking meanwhile to the pretty maid beside him. But both appeared distraught, and it was plain that she heard nothing. Suddenly he turned to the girl and addressed her more earnestly:—

"Thou hast not yet seen the new furnishings of my mansion, which arrived by the last ship."

"Nay; I had not so much as been acquainted with the knowledge of their arrival," answered Penelope. "I do remem-

ber that Ezekiel did say, some months now agone, that thou hadst bade workmen in England to send such hither. I remember it was on the day that thou wert chosen to be the governor that he told me. And have they so soon arrived?"

"Yea; they are within. Two days have passed since the good ship arrived which brought them."

"And it is full three days since Ezekiel sought me. He will come to-night, mayhap." And the blush deepened upon the soft cheek.

"Three days since he sought thee! In troth, Master Ezekiel is a laggard. So fair a mistress, and he three days absent!"

"Ezekiel hath ever told me," said the girl with a little spirit, "that he seeketh his master's weal before his own pleasure."

"True, indeed, he is a faithful lad. Mayhap I myself am at the fault, that he hath seemed the laggart. Even now he hath gone, at my bidding, to convey my message to good Master Winthrop, at his island in the bay, whither he hath gone to gather his fair pippins. But wilt thou not enter, and with thine own eyes behold what the good ship hath brought?"

They entered by the arched doorway leading from the garden, the governor holding aside the heavy crimson curtain for the young girl to pass. The furnishings were, indeed, as Ezekiel had said, fit for a governor's bride. A heavy, richly carved bedstead of oak, with lofty posts hung with tapestry, massive chairs of like material, a chiffonnier, a table beautifully inlaid, rich and costly hangings at the windows,—these were some of the things upon which the girl's eyes feasted, with a woman's delight in fine adornings. The governor watched her intently, as she went from one room to another, with exclamations of delight. At length they entered the library and Penelope seated herself in the great arm-chair.

"Art thou well pleased, Mistress Pelham?" asked the governor.

"Indeed, sir, none could fail to see great beauty in what thou hast shown me."

"Since thou art pleased, the speech of others may not move me," said the governor.

"I, sir?" said Penelope, questioningly, and again her cheeks were crimson.

"Yea, Penelope; for thee I have bought these things and brought them hither."

The governor stepped before the girl

and gazed earnestly into her eyes. She could not understand his earnest gaze and it disconcerted her.

"I remember me, sir," she said at length, "that Ezekiel said, as we talked together upon the day of the election, that thou hast desired that we should take up our abode beneath thy roof. But I could scarcely believe such fortune to be ours, and had dismissed the thought."

"Ah, yes! Ezekiel did tell thee!" exclaimed the governor, as if disconcerted. He quickly crossed the room and stood for a moment looking from the window. At the instant Kidby, the fisherman, passed, carrying in his hand a large cod. He glanced upwards as he passed and saw the governor standing by the window. But the magistrate bestowed no cordial glance upon the humble fisherman, and he said to himself:

"How now, Master Richard Bellingham, here is a fine cod, an' wilt thou buy it, as thou didst at the spring-gate? I trow not. An' did I not say so to my fellows, betimes? Even now, I'll warrant me, he plotteth against the people's rights. A wily man is Richard Bellingham." And the fisherman passed on, carrying his cod and muttering to himself.

Penelope was puzzled at the strange behavior of the governor. A moment later he whirled quickly away from the window and again approached the girl.

"Ah, yes, Ezekiel!" he repeated. "I had forgotten for the moment. And dost thou love him so much?"

"Love him, sir! But I have long since given to him my promise."

"Thy promise,—yes. But dost thou love him greatly?" pursued the governor.

The young girl attempted to reply; then her face grew crimson and she covered it with her hands.

"Let me not vex thee, Penelope," he said gently. "I had thought, mayhap—"

The girl looked up wonderingly, and the governor went on hastily:

"I scarce know how to speak the words to utter all my thoughts. But hast thou done well? Cannot thy beauty and thy grace find place more meet for thee?"

The sweet face paled suddenly.

"Thou knowest naught of evil of Ezekiel, sir?"

"Of evil? Nay, fair mistress, Ezekiel is all that he doth seem to be. But yet—"

Penelope's face whitened, and she gazed into the governor's face with a frightened look.

"Nay," said the governor again; "thou shouldst have no fear. I had but thought, Penelope, that 'twere better to rule than to serve."

The white, fixed look still remained upon the young girl's face, and she made no answer. The governor went on quietly, but hesitatingly:—

"Penelope, thou wilt soon be a bride. But hast thou no choice? Wouldst thou wed the servant, the rasher—the rather than the master?"

The blood returned to the girl's face with a sudden rush, and her heart gave a bound and then seemed to stand still. Still she made no answer.

"Mistress Pelham," pursued the governor, "I must say to thee more. I would not wrong thee, nor yet Ezekiel. But thou and he well know that he hath naught save my bounty. As his wife thou wouldest be but a dependant. But as mine—as mine—Penelope—"

Penelope suddenly started to her feet, overturning as she did so the great arm-chair, which fell with a sudden crash upon the floor. She stood an instant, rigid and cold, without motion. Then she rushed toward the broad window, and casting herself upon the crimson cushion which filled the alcove, buried her face in its folds. The governor quickly followed the girl, and drew about her the rich, heavy drapery of the window.

"It is only the great chair, accidentally overturned," he explained to Malchus, who, at that moment, alarmed at the noise, knocked at the door. "Thou mayst replace it." The governor stood calmly upon the rug before the fireplace, and his countenance gave no token of an unusual mental disturbance. The man raised the chair to its feet and, bowing, withdrew. The door had scarcely closed when from the crimson folds of the curtain came a low wail. Then came a torrent of sobs, which shook the slight form of the girl like a reed in a tempest. Governor Bellingham remained in his position upon the rug, unmoved amid this tumult, and wearing an unchanging countenance. At last, as the sobs grew gradually less, he approached the window and quietly drew aside the curtain. He stood for a moment looking

down upon the girl, her form still shaken with the violence of her emotions. He laid his hand lightly upon her head and softly stroked the fair hair. Through the broad window fell upon it a bright shaft of sunlight, which for a time lighted it as with a golden aureole. But as the governor gazed, marvelling at the wonderful beauty, a cloud shut in the sunlight and the aureole faded away and came not again.

"Penelope! Penelope!"

Slowly the golden head was raised from the crimson cushion, and the tear-stained cheeks were turned toward the governor.

"Penelope," he said, "I would not distress thee, neither, as I have said, would I wrong thee nor Ezekiel. But, plainly, Penelope, I would have thee to wife. My deep affection must be my excuse and plead my cause. I am not versed in the arts of the suitor. I am a lonely man. Thy smile and thy voice, were they for me and for me alone, would brighten this lonely house, as could naught else. Wilt thou not be the governor's wife, Penelope?"

"Indeed, indeed, sir, I cannot answer thee now,"—and she cast her glance upon the floor.

"Nay, Penelope, I do not demand thy answer now. Wait thee, but think. Think what the day will bring to thee that sees thee, not the secretary's wife, but the governor's. Then thou shalt be a leader and not a follower. All mine shall be thine. Thou shalt ask nothing that shall not be given. Thou shalt be the mistress of all."

The governor took her hand for an instant, but she withdrew it and clasped her hands before her face. Then she murmured, as if to herself:—

"Poor, poor Ezekiel!"

Poor Ezekiel, indeed! O crafty alchemist! The rod of gold plunged in the flask of love hath already turned its waters to pity!

The governor did not understand that he had already won. He looked slightly disconcerted as the words fell from the girl's lips. Then he seized one of the long braids of yellow hair that fell from her shoulders.

"Penelope, wilt thou not give me this?" he asked, loosening the ribbon which bound the tress. She started suddenly and the rich color again deepened in her cheeks.

"Nay, nay," she said, quickly, "not that, not that. This one, if thou wilt, but not that."

"And why not the other, Penelope?" persisted Governor Bellingham.

"Because—because,"—and the voice dropped low and plaintive,—"because Ezekiel did give it to me."

"Ezekiel! Ezekiel!" muttered the governor, stalking hastily across the room and as hastily returning.

"Indeed indeed, I must hence, away," said the girl; "too long already have I lingered."

"Nay, let me still detain thee," urged the governor.

"Nay, nay, it must not be. The day waneth and I must go. And then, too,—"

"And then?"

"He may return, and I cannot, I cannot see him now, and here. I pray thee, let me go."

"Ah!" said the governor, "mayhap it may be well. But thou wilt give good thought to my discourse."

## IX.

PENELOPE returned to her home, scarcely knowing which way she went. Her mind was torn with divers emotions. At one moment a feeling of indignation possessed her, that the governor should thus rudely shatter her dream of bliss. She was indignant both for herself and for Ezekiel, and she firmly resolved that, when she and Ezekiel should be married, she would tell him of the governor's treachery, and he would leave his worship's service. They would go away together and live in a little cottage. They could live, she knew, without the governor's patronage. Ezekiel's arms were strong,—and was she not deft with her spinning-wheel?

Then would come up a vision of the beautiful rooms and costly furnishings that the governor had shown her, and she would hear his words: "All mine shall be thine. Thou shalt ask for nothing that shall not be given. Thou shalt be the mistress of all." Then came the thought, "How much better this than the cottage and, it may be, want!" The governor's wife! Wealth, social position, all that woman could wish, might be hers, would she but reach forth her hand and take it. The fruit was beautiful to the eye; would it not be delicious to the taste? The thought was fascinating; and although she frequently repelled it, as often would it return to her.

Then would come a rush of tears unbidden, and a feeling of tenderness stole upon her, as she thought of Ezekiel's last look and words. She lived over again the scene in the forest, when he knelt before her and gathered up the fresh blossoms scattered at her feet. She saw him with his hands outstretched toward her, his hat upon the still moist ground. She heard again, in memory, the words of love which he spoke to her, and she felt again the swelling wave of happiness, as it arose in her soul. Then she thought of Ezekiel's long and patient waiting, of his earnest labors for his master's advancement, of his goodness and of his kindness towards her, of his tenderness, of a thousand little attentions which he had shown her, and which she at the time had accepted but as matters of course.

Then her thoughts drifted onward to her first visit to the governor's mansion. She recalled his politeness, his gallantry, so remarkable in the Puritan, so natural to a cavalier. She thought of the kindness which he had always shown her since that day—a kindness rendered not in a spirit of condescension, but betokening a genuine friendly feeling toward her and interest in her and her fortunes.

"Can it be," she asked herself, "that his worship, the governor, hath had this thing in mind from the very first? Can it be that he hath coveted me for himself, the while that he hath urged that Ezekiel and I be made one flesh? Nay, this cannot be! Had such been his intent from the first, he would not have thus hazarded his own interests. It must have been a thought born only of the moment, a sudden freak of mind or gust of passion, that even now he hath repented him of. He will not seek me to urge his suit. When sleep hath dispelled the vapors of the brain, and the world looketh clear again to his eyes, he will think no more of me. Mayhap tomorrow he will not so much as remember that he hath so given speech to me. Pray God he may not! I cannot, I cannot give Ezekiel up and not be his wife, even to be the wife of the governor. I will say naught of this to any one—naught to my brother Herbert, nor yet to his wife—naught to Ezekiel."

Then once more came the temptation, and Penelope bowed herself before it as the reed bows itself before the raging wind. Deep, strong, and overwhelming it came

upon her. She saw herself honored and courted as the first lady of the colony, the leader in its social life. She saw herself the envy of all the young girls with whom she was familiar. She alone, out of them all, had drawn upon herself a governor's eyes and won a governor's heart. How honored was she above them all by his preference! Yet she would bear herself meekly. All those who had been her friends should be the friends of the governor's wife. Her elevation should in nowise increase her pride. She would still be gentle and humble, and she would still wear her hair in braids. But, no! Would this be befitting her station? Must she not bear herself with greater dignity, and put her hair up beneath her cap? She would be the patron of all good works among the people. She would care for the poor, and they would bless her. She would encourage the newly founded school. Perhaps some day the governor would be summoned to London, and she would go with him and be presented to the king and queen. Then her imagination took on wild flights of fancy, and she saw herself honored at home and feted abroad. All roseate was the future for her. Surely never before did Puritan maiden dream such blissful and such ambitious dreams.

Then again she came to herself, and with the consciousness came a great revulsion of feeling and almost an agony of remorse.

"Oh, Ezekiel! Ezekiel!" she moaned aloud. "How wicked am I, and how good and how kind art thou! How have I wronged thee in my thoughts — wronged thee and myself also! I love thee, and thee alone. I cannot give thee up, no, not for the governor and his fine house and his gold."

Then she became conscious that she had spoken aloud, and she glanced quickly about, lest she should have been overheard. But she saw no one, and heard nothing save the sad cry of the whip-poor-will, which came to her through the fast-settling gloaming. The sound recalled her more fully to herself, and she quickened her footsteps.

"Naught of this will I tell to Brother Herbert, nor yet to his wife," she repeated to herself, reassuringly. "Within my own bosom will I keep this secret, — for a time, at least," she added to herself, com-

promisingly, as she opened the door of her home and entered.

She passed quietly to her own room and endeavored to remove the traces of her recent agitation. Then she went softly down stairs and entered the "keeping room." Her efforts at composure were vain; for it did not escape the eye of Mistress Pelham, the elder, that something unusual and of moment had occurred. The two women were alone, and the elder quickly approached the younger and laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"Sister Penelope," she said, "what hath happened? Thou art disquieted."

Penelope turned away her head and dropped her gaze upon the floor.

"Nay, sister; it is nothing."

"Penelope," pursued the other, "I am to thee in thy mother's stead. I adjure thee, tell this thing to me, even as thou wouldst to her. Hath aught gone amiss with thee?"

"Nay, nay, sister; naught hath gone amiss with me, but — but —" and she burst into tears and threw herself upon the great settle in the chimney corner.

Mistress Pelham, now alarmed, seated herself by the sobbing girl and passed her arm about the slender waist. In another moment she was sobbing out upon her sister's shoulder the whole dreadful story.

"But I will never, never marry him," she said vehemently, as she closed the recital.

"Will never marry whom? — Ezekiel?"

"Nay, the governor."

"Thou wilt not marry Governor Ellingham!" exclaimed the sister in amazement. "Nay, indeed, but thou wilt marry him, Penelope."

Penelope cast down her eyes, but shook her head.

"Poor Ezekiel! Oh! I cannot do it," she moaned.

"Ezekiel! yes, — I had forgotten Ezekiel for the moment."

"Forgotten Ezekiel!" The girl looked up quickly, almost angrily.

"Forgive me, dear Penelope, but I was overwhelmed for the moment. I had forgotten that thou and he were published. I must talk with Herbert. He will find us a way out of this entanglement."

"Oh! I pray thee, Priscilla, do not hold speech with Herbert."

"And wherefore, child? Nay, but I

must. It is a matter of no small import, and one that doth deeply concern the family weal. I could not do my duty and withhold this thing from him. Herbert must surely know that Governor Bellingham doth seek thee to wife."

Penelope said no more, but again cast her gaze upon the floor and wept softly.

"Come, Penelope," said Mistress Pelham at length. "It is past candle-lighting; the table is spread for supper, and thy brother will soon be here. Bestir thyself and light the candles."

"Twere better to eat by the firelight," said the girl, persuading herself that by such a light her agitation would not be so readily betrayed.

"Nay, nay; Herbert would call for candles. 'Tis better so." Then, as if divining the girl's motive, she added kindly, "Have thou no fear, Penelope; neither desire thou to conceal this thing. It concerneth us all. We will advise thee to thy good."

It was long after Penelope had retired to rest that night before sleep came upon her. But when, at last, nature demanded a respite and her long lashes swept the pillow, in her dreams she stood before a lofty mirror. It was greater than any that she had ever seen before. In it she saw her own reflected form, clad in cloth of gold. Around her floated a wonderful veil of the rarest lace, and she held in her hands a great cluster of blood-red roses. She lifted them to her face, but as she inhaled their fragrance, lo! they were not roses, but a cluster of fresh mayflowers. As she gazed upon them, mystified at this sudden and strange transformation, she saw that they were fading, and presently they withered away within her hand. She flung from her the faded flowers, but they had scarcely left her grasp when they fell and were scattered at her feet. Then a vision of a young man crossed the polished plate and gathered up the scattered flowers. Then he gazed upward into her face, and as she glanced down upon him, behold, it was not a fresh, young face which looked into hers. It was old and faded and wrinkled and framed about with locks like hoarfrost. The lips moved, but uttered no sound. "Who can this be?" she thought; and then a look of tenderness and of grief crossed the aged face, and she thought of the encounter in the forest of Roxbury.

Then, as the face began to take on a familiar look, the form receded and disappeared in the distance. She gazed after it with a longing which she could not define. Then, in the background, as the form faded, she saw, and as she looked she shuddered, a row of new-made graves, and the may-flowers which she had flung from her were growing and blooming upon them. Then a voice seemed to recall her, and a sudden light flashed across the mirror, and the sound of music came softly dropping down. And a strong voice said to her, "Come, Penelope."

She awoke, and her heart was beating wildly, half in fear and half in gladness. All was dark, and no sound broke the stillness, save the solemn ticking of the tall clock upon the stairs. She lay for a moment trying to recall what had happened. Slowly the clock struck three, and with the sound came a rush of memory. She remembered it all. She turned upon her couch and, burying her face in the pillow, cried softly. Then like a flash came upon her the remembrance of her dream. She saw again before her the sad, aged face, with the whitened locks and the deep blue eyes, which she knew so well. Then, with a gasp and a shudder, she saw again the row of grass-grown mounds and the arbutus nestling amid the grass. "What could it mean?" she thought, and then again, this time with terror, she heard the words, which seemed to her a command, "Come, Penelope." All was so real that she could not repress a cry of fear, which rang through the quiet house.

Priscilla was at the girl's bedside in an instant, her arms about her and her warm lips pressed to the cold cheek.

"What is it, dear Penelope?" she asked.

"Is it thou, dear Priscilla? Ah, me! I am so distraught."

"I will light a candle; so shall we drive away the demons that distress thee."

"I pray thee, Priscilla, wilt thou not lie with me until the morning?" begged Penelope.

"Yea, surely, if so I might drive fear from thy heart," answered Mistress Pelham. She took the tinder-box from its place upon the shelf, struck a light, and lighted a candle. Placing it upon a small stand in one corner, she adjusted a screen before it. Then she lay down beside the

girl and drew the throbbing head upon her shoulder. For a while neither spoke. Then Penelope whispered :—

“Hast thou held speech with Herbert, Sister Priscilla?”

“Yea, Penelope. But fear not, and possess thy soul in peace. I pray thee go to sleep.”

## X.

GOVERNOR BELLINGHAM stood at the window, half concealed by the heavy crimson curtain, and watched the young girl as she walked somewhat hurriedly down the street. He did not wish to seem to be watching her; and so, when he saw Kidby returning and without his cod, he drew the curtain more closely about him, and shrank back slightly from the window.

“An impudent fellow, the fisherman Kidby,” he muttered. “I dealt kindly with him, and what did he in return? If all be true that goeth about the town, this fellow did much to foment discontent among the people. I faith,” said the governor to himself, as he strode angrily to his chair before the great writing-table, “an’ I have some belief that but for him and his gabbling tongue, Richard Bellingham would have been the governor by far more than six votes. But yet it served, it served.”

He cast himself in the chair where he had sat in meditation upon the night when he first returned to his mansion, the governor of the colony.

“Yea, it served,” he repeated to himself alone. “Richard Bellingham is not one to be foiled.”

He sat long, wrapped in thought, and did not observe the shadows slowly filling the room. A tap upon the door aroused him, and Malchus entered with candles. He placed them upon the table and upon the tall mantel, and fixed others in the brass sconces on the wall.

“Ah! Malchus, I thank thee. I had not observed the gathering of the gloaming. Hath Master Bolt yet returned?”

“Nay, sir.”

“Say’st thou so? Can harm have come to him? He went hence while yet the sun was high, bearing a message to the worshipful Master Winthrop, whom forsooth he must seek at his island in the bay.”

As he spoke, the front door of the man-

sion was heard to close, and a step sounded upon the stairs.

“He hath returned. It is well,” said the governor.

“The Lord is good,” said Malchus. As he withdrew, Ezekiel entered.

“Ah! good Master Ezekiel,” exclaimed the governor. “And thou hast returned. I had begun to fear me lest evil had befallen thee.”

“Nay, good sir; the Lord is good, and hath kept me from harm.”

“And thou didst find Master Winthrop at the island?”

“Yea, and did give to him thy message. He held speech with me at length concerning the matter thereof.”

“Ay! We will hold speech upon these things on the morrow. I am weary to-night. I rely upon thee, Ezekiel. Hast supped, my lad?”

“Nay, sir.”

“Call Malchus, I pray thee, and we will sup together.”

They sat almost in silence until the meal was nearly finished. At length the governor spoke.

“How goeth thy matters with fair Mistress Penelope?” he asked. “I had well-nigh forgot to tell thee that she hath been here while thou wert gone. I did regret deeply that thou wert not here, that thou might’st have shown to her the new furnishings. But to atone for her disappointment, I did my best, and myself became her courier.”

“She hath been here?” queried Ezekiel. “And wherefore?”

“Nay, she came not of her own will. She but passed while I walked in the garden; and I, in duty bound, since she is pledged to thee, begged of her that she would come within. I shewed to her the grapes upon the vine; then the new furnishings, whereat she was pleased to say that they delighted her.”

“Thou art very kind. I sorrow that I was not here to greet her.”

“Thou lovest her greatly, Ezekiel?”

“Yea, sir. Were I to lose this great happiness that is promised me, my life would be as nothing.”

“Ah, the ardor of youth!” said the governor. “And youth cometh but once. And thou art nearly ready to be contracted?” he continued, as they arose from the table.

"Yea, sir. In midwinter we shall be married," answered the secretary.

"Ah! That is well. A good wife is of the Lord, Ezekiel."

"I must, perforce, have told him of her coming," the governor said to himself when he was alone in his chamber. "He would have learned it from others. In midwinter! Art thou not over-sure of thy future, Master Ezekiel?"

In the morning the governor arose and looked from his window. As he turned his eyes towards his garden, two birds hovered about the pane, and sought to build their nest among the branches of the tree which overshadowed it. As he looked, a hawk swooped suddenly down and, seizing one of the birds, bore it away in his talons. The poor mate fluttered his wings in helpless protest, but he could do nothing, and he was left alone to wail out his sorrow upon the air.

With the morning had come to Governor Bellingham a resolution. He must have time to think, and he must be by himself. At all events, he must be, for a time, apart from Ezekiel. He would visit his farm at Winnisimmet. It was harvest time, and he always visited the farm at harvest time. Ezekiel would think nothing strange of this.

Strangely enough, Governor Bellingham had, within the past few hours, begun in a wonderful degree to regard Ezekiel as in some way a part of himself, and to imagine that he must govern his own acts largely by what he imagined Ezekiel would think of them. A strange bondage it was, and one to which Bellingham was unaccustomed. Yet he pondered long upon the subject, in his early waking hours, ere he could persuade himself that in the going to Winnisimmet Ezekiel could not possibly suspect a desire to be for the time rid of his presence. It seemed to him an unnatural thing to do, or rather that Ezekiel would so regard it. But still, was it not harvest time, and was it not his invariable custom to visit his farm at that season of the year? For the first time in his life the governor felt like one who carries about his person the evidence of his crime, hidden from the sight of all, yet to his guilty mind plainly visible to the world. So does sin "make cowards of us all."

He announced his intention to Ezekiel at breakfast, and soon after set out by him-

self. It was one of those rich, warm days in the late autumn, when the air is full of a golden haze, and when the deep blue sky seems to hang lower over the earth than at midsummer. It was early for the governor to be abroad; too early, indeed, for the town to be much astir. Yet now and then he met a shopkeeper, whom he greeted with a condescending nod, or else passed without notice.

At the outset he had thought to cross to Winnisimmet by the ferry. But when he had walked part of the way to the landing he suddenly bethought him that Thomas Marshall, the ferryman, lodged at the opposite side, and that it was too early yet for him to be abroad.

"I will, forsooth, row myself thither in my own boat," said the governor to himself. "Thus I may gain an hour of time, and it will be healthful as well."

Diverging a little from the path which he was following, he went to his own landing, and with some exertion pushed the boat into the water from where it lay upon the beach. He sat for a moment or two upon the thwart, looking about him. Once he fancied that he saw Ezekiel, coming slowly down the street toward the landing; and he seized his oars with a sudden grasp and with an impulse to escape. Then he bethought him of the folly of this and was ashamed of his trepidation. In a moment more he discovered it was not Ezekiel who approached, but Angola, a negro well known about the town as a servant of Captain Robert Keayne.

Idly resting upon his oars, the governor watched Angola, as he approached the landing, cast off the painter of a boat and, a moment later, pulled with strong, steady strokes toward Noddle's Island. Then the governor seized his oars again and turned his boat's prow toward Winnisimmet. He was deeply absorbed in his thoughts, and did not observe that at every stroke the bow of the boat plunged deeper and deeper into the water. He did not perceive that aught was amiss until he suddenly realized that the water was about his ankles. Then, starting, he saw that the boat, from lying long unused upon the shore, had become started at the seams and was already half filled with water and rapidly settling. He at once perceived that the entire submersion of the boat was a matter of but a few moments.

A horror which only they can realize who have passed through danger of death possessed Governor Bellingham's soul. For an instant he was speechless and sat gazing with terror upon the fast-advancing water. Then, dropping his oars, he grasped the gunwale and sought to cry aloud for help. But his voice, hoarse with fear, refused to obey his will, and he could only gasp in sibilant whispers, "Lord, save, or I perish!"

Slowly, slowly sank the boat, and with it sank Governor Bellingham. Again he gazed upward and about him. The day was fair. Already the sun, an hour high, was casting a flood of golden light across the water. Nature was fair; yet nature was slowly but surely engulfing him who gazed. Again he sought to cry for help, but his voice only came back to him again in hoarse and startled whispers. The next moment the boat lurched, and the governor was thrown into the water. With a long, piercing cry, he sank. The boat, now filled, settled to the water's level, and the blue waves of the Charles rippled as quietly as if they had not closed above the head of the governor of the colony.

A moment later the drowning man came to the surface, gasping for breath and desparingly clutching the empty air. Was it the kind Providence which he had invoked, that guided his hands to the almost submerged gunwale of his sunken boat? A sense of relief swept over him and unsealed his lips. He cried long and loud for help. He neither saw nor heard the boat that, propelled by the powerful strokes of two dusky arms, was rapidly coming to his rescue. He continued to shout for help until he felt a strong grasp upon his shoulder and heard rough but hearty words of cheer.

"Help me! Help me!" gasped the governor.

"Aye, Marster Bellingham; Angola will save thee, marster."

With a strong hand Angola drew the governor into his boat. Taking his own cloak, which lay across a thwart, he wrapped it about the dripping form. Then, resuming his oars, he turned the boat's prow toward the town. The governor crouched silently in the stern and shivered as he wrapped the negro's cloak more closely about him. For a time he said nothing. Then, as the boat neared the shore, he spoke.

"Good Angola, thou hast saved my life. But for thee I should have gone hence, ere this moment. Thou shalt be rewarded, as surely as the day cometh. What wilt thou that I give to thee?"

"Nay, Marster Bellingham, I desire nothing," answered the negro; "I am glad."

"But," insisted the governor, "I must give thee something for a remembrance. Wouldst not like a piece of ground?"

The negro looked into his face for a moment, and then said: —

"Angola would like a garden."

"It shall be so. Thou shalt have my piece of ground, near the neck, on the highway which leads to Roxbury; and I will have a fence put about it for thee."<sup>1</sup>

## XI.

GOVERNOR BELLINGHAM kept his room closely for three days after his mishap, and for the most of that time his bed. On the fourth day he ventured out, and was received on all sides with congratulations upon his narrow escape from death. Those who agreed with him in matters of public concern and those who were his most bitter opponents in his candidacy for gubernatorial honors were equally eager to extend their expressions of gladness. Even Kidby, the fisherman, doffed his hat as the great man approached, and smiled in unison with the general joy.

During the time of his confinement to his chamber, the governor had had time for profound thought. Ezekiel waited upon him daily for directions, but the same feeling which prompted him to go to Winnisimmet also induced him to refrain so far as was possible from calling upon his young secretary during his illness. It happened, therefore, that Ezekiel saw but little of the governor during these

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Suffolk County (Mass.) Land Records, lib. viii., fol. 298:* A deed, by affidavit of three persons, from Governor Richard Bellingham, deceased, to Angola, a negro, in reward for saving the life of the governor, "comeing to me with his boat, when I was sunke in the river, betwene Boston and Winisimet, several years since, & layd hold of mee & got me into the boat, he came in and saved my life, which Kindnes of him I remember; and besides my giveing him fifty foot square of my land, to him & his, I shall see hee shall not want whilst I live." This unique deed is published in Vol. V. of *Reports of Boston Record Commissioners*, p. 23.

days. Yet he dared not absent himself from the house for any considerable space of time, lest his presence should be demanded in the governor's chamber. He had welcomed his master's departure for Winnisimmet, for the occasion would be also his own opportunity to visit Cambridge. But now he must forego this pleasure, for some days at least. It was with some impatience, therefore, that he awaited the governor's convalescence.

Governor Bellingham had anticipated this impatience. He well knew Ezekiel's faithfulness, and was confident that he would not leave the premises for a space of time sufficient for a visit at Herbert Pelham's house. Of this he felt certain. But he knew well that, upon his own restoration to health, Ezekiel's first impulse would be to seek Penelope. He remained in his room a full day longer than his health demanded, that he might solve this perplexing problem.

Suddenly all became clear to him. He would affect impatience to learn how matters were thriving at his farm at Winnisimmet, which his mishap had prevented him from visiting. He would despatch Ezekiel thither on the morrow. The secretary having safely gone, he himself would go to Cambridge and urge his suit, if possible, to success.

Ezekiel felt a pang of disappointment that his projected visit must be still longer delayed. But he went forth willingly, early the next morning, at his master's bidding.

"I shall be about ere thou dost return, Ezekiel," said the governor at parting. "I am better to-day. To-night we will sup together."

The governor arose when Ezekiel had left the chamber. But he waited until the young man had left the house, before he made the fact known to the household. When from his chamber window he saw his secretary walk briskly away, he summoned Malchus and directed that breakfast be served. This over, he arrayed himself with unusual care. "For," he thought, "I shall meet many by the way, who will inquire of my health." Then he sallied forth, before the gaze of men, mounted his bay horse,<sup>1</sup> and turned his face toward Cambridge.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* : "John Clough, Junior, aged forty-seven or thereabouts, deposed, saith that hee was present neere the place above mentioned in James Penni-

It was with a curious feeling that the governor, with his horse's bridle across his arm, sounded the great brass knocker upon the door of the house of Herbert Pelham. Had he stopped to analyze this feeling, it would, no doubt, have proved to be a mingling of shame born of duplicity, of youthful trepidation, and of assurance resultant upon a possession of authority. But he gave himself no time for thought and, with some effort, it is true, forced the last-named attribute to the forefront.

"Is good Master Pelham within?" he inquired of the maid who answered his knock.

"Yea, good sir; he is within. Wilt enter?" replied the girl, throwing wide the door, for she recognized the governor.

Penelope, who had from her window seen the approach of the governor, fled instantly, as she heard his knock, to the innermost room of the house. Closing the door, she threw herself upon the floor and pressed her cheek hard against the boards, covering her face with her hands. Every sense was alert and listening. For a long time she lay thus, motionless, intent upon the slightest sound, yet dreading to hear her name. It seemed to her that days and nights passed as thus she lay. At last her acute senses discerned a light footfall in a distant room. A door opened and closed softly. It was the door of her chamber, and Priscilla was seeking her.

Penelope made no sign, but still lay, her cheek pressed hard against the floor and her senses strained to the utmost. The footstep drew nearer, and the door of the chamber where she lay was softly opened.

"Penelope, child! Art thou here? I have sought thee everywhere. Come, arise! Governor Bellingham would see thee."

Penelope's only answer was to turn her face slightly and look upon her sister-in-law, as she stood in the doorway.

"What aileth thee, child?" asked the elder, a trifle impatiently. "Thou art not ill? Arouse thee and dress thyself and come down at once."

Penelope raised herself upon one hand to a half-reclining position, and stared at Priscilla with set eyes and white face. The

man's deposition, & at that tyme, and saw the late Governor Richard Bellingham, Esq<sup>r</sup>. on his bay horse, sitting . . . ."

matron, alarmed, seized the girl's shoulder and shook it slightly.

"Arouse thee, Penelope! Look not at me with that stony stare. Let me help thee to thy chamber."

The girl struggled to her feet and suffered herself to be led to her own room. In the same passive manner she submitted to be dressed in her bravest attire, and at last to be led down to the best room. At the door she paused and shrank backward.

"I cannot, Priscilla; indeed I cannot," she said piteously.

"Thou canst, Penelope? Thou must come in and greet his worship, for he doth call for thee. Come thou with me."

At the word, the matron threw open the door and drew the pale and shrinking girl within. Governor Bellingham arose, advanced, and took her hand.

"Penelope!" he said.

The girl for an instant lifted her eyes from the floor and rested them upon the face of the governor. Then again the long golden lashes swept the cheek, and her gaze fell before his.

"Nay, I pray thee," remonstrated the governor, as those present rose to withdraw, at a swift signal from Priscilla. "Good Master Pelham, wilt thou not tarry, thou and thy wife, until this business shall be finished?"

"If it be thy wish, we will remain," answered Herbert Pelham.

"So be it," responded the governor. "And now, Penelope," he resumed, drawing the still shrinking girl to a chair beside him, "hast thou given good heed to my discourse to thee some days agone?"

"Yea," answered Penelope, in a tone so low that it seemed but a sigh.

"And so, forsooth, have I," said the governor.

Penelope caught her breath quickly and flashed a glance at the governor's impasive face.

"I, also, have given it good heed," he went on with great deliberation; "and in it I have seen naught to regret. For three days now past, a prisoner in my chamber, I have given thought to little else. I told thee before, Penelope, and I tell thee now, I seek thee to wife."

Still the girl's eyes were bent downward, but a slight flush tinged the pallor of her cheek.

"May I ask thee for an answer to my

suit, Penelope?" he urged. "Wilt thou be the wife of Governor Bellingham?"

Penelope raised her eyes to the governor's face and met his gaze with a look clear and firm, as she said, very softly:

"Yea, if the Lord so will!"

Then, as the words fell from her lips, she started and clasped her hands upon her breast, as if stung to the soul with a sudden remembrance. A silence fell upon the group for a moment, which was broken by Herbert.

"What may prove to thee a strong barrier, may it please the governor," he said, "has but this moment occurred to me. The banns! Have they not been published in the meeting-houses, both here and in Boston? Will the godly ministers or the magistrates unite thee and her?"

The governor started, and a flush arose to his face.

"The magistrates!" he exclaimed. "Is not the governor of His Majesty's Colony of Massachusetts Bay a magistrate who outranks them all? Who shall say to Governor Bellingham, 'Do ye so?' Have I not in me all authority which in another lieth?"

"It is even so," said Herbert, bowing low.

The flush mounted higher in the governor's face as he paused, and a deathlike silence pervaded the room. Then, seizing the hand of Penelope, he led her to the centre of the room, and standing there, with his arm about the girl's waist, demanded:

"Summon thy household, good Master Pelham, and they shall see Governor Bellingham's power. Now, even this very hour shall Penelope Pelham be his bride."

A vivid flush rose to the girl's cheeks, but she said nothing. Priscilla hastened to do the governor's bidding, and a moment later the people of the household timidly entered and stood in a throng about the door. The governor acknowledged their presence by a glance and a slight inclination of the head.

"Penelope Pelham," he said, "wilt thou, in the presence of these, take Richard Bellingham to be thy lawful husband?"

"Yea, I will," softly answered Penelope.

"And I, Richard Bellingham, will take thee, Penelope, to wife. And now, I, the governor of His Majesty's Colony of Massachusetts Bay, do pronounce and declare

that Richard Bellingham and Penelope Pelham are man and wife together. The King shall be my witness."<sup>1</sup>

A long-drawn sigh swelled through the room. Whence it came none could tell. At the instant the throng parted, and a young man stood in the midst.

"Ezekiel!" gasped the bride.

A silence followed, broken at last by the governor.

"Thou art bewildered, Ezekiel, and wouldest know what this doth mean. Plainly, I will tell thee, for I own thy right to know. Mistress Pelham did think to be thy wife. But I fear me that thou hast been a laggard, for another hath 'stepped down before thee.' Behold, Mistress Pelham hath wisely thought it better to be the wife the rather of the master than of the servant; and she is now no more Mistress Pelham, but Madame Bellingham, the governor's bride."

For an instant Ezekiel was stunned with the suddenness of the blow. Then, in a voice husky with grief, he spoke.

"Penelope, this is true?"

"Yea, it is true," she answered, without raising her eyes.

"And thou hast ceased to love me! Thou hast forgotten thy promise, made me in the forest! Didst thou not promise me, or is it all a dream, Penelope, that thou wouldest be my wife?"

<sup>1</sup> *Vide John Winthrop's History of New England, 1641, mo. 9. 9.: "The governor, Mr. Bellingham was married. (I would not mention such ordinary matters in our history but by occasion of some remarkable accidents.) The young gentlewoman was ready to be contracted to a friend of his, who lodged in his house, and by his consent had proceeded so far with her, when on a sudden the governor treated with her and obtained her for himself. He excused it by the strength of his affection and that she was not absolutely promised to the other gentleman. Two errors more he committed upon it. 1, That he would not have his contract published where he dwelt, contrary to an order of the court. 2, That he married himself, contrary to the constant practice of the country."*

"Nay, Ezekiel," she answered softly. "It is no dream. I did promise thee, but if the Lord so willed."

"And thou hast broken thy promise; and the banns already published?"

"Nay, Ezekiel, but the Lord hath willed otherwise."

Ezekiel's pale face flushed to a deep crimson, and he burst forth, with all the passion of his soul:—

"Take heed, Madame Bellingham, that thou tempt not the name of the Lord. To thee this only, for thou hast been sore tempted. But thou hast broken a faithful heart. But to thee, to thee, sir, who art the defender of the people's rights, thou who hadst so much and I so little, couldst thou not have left to me but this? Ah!" he gasped, clasping his hands over his eyes, "the morning-glories did wither as we clasped our hands above the paling! Why saw I not the presage? And her foot did fail upon the sedge! How blind! how blind! But thou," and he turned fiercely upon the governor, "thou hast deeply, cruelly wronged me. Scarce three suns have set since thou didst command my choice."

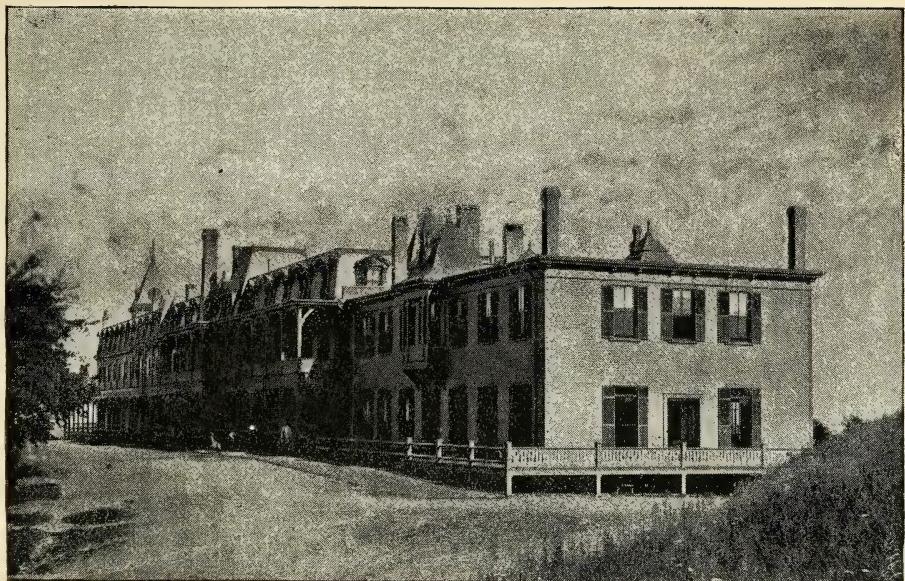
"But my deep affection," urged the governor.

"Thy deep affection, indeed! Is it deeper than mine, which hath its roots set in my soul? Nay! thou didst seek but a bauble, a toy, an ornament for thy mansion; and thou hast despoiled my life and made it but dust and ashes. I go hence to a lifelong grief. Oh, the withered blossoms! the withered blossoms!"

Ezekiel gazed with folded arms upon the governor. Then his eyes, dull with grief, rested for a moment upon the bride. He raised his clenched hands above his head, as if to pronounce a curse. But he let them fall again, and, casting upon Penelope a look of unutterable longing and reproach, he turned and burst from the door.

[To be continued.]

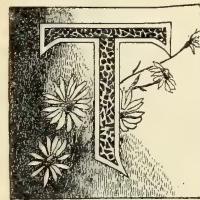




The Massachusetts Soldiers' Home at Chelsea.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS' HOME.

*By Captain John G. B. Adams.*



HE war was over. The victorious army of the North came marching homeward, crowned with laurels it had bravely won. Like dew before the morning sun it melted away, and returned to the farm, the counting-room, and the work-shop. An army of consumers became an army of producers, and the calls for labor were few, and the laborers many.

Among this vast army were multitudes suffering from wounds or helpless from incurable disease. They were unable to take up the burdens of life they laid down four years before. Father, mother, or wife had died, and in many instances homes were broken up. A very few only were in receipt of pensions, and the amount then allowed for total disability was but eight dollars per month.

To relieve these disabled comrades, for one thing, the Grand Army of the Repub-

lic sprang into existence. Its mission was to keep alive the fraternal feeling that had been formed in camp, on the march, and in line of battle ; to help the disabled comrades on the march of life, just as they had helped them from the field when wounded, or had carried their muskets when they fell, faint and sick, by the road-side.

Yet, notwithstanding the large amounts spent for relief work by this organization, many could not receive the comforts their condition demanded ; and National Soldiers' Homes were established by the government. These were located at Togus, Maine ; Hampton, Virginia ; Dayton, Ohio ; and Milwaukee, Wisconsin ; and were in large part maintained by moneys turned back into the United States Treasury on account of desertions, and other like causes. The requirements for admission were that the applicant must be in receipt of a pension, or have an application on file at the Pension Office for disability contracted in the service. These homes soon became filled to overflowing, and the boys who had

given the best years of their lives to the defence of the nation began to drift into the almshouses of the various states.

In 1876 the Grand Army of the Department of Massachusetts resolved that no man who had worn the blue and fought for the state and nation on land or sea should sleep in an almshouse or, dying, be buried

expended ; and it failed to produce the desired relief.

The Council of Administration, representing the Grand Army, then resolved to go directly to the people. With their banner of charity, on which was inscribed, "For what he was, and all he dared, remember him to-day," they took the field.



The Dining-Room.

as a pauper in a "potter's field." He must be taken out, and be placed in a Soldiers' Home, where the old flag that he loved so well should float over him, and where he should be treated as an honored guest.

Under the leadership of the noble and philanthropic General Horace Binney Sargent, then commander of the department, the work began. Letters were sent to cities and towns asking the number of soldiers and sailors in the almshouses ; and the response was, one hundred and thirty-seven. A petition was presented to the legislature, asking for \$100,000 to establish a Soldiers' Home. After a long hearing before the legislative committee, the petitioners were given leave to withdraw. This report was made, not because the committee lacked sympathy for the soldiers, but because they believed that state aid laws could be improved so as to provide for the care of the men outside of a home. An act was passed that opened wide the door, with the result that in nine months nearly \$400,000 was

A parade of the department was ordered in Boston ; and the long line of carriages filled with disabled men drew the attention of the citizens to the work in view, and recalled to their minds the promises made when the men marched away in 1861. Public meetings were held, committees were organized to solicit money, and by fairs and other entertainments small sums were realized.

In 1877 Horace Binney Sargent, Alexander H. Rice, William Gaston, Charles Devens, George S. Evans, George H. Patch, James F. Meech, Edward T. Raymond, Samuel Dalton, Andrew J. Bailey, Henry Wilson, Jr., William S. Brown, Joseph F. Lovering, Cyrus C. Emery, John McKay, Jr., John G. B. Adams, E. G. W. Cartwright, and Charles W. Wilcox were incorporated as trustees of the Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts. It was provided that fifteen of said trustees should be members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The board organized by the choice of General Horace

Binney Sargent as president, James F. Meech as secretary, and William Gaston as treasurer.

Funds were received slowly. It was learned that Elizabeth P. Seaver of Kingston had bequeathed to a Soldiers' Home, "when it shall be established," the sum of \$3000, and application was made for this to the Probate Court. In the winter of 1881 a grand bazaar was held, which gave the trustees \$40,000. At the same time Captain Joseph B. Thomas gave his check for \$10,000.

Meantime the trustees were busy selecting a location. Many places were visited, and at last it was decided to purchase the Highland Park Hotel, situated on Powder Horn Hill in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston. This estate comprised the buildings, furniture, and about four acres of land. It had cost \$110,000, and was purchased for \$20,000. On June 8, 1881, this building was dedicated, and on July 25, 1882, was opened for admission of men, accommo-

three of whom were taken from the almshouses in the Commonwealth. Soon after the opening of the Home, General Sargent's health failed, and he was obliged to retire from the office of president, which he had filled so ably. He had done so much for the Home that his resignation was placed on file until the next annual meeting, when it was reluctantly accepted, and Captain J. G. B. Adams was elected as his successor. The treasurer, ex-Governor Gaston, was also obliged to resign on account of other duties, as was the secretary, James F. Meech. Alfred C. Munroe was elected secretary, and Captain George W. Creasey, treasurer.

The Home was now an established fact. Those who had had little or no faith in the undertaking became its friends, and July 25, 1883, found it free from debt, with ninety-two men comfortably cared for within its walls, and a balance of \$30,000 in its treasury. Applications for admission were received beyond the capacity of the



The Smoking-Room.

dations being provided for one hundred. General James A. Cunningham was elected superintendent, and Mrs. Cunningham matron.

The first day six were admitted, and during the year ending July 25, 1883, two hundred and forty-eight, one hundred and

Home, and in 1884 it was apparent that an addition must be built: this was required for the hospital cases, one-half of the men needing constant care, which could not be given in the present quarters. Again a call for help went out, and it was not made in vain. During the fort-

night from April 7 to April 21, 1885, a grand carnival was held at the Mechanics' Building in Boston, and \$62,312.17 was placed in the hands of the treasurer of the Home. A hospital was erected and additional accommodations provided for fifty men, Mrs. Caroline M. Barnard of Everett furnishing an entire ward, dedicating it to Chaplain Cudworth.

The year 1886 found the Home in the best possible condition, few applications on file, over \$68,000 in the treasury, and all bills paid. But in 1887 the pathetic fact again faced us: the Home once more

Home capable of caring for two hundred and eighty-eight men.

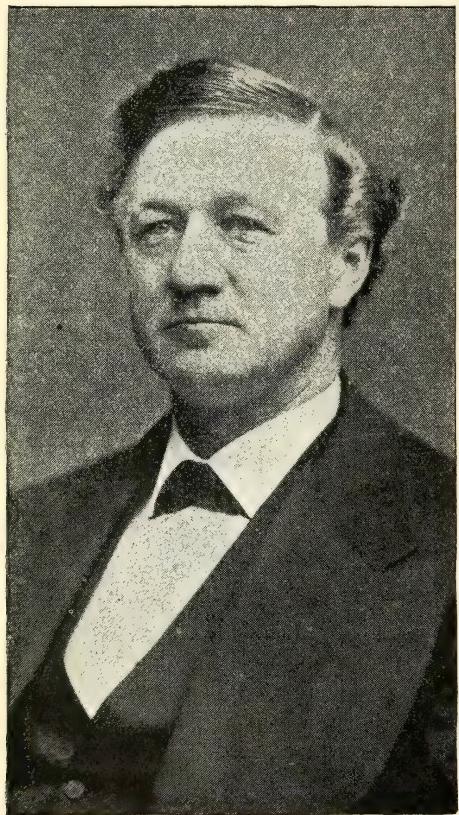
It was thought wise, in recognition of the state's generosity, that the state be represented by three additional trustees appointed by the Governor; and Elisha S. Converse, William O. Grover, and Myron P. Walker were the gentlemen selected.

Should the reader wish to visit the Home from Boston, he will take a Washington Avenue car of the Boston and Lynn Street Railroad, at Scollay Square. A delightful ride of about thirty-five minutes will bring him to Carey Square in Chelsea, and a short walk to the foot of Powder-Horn Hill, which is ascended by a long flight of stairs. Pause for breath a moment and enjoy the delightful view. Boston's fair suburbs embowered in trees is far below you, and away to the east the eye spans her magnificent harbor dotted with sails, and loses itself in that misty distance where sea and sky seem to touch.

An orderly meets you at the hospitable door of the Home and conducts you to the parlor, which is the reception-room. One could easily spend an hour here, looking over the collection of war envelopes, or turning the pages of *Harper's Weekly* from 1861 to 1865. You are conducted to the office of the superintendent, and the genial face of General Cunningham greets you. This is the business office, and a long table covered with official books and papers, the safe, and other office furniture are here, while the walls are covered with the records of the general's war service, which is a most honorable one, he having entered as captain in the 32d Massachusetts, and been discharged as brevet brigadier-general. His adjutant, R. R. Foster, served more than four years in the old 19th Massachusetts, nearly a year of which was in the prison-pen at Andersonville.

While you are talking, a gray-haired, bright-eyed little woman trips along. She cannot stop long, as she is on her way to the hospital with some delicacy for a poor sick boy. You may not see her again; but the memory of her sweet face makes the day brighter. She is Mrs. Cunningham, the mother of the Home, a woman created by God for the position she fills.

Passing out of the office, we come to General Horace Binney Sargent Hall, used for Sunday services and entertainments. On the platform is a fine portrait in oil of



General James A. Cunningham,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

crowded, and applicants being turned away. The demands were so pressing that there was no time to obtain money by other means than by legislative appropriation. Fifty thousand dollars were asked for, and were unanimously voted. With this sum a fine addition was built, making the

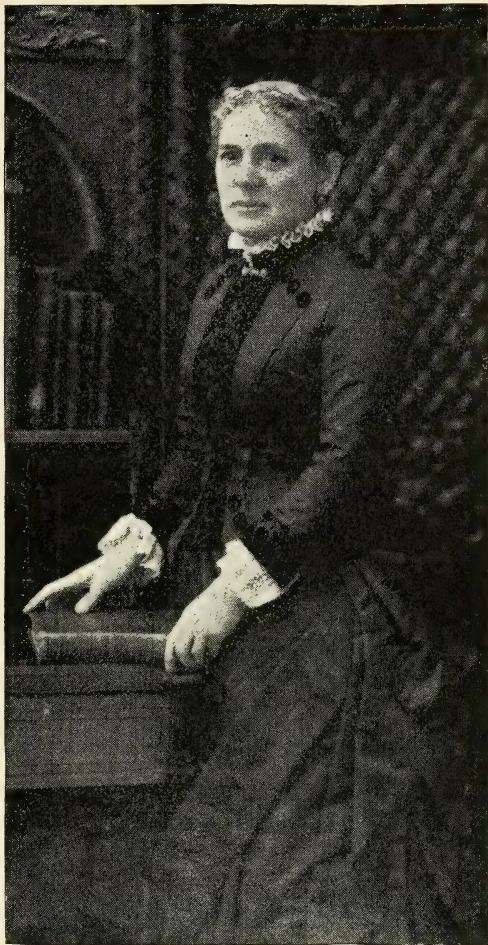
this noble man, of whom it may be fitly said, as it was said of Bayard, that he is a knight "sans peur et sans reproche." On either side are pictures of George H. Patch and E. G. W. Cartwright, trustees who have passed on to a higher life. The walls are covered with scenes of army life,—the march, the bivouac, camp, and battle. A fine piano is part of the furnishing.

We leave the main building and enter the hospital. The room on the right is the dispensary, filled with everything required by the sick. Opposite is the dining-room, and a little farther on is the ward. Here are the long lines of beds, covered with clean white spreads. The room is well ventilated, and the air is sweet and pure. The sick boys are nearly all out under the trees, but "Uncle Snell" greets us; he is not able to get out at all, but is contented and happy; he is one of the first who came to the Home, having been here eight years.

Up-stairs is Cudworth ward, dedicated to the lamented East Boston clergyman. This is divided into rooms, and is used for cases that require special treatment. The dry, hollow cough tells you that the boy who twenty-eight years ago took cold sleeping in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and who has bravely fought the disease from that day to this, has at last surrendered, and will soon be exchanged to join his comrades in the Home beyond.

From this ward one comes directly on to the second floor of the main building. Here is Seaver Hall, named for the first contributor to the Home. On either side of this hall are rooms, each furnished by some corps of the Massachusetts Woman's Relief Corps. It would be needless to tell you that the hand of woman had been here. Pillow-shams, broom-cases, toilet articles, clocks, pictures, all helping to make the rooms cosey and homelike, and not like an "institution." Each room accommodates two men. The third floor is also given up to such sleeping-rooms, and from thence one comes into the new addition, whose halls are wider and have on either side set wash-bowls and lounges. These rooms are furnished in the same manner, several indi-

viduals having taken rooms, and the Ladies' Aid Association having dedicated three to the memory of George H. Patch, E. G. W. Cartwright, and Austin C. Wellington; while the Woman's Relief Corps have



Mrs. James A. Cunningham,  
MATRON OF THE HOME.

honored Mrs. E. Florence Barker, Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, and Mrs. Lizabeth A. Turner by naming rooms after them. Brown, Durrell & Co. of Boston have one that attracts attention by its rich furnishings. The large, new hall on the first floor is Peter Smith Hall, furnished by Peter D. and James Smith to the memory of their father, and to be used as an additional hospital ward.

Down in the basement we hear the sound of many voices, and the fumes of the T. D. warn us that we are near the old soldiers. Here is the smoking-room, and around the tables are scores of men dressed in army blue. Some are reading, others playing cards or dominoes. A pool

quite strong. Note those three men sitting against the wall on the right. They cannot see you; they are totally blind. See that man dealing cards with his left hand. His right hand and side are useless from paralysis; and thirty other men are affected in the same way. None of



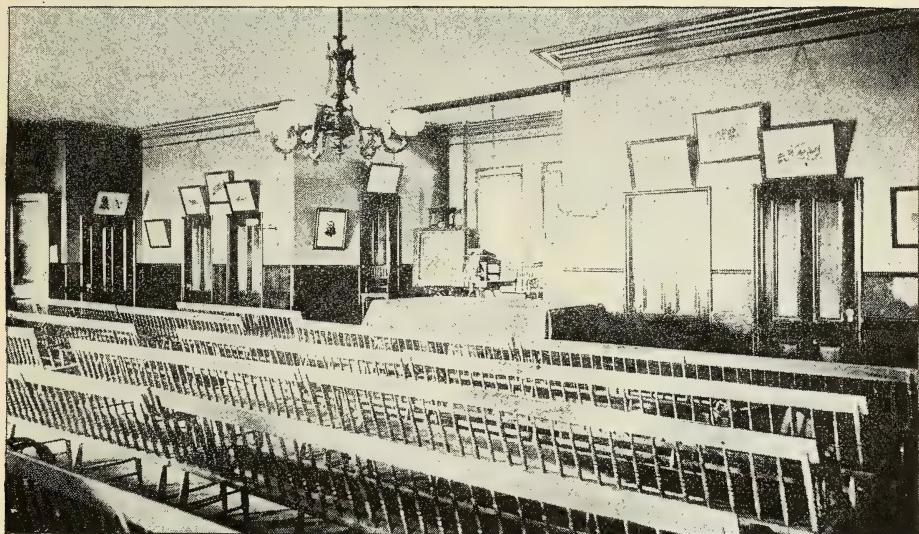
General Horace Binney Sargent.

and billiard-table is in the room, but these are not used as much as formerly. It requires walking to play either game, and the boys do not care to do much of that. The book-cases along the walls are filled, and here is the pipe rack, where every man has his special place for his pipe. A gas jet is constantly burning, the men not being allowed to carry matches—a needless precaution against fire.

Perhaps at a first look at the men you wonder why they are here. They look

these men receive pensions; they had no hospital record in the army.

Here is the dining-room, a large hall, with tables for one hundred and forty men. Dinner is nearly ready, and the tables are set with nice dishes and silver casters, resembling those in a summer hotel. To-day is Friday, and the bill of fare is:—Breakfast: picked fish in cream, potatoes, bread and butter, pickles, coffee; Dinner: clam chowder, crackers, bread, boiled rice with raisins, molasses, coffee;



Sargent Hall.

Supper : hot biscuit, bread, crackers, butter, apple-sauce, tea. The journal of the office records the bill of fare for every day in the year.

Beyond is the kitchen, and none can be found cleaner or more inviting. The kettles shine so that you can see your face in them, and the cooks in white caps and aprons make one tempted to wish to pass the summer here.

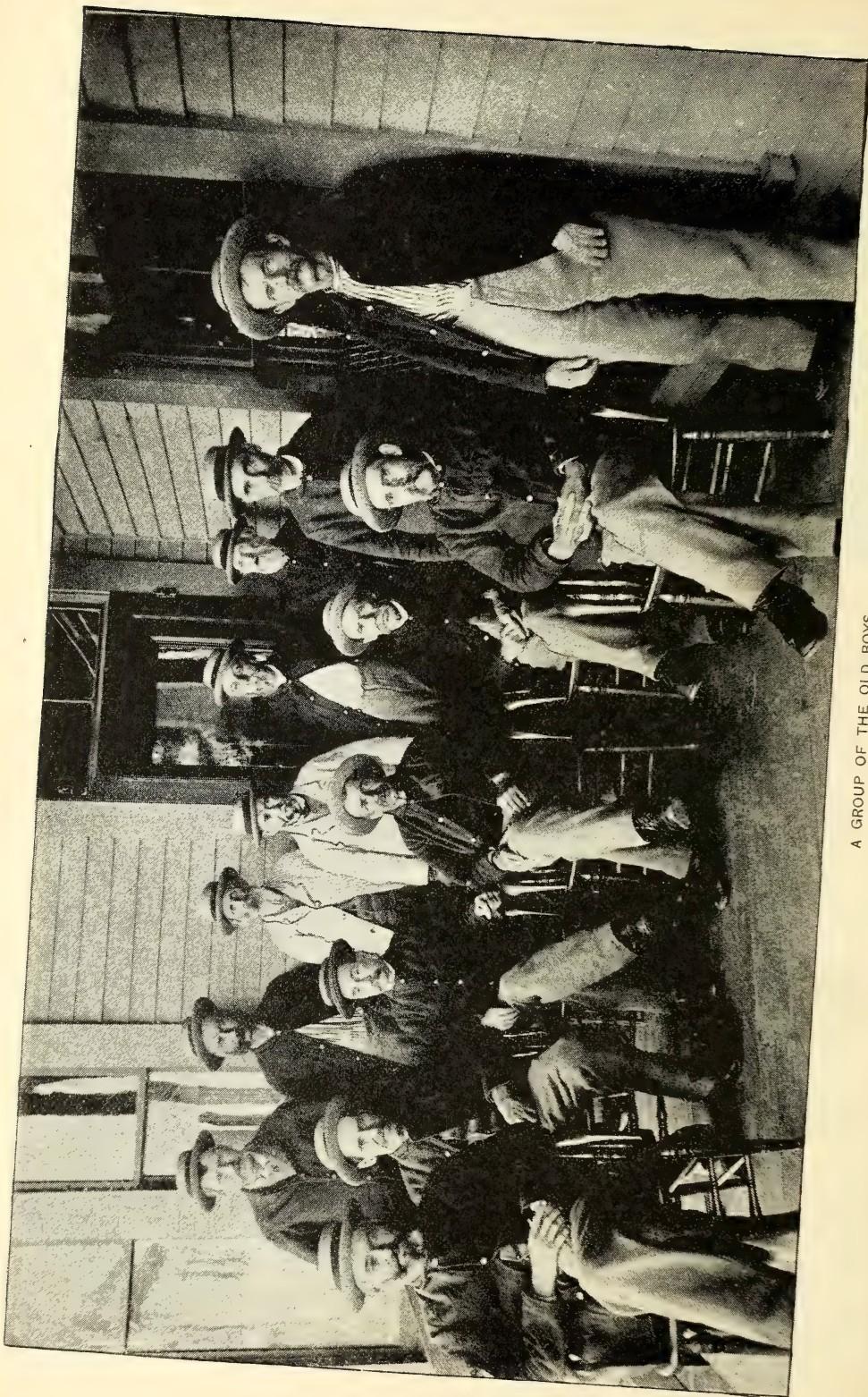
By a subway under the street the engine-room and furnace-room are reached, in charge of George Robey, a most valuable officer. Near the boiler-room is the dynamo-room, where a Thomson-Houston dynamo will soon be located to furnish incandescent lights for the entire building. A Worthington steam-pump for protection in case of fire is here, and supplies the force for stand-pipes which extend to every floor, as well as lines of hose for outside use. Over this room is a two-story building, to be used as a bakery and laundry.

This is the Home then,—doing quietly its good work from year to year. Since it was opened 1045 men have been admitted and 148 have died. Its support is from the state, which annually appropriates \$20,000, and this year has shown extra generosity in making it \$25,000, contributions from posts of the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps, and individual

bequests and subscriptions. Added to this there is an organization called the Ladies' Aid Association, auxiliary to the Board of Trustees, numbering nearly thirteen hundred earnest, patriotic women, who are



Mrs. Micah Dyer,  
PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' AID ASSOCIATION.

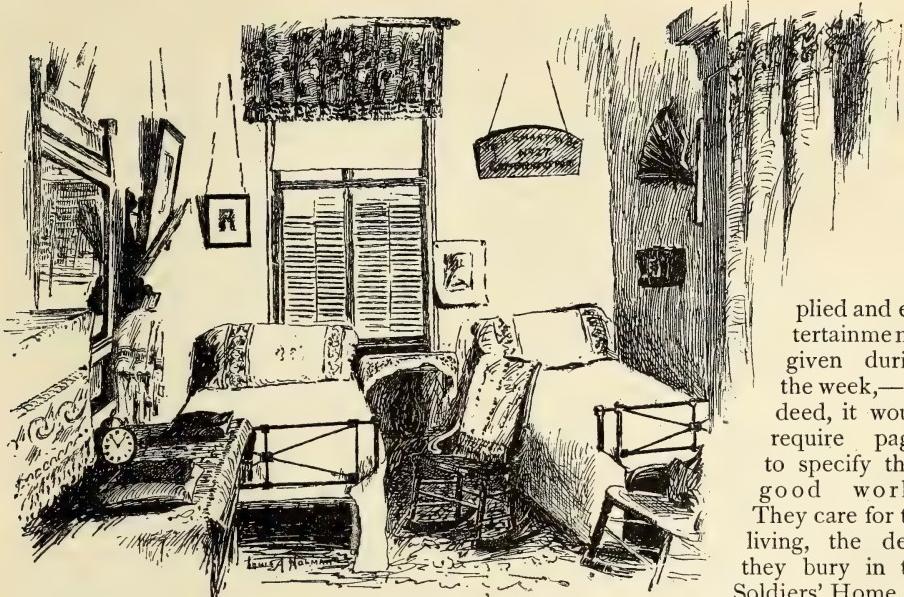


A GROUP OF THE OLD BOYS.

always "waiting orders." The president is Mrs. Julia K. Dyer, a woman

" nobly planned  
To comfort, counsel, and command."

similar societies. This Ladies' Aid Association appoints visitors who visit the Home and provide the little comforts the sick require ; see that the Sunday services are sup-

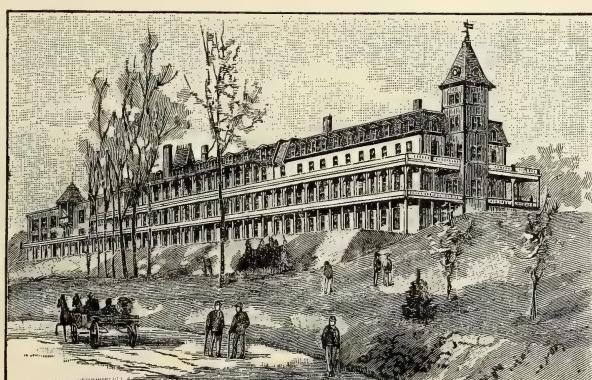


One of the Sleeping-Rooms.

Her name is a household word in every home in Boston, where she has worked so long, and her kindly face is synonymous with charity. She is actively associated in the work of twenty-one charitable and literary organizations, is president of the Woman's Charity Club, director of the Dedham Home for Fallen Women, the Boston Home for Intemperate Women, and other

and is directly in their charge. They are to the Home what the Sanitary Commission was to the army ; and beside the constant shower of substantial gifts, they keep the fire of patriotism burning, that the people may not forget the men who stood by the nation in its hour of peril, and who now, in these their latter years, are entitled to their well-earned rest.

plied and entertainments given during the week,—indeed, it would require pages to specify their good works. They care for the living, the dead they bury in the Soldiers' Home lot in Malden, which was given by them



## TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By Edward E. Hale, D.D.

MISS READER had told me that she should like to see how the Fourth of July was celebrated in Boston. She intimated that at Fort Wrangel, where she had kept the centre district school so long, the celebration was not conducted with much system. The fort saluted the American flag. Little work was done. Many people got drunk. And there was a considerable discharge of crackers and other small arms. She said that she supposed that in Boston, where John Adams, who invented the celebration, had sometimes lived, it would be carried through with more discretion; and that, perhaps, she could carry back to Fort Wrangel some suggestions for 1891.

I was well pleased with this suggestion. I am prolix on many subjects, perhaps on all; but on none more so than on the celebration of the Fourth of July, which in my boyhood was called "Independence Day" much more than it is now. It occurred to me that perhaps my anecdotes in regard to that celebration might interest the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE more, if they were framed with the background of 1890, than if they were dressed in the costume of 1830. A true Bostoneer generally goes out of town on the 3d, perhaps not to return until the first Monday in September, when his beloved public schools open. But I am a cosmopolitan for the benefit of all the READERS, and would gladly "do the celebration," to give my excellent invisible friend from Fort Wrangel the benefit of the suggestions of a century, and, indeed, to entertain myself as well.

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So, before Miss Reader went to bed on the evening of Thursday, I provided her with a convenient apparatus, which had been sent to me on an advertising card by that good fellow, Green Lathyrus, who sends us the bouquets for the office when we give a dinner party. It was red, white, and blue,—a red cork attached

by a white cord, to a blue cork,—and, in this case, the corks were small enough each, to stop one of Miss Reader's pretty little ears. I instructed her, that when she heard the first cannon-cracker in the morning, she was to put these two corks in her two ears, and go to sleep again. She would thus have a good appetite for the bluefish and raspberries and cream,—red, white, and blue,—and for the Lyonnaïses and coffee and pineapples which are appropriate to the breakfast of Fourth of July, and for the excursions which should follow. All was as the good fairy had said. Some one, boy or man, I know not, awoke in Morley Street about three, and fired off a cannon-cracker which must have weighed many pounds. Miss Reader at once awoke, corked her ears, as she had been bidden, went to sleep again, sleeping the sleep of the righteous; and when, at breakfast, I gave her half-a-dozen roses from the garden, with the dew of Freedom on them, she was as fresh and sweet as they.

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AFTER breakfast and prayers, I read to them all, as I always do, the Declaration of Independence. I am fond of reading it from the *Annual Register* of the year 1776, which was published in London. They say it was edited by Edmund Burke. I wish I were quite sure of this. The interest which belongs to this particular edition comes from the danger which then attached to printing in England any criticisms on the Crown. Our dear George III., "the Brummagem Louis XIV.," as I am fond of calling him, was not to be spoken of as freely as men speak of his more worthy grand-daughter. So, where the Declaration comes to its central charges against the King of Great Britain, the *Annual Register* for 1776 had to say decorously,—

"The history of the present K—— of G—— B——n is a history of repeated injuries." And the reader, if he chose, might suppose that the Khan of Green Bokharan was alluded to,

THE language of the Declaration is rhetorical, as its author was. Such was, indeed, the need of the time. It is very good rhetoric, too. And one never reads it through without feeling that what they had to say—and it was a great deal—they said wonderfully well. At any celebration, the “orator of the day” may be glad if his address interest the hearers as much as the Declaration does, when well read by Master Goodchild of the first class of the high school. All the same, when I was engaged in the forming of the literary style of some young Americans, I thought it well to offer a prize to any who would give a paraphrase of it in words as short as four letters. Let us train our young people to the use of monosyllables.

See what I had given me. Jefferson's rendering of the introduction, as I hope you remember, is in these words: “When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them,—a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.” Here are twenty-five Latin words—if you count “nature” twice—and twenty-four words of more than one syllable.

The best version I got in words of five letters or less was this: “When, as men are, one set of men must cut the bond that ties it with a set out side,—let it say why.” But this, as you see, omits all that about assuming a separate and equal station,—as if it were surplusage, as it hardly is. Still, the success of this experiment was such, that I offered another prize the next year, for an introduction in words of three letters or less. I got this essay in competition: “If it be fit for any set of men to cut an old tie,—let it say so,—let it say why.” This shows what can be done, when the columns are crowded, and we must reduce the length of the President's message. In my little book, *How to do it*, I condensed eighty-one horribly long words of the worst English I could find,—one of President Pierce's messages,—into thirty-six. And I thought my English better than his.

I will now renew my offer, and for the

best rendering of the Declaration sent us to print in next year's NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, in words of four letters or less, I will give a copy of *The Man without a Country*. For the best rendering in words of three letters, or less, I will give a copy of *Red and White*.

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WE will take the 9.32 train into town. It is to be a hot day,—but the sun does not seem to affect Miss Reader much, and as no one sees her, she can wear as light costume as she will. The moment the train arrives, we see there is a holiday,—it is so crowded. Fortunately for us, Roxbury has its attractions, and so many leave the train there that I find a seat. Miss Reader always does. And here at Park Square—such a crowd! There is that droll tendency of a holiday, which makes people walk in the roadway, instead of keeping to the sidewalk. Is this perhaps the feeling of being in a procession; or is it because they are from districts where there is not so much distinction between the ways for bipeds and those for quadrupeds? Let us not philosophize. Enough to see that everybody is cheerful and resolved, as the Yankee says, “to have a good time.”

“The sons of Belial had a glorious time,” says John Dryden,—so the Yankee has good authority. And we need not fear that he is descending to that low revelry of the Sons of Belial.

“Here's your ice water—free—ice water free.” Listen to that, Mr. Bellamy, and tell me if you will have anything more virtuous in the twenty-first century. See the great inscription

## FREE

ICE WATER. ICE WATER.

This over a well-fitted marquee, with eager bar-tenders behind, dispensing the cooling draught “which cheers but not inebrates,” to all comers. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has wisely pronounced the open-bar a common nuisance,—license or no license; but, in the enthusiasm of our celebration, the city of Boston steps over the letter of that great decision,

in this instance, and opens five or six or more of these "open-bars," for the Fourth of July, with their "gentlemanly attendants."

And notice, dear Miss Reader, how the children of commerce take up the idea. "Here's your iced lemonade. Only three cents. Lemonade made to order." Observe, if you please, that the detestable liquid known as lemon syrup has disappeared before the progress of commerce and prosperity. "Here's your Moxie." "Here's your Saratoga and Kissingen." And cakes enough, too, dear Miss Reader, — though, I cannot offer you ale. Try that pop-corn, amalgamated into a long parallelogram, by the dextrous cement of boiled molasses. How they cut it is the mystery! No, you need not be afraid to eat it as you walk up Beacon Street. If you will observe, no one seems to notice you. That must surprise you, as it did Madame Recamier, when the Savoyards looked at her no longer. And, if you will observe, every one else is doing the same thing, or something like it.

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OH, yes! we will walk around the Common. That is what I brought you here for. Do not mention it, — but I always feel as if these elms on Charles Street were one inch in diameter, and in danger of being uprooted by some boy. They were in my day, sixty years ago. That open space? Oh! that is the "ball ground." It is roped off to-day, — as it would not be on a common day, — because to-day our South Boston La Crosse team is to play a match against some other team. Now, they are all waiting for somebody to arrive. There is a good deal of waiting on such occasions. But you and I are too busy to wait. Will you observe how all the people keep behind the ropes, though there are not five officers in sight? That is Democracy. Everybody knows that if everybody stepped inside the line, nobody would see the game. So nobody steps in.

"The common sense of each keeps a fretful world in awe."

Or as our old friend said in the beginning: "Among these [rights] are life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*; to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

AND here, next the ball-ground, the men are stretching the balloon out upon the grass, so that all may be sure there is a balloon. And this afternoon it will rise in the southwest wind, till it comes so near the sea that they do not dare to go any further, — and it will descend somewhere in Chelsea or in Malden, — after they have been in the air eighteen minutes. They always do it in that way. For, as the average Fourth of July wind is westward, or west-southwest, a point west, or something like that, — and as the ocean "holds Boston in its arms" on the eastward, it is a bad place for balloons. When they flew the first balloons in Paris, dear old Ben Franklin was there. And some one asked "Of what use is it?" As if, indeed, anything in the camp or court of poor Louis and his Marie Antoinette were of much use! And dear old Ben said, "Of what use is a new born baby?" Well, the baby is one hundred and seven years old now; born, if anybody cares, in 1783, the year in which the K—g of G—t B—n acknowledged the independence of another baby. And thus far, nothing much seems to have come of it. They are unfortunate to-day, — for the requisitions of our gas companies, which are none of the best, compel them to use heavy gas, which is not the best for ballooning.

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WHEN I was that boy, whom you see yonder with a little balloon, on a string, or when I was of his size, "Independence Day" was celebrated at the eastern end of this same Common. And the booths of candy men, oyster-men, men who sold cocoanuts and tamarinds, were on Park Street, in the old malls, and under the shade of Paddock's Row. We have now cut down the trees in Paddock's Row, and we are so genteel that we allow no stalls or booths in Park Street, excepting those for the dispensation of cold water, for genteel people may be thirsty. The booths are now at the western end, which was in those pre-historic days considered quite outside the world. On the western side of Charles Street, where now the Public Garden shows all its beauty, and where all the seats, you see, are occupied by young men and maidens, was still the original beach of the Back Bay, kept at low-water mark by the original Mill Dam.

A superstition, wholly unfounded, existed among the young and the masses of the people, that human law did not extend beyond high-water mark. And so, on this low-water beach, certain games of "pitch coppers," and "props" were permitted, which could not be played on the uplands. With bated breath, and the sense of assisting at Crockford's or at Monaco, we little boys used to leap down from the beach wall, and witness these saturnalian revels. The real reason why they were not interfered with is now better known to me. The whole police establishment of the new-born city was then in the hands and brain of "Old Reed," as he was affectionately called by the boys. He was the only "constable." He must have had his hands full in so pulling and hauling that nothing stronger than spruce beer should be sold on the Common. So he, doubtless, drew the line at Charles Street, knowing that he must draw it somewhere. Now, as you observe, the people in the Public Garden are as peaceable and loyal to law as those on the upland. But, as a reminder of those days, this boy attired as a sailor here offers us this basket made of the prop-paw shells. Shall I buy it for you, Miss Reader?

*Miss Reader.* That ugly thing! Not for me! Why there is not a Chinese sailor at the Fort but has his pockets full of them.

*Traveller.* Ah, yes! You forget, dear Miss Reader, that all of us have not seen both oceans.

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Of the entertainments of those older days, some, I see, survive. Some others have been evolved from those beginnings. For instance, this of the free iced water had not been heard of then. But there was water in the frog pond and there was ice. Spruce beer and ginger beer we had then and now. It was two cents a glass, and, with a kind concession to the impecuniosity of little boys, a half glass was sold for a cent. For one cent, also, you could buy two oysters (raw), with salt and pepper and vinegar *ad lib.* I see no oysters to-day.

It is, perhaps, not proper, in the presence of a millionaire, and Miss Reader may be one for aught I know, to allude to these humble details of personal expenditure. But, as these pages are read by statesmen, and as Le Play and Mr. Wright have earned

their fame, by rightly presenting to the world their studies of just such expenses, I will venture some memoranda on the ways and means of a small boy's Independence Day in 1830.

There was a ribald story, in my boyhood, of a father who tipped his son on the morning of Independence, with these cautions: —

"Here, my son, are two cents. Don't be extravagant. Treat all your companions liberally. And bring home toys for the children." But the injustice of this ribaldry was well known to all of us, and we never repeated it. The custom at home was that my mother provided herself with a store of Spanish reals,—then called ninepence,—and gave one to every child, of every race or color, with whom she had to do. An occasional uncle,—a real uncle, not one of the three-ball variety—did the same. So you started for the Common, with a very reasonable sum for distribution among the various venders. It was certain that you would carry nothing home.

There was a story—well vouched—of a lad who started with twenty-five cents (or two ninepences), and under the first tree in Paddock's Row found a man with purses to sell. The boy bought a purse—purple, with a gilt clasp—for twenty-five cents; and for the rest of the day had the purse with nothing in it. How many people I have known since, in his condition! How many houses with pianos in them, where, by no intercession, can I evolve a note, far less a bar of music!

More prudent boys—or is it more audacious—passed the temptations of the purse-seller, and reached the Common. Sticks of candy were still in existence: barley, which was translucent (yellow); checkerberry, also translucent (red), and a little shorter than barley; peppermint (white and not translucent; but striped obliquely with red, like a barber's pole); and molasses candy,—more in quantity, but perhaps carrying a mean feeling of home manufacture, which made us distrust it, as we are apt to distrust an American knife, for no reason. Each of these sticks was one cent in price. I see none such now. But, on the other hand, every third table is now heaped with what is called a French mixture, at ten cents a pound. As I observed, this morning, that the finest refined sugar costs six and three-fourths

cents at wholesale, I am a little afraid about this manufacture. There are scarlet dolces ! We had none of them in 1830. But I see no tamarinds, which were a commodity of those days.

No Priscilla ! And there are no Governor Endicotts ! Miss Reader and I have gone round the Common, and looked at every booth carefully. There are no Governor Endicotts.

In those earlier days, the dealers had sheets of white paper, on which were many checkerberry candy medals,—shall I call them? They were larger, each, than a cartwheel dollar. On each was stamped a head. It was not General Washington. It was not General Hancock. So we children said that the medal was first struck in 1629, and that it represented Governor Endicott. We made it a sacred duty to invest one cent in such a medal on Election Day and on Independence. Observe, that Massachusetts still honored her own holiday, of Election, and maintained a pride in such sovereignty as she had. So that the celebration of her Election Day in May—up to that fatal amendment of her constitution, when it was pushed back to January—was, in every jot and tittle, as distinguished as this of the Fourth of July.

Mr. Hawthorne, who cared for such things, observed, so soon as he lived in England, that the Whitsunday week holidays of the Old Country were celebrated with precisely the observances of an Old Massachusetts Election Day. True old Puritans would have nothing of Whitsunday,—a Popish holiday,—not they ! But, though they were virtuous, they let the people have cakes and ale,—and so Election Day took its place. Good for Winthrop and Dudley and Governor Endicott !

And now, to think that the die which bore Governor Endicott's likeness should be lost or broken,—and the art of making checkerberry medals should be forgotten !

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I ALWAYS touch my hat to a policeman. I like to show the good fellows that their business and mine is the same,—the business indeed of their Master and mine,—to take away the sins of the world. These two officers, whom we are passing, are the only people in this throng, I suppose, whom I ever saw before.

"Good morning, officer. A quiet time?"  
"Very quiet, sir, very quiet."

Indeed, one cannot see that they have anything to do. Ah ! yes !—there is one of the force running across Park Square. Has some one lapsed from virtue's path ? He calls to that German who is leading a little child ! The German turns, frightened ! How has he offended the majesty of the law ? Oh,—there it is,—the little girl has dropped her handkerchief, and the officer sees it. All is restored. The grateful German thanks the policeman. And, as the French reporters say, "The incident is exhausted." But you will hardly do better than that, Mr. Bellamy, in the twenty-first century. The whole police force of the town on the alert—yes—to see that none of us drop our handkerchiefs on the sidewalk !

So Miss Reader and I walk around among the booths. They run from West Street west and from Walnut Street west ; and there are double or treble lines of them. On Beacon Street, observe, the tenants are black people mostly. Their race is, perhaps, singularly fond of this holiday. We look everywhere for Governor Endicotts,—but, as I say, we do not find them. But here are roses, Miss Reader, and carnation pinks. You have not finer in your charming Alaska climate. "Here's your fresh roses ; here's your fresh roses, —only ten cents." Please accept these Bon Silenes,—they will look so prettily in your corsage.

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AND so we have passed round the five malls, Charles Street, Beacon Street, Park Street, Tremont Street, and Boylston Street ; and we are here opposite the Providence station again. Two hundred thousand men, women, and children we have seen, at the least, probably twice that number. And I, who ought to know Boston people, have not seen one I knew I ever saw before, unless it were those policemen. The truth is, that the greater part of these people have come in from the country,—and of the Boston people a good quarter part have gone into the country. This is just as it should be.

But Miss Reader feels as if she would like to see some more consolidated or definite centralization of enthusiasm. So far, these have all been individual expressions. There is a large tent. I think it is a Merry-

go-round. Let us work through the throng to it. "I beg your pardon, sir. Will you let this lady pass?" "Thank you, sir." "This way, Miss Reader." "Please make room for this lady." They are all very obliging, and so we press our way in. The great tent is crowded. We can all hear, for a thousand people are singing a temperance song, and this is a temperance orator leading them. This is the only organized entertainment on the Common for the morning.

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I HAVE not observed any lack of children in our promenade. I think the country children have come into town with their fathers and mothers. But you must observe that, during these hours of the morning, fifty thousand children of the city, or thereabouts, are cared for in various places of public entertainment, at the city's expense. Jugglers,—or performers of legerdemain, to be more grand,—variety people of different kinds,—singers, banjo players, and others who know how to entertain,—have been brought together at different places; and a ticket has been given to each boy or girl, who was at school last week, so that his entertainment or hers might be made sure. We who are older are not supposed to care to have such things for nothing, we must go to one of six or eight theatres, unless, as it happen, we find ourselves better entertained out of doors.

But there are ten places of entertainment, to which we must not go. We may go to any of the public bath-houses, and the towel for our drying and the key for undressing will be given us, the last on its india-rubber string. But woe to him who wishes to read! The ten public libraries,—the best places of amusement or of entertainment in Boston,—these, by a most curious superstition, are closed on all the days when we entertain the lieges.

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THE Sons of the Revolution, the new society lately formed in many states, and united in a national society, places on its programme, among many objects worthy of praise, its determination to promote the celebration of the Fourth of July in the different states. The society has been organized by men who have the intelligence to see that the American ideas

which are interwoven into all our plans, and into the detail, even, of our administration, are worth preserving; and that if the new comers, who add so much to our physical strength, are to fall into line with the Americans who have made America, they must be taught the history of the country, and must know on what principles its success is based. It is idle to say that we owe these successes to the natural fertility of soil, or to the wealth of mines, or to the gifts of climate. The valley of the Danube is as richly stored by nature as the valley of the Mississippi; but we see no such communities of men there, as have, in a hundred years, made the valley of the Mississippi what it is.

The Society of the Sons of the Revolution has formed itself, in the hope that there may be a more spirited effort to teach what all men are glad to learn. I have been pleased to see how widely such hopes show themselves in action in the great states of the Northwest. In Minnesota, for instance, the supervisors of the public schools have established a "National Day" as a part of the regular duty of each school term. It becomes a festival for the schools. National songs are sung, national history repeated, the American flag is displayed, and all the resources which intelligent teachers command are drawn upon, that the children of Norwegian, of Welsh, of Icelandic parents, or those from any other nation under the sun, may know what new privileges they acquired, on the happy day when their fathers "highly resolved" that they also should be Americans.

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FORTY-EIGHT years ago my Alma Mater gave me the "privilege of speaking in public as often as any one asked me to do so,"—"privilegium publice praeligendi, quoties-cumque ad hoc munus evocatus eris." I have sometimes wondered whether a man can speak in public, if there be no public to hear. But that is cynical to say in this connection, for Alma Mater certainly meant well. I suppose I have availed myself of the privilege then given, if I should guess roughly, some seventeen thousand five hundred and twenty times, "be the same more or less," thus addressing men on various lines of life which have been suggested by consideration of the Three Elements of Life.

But, among these seventeen thousand and odd occasions, I have never delivered a Fourth of July oration. I think I have been "called to do it," but it has not seemed to me that the call was compulsory. Still, there have been two fundamental statements which I should like to make, if such a call seemed peremptory. And, lest no such call be made, I will state them here.

*First.* When these states declared themselves independent, they were independent. Practically, they always had been. New England fought Philip and his men,—man to man, about equal numbers on each side,—and never asked the home government for an ounce of powder, or for the flint to a firelock. Such help as the Crown ever did give them,—as when it sent such a general as Braddock,—cost more than it

came to. *Moral.* Let no man or woman or state say, "I am independent," unless, in truth, he is.

*Second.* That what we need, to maintain this nation, is the same quality and the same determination which made it. This is the quality or determination by which The People, as an Entity, takes the place of the King, or The Pope, or The Government. The People is the Sovereign. All persons in authority are simply officers serving this Sovereign. Thus, the President is not the Ruler of America; he is her Chief Magistrate, and, far from ruling her, he obeys her. If, in our Fourth of July orations, or in any other education, we can make the people of America, and their servants, understand this, we shall take a great step in maintaining the real independence of America.

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## THE LAND SYSTEM OF THE WESTERN RESERVE.

*By Hosea Paul.*

THE history of the Western Reserve of Ohio, a district which embraces some thirteen counties in the northeastern part of that state, possesses a degree of interest beyond that ordinarily attaching to local annals, mainly on account of the circumstances of its origin and settlement, and of the class of people who were concerned in it. These were New England people, mostly from Connecticut, and the fact that in the early part of this century they came in such compact, homogeneous masses as to afford a most striking instance of wholesale migration, is one of deep significance. Though the Western Reserve was at the very outset of its settlement shorn of the visible rule of the parent state, it was very soon occupied by its transplanted children in such numbers that they were, as a matter of course, a potent factor in shaping the customs, social polity, and institutions, not only of the Reserve itself, but of the whole surrounding country.

It was a community founded by Puritan blood; its traditions were of the Mayflower and of the Charter Oak; and it is but natural that we should turn and trace the influence and survival of Puritan influences

and practices. It is the purpose of this article to speak mainly of land division and related subjects, and in this discussion relating to the Reserve it will be necessary briefly to recall the circumstances by which the territory came into being in form and name.

Under various royal charters, particularly that granted by King Charles II. in 1662, the colony of Connecticut set up a claim to a large extent of territory in the then western wilds. Connecticut was not the only colony favored in this way; in fact this great continent was parcelled out without much system or method. It was distant and unexplored, and it is plain that without great pains mistakes were inevitable. No adequate pains were taken to prevent such errors, and as a consequence there was a constant dispute between the colonies as to the extent of their boundaries, which were generally vaguely, loosely, ignorantly, and carelessly described in their charters. Often the same territory would be granted over and over again. For a long time, however, these extra-territorial rights were held in abeyance. French rule and Spanish dominion asserted them-

selves over the western wilderness, and no beginning was made in settlement or civilization, save that incident to the missionary work among the savages undertaken by the Jesuits. Nor was the English rule much better in this respect, when after bloody war its supremacy was extended. The colonists were to be made the subjects of restraint, and among other ways of hampering their action, they were by royal proclamation forbidden to settle in the interior. But doubtless the restriction did not seem of great consequence. The coast was not yet fully peopled, and the years were fruitful of other events that occupied men's thoughts.

Almost immediately, however, there were mutterings of the coming storm, and in a few years separation and independence from England became, through the fortunes of war, an accomplished fact. By this time, notwithstanding the ravages of war, the colonies had grown. The power of England was broken, and with returning peace the extent and value of the West and its possibilities as a home for millions began to dawn upon the people. There was room for mighty states in the wilderness, and the question continually arose, to whom does this great prize belong? It is not surprising that at this time the old time-worn and musty charters were brought out as conclusive title deeds to vast areas; and it is no wonder that when such charters came into conflict with others equally ancient, vague, and ambiguous, there should be no end of clashing and contention. In this way Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia each asserted claims to the soil of Ohio. But to none of them did the claim involve so much as it did to Connecticut. Confined within narrow limits, its people had long outgrown them, and for generations they had awaited an opportunity for expansion. They had conned their ancient parchments, until they became to them their most familiar and dearest possession. Certainly no other state urged its claims with more tireless pertinacity, and when the long period of wrangling was finally put an end to by mutual concession and adjustment, it was by the terms of the settlement granted this territory in northeastern Ohio, which is bounded on the north by Lake Erie, and on the south by the forty-first parallel of latitude, extending west from the

Pennsylvania line one hundred and twenty miles. Thus the Western Reserve was to Connecticut the last remnant of a territory of imperial extent, to possess which had been the dream of past generations, and which it had sought through troubled years to change from a barren claim into definite and actual possession. It was to a certain extent a humiliation to that state and its people that they were obliged to give up so much and be left with only a mere disjointed fragment, a mere shadow of a mighty substance. But though the proportions of the Reserve were insignificant compared with the mighty empire they had sought to establish, the public interest in the territory did not lessen. No sooner was the title assured than preparations were begun for its division and sale, and when they were completed the long pent-up tide of emigration poured thither as with a mighty flood. Even judged by later standards, with incomparably better facilities of transportation, the settlement of the Reserve was rapid almost beyond parallel. Not fairly begun before 1805, it was mainly finished in the next fifteen or twenty years, by which time there was a very considerable population in the townships, although towns and villages were few and of inconsiderable size.

These settlers belonged to a race not unused to experiments in founding new states. The first of these was that consequent upon the removal from England to the original settlements on the Massachusetts coast, and the second was the founding of new towns, the outgrowth of the original ones, a process which began very soon after a new generation came into being, and of which the planting of Connecticut affords, perhaps, the best example. The founding of the Reserve was the third and last great removal of the Puritan stock. Thereafter the streams of emigration were scattered and fitful, such as were born of individual and neighborhood aspirations, and lacked the impelling force of implanted sentiment. More than this, the constitution of society in New England and even on the Reserve itself was undergoing a rapid change, and Puritanism as a distinct type was passing away. It is a striking circumstance that a type so strong, so decided and vigorous, should not survive for many generations, and lend a strong tinge of provincialism to

a remote posterity. That it did not do so can only be explained by noting that, with whatever intolerance and bigotry, the Puritan people were not only earnest and industrious, but intelligent and progressive. They were a people who could not remain at a standstill, and thus with the possibilities of emigration and of contact with and of admixture with other elements, they became cosmopolitan.

The land system of these descendants of the Puritans differed widely from that of their fathers. The school of experience had taught them something. They were not averse to new methods, and the result was that, on the whole, a distinct progress was made. The changes were significant that the old order had passed away. The village community, the union of church and state, the rule of the proprietors and the town meeting, institutions which seemed the very essence of Puritanic organization, were summarily cast aside, and the same elements in the new state were recast into new forms.

Heretofore in the Puritan economy individual ownership in the modern sense was unknown. The original ownership of the soil was usually acquired by an organized body of settlers, who by purchase or conquest from the Indians, by grant from the state or sovereign, or by the act of occupation, or by several of these circumstances taken together, became its owners. These pioneers did not isolate themselves upon scattered farms, after the manner of the western homesteader of to-day. The founding of towns was not an afterthought, nor were these brought into being for the convenience of traders and artisans, but the town was the initial fact. The village came before the farm. The people settled gregariously.

Around the meeting-house as the common centre of all men's thoughts, social and political, as well as religious, they laid off their home-lots of two and three acres, an amount sufficient for house, garden, and grounds. This done, they hewed their way outwardly into the surrounding forest until they had wrested from it a rim of cultivated fields. Of these, each family had a portion set aside for its use. At Plymouth such fields were first assigned by yearly lot, but the people soon clamored "for land in continuance." How much land each family might have

was a matter rarely determined exactly. In some places the land was obtained and settled at considerable cost, and those paying more than others were allowed a proportionately larger share. For a time, there was land enough for all. The main object was to get the land cleared and cultivated, and it was not difficult for any one, even a newcomer (if, of course, of the proper religious faith), to have set off to him as much land as he could satisfy the rest of the town he had the means and disposition to make good use of. There was no price set upon the land. Even the poor were not refused because of their misfortune. In Boston, in 1635, the "alloters" were authorized to grant land to the "poorer sort of inhabitants, such as are members (*i.e.* church members) or are likely to be, and have no cattle."<sup>1</sup>

But a distinction more or less definite was always kept up between the newcomers and the original proprietors. The interest of the former consisted of a definite grant; that of the latter might in time be found to be made up of scattered parcels of varying size and value, such as had been set off to him at different distributions, and a further interest in the common land yet undivided. In time this came to consist almost entirely of waste land, rocky hillsides, or marshes. There are instances where such tracts are owned in this way even at the present day, but only, as Sir Henry Maine remarks, in those remote localities where human life lies stranded.

In these New England communities we see a reproduction or a revival of still older times. It was the Aryan village and the ancient German "mark" over again, with their home-lot, the arable fields, and the common pasture ground. Historians and economists have puzzled themselves over the reappearance of this ancient type, and among the reasons assigned are that they arose partly from the necessity of living compactly together for mutual succor in case of Indian attack, and the severity of the winters, which made the solitary settler lonely and at times helpless; but the real reason seems to be that the Puritans, prior to their removal hither, deemed themselves a wronged and suffering people, and whatever may have been the ex-

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted records, Report Record Com., 1877.

tent of their persecutions, they had the effect to knit them together into a coherent brotherhood. Emigration being resolved upon, that such a people should try the communal experiment was only an illustration of a common tendency among religious enthusiasts in every age and country. They came to America not, as has been claimed, for religious freedom, but for isolation. They wanted to build a state according to their own notions, and no one was welcome among them who did not share their belief; and their whole land system was organized upon a basis of distrust towards those who differed in religious belief. The sale of lands to such persons was almost everywhere expressly forbidden, and indeed the liberty of transfer to any one was a subject of regulation. At infinite pains they had sought a distant land, where it was hoped they might remain unmolested by people of different creeds than their own; hence they did not take kindly to the intrusion of such people among them, and their early records abound with instances of the passage of penal laws that were passed to keep them away. But in time the old prejudices and jealousies grew less strong, and after the Revolution many of these old forms and customs that still lingered were regarded by all progressive people as an irksome restraint upon individual action, and when it became their privilege to outline the policy of a new commonwealth, there were no serious attempts to retain them. The individual began to assert himself, and was no longer willing to have his opportunities for land-ownership and speculation hampered by others. He had in this respect become tired of the rule of his fellows, and longed for that unrestrained freedom which he claimed as a natural right. The assertion of such claims sprang perhaps as much from a desire for land-speculation as from any abstract notions regarding liberty or from any aristocratic ideas regarding the founding of manorial estates. In fact land-ownership in this form was almost wholly absent from the Reserve. There was at no time a disposition to hold land merely for the sake of possible social consequence. The land was freely offered to whoever had the money to buy, and it was almost immediately divided up into small farms. During the period of the growth of the dairy interests, 1840-1870,

the size of the farms rapidly increased, and the rural population fell off inversely. The largest farms of the Reserve are those of Everett Farnum in Richfield, which at the time of his death, in 1884, consisted of about twenty-eight hundred acres. The Perkins family has always owned large areas. Previous to about 1860, Simon Perkins owned a large part of the township adjoining Akron, and his brother, Henry B. Perkins, still owns several thousand acres near Warren. Leonard Case at his death, in 1880, owned over two thousand acres in a single body adjoining the city of Cleveland. But such large holdings are and have always been exceptional.

Unlike many other states, notably Virginia, Connecticut did not use her western lands as a fund to pay off her revolutionary soldiers, nor were any special privileges granted such persons in the matter of pre-emption or payment for such lands. The nearest approach to such a policy was the donation of about one-sixth part, or some five hundred thousand acres, now mainly embraced in the counties of Huron and Erie, to those inhabitants of certain towns upon the coast, Norwich, New London, and other towns which had during the Revolution suffered loss from the descent of the British troops upon errands of pillage and destruction. Many families were thus left homeless and destitute, and it was but natural that these unfortunate people should turn to the state and ask for relief. But legislative action was slow; not until nearly ten years had elapsed after the close of the war was the extent of the losses officially ascertained, or any provision made for recompense. As to payment in money, that was declared to be out of the question, and in lieu of it this large tract of land, which has since been known as the "Firelands" or "Sufferers' Lands," was granted to them. But the territory, though of great extent, and plainly to become of great value in time, was then a remote wilderness, to reach which involved a journey slow, difficult, and even dangerous. There were Indian tribes in possession to be bought off or driven away. There were the inevitable delays of organization and of surveying; so that not until 1809 could the territory be considered as fairly opened for settlement. After this, the War of 1812 operated as a further prevention of settle-

ment, so that for one reason or another more than thirty years elapsed between the date when the losses were first sustained and the time when the sufferers could safely occupy the land set apart for them. As a means of present relief to a despoiled and suffering people, the tardy relief thus afforded was little better than a mockery. Many of the original sufferers were dead, others were too old to remove to a distant wilderness, and not a few with hearts sickened with hope deferred had sold their claims for a pittance, so that in fact but few of them ever claimed their land in person. Their "rights" had fallen to another generation, or had been acquired by speculation.<sup>1</sup>

In 1786, six years before the donation of the Firelands, the question of disposing of the Reserve came up in the Connecticut legislature, and a committee was appointed to negotiate its sale for not less than fifty cents per acre. The proposed plan was to divide it into townships, five miles square, and in each township five hundred acres were to be reserved for the support of the gospel ministry; a like amount was reserved for the support of schools. The first minister settling in a township was to be entitled to two hundred and fifty acres. The old idea, it is plain, still lingered; but nothing ever came of this plan, and in the actual disposition of the territory the claims of both church and school were ignored entirely. Excepting an inconsiderable part (the so-called Salt Springs tract near Youngstown), the remainder of the Reserve after the Firelands were cut off was sold in 1795 to a company of forty-eight persons, who afterwards organized themselves and others into the Connecticut Land Company. The state regarded this territory simply as a part of its assets, which it might and indeed ought to turn into cash in the most expedient manner, and the legislature readily acceded to the proposition made by these private speculators to undertake the risks and assume the burdens of its management. It was a business transaction, singularly devoid of sentiment and altogether free from the bias of ancient custom. It was land speculation pure and simple, and though the money realized was used to endow the common schools of Connecticut with a

princely fund, thereby relieving the citizens of that state from a considerable burden of local taxation, it was in a certain sense done at the expense of the settlers in the new and distant territory, and their rights and interests in the matter seem to have not been considered. There was no pretense of reserving any part of the proceeds for their benefit, no provision for the support of preaching or for secular instruction; there were no regulations to prevent the influx of Quakers, Baptists, Infidels, Papists, or any other sort of people deemed wicked or undesirable; there was no recognition of settlers or of other homestead rights; no favor shown to the revolutionary veteran; no welcome to the poor. Whoever might seek to occupy the land must pay such tribute as its new owners might choose to exact, and in the matter of religion and education shift for themselves and form such new policies as seemed best and most practicable under their new surroundings.<sup>1</sup>

Besides these obvious embarrassments, the new settler was for a short time exposed to a further one, that of whether his allegiance was due to the state of Connecticut itself or to the Land Company, which might assert a sort of proprietary system, or whether to a new government such as was finally evolved by themselves and the neighbors with whom their lot was cast. It does not seem that these matters, though involving such a radical recoil from old ideas, did anything to prevent the rapid settlement of the territory. The times were ripe for a change.

The price paid by the persons referred to was \$1,200,000, being at the rate of forty cents an acre for three million acres. It does not appear that any part of this sum was paid in cash at the time, but the state was secured by mortgage, and in this way, by foreclosure or compromise, sometimes acquired title, and held for a time scattered parcels in different parts of the Reserve. There are evidences that the company was an aristocratic and exclusive organization. Its promoters were as a rule men of wealth and position, and it is but natural to suppose that they used such advantages and influence to their utmost in order to obtain such an extraordinary

<sup>1</sup> Williams' *History of Huron and Erie Counties* (general chapters by H. Paul).

<sup>1</sup> By special grant of Congress, lands were afterwards set apart for the purpose of a special school fund for the Western Reserve.

grant, where the certainty of great profit was so absolute and the risk so little. The small number of shares — only four hundred — at three thousand dollars each would in itself tend to shut out small investments. It was plain that the small investor was not sought after. It was an association of individuals similar to what is now termed a syndicate, and they were in no hurry to dispose of their interests in advance of development ; hence there were no fictitious values put upon the property and the expenditure of watering the stock was not resorted to. The number and value of the shares actually represented the price paid for the property. There was no issue of bonds and no "booming" of the company's stock, no attempt to sell out at a big price. In short, the shares never became the football of speculation. As a matter of fact a large portion of the shares were owned by a comparatively small number of persons. Oliver Phelps was the largest shareholder, his interest amounting to \$168,000, besides an additional \$80,000 owned jointly with Gideon Granger, who also owned a very large share. Phelps thus became the owner of over one-sixth part of the Reserve, or an area equal to two or three ordinary counties, a kingly domain surely, and for value and extent rarely equalled in American annals. Nor was this his first venture as a land speculator. Six years previously, in 1789, he had been one of the purchasers from the state of Massachusetts of the so-called Phelps and Gorham tract in western New York.

The Land Company was a corporation with but little coherence. Its membership apparently abhorred restraint. They did not propose to put their possessions into the hands of an irregular assembly like a town meeting, or leave their interests to be cared for by any "committee." It was very soon evident that each owner wanted something that he could control and call his own. It was not because they distrusted each other personally, but each thought he could act best unhampered. Thus the association was only of a temporary nature, a means to an end. It does not seem to have ever been seriously proposed that the company as such should sell the lands and distribute the proceeds among the owners, and the most that was in fact undertaken was to look after the general interests in regard to state and congres-

sional action and to Indian treaties, and to undertake and carry out a plan of division by which each owner might have set off to him his land in severalty. To do this certain surveys were necessary, which with the other necessary expenses of organization involved some slight assessments or the sale of some of the land. Six townships were set apart to be sold for such expenses. The survey of the townships was begun in 1795, and that portion east of the Cuyahoga River was mostly completed by the close of the following year. The plan of laying out the towns was evidently copied from that which but a short time before had been adopted in western New York. The townships were laid out five miles square. Taking the south line of the Reserve, the forty-first parallel, as a base for numbering the towns, and the west line of Pennsylvania as a starting point for numbering the ranges, each township was numbered according to both town and range, and thus its location could be shown without giving its name. This custom had already been adopted by the general government. On the completion of the survey, the townships were carefully graded as to their relative values. Four of them, deemed the most valuable, were set apart and divided into one hundred lots, making four hundred lots in all, being a number corresponding to each full share of the original stock. Some of the townships were deemed of less value than the general average, and it was decided that whosoever should receive such townships in the partition should be entitled to have the deficiency in value made up by a grant of land elsewhere. This process was called equalizing, and several townships were set aside for this purpose. The unit of division seems to have been the township, and where the shares were not large enough to entitle them to such an amount of land, several of them were combined together in such a number that taken together they would be entitled to a whole township. When this combining of small interests and the process of averaging up values had been attended to, the actual division or distribution was made by lot or drawing. This being done, the mission of the Land Company was practically at an end, though a few unsettled matters caused an organization to be kept up for many years.

The method of partition, which has been briefly described, was evidently carefully studied and showed much ingenuity; it certainly consumed a deal of valuable time, and though doubtless free from the suspicion of partiality, which was the one thing aimed at, it was an instance of misdirected energy and talent. It was a long, tedious, and fussy process, that could have been altogether avoided if they had caused the land to have been surveyed into smaller parcels, for instance, into sections and quarter sections. Such a more extensive survey would have also given them a better idea and knowledge of the country. As it was, much of the estimating done by the equalizing committees was but little better than guess-work. Their own examinations were necessarily slight and hurried, and the principal reliance was upon the reports of the surveyors who ran the township lines. But the surveyors' opportunity for general observations was limited and incidental to other duties. They must of necessity traverse their lines rapidly, and being five miles apart, there were large spaces between that they knew but little about, and in attempting to report upon it were likely to make mistakes. Hudson township, for instance, had a rim or fringe of swamp or low land along its boundary lines, and was for this reason reported to be of less than average value, while in fact the body of the township was dry and elevated, a favorable condition of which the equalizers were ignorant.

The subdivision of the townships, apart from what was necessary for the purpose of equalization, and when the temporary control of the Land Company was transferred to individuals, was done by such owners in their own way. If there were several owners or "proprietors" of a township, each had his land set off in such form and size as his interests warranted. Such divisions, like those parcels set off for equalizing, were generally called "tracts," and might be in the form of long strips or in squares. These tracts were generally the unit of individual ownership where they existed at all. The further smaller divisions by such original owners for the purpose of sale were usually known as "lots," the custom being where a town had a single owner to divide it directly into such lots; if there were several, each owning tracts, there would be a separate

subdivision of such tracts. The tracts were of course of such areas as represented particular interests; the division into lots was for the purpose of sale.

Very often tracts were withheld from sale for a long period; others were sold from time to time in parcels of such varying size as might seem to suit a particular occasion, without having a regular subdivision. Tract One in Portage township, near Akron, containing nearly a thousand acres, was not divided until about 1862, when it was surveyed into some nineteen lots of various areas, such as were determined upon by a committee of partition acting under an order of court to assign each heir an equal interest. This practice of resorting to the courts to lay off lands was a very common one, not so much by reason of any contention as because no other way was suggested. In practice, however, the attempt to assign definite and proportionate interests in lands to a number of heirs or other owners in common is apt to prove unsatisfactory. The value of land depends on so many considerations, and is so peculiarly subject to variations from unforeseen conditions that it is no easy task to form definite conclusions. It is always difficult to predict what is yet to come, and the most skilled judgment is easily mistaken in the forecasts of future values which such operations necessarily take into account. But a still more serious difficulty caused by such partitions is that for merely accidental and temporary conditions the outline of land ownership is permanently set awry.

So far as regularity and system were concerned, the plan ceased with the township. Its division into tracts and lots was a matter of caprice and individual opinion. Each owner was a law unto himself, and what coincidence or repetition occurred was due mainly to the surveyors employed, who were mainly mere measurers instead of designers. It is a matter of deep regret that the Land Company did not make a complete subdivision of the territory, and place the work in the hands of competent professional surveyors, thus insuring not only uniformity and regularity, but the important matter of acquiring a better knowledge of the territory, and rendering a resort to the equalizing process unnecessary and even absurd. The in-

dividual proprietors were often indifferent or niggardly, and the manner of division and the character of the surveying work suffered accordingly. The proper field notes were seldom kept, nor sufficient maps prepared, and the preservation of such as existed was rarely attended to longer than the four years necessary for the proprietor to dispose of his interests. After this, they were suffered to be worn out, lost, or destroyed. At best they were merely private memoranda, requiring explanation and verification to be of value as legal evidence, kept at points not always easily accessible,

and many who could have used them to advantage were not aware of their nature or importance, and sometimes were ignorant of the fact that they existed at all.

The division of the Firelands, however, did not stop at the township, but comprehended the lots as well, so that for the purpose of sale and settlement nothing further was required. It was all done under the direction of one surveyor, Almon Ruggles, and very complete maps and field notes were made up and are still preserved in the public records, which have proved to be of great convenience.

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## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN IN AMERICA.

*By Sylvia Clark.<sup>1</sup>*

A WRITER of the 13th century defines the proper education of woman as "knowing how to pray to God, to love man, to knit and to sew." This extreme view became modified in the course of centuries; but not until recently had it entered into the wildest dreams of aspiring educator or ardent reformer that a woman's intellect needed to receive, or was capable of receiving, the same training as that of man. Formerly, when a young man was fitted for college, his girl classmate, though perhaps his superior in scholarship, was forced to step aside and to relinquish the laurels to his brow. Her education was ended where his only began. It is true that in many instances there have been notable exceptions to this rule, and some few young women received the benefits of a higher mental training, but this in no organized school, among others of their own sex.

It is something of which we who are children of Derry may well be proud, that in this historic town the first endowed seminary for the higher education of women was established, within the recol-

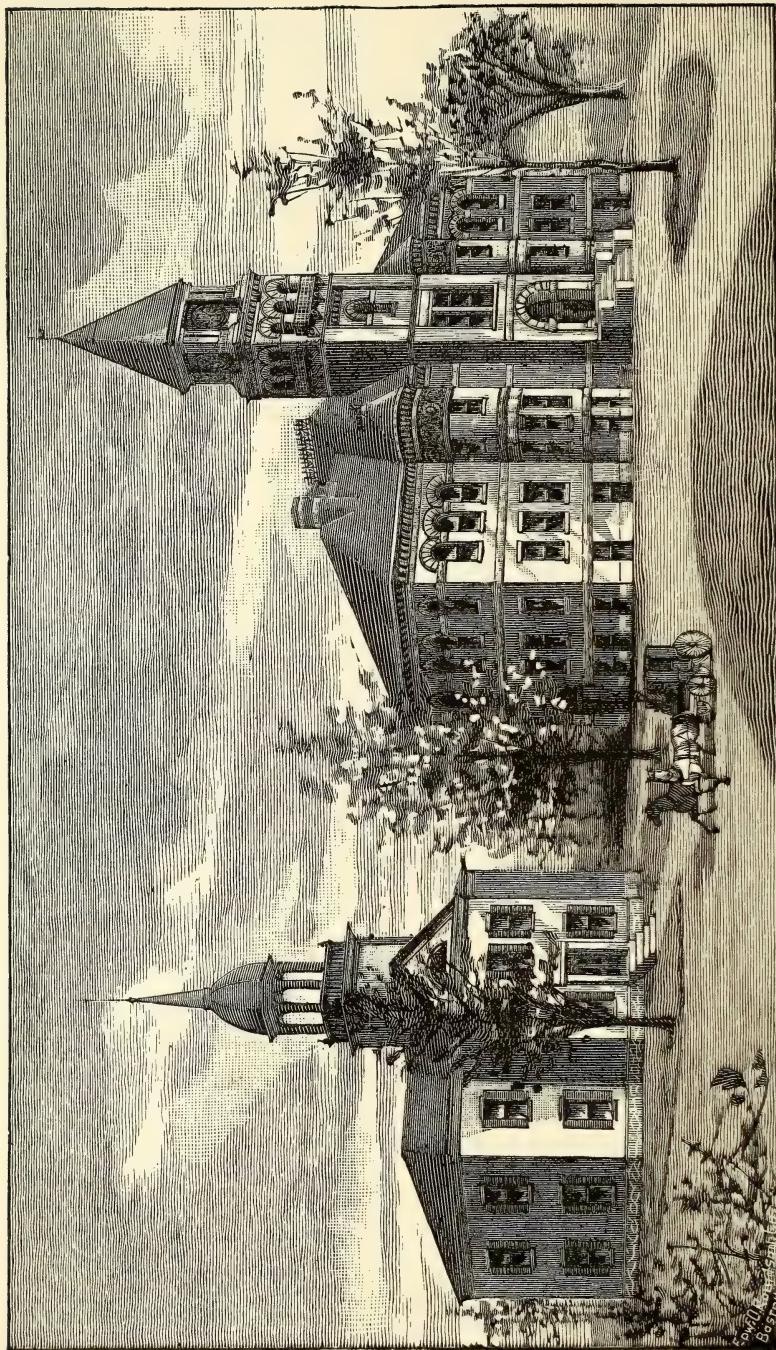
lection of some now living. In 1822 Mr. Jacob Adams founded Adams Female Seminary, which was erected on the common of the First Church, in what is now East Derry, then Londonderry. Here came Miss Grant, who brought Christian enthusiasm and zeal for her work. An extract from her first circular will show the very moderate requirements for admission and some branches of study: —

"For admission into the junior class it is expected that the young ladies will be familiarly acquainted with the fundamental rules of arithmetic, particularly with the arithmetical tablets; that they may be able to write legibly; that they have a good general acquaintance with modern geography; and a sufficient knowledge of English grammar to parse easy sentences. The principal studies of the senior class will be composition, history, natural philosophy, chemistry, and astronomy."

The languages were not required, and the curriculum, broad for those days, seems meagre compared with ours.

The first diploma ever granted to a woman for a finished course was given in

<sup>1</sup> Miss Clark was the winner of the first prize in the recent competition for the *Boston Herald* prizes for ability in English composition. The present essay was read by her, as valedictorian of her class, at her graduation, at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire, the present summer. It is published here as an interesting expression of the view of an earnest New England girl of the higher education at which she aims.



PINKERTON ACADEMY, DERRY, N.H.

Adams Academy in 1824. Miss Grant had for an assistant Miss Mary Lyon, who devoted herself to the work, and who, while in Derry, conceived the project of establishing a school for still higher advancement in female education. But the lofty motives and strict principles of these ladies were not appreciated by the authorities of church and school, and finding that they could not carry out their own ideas, they withdrew, and sought another field for their work, and Miss Lyon's scheme was developed elsewhere. From Mount Holyoke, Mr. Durant, one of the trustees, took his ideas for Wellesley College, which he founded in 1875.

To Matthew Vassar belong honor and praise for founding the first college for women in America. Possessed of ample resources and filled with a noble desire to benefit those around him, he conceived and perfected the plan of a college in which young women might receive equal advantages with their brothers. This noble work was the result of many years of thought; it is said that the idea of accomplishing it during his life occurred to him while looking at a tablet before a hospital in London, inscribed, "Thomas Gay, sole founder of this Hospital, *in his lifetime, A.D. 1720.*" These motives, so long cherished and finally embodied in the splendid monument to the founder, are best expressed in the speech delivered by him before the Board of Trustees of the new college; —

"It occurred to me that woman, having received from the Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. I considered that the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother is that of the female teacher, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting. It also seemed to me that, if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her. It further appeared, there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women. It is also in evidence that, for

the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States, and the great felt, pressing want has been ample endowments, to secure to female seminaries the elevated character, the stability, and permanency of our best colleges. And now, gentlemen, influenced by these and similar considerations, after devoting my best powers to a study of the subject for a number of years past, after duly weighing the objections against it, and the arguments that preponderate in its favor, and the project having received the warmest commendations from many prominent literary men and practical educators, as well as the universal approval of the public press, I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a College for the Education of Young Women is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and state, to our country and the world. It is my hope to be the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of founding and perpetuating an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men."

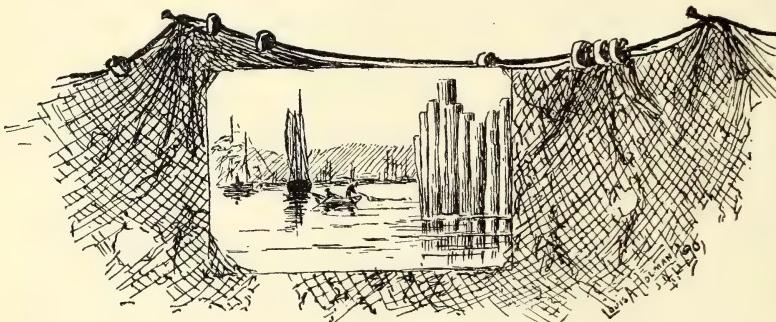
During the next four years the work went on under the watchful care of the founder, and in 1865 the magnificent structure was finished and ready for its noble uses. Three more years crowned with success rolled by, and Mr. Vassar was permitted to witness the result of his benevolent plans; but in June, 1868, when reading his usual address before the Board of Trustees, his head suddenly dropped upon his breast and his spirit passed away.

Other men of ample means and noble hearts, inspired by this example, have erected colleges for women, and to-day all over the land they are so numerous as to excite no comment. Many men's colleges and universities have opened their doors and ask us to come in and share the advantages offered; and even conservative Harvard, though not admitting us by the front door, has provided a side entrance by which we may go in and receive the same advantages. I may perhaps be pardoned if I cite here the remark recently made by a Harvard professor. In speaking of his duties as instructor in Greek in the Annex, he said, "I am obliged to be far more painstaking in preparing to teach

a class of young ladies than a similar class of young gentlemen, for they are so accurate, and ask so many questions, that it keeps me on the alert all the time."

It is needless to enumerate the many well-known colleges devoted to woman's education in this country. Smith, Wellesley, Oberlin, Boston University, Bryn Mawr, and others, are all doing their part in advancing the great cause of education. Truly the opportunity is not wanting, and it only remains for us to avail ourselves of it. So many fields of labor lie before us that it is only a perplexity to know which to choose. Special courses in music, art, and science, as well as in ancient and modern languages, are offered in every college, while many young women have entered the professions of law and medicine with most creditable results.

Intellectual development is not all that we should seek, but the training of the heart to right Christian action. We as a class feel that a good foundation has been laid in this school, by those who have constantly sought to implant right principles in our minds and to lead us toward that better life, with the Great Teacher as our guide. We are grateful to the founder of this institution, and to the generous donor of the beautiful building in which we have been permitted to spend the last three years of our course. We go out feeling that our years here have been pleasant ones, and that many lessons destined to follow us through life have here been learned. We go out filled with new hopes, and longing to be of some help to the world in its progress.



## BEYOND THE SURF.

*By A. T. Shuman.*

BEYOND this ceaseless striving there is rest !  
 The smooth, broad billows swing and heave and sway,  
 And o'er them hosts of little ripples play,  
 Curled by the quick light breezes of the west.  
 A boat sails by in pleasure's idle quest,  
 Swift pressing from her prow the crisp white spray,  
 Her slender trailing wake a level way  
 Of bubbled foam a-dance in gleeful zest.  
 At the horizon's edge, where distance blends  
 The soft low dimnesses of sea and sky,  
 Monhegan lifts his dusky, sombre pile.—  
 Silence — save when the warning fog-horn sends  
 Across the waters its far mournful cry,  
 Whose tone forbids the listening face to smile.

## AN OLD DEERFIELD LETTER.

[EVERY one is familiar with the account of the dreadful night attack made on the settlement of Deerfield by the Indians, February 29, 1703. The extraordinary trials of the pastor, Rev. John Williams, and his family, form one of the most thrilling episodes of the Colonial period. But few realize what a constant border warfare was carried on between the settlers of that part of Massachusetts and the nominally Christian Indians of Canada. Scarce a year passed until 1730 but some skirmish occurred or some retaliatory expedition was undertaken. As throwing light on that phase of our early history, and vividly typifying the arduous life of the settlers of New England, the following graphic letter will be found of interest and value. It is curious to read in this plain unvarnished tale of deacons and devout church-members deliberately setting out to hunt Indians and shoot "squas and paposses," as on a battle to slaughter game. It is not without a certain qualm that we see these civilized colonists scalping their victims and slaying a man after he had come to shore at their invitation. But there was doubtless strong provocation on both sides, of which we who peacefully enjoy the fruits of those heroic endurance, those hardships and perils, are scarcely fitted to judge impartially. Lieutenant Childs was attacked by an ambuscade of savages on his own farm in 1724, years after the events he dictates to Mr. Grant in this letter, and both he and a farm hand with him were desperately wounded. Captain Baker was at the Deerfield massacre and probably retained no amicable sentiments towards the noble red man of the forest.

Mr. Grant's letter leads us to infer that it was written at the request of Mr. Williams,—a fact which suggests that the latter may have entertained a plan to write a history of the Indian warfare in central New England, and was gathering data for such a work, which, however, he did not live to complete. His well-known story of his captivity, "Return of the Redeemed Captive to Zion," is a simple but highly pathetic narrative. During all these years this letter of Mr. Grant has lain hidden. Now, at last, a waif of the fast-fleeting past, it has once more come to light, a dingy, yellow sheet, written in a fairly good hand by a man of some education. It is worth noticing that the word *lieutenant*, about whose correct English pronunciation there is yet an unsettled controversy, was evidently pronounced *levtenant* or *leftenant*, as if with a soft *v*, in the last century, if we may judge from the way it is spelled by the writer of this letter.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.]

Rever<sup>d</sup> Sir/ After Due Regards, These may Inform you what Liue<sup>t</sup> Childs and Mr. Hoit related to me, concerning the travails of Cap<sup>t</sup> Write & his Company towards Canada, & w<sup>t</sup> happened to them about that Time, is as follows —

Capt. Write & a small Company of men designing for Canada to Destroy ye Enemy. In ye Beginning of Apr<sup>ll</sup> 1710. We then sot out from Deefield in Number containing 16. And travailed up Connecticut River, which is usually called 120 miles. There we Discovered two Bark Canoas, by reason of that our Cap<sup>t</sup> was pleased to Leave 6 of his men, to Ly in wait at ye Cano's, supposing some Indians would come there. And then the Cap<sup>t</sup> with ye Lue<sup>t</sup> & ye rest of ye men sot forward up ye White River, taking ye Norwest Branch, and following it up to the Head. Then we steared to French river, and travailing down ye River till we came to the 3<sup>d</sup> Falls, & y<sup>r</sup> we built two Canoas, & then sot out for the Lake, & when we came there the wind was so high y<sup>r</sup> we was forced to Lye by a Day or two; After that one Evening we espied a fire ye opposite side, Supposing it to be Indians, we then forthwith Imbark, & steared our course towards the fire. And

while we was upon ye water, theré arose a terrible storm of Thunder & Lightning which put out the fire, yt we before espied, & thro' God's goodness we all got Safe to Land, & Drawing up our Canoas upon ye Land, turned them up for shelter, till next morning, & then we making search for the fire, that we afore espied, & found that it had only been ye woods on fire. After that we sot out for Canada in our Canoas, on the west side of the Lake, till two hours by sun, at night, and then the wind arose again, which forced us to Lye by, till next day in ye afternoon, & then we sot out for Shamblee, & coming to a point of Land near Fortlemoto, we espied 2 canoas of Indians, in number 8, coming towards us, then we passed to Land, and running up the Bank, by this time those Indians Canoas was got against us, & then we gave them a Salutation out of the mussel of our guns and turned one over-board, & we still continued firing, caused ym to Paddle away with all Speed, and left that fellow swimming about, & when they had got out of ye reach of our guns, both Canoas got together, and all got into one, & left ye other with considerable plunder in it, & when they were moved off, we maned out

one of our canoas, & fetched in theirs. And he that was swimming about we called to shore to us, And Lieu<sup>t</sup> childs killed him, and some of ye men scalped him, And by Information that we had afterwards by the captives yt were then in Canada three more were killed at the same Time. And after that skirmish, we made the best of our way homeward, and came to the French River after Dark, and so proceeded all that night up ye french River, till we came to the Falls, and there we left our Canoas and took our Packs upon our Backs and travailed homewards up ye River and coming to a crook that was in the river, we Left ye river & took ye nearest Cutt across yt Elbow, & so came to ye river again, which was about nine of ye clock that morning, & there we espied a canoa coming down ye river, with four Indians in it, and a captive-man, which was taken at Exeter, named Will<sup>m</sup> Moody, we then immediately fired on them, & killed 2 the first shoot, & wounded ye 3<sup>d</sup> and the 4<sup>th</sup> jumped out, & swam to ye contrary Shore. Then our Cap<sup>t</sup> ordered some of his men to tarry there, & fire at him when he got to shore, & they did so—and afterwards we was Informed yt he was so wounded that in a few Days after he got to Canada died. Now the rest of the men followed ye Canoa as it fell down Stream and the Cap<sup>t</sup> called to the Captive to paddle ye canoa to Land, but he replied he could not because the wounded Indian would not Let him, with that the Cap<sup>t</sup> hollowed to him and bid him Knock him in ye head, with that he took up a hatchet to Do it, but ye Indian rising up took hold of ye hatchet, & got it away from him, and then catched up the Paddle, & Laid it on his head, & the skuffing together turned over the Canoa, and parted in the water, & the Indian swam to the contrary Shore. As he got out of the water we pined him to the Bank with seven Bullets. The captive also swimming towards us but being very weak, fell Down a great pace, and cried out he should Drown before he could get to Shore. With that Lieu<sup>t</sup> Wells flung down his gun upon ye Bank, & run, & catch up a Pool, & hold out to him, & he catch'd hold of it, & the Lieu<sup>t</sup> drew him to Land. And John Strong being upon the Bank, heard ye sticks crack behind him, & Looked around, & cried out, Indians, & was immediately fired upon by them, & was wounded in the face &

breast with a charge of Cutt. Shoot, but not mortal. With that Lieu<sup>t</sup> Wells sprung up the Bank to get his gun, & was mortally shoot. Now the men being scattered along upon the Bank, but ye Cap<sup>t</sup> being with ye captive yt came to ye shore Immediately examined him, how many Indians there was ; he made Answer 19, being in 5 Canoas, 2 being Down Stream from that which we shoot upon, And 2 above, having been at Exeter took a captive (man) which they then had with them. And those 2 canoas yt was passed by was ye Indians yt made ye first Shoot upon us. And we also received several shoots from those yt were above us, which Landed on ye other side of the River. Now we being under no advantage to defend our Selves, we every one made ye best of our way and shirked for our Selves, & in a Short Time, Cap<sup>t</sup> Write and 5 of his men got together, Three more yet missing, the next Day came 2 more to us, where we hid some of our Provision, & there waiting some hours for the other man. But he came not while we tarried there, whereas Cap<sup>t</sup> Write thinking best to have a suitable quantity of Provision and other necessaries in case he ever came it might be of service to him in his Journey homeward, It being one John Burt of Northampton. Then we sotning forward on our Journey homeward, and came to our Canoas that we Left on White River, then we got into them, & came down ye river to ye mouth of it, where we left 6 men formally mentioned in our History. And finding them gone, then we sot forward homeward, & after we had got home, Those six men formally mentioned, Informed us w<sup>t</sup> they had Litt of 6 Days after we Left them. Those 6 men espied a Canoa of 2 Indians, coming Down the river, & called to them not knowing but yt they were Scattercooks, but they refused to come to them, & paddled to the contrary shore. Then they fired wounding one, but they geting to the shore Left ye Canoa, & plunder. After that ye men made ye best of their way home. And some Time after they were got home was Informed, yt they were Scattercooks. Now returning to our former story, having an Account of two of those captives yt were with ye Indians that we Litt of on French river, we now returned home, & gave us an Account, yt we then killed 4 Indians, & Moody that we had taken from them we

Lost again, we being then in such a fright, everyone took to his heals, But Moody being so weak & feble was not able to follow, now after this the Indians all gathered together on the other shore, & Moody seeing them hollowed to them to fetch him over & one came, & after they had got him over they Burnt him on the spot. We was Informed also yt w<sup>n</sup> the Indians got to Canada they Burnt one more of those captives, Andrew Gilman, by name. Now to say a little more concerning Burt, what became of him, having some Transient Stories, y<sup>t</sup> a man's bones, and a Gun was found, by some Indians, above ye great Falls upon Connect<sup>t</sup> River, about 60 miles above Deerfield, which some think was J. Burt. The number of days we was taking this march was 32. And the men's names are as follows.

Cap<sup>t</sup> Benj<sup>m</sup> Write of North<sup>ton</sup>  
 Livet John Wells killed, of Deer<sup>d</sup>  
 Henry Write, of Spring<sup>d</sup>  
 Timo<sup>th</sup> Childs of Deer<sup>d</sup>  
 John Post, of Deer<sup>d</sup>  
 John Strong wounded, of North<sup>ton</sup>  
 Jabez Aftend, Deer<sup>d</sup>  
 John Burt, Left. North<sup>ton</sup>  
 Joslh Ephraim } Indians of Natick  
 Thomas Pagan }  
 the other six men that sot out w<sup>th</sup> us y<sup>t</sup>  
 were Left at ye mouth of White River, are  
 as follows,

Eben<sup>r</sup> Severance of Deer<sup>d</sup>  
 Matt<sup>w</sup> Clesson of North<sup>ton</sup>  
 Thom<sup>s</sup> McCranne of Spring<sup>d</sup>  
 Josp. Wait of Hatt<sup>d</sup>  
 John Root of Hatfield

The other we cannot at report call by name.

Another story related to me by Live<sup>t</sup> Childs concerning Cap<sup>t</sup> Baker & his Comp'y and what happened to them in their march, is as follows —

April, the Beginning, Cap<sup>t</sup> Baker, Live<sup>t</sup> Sam<sup>t</sup> Williams, Live<sup>t</sup> Martin Kellogg with 28 men set out from Deerfield, up Connect. River, Designing for Cowass — on purpose to Destroy a family or two of Indians, that they heard was there. But when arrived, found no signs of any enemy there. Then afterwards we took our journey for Merimeck, & coming upon it at ye head of the west branch, following of it Down one Day, & then finding two Indians Tracks, which went down the river, we continued our

Course, next Day, down ye river, after them, towards night finding the tracks of 4 more, & then encamp. The officers next morning thought it best to send forth a small Company of our men to see what they could Discover And in about two hours they returned again, & informed, by what they had Discovered that there was a party of Indians not far off. Then the officers took 3 of their souldiers to make further discovery, ordering the rest of the Company to Lye still & be very careful & make no rout, till they returned, and in about 3 hours, they returned, and Informed their Company that they had discovered some wigwams, Judging of them to be Indians with families. With that the whole Company moved in about half a mile of them, and then finding their wigwams to be on ye (bank) of the river, and a swamp Lying upon the back Side, And Judging it to be best to Divide ye Company into two parts, Liv<sup>t</sup> Williams & Liv<sup>t</sup> Kellogg taking one half, & Cap<sup>t</sup> Baker ye other, Agreeing also, y<sup>t</sup> one part should go round ye Swamp up Stream, and the other part Down stream. Soon after we parted the Company of Cap<sup>t</sup> Baker espied a straggling Indian coming directly towards them, with a hatchet stuck in his girdle, & a stick on his sholdier, which we Judged was going to peal Bark. Now we Knowing that we should be Discovered was obliged to fire him Down, & did so. Now many guns being Discharged at him, Alarmed ye other Indians, & caused the tother part of the men to come back again. After that word was given out to run to the wigwams. After running a Little way, Litting of some Indian Dogs, which we following Lead us to the wigwams upon the river Bank, & there finding 12 Indians Jest entered into their canoas, to cross the river, & espying a number of Squas and Paposses on the other side running into the woods, but we firing briskly on them that was on ye water, soon turned ye bulk of them out of their canoas, and the other jumped out and swam to the contrary Shore. So we judged we had killed 8 or 9. And afterwards was informed by some Eastern Captives, that we did kill 9. After ye skirmish was over, we viewed their habitation, & judged that they had lived there two or three years, by the quantity of Furs we found their. The place where we Litt of those Indians, was where the two Branches of the river came together. After this we

returned to the place where left our Packs, with a small quantity of plunder, and there we packed up and Steared our Course for Dunstable, & in Time reached it. From thence we traveled to Chenfford, And the People being very kind to us, our Cap<sup>t</sup> with a waiting-man went to Boston, to Inform his Excellency, Gov<sup>r</sup> Dudley of his good service Done the Province, ordering the Liv<sup>t</sup> to take the men and march to Marlborough, & then to wait for him, & in

a little time he came, and ordered us to march homewards. from thence we marched to brookfield, which was a very hard Day's travail, by reason of some men being very Lame, from thence we marched to Hadley, from thence to Hatfield, from thence to Deerfield, where we first set from. Finis.

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Thus much, Sr, from your humble Servt  
(Signed) EBENE<sup>R</sup> GRANT.

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## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE spectacle to be witnessed in Boston during the month of August is perhaps the most impressive spectacle which is possible in America. It is the greatest gathering which will ever be witnessed of the surviving veterans of the greatest struggle of right against wrong in America in the present century. The pathos of every march of the Grand Army of the Republic — the ranks ever growing thinner, the faces paler, the beards whiter, the step feebler — is deep and solemn beyond words. The memories which the month's observances will stir, in the men who march and in the men and women who look on, will be sacred, tender, profound, and strong. The spectacle will kindle the true love of country, and true feeling of what the country means, and what it cost, for the first time, perhaps, in men and women who were unborn when Abraham Lincoln, in the spring of 1861, called for seventy-five thousand men.

What shall be the result of all this energy of emotion? Shall it all be memory, all celebration, all decoration of graves? Or is it for us all, in the presence of this great cloud of witnesses, to be dedicated anew to "the unfinished work," to "the great task remaining," to take increased devotion to the cause for which the honored dead gave "the last full measure of devotion," to highly resolve with these comrades of theirs who still walk with us that "these dead shall not have died in vain," but that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom" — ever and ever a new birth of freedom?

For the work of these veterans did not culminate at Gettysburg, nor close at Appomattox. The war altogether was but one battle in the great campaign. Freedom did not come with the Emancipation Proclamation. It did not come even to the black man at the South. Freedom comes only with equality, only with the recognition of every child of man as equally with ourselves the child of God. Where the spirit of tyranny and caste prevails, there is slavery. The spirit — God grant it be not that of many leading men — which, as within a two-month at Atlanta, mocks at Phillips Brooks and William Lloyd Garrison for their strong call for help for the noble southern college which scorns to note the color of the face of any man who knocks at its doors and asks for knowl-

edge, is the same spirit which shut up Prudence Crandall's school forty years ago, the same which in the little story in the preceding pages remanded the beautiful young girl from hope and promise to infamy and despair. Let us not make any mistake about this. In the presence of this Grand Army of the Republic, let us speak no compromising word, but dedicate ourselves anew to this "unfinished work" of making every man, be his skin black, or red, or white, a citizen and a neighbor in deed and in truth, in every part of this American Republic.

Yet let us not deceive ourselves with the notion that slavery is a thing which has to do simply with negroes and plantations. It is whatever chains the body or the soul and keeps the man or woman from opportunity and from the truth. The slave-master may be Legree, or may be the saloon and the distillery, may be priest, professor, alderman, poverty, money, luxury, fashion, railroad, telegraph, petroleum. Our slave-masters to-day do not live chiefly in the South nor over sea. Bishop Huntington has recently said strongly: "The supreme and sacred principles of equality in human rights and liberties which were foremost in the founding of the republic are no more threatened or imperilled by foreign invasion or oppression. They are threatened by a social tyranny growing up among ourselves. They are imperilled by enormous and unscrupulous accumulations of wealth. They are strangled by grasping monopolies. They are crushed by a selfish, heartless, pitiless power of money and the passion for money. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children are not free in any true American sense of the word *freeman*. In factories, in mines, in shops, in the great industries, in a controlled, terrorized ballot, they are in an actual and unrighteous slavery. Class is enslaved by class, and American intelligence and education have informed the sufferers of their servitude. Distinctions of privilege and advantage not created by character, by virtue, by merit, by Nature, are aggravated every day. Is it not obvious how the annual festival" — he was speaking with special reference to the Fourth of July — "ought to be used by orators, by statesmen, by the press, for reconciliation, for justice, for industrial emancipation, for the breaking of yokes, and the

easing of burdens, and the averting of the impending danger?"

Every great national festival should be used not simply for celebration, not simply for looking backward, but for instruction and admonition and resolution and the future. We are getting to use the Fourth of July less and less for belaboring poor George the Third; we find that more and more unprofitable. May we not make this Grand Army celebration a time for making ourselves members all of a greater Grand Army, which shall never lay down arms and never bivouac until there is everywhere throughout the republic liberty, equality, and fraternity indeed?

In his baccalaureate sermon to the young men at Harvard a few weeks ago, Phillips Brooks remarked upon the inspiring and solemn thought of the almost infinite powers for good aggregated in one great college class. Could all those powers be rallied to their highest exercise, it seems as if every reform were immediately possible, as if all wrongs could be righted, and earth be fairly turned to heaven. Such is the feeling stirred on every great and solemn gathering of men. May the deep sentiment aroused by this Grand Army celebration not go to sleep again nor run to waste. May it not be simply a revival of great memories, but an energetic consecration.

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THE recent award of prizes by the *Boston Herald* for ability in English composition has awakened an interest and promises to have results much more far-reaching than was anticipated. The competition was open to all graduates of New England high schools the present year, the conditions being such as to fairly test the writer's general information upon the authors and subjects selected and their powers of thought and expression. The competition drew out two hundred and twenty compositions, of all sorts. The first prize, of \$600, was awarded to Miss Sylvia Clark, a graduate of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire, and the second prize, of \$400, to Albert E. Thomas, a graduate of the Brockton, Massachusetts, high school; and about twenty others of the young essayists were deemed worthy of honorable mention. The character of the compositions as a whole, however, proved most unsatisfactory, and the report of the examiners has provoked a general newspaper discussion of the methods of instruction in English in our schools, which it is to be hoped will prove salutary and incite reform. "The end," writes one of the examiners, "was almost absolute disappointment. The faults are greater than of mere immaturity. There is a painful constraint, a self-consciousness almost invariably present. There is an effect of insincerity, an inability or disinclination to write out real thought, that gives to the whole work a wearisome, perfunctory appearance." The liberal extracts incorporated in his report go far to justify his verdict.

It must not be supposed that much admirable work is not done by many of our young people just out of the high schools. The essays that have been submitted during the last ten years, by the Boston boys and girls, in competition for the Old South prizes, have not only given evidence of good scholarship and good thought, but frequently of fine powers of expression. Miss Ordway's essay

on "Washington's Interest in Education," published in the May number of this magazine, will be remembered with interest by many of our readers; and there have been many Old South essays of equal excellence. It remains true, however, that the instruction in English, in good thinking and in good writing, needs to be greatly improved in most of our schools; and if the *Boston Herald*, by its excellent enterprise, contributes to this end, it is certainly a public benefactor.

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REFERENCE has been made in these editorial pages to the practice of the Directors of the Old South Studies in recent years to place one of the prize essayists in the list of summer lecturers. Additional interest attaches to the practice the present year, from the fact that the essayist thus selected is a young lady, Miss Caroline Christine Stecker. Few better essays have been written by girls in the schools, at this time when the girls are taking so many prizes, than Miss Stecker's Old South essay of last year. Her lecture, on King Philip's War, will be awaited with warm interest, not only by the young people of the Old South, but by the older people. The full programme of the Old South course for young people, on the *American Indians*, to which reference was made last month, is as follows: —

July 30, "The Mound Builders," by Professor George H. Perkins; August 6, "The Indians whom our Fathers found," by General H. B. Carrington; August 20, "John Eliot and his Indian Bible," by Rev. Edward G. Porter; August 27, "King Philip's War," by Miss Caroline C. Stecker; September 3, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," by Charles A. Eastman, M.D.; September 10, "A Century of Dishonor," by Herbert Welsh; September 17, "Among the Zufis," by J. Walter Fewkes, Ph.D.; September 24, "The Indian at School," by General S. C. Armstrong.

Dr. Eastman is a Sioux Indian, born before the schoolmaster had reached his tribe, and in days when the head of the wigwam used to bring home scalps. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and also of the Boston University School of Medicine, and presently returns to practise the healing art among his people. His thirty years have done as much for him as many centuries have done for many great races of men.

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THE lecturer who goes to old Deerfield on a summer day to take his part in the School of History finds no more interest and pleasure in his audience, although that is certainly a very pleasant and interesting one, than in the sundry aesthetico-antiquarian hospitalities, if a term so dreadful and so dangerously ambiguous may be ventured, which the old village controls and which are so beautifully bestowed. Of all the interesting experiences on one of these summer days, most interesting to one lecturing pilgrim, was the evening over a witchcraft drama in a corner where æsthetics and an antiquity mingled with veritable ghostliness touch closer than in any other corner even in old Deerfield. For this little old house behind the bushes in the side street, just far enough away from the broad main street with its big elms to achieve the necessary lonesomeness and to seem

to be quite in the country, as one comes out of it late under the lantern and under the stars,—this old house which the two women from Boston have transformed into the most charming studio surely which can be found in all New England, made very bright with their glowing canvases and big window and ingenious decorations, is, if any be, the true “witch house” of the village. Here quite down to the present dwelt the weird woman in perverse solitariness, refusing all amenities of neighborhood, all garments save the coarsest, all repairs to the tumbling roof, all defences against rats save the bell which she set by her bed at night, and whose sharp ringing,—a weird sound indeed it must have been—sometimes startled the belated Deerfield nightwalker.

Here, then, the quickly summoned company gathered to hear the witchcraft play: an unpublished play it was, by Miss Wilkins,—“Giles Corey, Yeoman.” It is easy to gather an interesting company in old Deerfield of a summer night. It was interesting to look on this group of listeners by the big fireplace—the July evening was cool enough to make the bit of fire there sincere—while the artist hostess read so well the play which all felt to be so touching, strong, and true to the spirit of the time it painted. The antiquarian, in his black skull cap and long white beard, with enthusiastic eyes between, the play-writer, the critic, the French professor, the girl who played the zither to bridge us carefully from witchcraft to coffee, the black-eyed girl in the red dress,—all were worth watching. It was a good company. It was a good time and place to hear the drama of the old witchcraft days.

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THE conspicuous part which was played by children in the witchcraft chapter at Salem was something terrible and very remarkable. Mr. Winfield S. Nevins of Salem sends us the following interesting notes upon this point:—

“The terrible witchcraft delusion in Salem in 1692 was caused almost entirely by children. But for a half-dozen young girls, those men and women would not have been hung on Gallows Hill, nor would poor old Giles Corey have been pressed to death, nor Sarah Osborne and Ann Foster have died in Boston from ill-usage and exposure. In fact, even before the Salem Village witchcraft, a little girl in Boston, with her brother and sisters, caused Mrs. Glover to be arrested and executed for witchcraft. The reader will remember that Martha Goodwin, in 1668, was thirteen years of age when she had some trouble with her mother’s washerwoman, a girl of the name of Glover, and charged her with stealing some of the family linen. The mother of the laundress, who was called by the people of those days ‘a wild Irish woman,’ was indignant that her daughter should be called a thief, scolded little Martha, and called her rather harsh names. Martha thereupon had a fit. She said the spirit, or apparition, as they called it then, of Mrs. Glover tormented her. Her brother, eleven years of age, and two little sisters, one nine and the other five, also pretended that Mrs. Glover’s spirit afflicted them. On the testimony of these children Mrs. Glover was convicted and hung.

“In 1692, Elizabeth Parris, nine years of age, daughter of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the Salem

Village Church; Abigail Williams, his niece, eleven years of age; Ann Putnam, daughter of Thomas Putnam, clerk of the parish, twelve years of age; Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, and Elizabeth Hubbard, each seventeen years of age, learned some tricks of an Indian woman named Tituba, a servant in Mr. Parris’ family. The children exhibited their skill in necromancy and jugglery to some of their young friends, and thus a knowledge of what was going on in the community came to the ears of the older people. The children, to shield themselves, pretended to be bewitched, or to have fits. Dr. Griggs was called in. He could not find that the girls had any bodily disease, and so said they must be bewitched. The girls at once said this was so. The elder people pressed them to tell who bewitched them. At first they refused to do this, but finally said it was Tituba, Sarah Good, and Sarah Osborne. These women, as we know, were arrested on charge of tormenting the children through their apparitions, and examined before the local magistrates. The principal testimony against them was that of the girls above mentioned, upon which they were committed to jail. Osborne died there, and Good was subsequently taken back to Salem, tried, convicted, and executed, the children appearing as the principal witnesses against her. Soon after Sarah Good was sent to jail, her little daughter, Dorcas, five years of age, was charged with being a witch. Ann Putnam, Mary Walcott, and Mercy Lewis said her apparition had appeared to them and bitten them, and they showed what looked like the prints of little teeth. They said Dorcas pricked them with pins, and pins were found in their clothes and on their bodies where they said they had been pricked. These are the pins shown the visitor at the Court House in Salem to-day. Little Dorothy, as they called her, was sent to jail with her mother. Subsequently she went into court and testified against her mother, saying, ‘she had three birds, one black, one yellow, and these birds hurt the children and afflicted persons.’ All through these terrible trials of 1692, children swore away the lives of good men and women, and their testimony was believed against that of some of the best people of the town. Besides Dorcas Good, eight other children were accused of witchcraft, the oldest of whom was only thirteen, and one only eight years of age, most of the charges being made by their young companions. Ann Putnam testified in nineteen cases, Elizabeth Hubbard in twenty, Mary Walcott in sixteen, Mary Warren in twelve, Mercy Lewis in ten, Abigail Williams, Susan Sheldon, and Elizabeth Booth in eight each.

“In the witchcraft prosecutions in England and Scotland, most of the convictions were procured through the complaints and on the testimony of children. In Scotland, in 1697, seven persons were convicted of witchcraft on the testimony of one girl about eleven years of age. In the celebrated trials of Rose Cullender and Amy Dunny in Bury St. Edmunds, in 1665, before Lord Chief Justice Hale, the persons who claimed to be afflicted were children. Elizabeth Pacy, one of them, was eleven, and her sister nine. It was their ‘crying out’ against Cullender and Dunny that caused those women to be arrested, tried, and executed.”

